BRITISH SEA DOGS

Reviewed by Emperor William Off Portsmouth.

A MAGNIFCENT DISPLAY.

Three Five Mile Lines of Battleships Closely Inspected.

NEXT WEEK'S MIMIC WAR.

A last Monday night's Portsmouth cable says: The annual naval review, the greatest naval review that England or any other country ever saw, took place to-day at Spithead. The sun shone down upon the wide green sea of brilliant flags and changing craft. In the wide water picture there were thousands of moving vessels, great and small; there were big ocean steamers, big excursion steamers, coasting steamers, steam yachts, tow boats, tug boats and shore steam launches, all brilliant with bunting of all colors, made all the brighter by the escaping clouds of steam. There was a great fleet of sail yachts, five hundred of them and more, dancing along over the bright green surface under a crisp, fresh breeze, their white sails bending in graceful undulations to the English ensigns they were perpetually passing. There were white ships' launches and pinnaces shooting across the water in all directions, with hissing steam pipes and fluttering white ensigns, the most important, if the smallest of all the boats in motion, and straight in immobile lines over the many square miles of sea area that these pleasure boats occupied lay the grim iron monsters of the fleet quietly at anchor, stern and silent as grim and unbending as so many black armoured and iron helmeted knights, looking on in majestic indifference at the petty frivolities of the children's masquerade.

It was the greatest fleet of warships that was ever gathered together, greatest in number and by far the greatest in power. They made an impressive sight, a grim scene that compelled every observer to stop and think to the extent of his personal ability, these three five-mile lines of battleships, each built to do the utmost harm of which a ship is capable with powder, shot and shell, or with torpedo and dynamite. All along the line were peeping out frowning guns which could quickly make brick yards of all the forts in the world.

Her Majesty's guardship Seahorse left Sheen Jetty just as the rusty clang of the dockyard clock announced half past 1. The admiralty had ordered that the Seahorse should keep abreast of the review movements, in order that the press representatives might see everything that occurred.

At half past 3 o'clock the station at Trinity pier announced that the Royal party had arrived for disembarkation, the young Emperor being sharply on time, as usual. The Alberta put off to the Victoria and Albert, and as Emperor William stepped on board the Royal standard of Germany ran up to the main to take its place beside the other, the two brilliant flags flying together in picturesque fraternity thenceforth throughout the day. The Emperor was accompanied by a brilliant party, including Count Bismarck and his full suite. With him also came Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, Prince and Princess Henry of Battenburg, Prince Henry of Prussia, and the Lords of the Admiralty. The Victoria and Albert quickly gathered way, and headed for the lower end of Rydebank. As she did so the first explosion in a day of explosions began. A flash and boom came from the gun deck of the Valorous, the ironclad that always guards the sea in front of Osborne when Her Majesty is there.

The view from this point was novel and altogether interesting. It was a five-mile avenue of sea water, 400 yards wide, lined with ships as far as the eye could see, brilliantly draped with flags standing out clearly for some distance, and then all ran together; masts, flags, smoke-stacks, turrets and barbettes mingling in strange confusion, in which the second lines of similar ships had a part. The royal yacht passed the Spider, Sand Fly, Sharpshooter and Mohawk before any sign of recognition became manifest. A moment later all over the fleet the general salute came. The Seahorse was in the midst of it, and the way in which those cannons banged all round the ears of everybody on board had a strong tendency to oust any desire for war. It was bang, bang, bang and boom, boom, boom, and smoke-clouds that hid the ships, concealed the fleet and lent a hazy look to the entire visible universe. The sheets of solid, rolling white smoke came from all parts of the various ships, wherever the saluting guns happened to be placed, and this smoke, seized by the wind, sailed off into the thinner and bluer clouds of indefinite size to an indefinite height. It was a grand salute, numbering 15,000 guns altogether, and when it had finally ceased and the smoke had rolled away, every ship, like a wrought-iron massive butterfly coming out of a cocoon of cannon smoke, took on a new appearance, majestically gaudy.

The Emperor wore full uniform with the cocked hat of an admiral of the fleet. The Prince of Wales wore the same. The Emperor had a telescope which he was constantly using. He inspected all minutely and with great interest. He was constantly in motion or in conversation, and took a business-like interest in the scene which evidently afforded him much gratification on occasions. He took off his hat whenever the Royal yachts passed one of the line ships. Every tar on board joined in the cheer which went ringing away to seaward with hoarse enthusiasm truly British. Then the commanders on the bridge uncovered, and the Emperor uncovered also. He takes off his hat very often, and does it extremely well.

The aquatic procession consisted of the Trinity yacht Galatea leading, the Victoria and Albert, the Hohenzollern, Osborne and Admiralty yacht Enchantress. It passed up the main line and down the second line amid two hours of cheers and naval courtesies, then it returned to the main line and stopped abreast of the Howe for a reception. In the meantime the sea had become everywhere dotted with white steam launches, coming from every direction and converging towards the Howe. They contained various commanders on their way to the reception. Meanwhile the Victoria and Albert had completed the inspection and come up abreast of the flagship. She stopped, the port gangway, carpeted with red, was lowered, and the signal that flew up to the masthead announced that His Majesty was ready to receive. Upon this the large steam pinnace of Admiral Sir Edmund Somerset, admiral of the fleet, put out from the Howe and crossed to the Royal yacht. Sir Edmund went on board and was duly presented to His Majesty, and then the formal presentation began. A flotilla of launches crossed the tossing stretch, each bearing a captain or commander in command. In half an hour all were gathered on board, and a procession was formed, two and two, the captains having been sorted into fleets and squadrons. All being ready, His Majesty took his position in the open space at extreme aft of the main deck. He stood alone, the Prince of Wales behind him and a little group composed of the Princess of Wales and her daughter and Princess Beatrice still further back. The ladies were in gray dresses of various shades, tasteful exemplars of the costume known as fashionably nautical. Lord George Hamilton, in court dress, had already presented Admiral Commerel, and that Admiral now headed the procession of officers, who marched from the saloon along the seaboard quarter to the stern. The Emperor took off his cocked hat with a free circular sweep at every presentation, and also shook hands with an emphatic muscular grip.

While the presentations were going on the flagship Howe dragged her anchor and had to let go her spare anchor. After the presentations the yachts weighed and proceeded to the westward at a quarter to 7, amid the same salutations as before. As she stood away she hoisted a signal. It was: "The Emperor and the Prince of Wales, on behalf of the Queen, wish to express to the admirals, captains, officers and men of the assembled fleets their highest approbation of the appearance and efficiency of the magnificent fleet assembled.'

THE COMING FIGHT.

The broad lines which are to be followed at the approaching naval manœuvres may be briefly laid down as follows: When war is declared, which will not be till after the combined squadrons have exercised for some days at what used to be called steam tactics, but is now known as fleet evolutions, and have filled their bunkers up with coal again, Vice-Admiral Baird, with Rear-Admiral Tracey as his second in command, will be at liberty to do as much damage to the seaports and shipping of Great Britain as he can. The Admiralty will not interfere with him at all, and he will hold no communication with them. Ireland will be his headquarters, and two of its ports, probably Berehaven and Queenstown, will be considered to be so fortified as to be impregnable. To Sir George Tryon, who will, as is only right, have a much more powerful fleet than Baird's, the frustration of the enemy's tricks and the defence of our coasts will be intrusted. His bases of operation will be Milford Haven and Lamlash Bay, in the Isle of Arran, where his second in command will be located. Admiral Tryon will be in direct telegraphic communication with the Admiralty, who will direct his movements according to the information they receive about Baird from the signal stations round the coast.

A Portsmouth cable says: The great chain cables were rising with a hoarse clank, clank through the hawse holes; the anchors were being hove short; heavy streams were making round aurioles of water spray, as the hose was turned on the muddy chains; long lines of blue jackets were running along the decks, bending under the weight of ropes which were pulling heavy stream pinnaces from the water up to the high davits; fifes and drums on every deck were furnishing the inspiring combination of squeak and bang, which takes the place of the "heave ho" on Her Majesty's ships; sentries were pacing the bridges; crowds of barefooted men in blue were washing the decks; steam was escaping from the deck pipes and side vents, and all up and down the fleet strings of brilliant coloured signals were flying to the mastheads to fall with a despairing droop a few minutes afterwards, like so many shot pheasants. It made the prettiest of pictures in the dark of morning this bright coloured deaf and dumb language of the deep, and to make vivid the fleet of the sea, all the world came.

"C" and "D" are weighing anchor, answered a courteous petty officer on the Howe to your correspondent. They were weighing anchor. There was no doubt of it. Two squadrons at least were about to move, and the spectacle was awaited with interest. Battle ships at anchor are all very well, but they have the inert and unsatisfactory impressiveness of a stuffed bull dog. After all, it is the bull dog in motion, with his hair bristling, his teeth showing, his mouth opening like a porthole that makes his reputation as a beauty, and bull dogs had begun to move. The Racooon at five minutes to 5 began to to forge ahead. The fleet line for the first time was broken. The cruiser moved majestically out of its place into the middle lane, and went steaming grandly away between the fleet. The Inconstant followed with impressive rapidity, her three masts perpendicular against the sky. Then, with a flash and roar, came the big floating battery, the Prince Albert, and the coast-defence ships Hotspur, Gordon and Hecate. They had an effect that was nothing more or less than weird, these great masses of metal tearing so actively through water. It was weight irresistible and power beyond opposition. The feeling they created was the sense one sometimes has in trying to sympathize with the panting locomotive, only it was the sense intensified to an indefinite degree. Grandest of all by accident of circumstances was the outcoming of the Cyclops. She came directly down the sun's path with all its blaze squarely behind her. She seemed to tower on high, a strange living and breathing Frankenstein of the seas, as she shot through gold filmed waves, the wall all on fire through all her line with the sun glare on davits, rails, boats, ventilators, air tubes, smoke stacks, smoke clouds as she came. But on passing, the light left her, and grown grey and sober she churned her way rapidly to the westward as if weary of inactivity.

Now the torpedo boats began to come out of the harbor at full speed. They darted down the north line in squadrons of six and seven, like shoals of fastest flying black porpoises, half in and half out of the water. They cut instead of mounting the waves. They were very fish-like, flying so fast and so low in the water. They thrust their noses into the billows as if they loved them and received spray that dashed in clouds about their bows just as gladly as if spray was their natural nutriment, and they had not had their breakfast. The second group of them passed, and were quickly out of sight. There was a great hole in the fleet line where C and D squadrons had been. A and B were to go next, but not for some hours, and so your correspondent shaped his course for Ryde, purchased one of the gilded waiters at the Royal Pier Hotel, and sat down to breakfast. In the forenoon A and B went out one by one to the eastward.

The German Emperor, though expected at the Cowes regatta, was too much interested in the navy to leave it long for yachts, and the Victoria and Albert took him and the Prince of Wales outward with the fleet. The two big squadrons went out in single column. The line ships were too far apart in this form to be very impressive as groups, but after rounding Bembridge point, the head ships slowed down, the after ones caught up and the procession went down the Isle of Wight coast. It was a grand sea picture that nobody living along the shore permitted himself to miss. St. Catharine's Point is a high bluff that rises hundreds of feet in precipitous shelves from the shore. From the summit the ocean was a flat stretch of wide waters, whose distances were indefinite and interminable. Five miles out in the blue the Immortalite was steaming into the Channel, a snow white, symmetrical, rapidly disappearing spot on the blue. Three miles behind her came the grand procession, far enough away from the observer to gain for the first time during the week the quality of compactness. It sailed along in two long columns. "B" squadron was headed on the shore side by the Northumberland, Vice-Admiral Beals' flagship, with the Rattlesnake torpedo catcher on her starboard beam. Behind came the Monarch, Hero, Mersey, Arethusa, Irish Conqueror and Grasshopper. Abreast of these was the other line, sailing evenly with them, headed by the Anson, Rear Admiral Irvine's flag ship, with the Curlew torpedo catcher on her port beam. Behind were the Iron Duke, Devastation, Collingwood, Calypso, Camperdown, Magicienne, Grasshopper and Nymphe. There was a wide stretch of sea and then came a squadron following the same track. The Hercules, Rear Admiral Lyon's flagship, headed the shore line, followed by the Neptune, Ajax, Invincible, Balkan, Prince, Northampton, Undaunted, Galatea, Thames, Mercury, Melpomene, Serpent and Sandfly. Abreast of them were the Rodney, Admiral Tracey's flagship, the Howe, Rupert, Warspike, Shannon, Narcissus, Media, Marathon, Mohawk and Spider, and over the glittering, diamonded stretch of deep calm ocean these massive ships, transformed by distance into pretty tiny toys, passed slowly to be lost to sight where blue meets blue.

The "B" squadron, otherwise the Achill fleet, goes to Black Sod Bay, in Ireland, thence to England with the unreal ferocity of imaginary war. The "A" fleet, the chief defending squadron, goes to Milford Haven. "C" squadron, defending, goes to Lamlash Bay, and "D," also defending, to Plymouth. "F" and "G" will protect the vicinities of Hull and Leith.

PRAYERS RESTORED HER SIGHT.

A Middletown (N. Y.) Woman's Remarkable Experience With Faith Curists.

A Middletown, N. Y., despatch says: Faith Mission is the name under which a religious organization in this city was recently incorporated. The Mission services are held on the upper floor of an old school house that was abandoned by the city many years ago. The leading spirit of the Mission is David L. Conkling, teller of the First National Bank. Faith Mission is very liberal in its views, opening its doors to all who profess Christ. Of late the pulpit has been occupied by Faith Curists, represented by Elder Hancox, of the Church of the First Born, Jersey City. On Sunday, July 28th, he devoted his time to recounting the cures effected in answer to the prayers of himself and his faithful followers. In the audience was a middle-aged woman, Mrs. William Boyce, a member of the Presbyterian Church and the wife of an employee on the State Asylum farm, who for fourteen years had suffered from impaired vision. One of her eyes was totally blind and the sight of the other was so defective that she could only see dimly by the aid of the strongest glasses. Mrs. Boyce was much impressed by Hancox's remarks and going forward for prayers was anointed with oil. Next morning, while working in the house, her sight was suddenly restored. She hastened to tell the neighbors and as proof read the smallest print in the Testament. On her husband's return from work she saw him for the first time in fourteen years with the eye that had been totally blind. Scores of people have been to see her during the week, and yesterday at the Mission's services she gave proof of the cure by reading at sight, without glasses, articles in small type which she had never before seen.

T. Granger Stewart, M. D., F. R. S. E., Ordinary Physician to H. M. the Queen, in Scotland: Professor of Practice of Physic in the University of Edinburgh, in writing of Bright's disease, says: "The blood itself is altered in its chemical composition. Its density is diminished, the corpuscles and albumen being deficient, while the water is correspondingly increased. The quantity of urea is above the normal. This is a plain recognition of the necessity of directing active treatment with Warner's Safe Cure when the blood is over-charged with urea or uric acid poison.

When daily life is to do the will of God, no disappointment is possible; neither can failure come in. Step-by-step following is the most quieting, disentangling thing in all the world.—*Woman's Journal.*

—Gussie—What is the-aw-orwigin, do you know, of thwowing up the sponge, old chappie? Mr. Sissy—Thwallowing the thponge, I pwesume, Gussie. And Gussie took the subject under advisement.

UNHAPPY MRS. MAYBRICK.

Sentenced to Death—Mr. Justice Stephen Hooted by the Crowd.

A Wednesday's Liverpool cable says: At the conclusion of the Maybrick trial three women fainted while the judge pronounced the sentence of death. The sentence pronounced, the prisoner, who at the concluding phrase, "And may the Lord have mercy on your soul," had clasped her hands convulsively together, required for a moment the support of the two female warders, but recovering her nerve, she walked down the stairs with a firm step and unassisted. When His Lordship, preceded by the usual retinue of javelin men, chaplain and sheriffs, made his appearance in the streets the crowd commenced to yell and hoot. His Lordship took no notice of the disturbance but proceeded to his carriage. The police not expecting a demonstration of the kind were not in any extraordinary force, and they only partially succeeded in keeping the crowd clear of the conveyance. The horses, being fine spirited animals, became restive, but the coachman, seeing the position of affairs, whipped them up and drove at a rapid pace up the London Road toward Newsham House, the judge's residence, followed for some distance by a yelling crowd. This treatment was the less deserved because throughout the trial Mr. Justice Stephen had been even anxiously careful that no point that told in favor of the prisoner should be overlooked.

As an instance of popular fickleness, a somewhat similar scene occurred in connection with the removal of the now convicted prisoner. It was at first intended to surround the prison van with an escort of mounted police, but this idea was abandoned, and when the van drove out of St. John's lane at the end of the private passage, by which the prisoners are taken to and removed from the courts, a large crowd awaited its appearance and indulged in hoots and groans for the prisoner, which continued until the van disappeared in the direction of Walton Jail. There is a rumor that Mrs. Maybrick is pregnant. If this were so it would save her from the noose, but the report is not believed. When a woman under death sentence makes such claims, she is placed in the hands of a jury of twelve matrons. If their verdict is that the prisoner is with child, she is respited, which means imprisonment for life. Otherwise she is hanged.

A Liverpool cable says: There are people who do not believe Florence Maybrick will be hanged. There are many who do not believe that she should be hanged. Many of the latter class, who are influential persons, have so expressed themselves in letters to the London editors. Petitions are being sent to Manchester and London, so that members of the bar who have left Liverpool may have an opportunity of signing them.

The merchants and brokers pray that the sentence of death may be respited with a view to commutation or reprieve, on the ground that there was no direct evidence of the administration of arsenic by the prisoner to the deceased; that the case against the prisoner on the general of facts was unduly prejudiced by the evidence of motive, and that there is room for grave doubt whether the circumstantial evidence relied on by the prosecution was weighty enough to justify conviction; that there was a strong body of medical testimony on behalf of the defence that death was ascribed to natural causes; that there was not sufficient evidence on the part of the prosecution; that it was due to arsenical poisoning; that, having regard to the conflicting nature of the medical evidence and the very widespread doubt as to the propriety of the verdict on general grounds, it would be in the highest degree unsafe to permit an irrevocable sentence to be carried out.

Messrs. Cleaver and Holder, Mrs. Maybrick's solicitors, have received letters from other towns, asking for copies of the petition for signature, and they have drawn up a form for general use similar to that of the merchants and brokers.

Mrs. Maybrick was in a prostrate condition this morning, and was attended by the doctor, who, however, states that her condition is not serious, but is due to relapse after the great strain of the past week. She has again protested her innocence to the jail chaplain. This afternoon she had recovered her composure somewhat, and was visited by her mother, Baroness Von Roque, who since the commencement of the proceedings has been living in the vicinity of the jail in order to be near her daughter.

There was a large crowd outside the jail, and the prevailing sentiment was one of pity for the prisoner.

The governor and officials of the jail decline positively to give any information about the prisoner, and information on this head has to be sought in other quarters. The interview between the mother and daughter, which was but brief, was painful and affecting, the prisoner being of the two the most agitated. She, however, expressed her appreciation of the kindness of the officials in allowing her mother to visit her, the visit having afforded her much consolation. Last night when she returned from court she walked to the condemned cell with a firm and elastic step, and as if she had not realized the terrible position she was in. This morning, however, a revulsion of feeling seems to have set in.

Some City Nuisances.

The man or woman who will have the window in a car up or down according to his or her special desire, reckless of the comfort of others. The people who talk at the play or the lecture while all around them are trying to listen to the performance. The woman sitting just behind us at church, who is always swinging a fan, and from whom we cannot escape, although we know that the current of air will give us a stiff neck for the next two days. The young man who whistles ("for want of thought" describes his character truthfully), and whose piercing notes go through the weary listener's brain like the puncture of a stiletto.—*New York Journal of Commerce.*

—"Do you imagine M Porcine s well off?" "I judge so, from the fact that she said her father owned next to the largest abbattoir in Chicago." "Do you know what is next to the largest abbattoir in Chicago?" "No; what?" 'A vacant lot.'

A FATAL CANNON ACCIDENT.

They Didn't Know It was Loaded Till they Touched It Off.

A Wednesday's special from Yarmouth, N.S., says: A most startling and remarkable accident occurred here last night about 9 o'clock. The streets were filled with people when the sound of a discharging cannon was heard in the centre of the town. It was found that one of the old 32-pounder cannon in the drill shed had been discharged and the shot had killed a man named James Cosman, in Wilson's stable, in the next street. The Artillery Company meet in the drill shed for gun drill every Tuesday evening. They go through the exercise of loading and firing the cannon, using the regular large iron shot, but having only a bag of sawdust for powder. Last Tuesday night when drill commenced an obstruction was found in one of the guns, which proved to be a shot jammed in tightly in some way near the breech. Various means were tried to get it out without success, and the gun was then left until last night, when Capt. T. R. Jolly tried to blow the shot out by putting in powder at the touch-hole and firing it. The breech was previously sounded with a drift, apparently showing that the gun was empty, save for the shot. A small quantity of rifle powder was put in the breach and a friction tube exploded, but there was no effect until the third attempt, when there was a startling report and the drill shed was filled with smoke. The shot tore through a heavy rolled-up gymnasium mattress, through the doors of the rifle rack, through the end wall of the building, entered the back of Wilson's stable, where the stableman was cleaning a horse, struck him a glancing blow, breaking his neck, and then passed through four heavy board stall partitions before it was spent. The report of the gun and the effect produced were out of all keeping with the amount of powder poured into the touch-hole, and the cause of the accident is a mystery. It is believed by many that whoever jammed the shot in the cannon had first got some powder and put in a charge, but if this was so it seems strange the gun did not go off until the third firing of the powder inserted at the breach.

FLY PAPERS AS A COSMETIC.

Brussels Druggists Have Their Say on the Maybrick Case.

A Brussels cable says: The Maybrick trial has caused almost as great a sensation on the continent as in England. The *Independence Belge* compares the case to the celebrated Lafargue affair of thirty years ago. The Brussels newspaper has also sought to throw light upon one of the points of the trial which has remained somewhat obscure, and to-day publishes the result of interesting inquiries. The reporters have made the fly papers theory the subject of their inquiry. Mrs. Maybrick alleged that she had employed these arsenic impregnated papers for her complexion, after the example of German women. The counsel for the prosecution objected, and no witnesses were produced to prove that German women made use of fly papers, as alleged, and consequently this part of Mrs. Maybrick's defence was worthless. Ten Brussels chemists, who have been consulted by the *Independence*, have totally different opinions. Of these, nine stated that fly papers could be used successfully in the cure of skin diseases and eruptions, while the tenth went further. He carried on his profession many years in Germany, and declares that in that country many women are in the habit of using fly-papers to beautify their complexions. The preparation of the papers is the same as that which Mrs. Maybrick said she had followed. Another chemist named Hairant, who also spent several years in Germany, corroborated the previous statement. He pointed out that fly papers are generally impregnated with a strong solution of quassia amara, the extremely bitter taste of which would certainly have aroused Maybrick's suspicions had any liquid containing it been given him to drink.

THE BOULANGER TRIAL.

The General Charged with Intrigue, Falsehood and Conspiracy.

A Paris cable says: The trial of General Boulanger before the high court of the Senate was resumed yesterday. The Procureur-General, continuing his address, charged that General Boulanger had held a veritable political court at Clermont-Ferrand when he was in command of the troops there, and he had originated secret intrigues, electoral agitation and systems for corrupting officials. Notwithstanding these acts he had written to the War Office disclaiming any connection with what had been done in his name.

Here there were protests from the Senators belonging to the Right.

The Procureur-General declared that there were documents before the court which clearly marked the downward path of Gen. Boulanger from insubordination to intrigue, falsehood and conspiracy. The Government also had evidence to show that Gen. Boulanger had tried to have conveyed to Prince Bismarck the information that he (Boulanger) only desired to be appointed Consul for life.

The Procureur-General described the proceedings of the League of Patriots at Rochefort and the initial steps of the attempt against the State, which commenced with the scene at the Lyons depot when Boulanger started for Clermont-Ferrand and continued until the Longchamps review, when Boulanger was hiding in Paris awaiting the result of his manifesto. The Procureur's speech was received with many impatient cries to "Adjourn! adjourn!" The trial was finally adjourned.

Here's Richness.

The appointment of women on School Boards does not meet with approval in all quarters. A janitor in one of the Public Schools thus relates his grievances: "Here I have been janitor of this school for 15 years and not a soul has ever been in the basement but myself, and now this woman comes to inspect the school, and the first thing she does is to ask to see the basement. And that basement," he added plaintively, "wasn't in a fit condition for any one to see."—*American Analyst.*

Accepted suitor—Won't you find it awkward when you meet your other two husbands in heaven? Interesting widow—I don't expect to meet either of them there.