

JOSEPH POOLE ESTABD 1837

J. Poole PROPRIETOR.

MYRIORAMA

TIME TESTED IN THE CRUELLEST OF PUBLIC OPINION.

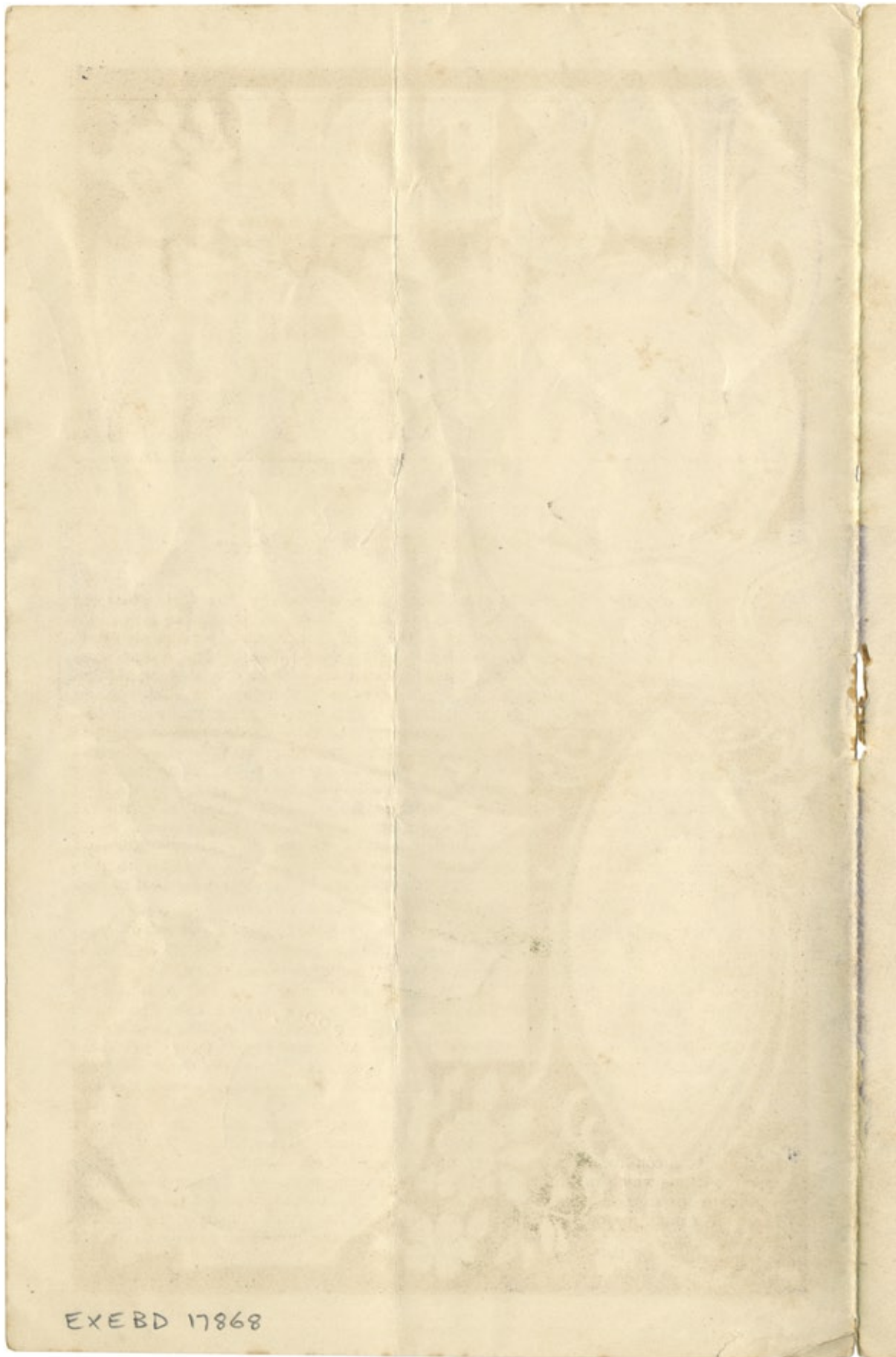
BRITAIN'S NATIONAL ENTERTAINMENT.

J. W. POOLE, MANAGER.

JAMES UPTON, LITH., BIRMINGHAM.

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Moving Panorama Programme: Joseph Poole's Myriorama
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JOSEPH POOLE'S

NEW AND COLOSSAL

MYRIORAMA.

INTRODUCTION.

IT will be seen from the title Messrs. POOLE have selected for this, their latest and most perfect exhibition, that the "Panorama" of our childhood has grown into the "Myriorama" of the latter day. The word "myriorama," coming as it does for the first time prominently and with ubiquity (for Messrs. POOLE are universal advertisers) before the British public, many persons are at a loss to understand the difference between the "Panorama" of bygone days, the "Diorama" of a more recent period, and the "Myriorama" of the present time. This being so, a few words in elucidation of the distinction may not be out of place here. All three words owe their origin to the Greek *horama* (a view). The prefix *pan* signifies complete, thus a *pan horama* would mean a complete view of a landscape seen from one point. If to the Greek *horama* we apply the prefix *dia* (light) it will be perceived that when we view a light in a picture, as "Vienna by Night" (shops, lamps, &c., illuminated), we are entitled to call it a dioramic view. Finally, if we prefix *horama* with the Greek *myrio*, which signifies various, we arrive at the latest development of this class of entertainment, "Myriorama" meaning "to view various scenes and objects," and certainly no more appropriate title could be found for the endless variety of illusions comprised in each and all of Messrs. POOLE'S Pictorial Productions.

The education of the masses may be said to advance at the present day by leaps and bounds. It is not necessary to dip very deeply into history to reach the time when education was the special monopoly of the Church dignitary. Long after this monopoly, when the light of learning had broken its ecclesiastical shackles, it still remained the privilege of the rich to acquire even an elementary knowledge of the ordinary principles of education, and there are those living and moving amongst us at the present time who can remember when scholarship of any degree was entirely beyond the reach of the poorer classes. Radical indeed is the change. Thanks to those who recognised the fact that national ignorance meant national decadence, England has at present a system of education, faulty it is true, but still sufficient to elevate materially the moral and social condition of her people, to place her more nearly on an intellectual level with European countries, and destined to work in a few years a great change for the better in the general conditions under which the people of these islands live. A desire for learning is one which rapidly spreads; and there is no more easy or agreeable way of adding to our store of knowledge than by travel. The nomadic instinct is as strong in the human mind to-day as it was in the initial ages; but, unfortunately, the desire to see the foreign parts is not always accompanied with the means of gratifying it, and some cheaper method of gaining the knowledge, which foreign travel never fails to impart, became a widespread want. Messrs. POOLE were among the first not only to

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perceive this want, but to find and perfect the means of meeting it; hence their various charming pictorial tours. The whole world was laid under contribution to supply these gentlemen with the various routes for their popular excursions. Some distant place of interest was picked out as a point of destination. Instruction as well as amusement being the object of the proprietors, slight detours were allowed in order that the most interesting sites and cities might be visited. An outward journey was planned; and the destination being reached, an entirely different route was selected for the journey home. These preliminaries being settled, the most reliable photographs and sketches were secured for the accurate illustration of the tour. To points not hitherto, or imperfectly, known artists were despatched for the purpose of procuring reliable sketches; and it was on one of these sketching tours that a son of the great Telbin was lost on Mont Blanc. The next stage in the preparation of these undertakings is the engagement of the highest artistic talent our country possesses to place on canvas a faithful reflex of each place visited. It is only necessary to state that the landscapes are mainly by the elder Telbin, the figures by Mr. Absolem, the animals by Sebastian Estellos, and the shipping by Mr. Atkin (of the *Graphic*), and our greatest living artists, J. J. Markwell Davis, J. H. Ross, Esq., &c., to give the reader an idea of the class of artists to whom Messrs. POOLE are indebted for their numerous scenic triumphs. It will be easily understood that months and sometimes years of labour are bestowed on these productions, for after these views leave the studios of the artists, many ingenious and mechanical contrivances are added thereto, all of which tend to impart an amount of realism to the tour which captivates the spectator and wins from all an exclamation of wonder.

These preparations all belong to the studio, and being completed, the carpenters and blacksmiths are next required to build a suitable framework in which to manipulate a mass of canvas about a mile in length and fifteen feet deep. The most approved scientific methods are adopted in erecting this structure, the scale and dimensions of which must be absolutely perfect to secure the free and even working of the passing scenery, which glides past the spectators with an almost imperceptible motion and entirely free from noise or friction. This much done it is now the turn of the gasfitter to supply a number of bars, burners, and gas apparatus for the adequate illumination of the exhibition before and behind. A large amount of brass and flexible tubing is needed for this, and the highest skill is necessary to adapt it to the requirements of the diorama with due consideration for effectiveness and safety. This system is under the perfect control of an instrument specially invented by Messrs. POOLE, and which allows one operator to manipulate the whole, and produce the startling and wonderful changes well known to frequenters of these entertainments. We have here briefly enumerated only a few of the stages preliminary to the public appearance of "POOLE'S EXCURSIONS," but the foregoing will suffice to convince the public of the thorough spirit which animates Messrs. POOLE in preparing their dioramas for the approval of their patrons. When the whole structure is built and complete in every working detail, it is carefully concealed from the public gaze by a tasteful arrangement of drapery, which is invariably of a maroon tint, that being as nearly as possible a neutral colour, and best adapted to the many changes of light and shade to which it is subject during the course of a representation. National and appropriate airs are now selected, and an efficient band engaged for their performance. A gentleman possessing the necessary elocutional and educational requirements is retained to describe the main features of the various scenes, and artistes of special ability and refinement are secured for the enlivenment of the tourists *en route*.

So much for the "inside."

And now having produced an Exhibition which may fairly claim to give satisfaction to the British Public, the necessary "outside show" is to be prepared, and this, to the uninitiated, is far more wonderful than any other branch of this particular business. The expense attending the production of the necessary "printing," both pictorial and letterpress, is—in the phrase of the eccentric dominie—"prodigious." It will thus be seen that nothing money or experience can obtain is forgotten in the production of these pictorial tours, and the uniform success which has attended the appearance of each succeeding exhibition convinces the proprietors that their efforts are duly appreciated and rewarded by every class of the inhabitants of the British Isles.

Our journey commences from the city of London, and our first view represents

LONDON BRIDGE.

This famous structure was commenced in 1824 and finished in 1831.

Occupying a prominent position to the right of the view is a section of the chief offices of the Pearl Life Assurance Company, Limited; the remaining portion of the offices being situated in Thames Street, on the opposite side of the Bridge. This Company was incorporated in the year 1864, and is already a millionaire with early prospects of becoming a multi-millionaire. It meets demands upon its funds from every quarter of the globe. During the recent South African campaign, one hundred and eighty-two policyholders of the Pearl laid down their lives as British soldiers, but only about eighteen per cent. of these gallant fellows were slain in action; by far the larger number of the claims was caused by disease. In each and every case the claim was, of course, promptly paid by the Company. Unfortunately, it is not only in camps, bivouacs, and military hospitals that disease and other forms of mortality demand victims. Peace has her death-roll no less terrible than War, and the sure protection of a Pearl Life Assurance policy is always a valuable addition to any Briton's home. The Pearl has paid to its policyholders' representatives, at different times, claims aggregating between three and four millions of pounds sterling, and its last balance-sheet gives every proof of the Company's ability to continue and extend its beneficent work.

To point out all the interesting and educative features of this view of London Bridge would occupy too much of our limited time. And, before leaving London, we must visit some other parts of the mighty City, first realising the historic scene of the

JUBILEE, 1897.

Never since Wren's great masterpiece crowned Ludgate Hill has St. Paul's looked down on so brilliant and moving a spectacle as that which our picture reproduces, all the parts of our world-wide Empire, and all the great interests which go to make it being here represented. On horse-back in the centre we see H.M. King Edward VII., the Duke of Cambridge, and our late Commander-in-Chief, Lord Wolseley. In the Royal carriage are Princess Christian, our ever-popular Queen Consort, and facing us, the observed of all observers, Her Most Gracious Majesty the late Queen Victoria.

WINDSOR CASTLE.

Windsor Castle, one of the two famous and historic fortresses built by the Normans in the Thames valley. This imposing structure is built on the right bank of the River Thames, and is situated in the county of Berkshire, twenty-one miles from London. Windsor Castle, from its commanding position, its stately group of ancient buildings, and its long list of historical associations, is perhaps the most magnificent of all our royal palaces, and has long been the chief residence of British sovereigns. The Round Tower is built on a mound, the site of a former fortress, where tradition says King Arthur used to sit surrounded by his knights of the round table. Whether seen from the river with the red-roofed houses of the town clustered below the great walls, or from the park, where Windsor rises like an enchanted castle above the rich green landscape, varied with groves of ancient oak and beech trees, there is nothing to surpass it.

Although the castle, has its dark and grim associations, Windsor has chiefly been identified with the brighter and more cheerful events of the national life. Here more often than in any other royal home have the joy bells been set ringing for the births and marriages of our princes; although here, too, the funeral knell has been often heard, for it is the tomb, as it is the dwelling place, of the monarchs of England. The old look of a fortress has given way to that of the palace—fearing no foeman—and long may it be so.

ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL.

The magnificent chapel of St George ranks next to Westminster Abbey as a royal mausoleum, though no king was buried here before Edward IV. The church is one of the finest examples of perpendicular architecture in England.

Henry I. erected a chapel upon part of the site occupied by the present edifice, which he dedicated to St. Edward the Confessor; but this has entirely disappeared.

Henry III. afterwards commanded a chapel to be built here, some portion of which still remains. Another building, commenced by Edward III., was dedicated to St. George, the patron saint of the Order of the Garter.

We pass over the reigns of the fourth, the fifth, and the sixth Henrys, and arrive at another reign of storm to find another builder working at the renewal and completion of the Castle's Chapel. This is the period of the Wars of the Roses, and the accession of Edward IV.—head of the House of York, leader of the party of the White Rose—the Edward

who won his throne at twenty with the aid of Warwick the "King Maker." It was in the reign that saw the desperate battles of Hexham, Banbury, Tewkesbury, and Barnet, a time of strife when as many as 38,000 perished in one battle, that this fair fane to the glory of the Lord of War and to His Son, the Prince of Peace, was perfected. Strange that the man whose claim was the cause of bloodshed that exhausted England, should have been the creator of the chief ornament of her noblest palace.

The choir, with its grand organ, its beautifully carved wood-work and stalls, and the array of banners above, is a place which since the time of the first Henry has been dedicated to prayer.

It is here where English hearts have been stirred in taking part in ceremonies attending life's earliest events, its triumphs, and its close. This has been the naming place, the marriage hall, and the tomb of England's greatest rulers for the last five centuries.

On Saturday, February 2nd, 1901, St. George's Chapel enshrined a scene which, in all its depth of meaning, has never in our life-time been surpassed. No, nor even in the centuries past. The place is worthy to be the culminating point in a series of events certain of an abiding place in the Empire's history. It has been closely associated with the most courtly functions since the time of Edward III.; but never more so than during the eventful course of the long reign, which here reached its final episode, when the body of our dearly beloved and deeply lamented mother—Queen Victoria—rested upon the bier before God's holy altar. By kings and nations mourned, by the civilised world admired and respected.

Permission to illustrate Windsor Castle and its Royal Chapel was specially granted to Alderman Joseph Poole by the King's clerical and lay officials, at Windsor. Mr. Poole's artist, J. Halford Ross, Esq., journeyed to the royal borough and was courteously permitted to secure such sketches of the Castle and St. George's Chapel as were necessary for the authentic and artistic production of the elaborate tableaux, which is now completed and presented to the people of these islands for the first time. The production is one of which both artist and proprietor may well be proud, and while gratifying to them they trust it will be equally approved by the British public, who will not be slow to appreciate Mr. Poole's good taste in the choice of a subject and his good fortune in possessing an artist capable of executing so fine a work.

Before crossing to the Emerald Isle we take a last look at the Metropolis and get a splendid view of

WATERLOO BRIDGE.

There are thirteen bridges over the Thames (other than railway bridges) within the Metropolitan area. The most easterly of these is the Tower Bridge; the most westerly is Hammersmith. One of the most important of these is Waterloo Bridge, shown in our view; it is by the same architect (Rennie) and after the same design as London Bridge. Its cost was £1,000,000 sterling. It took six years to construct, namely, from 1811 to 1817, and was purchased by the London Corporation for £475,000. This bridge has a grim notoriety from the number of suicides that have cast themselves from its high and gloomy arches into the fast-flowing river below. Why these unfortunates give Waterloo Bridge their preference it is hard to tell. Its great height and length and generally sombre aspect may possibly account in some measure for this weird distinction.

THE GREAT CORONATION NAVAL REVIEW.

On Saturday, August 16th, His Gracious Majesty King Edward VII. reviewed part of the Home Squadrons at Spithead. It was a splendid spectacle, never to be forgotten by the fortunate ones who witnessed it. Though not the largest gathering of war ships ever seen in these waters, it was a most imposing display, the fleet comprising battle ships, cruisers, torpedo gunboats, training ships, and thirty-two torpedo boat destroyers—over one hundred vessels in all—some of the finest of which pass before the spectators, manœuvring in a wonderfully realistic manner.

H.M. the King, with the Prince and Princess of Wales, witnessed the scene from the deck of the Royal Yacht "Victoria and Albert." Though the elements were not propitious throughout the day, the evening was sufficiently calm and fine to permit of the grand searchlight illumination of the fleet, which brought the remarkable day's proceedings to a close. The organization of the spectacle was excellent, and the various changes succeeded each other with well-disciplined precision, but the finest effect of all was the coloured searchlights playing upon the clouds of rising steam.

CLIFTON BRIDGE.

IRELAND.

Our views of Ireland are from the studio of J. J. Markwell Davis, Esq., an artist who was many years resident in that country and caught the true spirit and inspiration necessary for a faithful reproduction of Irish scenery.

We have first a magnificent representation of

THE SERPENT LAKE, KILLARNEY,

and we behold this enchanting spot by moonlight. The picture is a veritable triumph of scenic art and does full justice to the wild grandeur and solemn beauty of this world-renowned lake and its rich and picturesque surroundings. The weird stillness of the night, whose mantle is pierced only by the moon's rays and a glimmer of light from the peasant's cot, is so portrayed as to impress the spectator with a deep and reverent awe, which is only dispelled when a voice steals forth from the cottage interpreting to the delighted listener the well-known strains of Balfe's immortal melody—"By Killarney's lakes and fells."

GLENDALOUGH.

There are but few spots in Ireland of greater interest than the wild and lonely valley of Glendalough. The stern and gloomy grandeur of its scenery, and its soul-stirring associations with the rich and solemn past, combine to invest it with a strong and potent charm. The "Valley of the Two Lakes" lies in the heart of the wildest mountain scenery of Wicklow. Some centuries ago these mountains were covered with dense woods, of which not a trace remains. The entire length of the valley is about three miles, and its width one quarter of a mile.

Within this deep lonely glen are two lakes, quite distinct from each other yet connected by a small stream. The upper lake, whose gloomy shore has been immortalised by the poet Moore, is strikingly beautiful, and never more so than when seen as our artist has represented it—by sunrise.

COLLEGE GREEN, Trinity College, the Bank.

This magnificent view shows us one of the finest and busiest quarters of the fair Hibernian metropolis. Prominent to the right is Trinity College, entered by a handsome portico of the Corinthian order of architecture. The splendid Library of the college is situated in the principal quadrangle, called "Parliament Square;" it is a stately pile of building, 300 feet in length, and consists of a centre and two pavilions. The Library proper is generally acknowledged to be one of the finest reading rooms in the world.

On the left of the picture our attention is attracted by a stately edifice, semi-circular in form, with a graceful colonnade of Ionic columns. This is the Bank of Ireland, formerly the old Parliament House. The ground on which this building stands was at one time occupied by a nunnery, and when this was demolished a mansion was built upon the site for Sir A. Chichester, Lord Deputy of Ireland. From 1604 until early in the eighteenth century "Chichester House" was used by the Parliament and Council for their sittings. The House of Lords remains unaltered save that the statue of George III. now fills the place formerly occupied by the throne. The long table remains in the centre of the apartment, the chairs are in their places, and the old tapestries still hang upon the walls. The chamber is now used as the meeting place of the Court of Proprietors of the Bank of Ireland.

Stretching away in the distance is Westmoreland Street, one of the haunts of fashionable Dublin, where at certain hours of the day the fair element in Dublin society make a display of feminine grace and beauty which it would be hard to equal in any other capital of Europe, and which has gone far to win for the Emerald Isle the proud distinction of being the home of the stateliest and handsomest women in the world.

We take our leave of the British Islands from the

EMPRESS DOCK—SOUTHAMPTON.

Southampton is one of the principal sea-ports on the south coast of England. It is beautifully situated at the head of the Southampton water, 79 miles south west of London. Its importance as a port dates from the Norman conquest. Its great tidal dock, completed in 1842, cost £140,000, comprises an area of sixteen acres, and has a depth of 18 feet at low water. At the outbreak of the plague in London in 1625, Queen Elizabeth held her court here. We here witness the departure of the famous SS. "Norman" for the Cape.

BAY OF BISCAY—Sunset.

This magnificent bay is enclosed by the northern coast of Spain and the western coast of France, and extends from the Island of Ushant on the coast of Finistere to Cape Ortegal on the north of Galicia. In the Spanish portion of the bay the water is 200 fathoms deep; in the French part, however, its depth is only 20 fathoms. The navigation of the bay is impeded by Kennels current, which sets in from the west and sweeps along the southern and eastern shores sometimes at the rate of 27 miles a day. Many rivers rising in the Spanish mountains empty themselves into this historic bay.

Gliding peacefully across the water we see the magnificent SS. "Walmer Castle," the largest of the splendid fleet which carries the great burdens of traffic between Great Britain and the Cape. She measures 576 feet from stem to stern; her extreme breadth of beam is 64.4 feet; and her gross tonnage is 12,546. She carries 350 first class and 190 second class passengers; there is also room for third class passengers.

BAY OF BISCAY.—Storm.

The Bay of Biscay has for ages been the dread of mariners of all nations; perhaps in no other portion of the earth's surface do the winds blow with such fury, or the seas run so high. Long and terrible would be the list of British ships which have found a grave beneath these turbulent and storm-tossed waters. The passenger ship "London" and the ill-fated armour-clad "Captain" are catastrophes that will be readily called to mind. We see a "Liner" exposed to the full fury of a gale, and wishing her a happy deliverance from her peril we continue our course to Madeira.

MADEIRA.

We have now arrived at Madeira, the largest of a group of islands situated in the North Atlantic, 360 miles from the coast of Africa.

This is one of the most beautiful and fertile islands in the world. It is 30 miles long, with an extreme breadth of 13 miles. Funchal, the capital city, is situated on the south coast, and is seen to great advantage from the bay, lying on its curving shore and backed by an amphitheatre of lofty mountains, some of which are 4,000 feet high. The R.M. s.s. "Scot" is here seen on her homeward voyage.

SALOON OF THE "NORMAN."

Our view of the spacious dining saloon of the S.S. "Norman" enables us to realize the meaning of the words "floating palace," for such indeed is this splendid vessel. Replete with every comfort and luxury the trip to South Africa in this, or any of the Union-Castle line of steamers, is now a delight and in every sense a pleasure excursion. To see the table decked with the choicest flowers day after day is an evidence of the forethought and liberality of this enterprising company, and makes us oblivious at times that we are speeding from four to five hundred miles daily over the blue Atlantic.

CAPE TOWN.—Table Mountain.—Table Bay.

We have here a splendid representation of Cape Town, the capital of Cape Colony, which lies at the head of Table Bay, 30 miles north of the Cape-of-Good-Hope.

The city was founded in 1652 by the Dutch. The scenery round Table Bay is very striking, comprising Table Mountain with its branches—the Lion's Head and the Devil's Peak. A peculiar phenomenon attaches to this mountain; during the prevalence of S.E. winds it is covered by a dense whitish cloud, partially overlapping its side like a table cloth. Table Bay is associated with the popular legend of the "Flying Dutchman," and was the scene of the awful disaster which befell the troopship "Birkenhead."

ADDERLY STREET—CAPE TOWN

Is rapidly assuming the appearance of a thoroughfare in any modern European city, and is lined for the whole of its course with imposing buildings and attractive shops. At all hours of the day a busy throng traverses its footpaths, and the dusky element of the population with their well-known partiality for gay colours lend a picturesqueness to the scene and form an interesting contrast to the European promenaders.

JOHANNESBURG.

We here give you a view of Johannesburg as it appeared some twenty-five years ago, when it was a mere cluster of wooden shanties. We next see what British enterprise has made of Johannesburg at the present day. [Effect.] Commissioner Street is a thoroughfare that would do credit to any European city. Broad and imposing, it is distinguished by many beautiful structures, banks, warehouses and various exchanges. It is the principal promenade of the town, and presents an animated appearance at all hours of the day.

SOMALILAND.

Before leaving the Dark Continent we visit Somaliland, a vast country situated in East Central Africa, extending from the Gulf of Aden to the Equator. The country is broadly divided into North and South Somaliland, and has never been surveyed by a European. The Somalis are a fierce and warlike people, restless and turbulent, yielding a reluctant obedience even to their own rulers. They consist of numerous tribes who live nomadic lives, naturally frequenting those parts of the country where water is to be found. The country is said to

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be auriferous, and there is a legend that it was from this mysterious region the Queen of Sheba obtained the riches she presented to King Solomon. Our view shows the Mullah at the wells of Galkayu preaching a Jihad, or Holy War, and inciting his chiefs and their followers to take up arms against the allies who threaten their country. Visiting this *terra incognita* we witness a gorgeous sunrise.

As the sun rises the air is filled with the warbling of song-birds, and we are able to discern the distant mountain peaks, many of which reach altitudes of from 18,000 to 20,000 feet. The means of transit are men and women carriers, and camels—these large-hoofed quadrupeds having great endurance.

MELBOURNE.

OPENING OF THE AUSTRALIAN PARLIAMENT.

The most important function performed by the Prince and Princess during their stay in the Southern Continent was their opening of the first Parliament of the Australian Commonwealth. The Congress Hall was magnificently decorated for the occasion, and during the ceremony a cablegram was received from King Edward VII. To this a reply was immediately formulated and despatched by the Princess—a grand banquet in the evening bringing to an end a memorable day's proceedings.

CEYLON.

The island of Ceylon is situated at the southern extremity of the Indian peninsula, and is separated from the mainland by the Gulf of Manaar. It has an extreme length of 271 miles, its greatest width being 137 miles. All the richest fruits and spices grow here, and it possesses numerous lofty mountains, the most famous of which is known as Adam's Peak.

DELHI.

This city will ever be associated in our minds with some of the most sanguinary conflicts and horrible atrocities committed during the Indian Mutiny, indeed, Delhi was looked upon as the headquarters of the mutineers. In the summer of 1857 the native soldiers, overpowering all resistance, captured the gaol and liberated the prisoners, numbering over 1,200. Then commenced the wholesale slaughter of every European, regardless of age or sex. This was followed by the capture of all the principal buildings, including the King's Palace, the Arsenal, the Fort, and the civil station.

The city remained in undisputed possession of the mutineers up to September 4th, when General Nicholson and his troops arrived. After twelve days' hard fighting the indomitable bravery of the British troops prevailed, Delhi was recaptured, and the massacres of Cawnpore, Meerut, and other places avenged.

The city is built on the western bank of the Jumna. The water of this river is not fit to drink owing to the extensive beds of natron over which the river passes before reaching Delhi. Shah Jehan constructed a canal which received the pure water of the Jumna not far from its source, and conducted it to Delhi. This canal in time was neglected and blocked, but was repaired and re-opened in 1820. The occasion was one of great rejoicing, the natives throwing flowers and offerings into the stream, invoking blessings on the British for the invaluable gift.

The canal is conducted through the centre of the main street, and is bordered by trees thus forming the wide street into two avenues a mile in length.

The population of Delhi is about 152,000.

TIBET.

A fine view showing the

Tibetan Gibraltar—"GYANTSE FORT,"

which defied the British Arms for nearly two months; eventually taken by our troops on July 6th, 1904.

THE TAJ-MEHAL AT AGRA (Exterior).

The Taj stands upon the banks of the river Jumna, about four miles from the town of Agra. It was built by the great Mogul, the Emperor Shah Jehan, as a tomb or mausoleum for his favourite wife; the height of the building is 245 feet, it is built entirely of white marble, and the whole of the marble used in its construction was brought overland from Candahar, a distance of 700 miles; 20,000 men were occupied 22 years in its erection, and the cost of the entire building was £3,750,000. Ten times that sum would be barely sufficient to erect such a building in this country. The length of the terrace upon which the building stands is 3,000 feet; it is built in layers of red granite and white marble, and is terminated at each extremity by a beautiful mosque and a minaret 150 feet in height. This mosque, in any other position, would be looked upon as a magnificent specimen of architecture, but by the side of the building it sinks almost into insignificance.

INTERIOR.

The interior, with its beautiful mosaics, glistening gems, and countless lamps, is here represented. According to Tavernier, a French traveller, no Mussulman, however rich might be his offering, was allowed to enter the building without first being blindfolded; he was then conducted to the sanctuary, the veil removed, and the whole interior burst upon him at once in its full blaze of splendour. The beautiful silver screen which divided the main body of the building from the sanctuary having been found to excite the cupidity of plunderers, has been replaced by one of white marble, but the pattern and tracing of the original has been strictly adhered to. Above the archway in the screen is a yellow running pattern greatly resembling pure gold; it is perfectly unique; it has often been tested, and is unquestionably stone, but of what description has never yet been ascertained; this archway was formerly closed by doors of agate and gold. The whole of the mosaic is formed of precious stones, and some of the flowers contain 120 different pieces; the lamps and candelabras are of massive silver and gold. In the centre of the view, a Mussulman devotee is being led blindfolded between a couple of priests to the altar. By a grand dioramic change we see the building illuminated for some grand occasion.

MANDALAY.

Mandalay, the Royal City and capital of Upper Burmah, founded in 1858, with a population of 100,000, situated on the left bank of the Irrawaddy, is 350 miles above our frontier, and 250 miles below Bahmo. The city and sheltered suburbs measure four miles square. The city is three miles from the banks of the river, and is entirely commanded by the hill, on the top of which is the pagoda. The city proper is within a broad moat, on which King Theebaw had two state barges, and there are five bridges across it. Next to the moat is a high brick loop-holed wall, one mile square, on which are forty-eight pagodas, and which is backed by an earth embankment to within six feet of the top. In the centre of the city is the palace, occupying a space of a quarter-of-a-mile square, and surrounded by a high stockade and inner wall, with four entrances, and another inner stockade and wall. In the palace yard are the late King's tomb, the Mint, High Court, Tower, with bell and drum, and the celestial elephant. All the buildings, including the palace itself, but excluding the Mint, are gilded, and are of wood and bamboo. Outside the city are the Royal Monastery, the Royal Merit House, with the laws written on marble slabs, and the Bankeentoung Pagoda, to which the late king made a canal of five miles. He intended that this should surpass the celebrated Mengoon Pagoda and bell, eight miles up the river. In the suburbs, besides the French bishop and three or four priests and sisters who look after the Roman Catholic Cathedral and Convent, and the well-known Italian Consul, Signor Andreino, there are thirty-nine European foreigners. Of these, twenty-three are Italians, chiefly employed by the King, four are French, two are Swiss, one German, two English, and seven ladies, three of the latter being maids of honour to Queen Soo-Payah-Lat. On the banks of the river the King had generally at anchor one ocean steamer, two gunboats, carrying eight guns each, and eight small steamers, all carrying the white flag and gold dragon; but there are no other defences. In Mandalay the roads are broad and level, and in wet weather almost impassable. The garrison consists of about 1,000 men, who wear a band of white muslin round their heads. The English Residency is very much as it was in October, 1872, when Messrs. St. Barbe and Phayre, with seven others, and a Sepoy guard of thirty, suddenly left for Thayetma. Of course, the buildings, including the church, and the school at which the late King was educated, under the Rev. Dr. Marks, have gone a great deal to ruin, although there is a Burmese guard. The alabaster font, which our Queen presented lies in three pieces on the floor of the church. However, all will now be rectified. The ruby mines and jade stone quarries are higher up the river. As you are all aware, necessity has compelled us to bring King Theebaw to his senses. The Anglo-Indian troops, after a few trifling difficulties at the outset, entered Mandalay without opposition, and on January 1st, 1886, Upper Burmah was annexed to our great Indian Empire.

THE FAR EAST—PEKIN.

Pekin, the capital of the Chinese Empire. For the last nine centuries Peking has been an Imperial City. Its walls, now razed, were fifty feet high, with a width of sixty feet at the base and forty feet at the top. Enclosed within the outer or Tartar city is the Wang Ching, or Imperial city, which in its turn encloses the Tsze-Kin-Ching or Purple Forbidden city, in which stands the Emperor's Palace. The population of the entire city is said to be a million. Shortly before the outbreak of hostilities the inhabitants of Peking were thrown into a state of consternation on learning that a large body of Russian soldiers had effected a landing on the China coast, at the little seaport of Tongku, within a hundred miles of the capital. We next pay a visit to this historic port.

TONGKU.

Much interest attaches to the port of Tongku, from its proximity to the Great Wall of China, a considerable section of which is seen in the view, and which, over hill and dale, mountain and meadow, extends for a distance of 1,500 miles. This port is situated at the western extremity of the Gulf of Pi-chi-li, directly opposite Port Arthur, which along with Wei-hai-wei, command the entrance to the Gulf. The straits of Miao-Tao, which flow between the two strongholds, connect the Gulf of Pi-chi-li with the Korean Sea, to which waters we next proceed.

DEPARTURE OF RUSSIAN TROOPS FROM ST. PETERSBURG FOR THE FRONT.

THE SEAT OF WAR.

GULF OF KOREA—THE JAPANESE FLEET.

Messrs. Poole, with their customary prescience and foresight, have for some time anticipated the war which is now proceeding in the Far East, and have in a measure prepared for it; thus we are enabled to give you a fine view of the Japanese fleet steaming across the Korean Gulf, towards Port Arthur. The flotilla comprises battle ships, cruisers, torpedo boats and destroyers. They are about to take bearings and prepare for their memorable attack, which took place on the night of the 8th and 9th of February, and resulted so disastrously to the Russian war ships—no less than ten of which were put out of action on the occasion.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE RUSSIAN MINING SHIP, "YENESEI."

This vessel was engaged in laying mines for the protection of Port Arthur, and while performing this duty it was noticed that a mine had become detached from its moorings and had risen to the surface. The vessel at once went to destroy it, when she struck another mine and was literally blown to pieces. The captain, chief engineer, and a crew of ninety-four were either killed by the explosion or drowned.

As events transpire, Messrs. Poole will add to their war section views of the more important incidents. All that energy, enterprise, a competent staff of artists, and lavish outlay can accomplish, will be done to keep these exhibitions thoroughly up-to-date with regard to events in the Far East.

PORT ARTHUR.

Comprehensive view of the Town and Harbour. Russians working guns from the forts.

JAPANESE TROOPS CROSSING the YALU under cover of splendidly worked Field Guns.

The LOSS of the RUSSIAN ARTILLERY at the BATTLE of the YALU.

TOKIO.

Everyday life in the Japanese Capital.

VICTORIA STREET, HONG KONG.

Entering the Chinese Empire we call at the British settlement of Hong Kong, an island situated on the southern coast of China, not far from the Canton River. Our view represents Victoria Street, which is the principal thoroughfare of the colony. It is lined with splendid shops for the whole of its course, and the exterior adornment of these establishments with their quaint sign-boards, the bright costumes of the Chinese, and the more subdued but richer dresses of the Europeans, all go to make up a scene both interesting and attractive.

MARTINIQUE.—St. Pierre.

Martinique was discovered by Columbus in 1502. In 1635 it fell into the hands of "La Compagnie des Iles d'Amérique," whose attempts at colonisation failed. After passing into the hands of several Companies, it was taken over by the French Crown in 1674. The famous Madam de Maintenon, and Josephine, Empress of the French, were both born in Martinique.

St. Pierre, the view now shown, presented a charming appearance from the sea, the gleaming buildings stretching along the front for a considerable distance. It was a flourishing little town of 25,000 inhabitants. We see the slopes of Mont Pelée rising behind. The cultivated fields and outlying houses were actually on the base of the volcano. The shipping is drawn up in front of the bay as was customary, and it is owing to the fact that

the "Roddam"—the one vessel which escaped—was moored further out that she was able to escape the terrible destruction.

It was on May 5th that the volcano first began to show signs of activity, a stream of lava destroying the Guerin factory as it rushed like a streak of lightning to the sea. This event evidently caused great anxiety, but M. Mouttet, the governor, succeeded somewhat in pacifying the fears of the native population. Very few people left the town, in fact great numbers had come in from the surrounding country. Three days later, on May 8th, at 8 a.m. the awful catastrophe happened.

Paying a brief visit to the United States we first get a view of

CHICAGO.

Chicago, which is situated in the State of Illinois on the south-western shore of Lake Michigan.

Although not founded until 1829, Chicago is now the fourth city of the United States and the second in commercial importance. Its population approaches two millions. The thoroughfare in the centre is known as State Street, and is eighteen miles in length.

ST. LOUIS.

Bird's-eye View of the Colossal Exhibition. The largest the world has ever known. We next cross the Atlantic and visit various of the European capitals.

ST. PETERSBURG.

We arrive at St. Petersburg in mid-winter and get a view of the Nevski Prospect, one of the finest and busiest thoroughfares in the Russian capital.

The "Nevski" presents an animated appearance at all hours of the day; the gay equipages, the fashionable pedestrians, clad in the most costly furs, the sledges with their silver bells, the auto-mobile, the Russian officials with their brilliant costumes, are all to be seen here in the richest profusion, fully entitling the Nevski to be known as the Regent Street of St. Petersburg.

CONSTANTINOPLE.—Approach from the Sea of Marmora.

The beauties of the approach to Constantinople from the Sea of Marmora, as viewed from the deck of an incoming steamer, have often been glowingly described; but it is a question whether any description has ever really done justice to the magnificent panorama which gradually unfolds itself as the harbour is neared. The inland Sea of Marmora extends for about 130 miles S.W. of Constantinople; it is connected with the Mediterranean Sea by the Dardanelles (which has a length of nearly 40 miles from its western entrance to Galipoli, occupied by the British Army at the outset of the Russian War in 1854). Constantinople, more than any other city in Europe, appears especially adapted to be viewed at a distance, containing as it does, some 300 mosques or temples, each adorned with domes and numerous minarets, or slender towers. That part of the city conspicuously marked by trees is the celebrated Seraglio, occupying the apex of the triangle on which the city is built. It includes an area four miles in circumference, washed on one side by the waters of the Golden Horn, while the rapid current of the Bosphorus sweeps round another side with a pure and glittering stream. The Seraglio is filled with a gorgeous display of palaces, baths, mosques, kiosks, gardens, and cypress groves laid out by the Greeks and preserved by their Turkish successors. The palace was originally erected by Mahomet II., and has since that time remained the royal residence. Anyone may visit the Seraglio if furnished with a proper firman, or order. Beyond the Seraglio, on the Asiatic coast, is the town of Scutari, and conspicuously shown is a square white building—the hospital where Miss Florence Nightingale and other kind ladies nursed our sick and wounded soldiers and sailors during the Crimean War. In the foreground are numerous khans, or inns of the city. There are upwards of fifty in various parts of the town, most of them situated near the bazaars. The round ball on the roofs act as reflectors, and are used in nearly all Oriental cities.

MOSQUE OF SANTA SOPHIA.

We next view the interior of the great Mosque of Santa Sophia.

This was formerly a Christian Church and dates from the Third Century, having been originally built by the Emperor Constantine the Great, who became a Christian convert.

The Mosque has accommodation for 18,000 worshippers.

We see the interior first by day, and next illuminated for midnight worship.

TIRNOVA, the Ancient Capital of Bulgaria.

This pretty and interesting city is built on the two banks of the river Jantra. Its population is about 20,000. A sigh of relief passed through the Christian world when the Turkish garrison of 4,000 was driven out of this city, and the ancient liberty of Bulgaria was restored.

The range of mountains in the back ground are the Balkans; they extend from the Gulf of the Adriatic to the Black Sea.

This happy event was the outcome of the Russo-Turkish War of a generation ago. The Turk, however, would appear to be still unregenerate, for the Christian subjects of the Sultan have recently been the victims of a carnage so horrible that it has shocked the whole of the civilized world.

CYPRUS.

Passing the Isle of Cyprus we get a view of Larnaca, the capital city, and witness a pretty sunset. The range of mountains illuminated by the rays of the setting sun stretches across the entire island, and various peaks rise to high altitudes.

VIENNA.

The Maximilian Platz, Vienna, is one of the many features of the Austrian capital which go to remind us of Paris, no two cities in Europe being so much alike or having so much in common. Both for instance were formerly Roman settlements, and in each of them a Cæsar dwelt. The Emperor Julian lived in one; Marcus Aurelius died in the other. In the centre of the square is a splendid Gothic church, erected to commemorate the escape from assassination of the present Emperor of Austria. The graceful and delicate towers of this church are ornamented with numerous statues, and rise to a height of 345 feet.

MADRID.

We are now visiting Madrid, the capital of Spain. This city has a population of about 50,000, and is built on a number of hills on the banks of the river Manzanares, the stream being crossed at intervals by many beautiful bridges.

The square shown in our view is in the centre of the city, and is known as the Peurita-de-Sol, or Gate of the Sun, so-called because the first rays of the morning sun fell upon a gateway formerly erected here.

MONTE CARLO.

One of the most charming places on the shores of the Mediterranean is the famous gambling resort of Monte Carlo. Laid out as we see in ornamental terraces, these overhang a beautiful bay, nature and art having combined to make this a veritable glimpse of Paradise.

Grounds by Moonlight.

The grounds of the Casino by moonlight, with a suicide in the foreground. These incidents are by no means uncommon at Monte Carlo, but they seldom interfere with the play, and as a rule are hushed up and removed as soon as possible by the attendants. A mile or so distant from the Casino is a wooden enclosure wherein these unfortunates are buried, usually at night and without the slightest ceremony or preparation. The brief description of the body which marks the grave is allowed to remain for a month, after which it is removed and all trace of the unhappy creatures is lost for ever.

GRAND HALL.—The Gaming Table.

The Grand Hall—with one of the gaming tables, of which there are eight, the profits of each table being estimated at £500 per day.

This scene is the work of J. J. Markwell Davis, Esq., and does infinite credit to that eminent artist. I would invite your special attention to the skilful drawing, colouring, and grouping of the figures, which have a wonderful fidelity to nature. Observe the coolness with which the winning player, grown old in the vice of gambling, confronts the man he has probably reduced to beggary. The banker or croupier is forbidden, under a heavy penalty, to have any pecuniary interest whatever in the game; he is thus able to wear an air of indifference, and to keep a level head for the conduct of the play. Mark the despair of the old man who has lost his last bank note, and is about to seize the vanishing treasure which of course the winner forbids. Truly grey hairs do not always bring wisdom. The gay young man in evening dress has evidently excited the anger or envy of the light-coated person, who follows him with a look of bitter resentment foreboding trouble to come. On the extreme right sits the unlucky wretch who has lost all, and is now the picture of blank despair. He is heedless of the consolations of his young wife, who seeks to solace him in his hour of trouble.

Altogether this is a truthful but saddening study, and perhaps no more instructive or educational picture has ever been placed in an exhibition of this class. France sends the greater number of players, Russia contributes the largest amount of money; Germany, Great Britain and the United States being well represented in the gay throng.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE, PARIS.

This is not merely one of the most magnificent structures of the French metropolis, but is the largest theatre in the world; not strictly so in regard to its seating capacity, which accommodates about 2,200 people, but in the area of three acres which it occupies in the very heart of the city. The first view of it as one approaches it along the Boulevards can never be forgotten. Broad marble steps lead up to a facade adorned with groups of statuary representing Lyric Poetry, Idyllic Poetry, Music, Declamation, Song, and Dance. Above these are medallions of four great composers, and over these extends along the full width of the structure a Loggia, or gallery embellished with beautiful Corinthian monolithic columns and a marble parapet. Above the windows of this Loggia the eye beholds with pleasure medallion busts, in gilded bronze of Mozart, Beethoven, Auber, Rossini, Meyerbeer and Halevy, whose noble works are heard so frequently within the Temple of Music which they thus adorn. To right and left upon the roof, colossal groups in gilded bronze stand radiantly forth against the sky, portraying the divinities of Poetry and Music with the Muses in their train; while, to complete the charm of this extraordinary building, there rises in the centre a majestic dome, above the crown of which we see, triumphant over all, the statue of Apollo, holding aloft a golden lyre, which still reflects the splendour of the setting sun long after evening has begun to spread its shadows over the adjacent streets, which soon will burst forth from that temporary twilight into a blaze of artificial brilliancy almost as light as day, which makes the place of the Grand Opera seem like the diamond-clasp in that long belt of gaiety, display, and fashion known as the Parisian Boulevards.

HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON.

Prudential Insurance Company's Office.

London is rightly looked upon as the centre of the commercial world; and when standing in High Holborn we are not far from the heart of this extraordinary metropolis, the marvellous extent and importance of which excites wonder and astonishment throughout the world. Here, too, we are standing on ground full of associations of that old London, the traces of which grow fainter and fainter every year. The noble red-brick building occupying the corner of Brooke Street and Holborn Bars is the chief office of the celebrated Prudential Insurance Company. We may confidently say that so great is the extent of the business done by this Company amongst all classes, and in all parts of Great Britain, that we seldom have an audience before us without many of our patrons being interested in the welfare of this enormous institution. We feel sure, therefore, that a few details, taken from an account which appeared in the *Review*, March, 1896, will interest many of our visitors. It is estimated that 630 claims are paid daily. The average number of letters received every day amounts to over 6,000. About 14,000 remittances are received a week. The postage of letters from the chief office amounts to over £300 a week. The printing and stationery cost £15,000 a year. Since the Company started £22,000,000 have been paid in claims. The Company employs 13,500 agents and 1,800 superintendents and assistant superintendents. Premiums are due every Monday on 10,000,000 policies. There are 1,200 clerks employed in the London office, of whom 200 are ladies (daughters or orphans of professional men). These latter have a separate entrance to the building, and a department entirely to themselves. Hot and cold luncheon is provided for them in a room above their offices at moderate charges; whilst should the ladies desire a breath of fresh air, they have only to pass through their cloak-room to get on to the roof of the building, arranged in three terraces, and quite screened from observation. In the basement of the building are the engines, boilers, and dynamos for supplying the electric light, which is used all over the premises; also the air pumps, for working the pneumatic tubes. There are thirteen hydrants in various parts of the building ready for use in case of fire. The staff maintain a monthly periodical and several clubs, such as boating, cricketing, swimming, a musical society, chess club, gymnastic club, and a literary society. In fact, it is quite a little world to itself, as may be gathered from the few remarks our space permits us to make.

Our tour being now finished, we trust that it has met with your approbation, and on our next visit we shall endeavour to give you an entertainment quite equal, if not superior, to the present one. As we have now SEVEN MAMMOTH MYRIORAMAS travelling Great Britain, our patrons can always anticipate something new. When the same countries are visited different subjects are chosen, so that our patrons may not be bored with too much sameness.

General Manager - - - J. WOLSELEY POOLE.
Proprietor and Originator - - - JOSEPH POOLE.

SONGS.

THE LIGHTHOUSE BELL (*Petrie.*)

Sung by Mr. H. G. Berry.

HAVE you heard the song of the Lighthouse
Bell
As it swings in the old grey tower?
Many the stories that it could tell
Of many a dang'rous hour.
Oft when it clangs o'er the stormy sea,
Telling of dangers that ever be,
Buried romances are borne to me
By the song of the Lighthouse Bell.

REFRAIN—

Hark to the song of the Lighthouse Bell,
Mariner heed the cost.
Hark to its warning and friendly knell,
Think of the brave souls lost.
Ding-dong, hark to its warning knell,
Ding-dong, the song of the Lighthouse
Bell.

Have you heard the song of the Lighthouse Bell
As it silently doth repose?
Best for your peace of mind not to hear
The stories it could disclose.
Tales of the sailors upon the main,
Who ne'er will gaze on their homes again.
Tales of the sweethearts, who wait in vain,
For the absent lads' return.

REFRAIN—

Hark to the song of the Lighthouse Bell, &c.

ASTHORE.

Song by H. Trotter.

*Played by Eileen and Maynie, the Musical
Dancing Dots.*

OH! 'twas sweet of old when our love we told
Where the waves sang to the shore,
But it's sad for me, now beside the sea,
For you're far from me, Asthore!
Ah! it's bright no more, as in days of yore,
And the years go creeping by;
For it's far away that you are to-day,
And it's all alone am I;
Sad of heart am I, all alone am I.

But the waves still are singing to the shore
As they sang in the happy days of yore,
And my heart is for ever thine, love;
Are you thinking of me, Asthore?
And the night winds are whisp'ring to the
trees
That they bring me a message o'er the seas,
That your heart is for ever mine, love.
I am waiting for thee, Asthore.

'Twill be twilight soon and the summer moon
Will be shining on the shore,
And the tears will rise to my longing eyes,
For it's you I miss, Asthore.
But you'll think of me, far across the sea,
And the happy days gone by;
And I'll wait for you, with your love so true,
Tho' it's sad of heart am I,
All alone am I, sad of heart am I.

But the waves, &c.

THE DEATH OF NELSON.

Sung by Mr. H. G. Berry.

'T'WAS in Trafalgar's bay
We saw the Frenchmen lay;
Each heart was bounding then;
We scorned the foreign yoke,
For our ships were British oak,
And hearts of oak our men!
Our Nelson mark'd them on the wave,
Three cheers our gallant seamen gave,
Nor thought of home or beauty.
Along the line the signal ran—
"England expects that ev'ry man
This day will do his duty."

And now the cannons roar
Along th' affrighted shore,
Our Nelson led the way;
His ship the Vict'ry nam'd,
Long be that Victory fam'd!
For Vict'ry crown'd the day!
But dearly was that conquest bought,
Too well the gallant hero fought
For England, home and beauty.
He cried, as 'midst the fire he ran—
"England expects that ev'ry man
This day will do his duty."

At last the fatal wound,
Which spread dismay around;
The Hero's breast,
The Hero's breast received.
"Heaven fights upon our side,
The day's our own," he cried,
"Now long enough I've lived.
In honour's cause my life has passed,
In honour's cause I've fallen at last
For England, home and beauty."
Thus ending life as he began,
England confess'd that ev'ry man
That day had done his duty.

BIG BROTHER ENGLAND.*Sung by Mr. H. G. Berry.*

THERE'S a little Eastern Island set in an Eastern Sea,
There's a noble little yellow race, as brave as brave can be.
There's a great big Russian giant who said "I'll have their land."
But there's a little Western Island who said "Stay now! hold your hand."

' Don't fear to fight,' said brother England,
' You're brave and strong to win the day;
Don't fear to fight, we'll see you righted,
Never mind what other nations say,
You may meet the Russian bear with safety,
His giant grasp shall never touch your land.
Don't fear to fight him, little yellow man,
For big brother England holds your hand."

There's a little Western Island set in a Western Sea,
There's a noble lion-hearted race, as fair as fair can be,
And they stretch the hand of friendship to their brothers in Japan,
And bid them fight the Russian bear, and thrash him as they can.
So don't fear to fight, &c.

They are striving hard for freedom, advancement, and fair trade;
They have proved their good intentions by the giant strides they've made,
And they say to England, "Help us to do what you have done,
" And the two small Island Kingdoms shall make East and West as one."
So don't fear to fight, &c.

POSSUM UP A GUM TREE.*Comic Song.**Sung by Carl Howlett's Royal Marionette Minstrels.*

MY master and my missis
Both have gone away,
They've gone to the Sulphur Springs,
A little time to stay;
And while they're there together
They can't look after me,
So I'll go down to Boston
The pretty girls to see.

CHORUS.

Tune up the fiddle,
Take the banjo down,
Listen to the darkies,
Just arrived in town;
Gather round, you white folks,
Give 'em half-a-dollar,
Sing "Possum up a Gum Tree,"
And "Raccoon in the Hollow."

The Boston girls are handsome,
And sometimes very shy,
But don't they love to see
This darkey passing by;
They smile upon him sweetly,
Shake the pretty head,
Then they gently whisper,
When shall we be wed.

Chorus—Tune up, &c.

The day was very c'oudy,
The night was very dark,
The niggers they got frightened,
The dogs began to bark;
The coon scared the buzzard,
The buzzard scared the coon,
And they all kept up a running
Till to-morrow afternoon.

Chorus—Tune up, &c.

FAREWELL, MY YO-SAN.*Sung by Mr. H. G. Berry.*

OVER the ocean somewhere in Japan,
Sweet little Yo-San loved a sailor man.
Sad was her day-dream, tearful was her eye,
For her little sailor man had come to say
good-bye!
Emp'ror had commanded, he must join his ship,
War was spreading far and wide,
So to his lady love he sighed:—

REFRAIN.

Farewell! my little Yo-San,
Farewell! my sweetheart true,
Over the mighty ocean
I've a duty there to do.
Sometimes, will you remember
Toki, your sailor man,
Who is going out to fight
For the cause of the right
And the freedom of dear Japan.

There is a nation, glorious and free,
Known to the World as Mistress of the Sea,
She is our true friend for her sturdy sons
Built our ships of war and taught us how to
man our guns.
We shall fight and fight on, said the sailor man,
With this stirring battle-cry—
"For freedom we will do or die."

REFRAIN:—Farewell, &c.

When guns are booming over land and sea,
Hope, little Yo-San, hope for victory.
Should I in battle fall, my little maid,
Do not weep, 'tis but the toll of war that must
be paid.
Wish your sailor good luck! when he's far away.
If I'm spared when war is o'er
To you, my love, I'll come onse more.

REFRAIN:—Farewell, &c.

EX 17868

TAKE ME BACK TO ALABAMA.

Song and Dance.
 Performed by Carl Howlett's Royal Marionette
 Minstrels.

I WISH I was back in Alabama,
 Where I used to hunt the coon,
 And dance with old Aunt Hannah
 By the light of the silvery moon ;
 My heart never knew any sorrow,
 I was happy, gay, and free ;
 And I'm going back to-morrow
 To the land I long to see ;

Then give me back my sunny clime (*Dance*)
 Where I had such a happy time (*Dance*)
 I wish I was back in Alabama,
 To chase the coon once more,
 To laugh and sing, till the rafters ring,
 On the Alabama shore.

When I get back to Alabama,
 I'll seek out dusky Sue,
 With tales of love I'll cram her,
 And we'll share the oat-cake too ;
 We'll set the banjos ringing,
 As down the lane with pride
 The darkies see me bringing
 Susannah for my bride ;

Then give me back my sunny clime (*Dance*)
 Where I had such a happy time (*Dance*)
 When I get back to Alabama,
 The home that I adore,
 No coon will be so gay as me
 On the Alabama shore.

ASLEEP IN THE DEEP.

Sung by Mr. H. G. Berry.

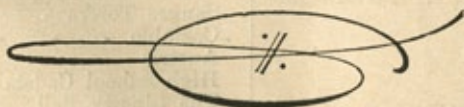
STORMY the night and the waves roll high,
 Gaily the ship doth ride ;
 Hark ! while the lighthouse-bell's solemn cry
 Rings on the sullen tide.
 There on the deck see, two lovers stand,
 Heart to heart beating, and hand in hand ;
 Tho' death be near, she knows no fear,
 While at her side stands one of all most dear.

CHORUS.

Loudly the bell in the old tower rings,
 Bidding us list to the warning it brings.
 Sailor, take care ! Danger is near thee ! Beware !
 Many brave hearts are asleep in the deep, so
 beware !

What of the storm when the night is o'er ?
 There is no trace or sign,
 Save where the wreckage hath strewn the shore,
 Peaceful the sun doth shine.
 But when the wild raging storm did cease,
 Under the billows two hearts found peace ;
 No more to part, no more of pain,
 The bell may now toll its warning in vain.

Loudly the bell, &c





DURING the stay of Messrs. J. POOLE & SON in this Town the Orchestra, under the direction of Mr. FRED DRAKE, will perform

SELECTIONS from the following **BRILLIANT LIST**

OF

Overtures, Selections, Marches,

Entr'actes, and Various Compositions,

Copies of which can be obtained from

Mr. F. DRAKE. Conductor.

OVERTURES.

Le Philtre	Auber
Marco Spada	Auber
Bronze Horse	Auber
Crown Diamonds	Auber
Le Lac des Fees	Auber
L'estocq	Auber
Masaniello	Auber
Zanetta	Auber
The Siege of Rochelle	Balfe
The Miller and his Men	Sir H. Bishop
Stradella	F. Flotow
Martha	F. Flotow
Light Cavalry	F. Suppe
Pique Dame	F. Suppe
Poet and Peasant	F. Suppe
Tantalusqualen	F. Suppe
Raymond	A. Thomas
Maritana	V. Wallace
Le Pre aux Clercs	Herold
Le Menstrel	Lamotte
La Gazza Ladra	G. Rossini
Semiramide	G. Rossini
Tancredi	G. Rossini
William Tell	G. Rossini

SELECTIONS.

The Bohemian Girl	Balfe
The Belle of New York	Kerker
The Greek Slave	S. Jones
The Geisha	S. Jones
Tannhauser	R. Wagner
A Life on the Ocean	E. Binding
Gipsy Life	C. Le Thiere
Carmen	G. Bizet
Lucrezia Borgia	Donizetti
Sullivan's Melodies	Sir A. Sullivan
Gondoliers	Sir A. Sullivan
Iolanthe	Sir A. Sullivan

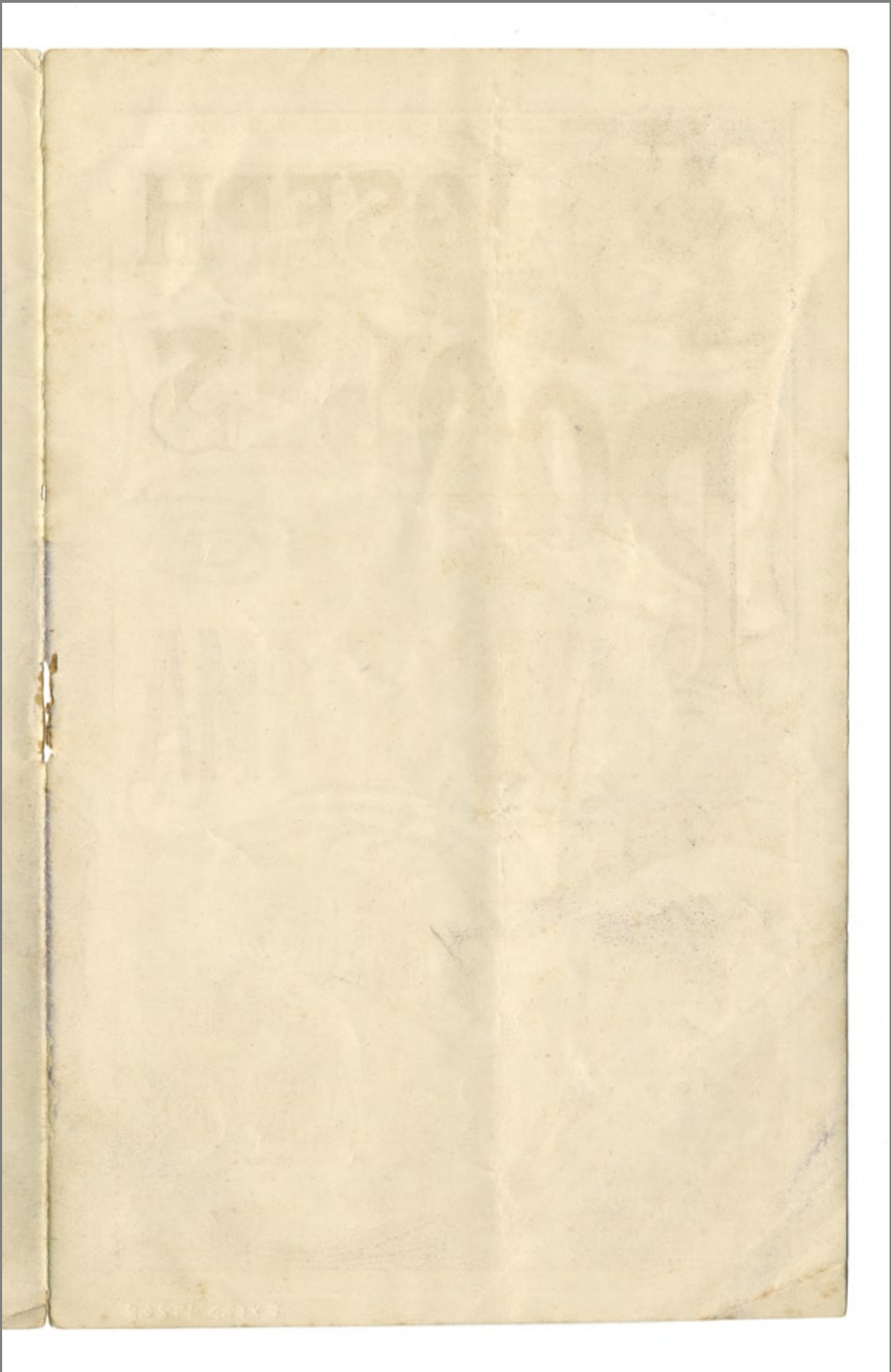
SELECTIONS—continued.

Mikado	Sir A. Sullivan
Patience	Sir A. Sullivan
Yeomen of the Guard	Sir A. Sullivan
Pirates of Penzance	Sir A. Sullivan
Pinafore	Sir A. Sullivan
Il Trovatore	G. Verdi
Rigoletto	G. Verdi
Il Lombardi	G. Verdi
Robert Bruce (Scotch)	
Florodora	Leslie Stuart
San Toy	S. Jones
The Scarlet Feather	Lecocq
Merrie England	E. Binding
Flying Dutchman	R. Wagner

VARIOUS.

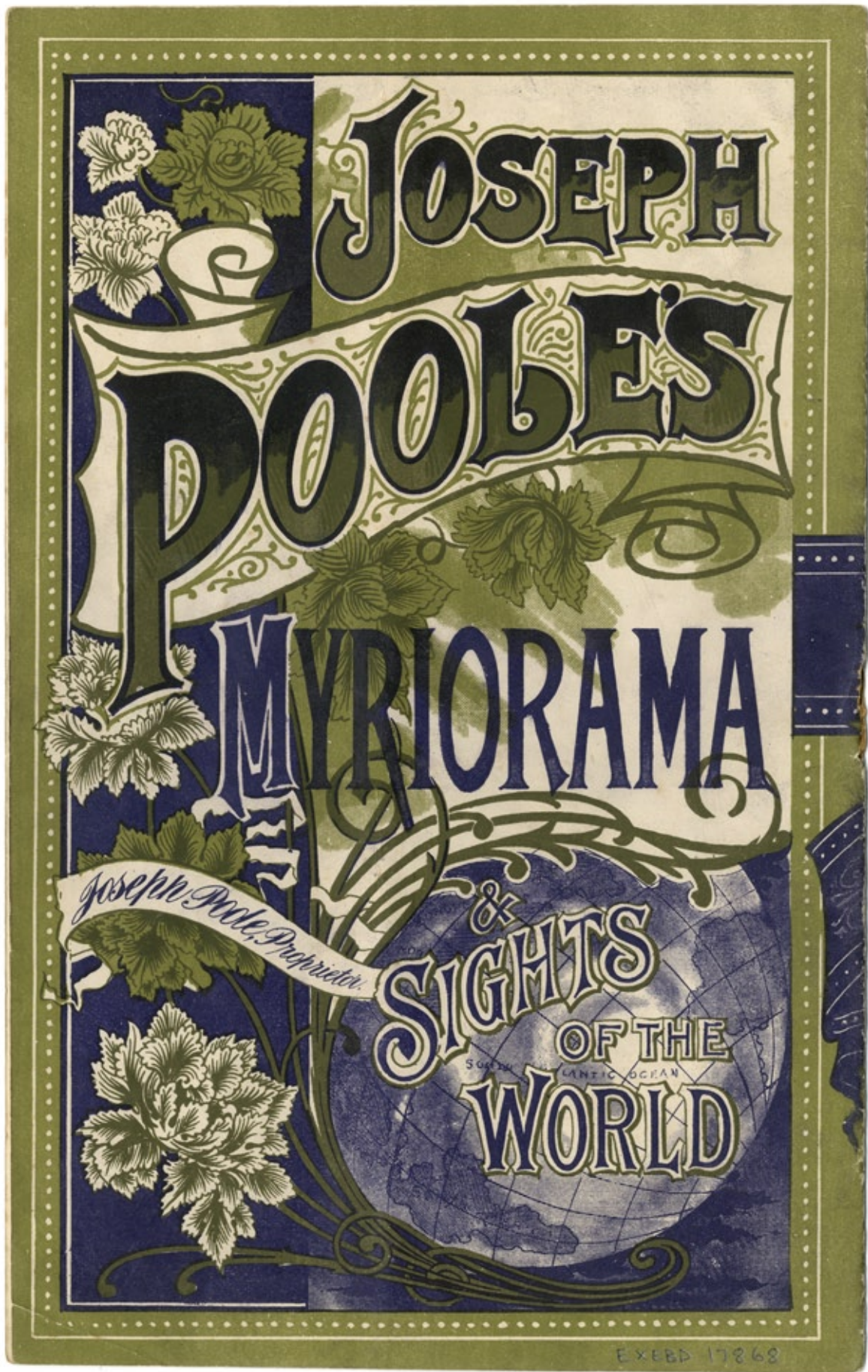
De Merry Little Niggah	Dance
The Darkies' Jubilee	
Les Trois Pierrots	Polka
The Seventh Regiment	Two Step
Sangre Torera	March
Castaldo	March
Austria	March
High School Cadets	March
The Liberty Bell	March
Suite Infantine	G. Larde'li
Konigs Gavotte	Hermann Reh
Coquetterie Entr'acte	A. E. Matt
Narcissus	E. Nevin
A Frangesa (March)	E. Kaiser
Sons of the Brave	T. Bidgood
Under Freedom's Flag	F. Nowowieski
The Last Stand	Myddleton
Unter Dem Siegesbanner	
	Franz Von Blon
Manhattan Beach	J. P. Sousa
Odeons Freuden Galop	C. Lataun

&c., &c., &c.



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