

What John McCullough Saw in London.

Mr. John McCullough, the tragedian, has returned to New York after paying a visit to London partly for pleasure and partly to make arrangements for a season next spring. To a reporter of the *World* yesterday he said he had been delighted with his trip to the old world.

"I left here for London," said Mr. McCullough, "on the 5th of June, in company with Mr. Sothorn. My idea was to look around and see what was the best theatre to play in. But the first thing I was to go and see Henry Irving in the *Merchant of Venice* at the Lyceum Theatre."

"What is your opinion of Irving?"
"I can hardly describe my feelings with regard to him. There is a notion that he is the pet of a certain number of men. But he has a great hold on the middle classes—the kind of people who pay two shillings for a seat—and every artist in London takes a pride in him."

"Does he take all the credit of a play to himself?"

"No; he suggests all the artistic phases of the play, arranges the scenery and designs the costumes. I saw him first as 'Shylock.' He takes a different view of the part from any other man's I have ever known. I liked it best the second time."

"Is his acting at all irregular?"
"He is better as an actor of peculiar things than as a tragedian. In *The Bells* and *Charles I.* he seemed to me to do as fine work as anything of the kind I ever saw. It seemed to me he might play one part well and another part poorly. Nature has not given him the swell of passion."

"What is the peculiar secret of his success?"

"I can only say that in artistic taste he is thoroughly imbued with the spirit of his profession. In the way of producing things on the stage in the best manner possible he is unapproachable. Two weeks ago to-night I supped with him. At noon of that day I saw the entrance to the pit of the Lyceum crowded with people who waited until 6:30 to get in."

"Who else is doing well in London besides Irving?"

"Toole. He is drawing crowds at the Folly theatre in *The Upper Crust*. Then Mr. and Mrs. Kendall and Mr. Hare are playing in *The Lady's Battle* at the St. James' theatre. This is the perfection of a performance. I believe if these three people come over here they would make their fortune, and I advised them to come. Their play is a light little French thing of the time of the revolution, and it is perfectly pure."

"What actress pleased you most in London?"

"Miss Terry, who played with Irving in the *Merchant of Venice*. She was the most perfect Portia I ever saw."

"Have you any personal knowledge as to Mr. Raymond's reception?"

"Well, he himself was received most cordially, but the play was a failure. The people did not understand it. They could not form any conception of the Americanisms, and they wondered how a man like Raymond could appear in such a piece. So far as Raymond himself was concerned, he was called before the curtain and applauded, but *'The Gilded Age'* fell flat. Miss Katharine Rogers played with him, but she wasn't good."

"Did Mr. Raymond say anything to you about the failure of *'The Gilded Age'*?"

"Oh, yes. He took the matter very philosophically."

"What are Mr. Florence's prospects?"

"Very good, indeed. He and his wife will open on the 30th of this month in *'The Almighty Dollar.'* Of course they feel somewhat nervous, because the play is so very American; but there is no doubt that they will succeed."

"How were Mr. and Mrs. McKee Rankin received in London?"

"The people liked *'The Danites'* very much. Hoffinsied, the manager, of the Gaiety—who by the way is a glorious chap—said at the Savage club breakfast that it was the best American drama he had ever seen. *'The Danites'* started first at the Globe Theatre, and is now running at Sadler's Wells. Mr. and Mrs. Rankin will play there for some time, and will then go into the provinces."

"What is your own programme for England?"

"Well, as I said before, I went to England partly on pleasure and partly on business. I thought that by being there in person I could do better than by correspondence. The result was that I made arrangements with Augustus Harris, the manager of the Drury Lane Theatre, to appear at the theatre next April. Mr. Harris has just begun his career as a manager. I am to appear in *'Virginius,'* and he promised me that the piece would be produced in the best style. Every scene and every costume is to be new."

"Who will form your company?"

"That I do not know. All I know is that the Drury Lane theatre is the largest theatre in London, that Mr. Harris is to select the company, and that everything is to be arranged in the best possible manner. I shall leave New York during the first week in April, shall play in London about a month, spend the remainder of the summer quietly without fulfilling any engagements, and will then return to the United States to carry out my engagements here."

"Will you appear at all in the play of *'Aurelian,'* which Miss Dickinson wrote for you?"

"No; Miss Dickinson took the play out of my hands. It was a splendidly written play. I cannot say whether it would have been suitable for dramatic representation."

"What do you propose to do after your return to this country after your London engagement?"

"I will travel all over the country as

usual. I shall open at the Fifth Avenue theater, on November 15th, in *'Virginius,'* and will play for four weeks."

"The Savage Club breakfast, of course, was greatly appreciated by the Americans?"

"Why, just look at the *menu* 'Complimentary dejeuner by the Savage Club to the Eminent American Actors'—those last three words in big letters—in London, Friday, July 30, 1880.' Nearly all the actors in London were there. And what a time we had. Barry Sullivan presided, and Minister Lowell made a delightful speech. But of course you've heard all about it."—*N. Y. World.*

POPULAR SCIENCE.

Dr. Benjamin Ward Richardson, who is given to somewhat hasty and wide generalizations on insufficiently isolated, imperfectly observed, and very few instances, has this to say about cases in which persons have lived a long time in water: "The facts of these examples, painful as they are, are not without their use. They indicate that, water being admitted into the body, life may go on for periods far beyond any that might be expected, and they expose altogether the fallacy about the value of alcohol, when, with large quantities of water, it has been administered as a supposed life-sustaining food." Unfortunately for Dr. Richardson's conclusion, at the end of the recent alleged instance of a forty-day fast in New York, although no alcohol was used while the dehydrating process was going on, the person who is said to have totally abstained from food other than water and carbonic acid for so long a time took not a little, but a great deal of wine for his stomach's sake and for his complete restoration to health.

M. Marcel Duprez has just brought out, says *The Nature*, a new electric motor in which a piston of soft iron is attracted up and down in a hollow cylindrical electro-magnetic coil with a motion like that of an ordinary steam engine piston. The main principle is not new, and it has been utilized by other inventors, but, unlike the other practical attempts to embody it, there is no reversion or interruption of the magnetism of the soft iron core or piston of the Duprez machine. This improvement has been effected by dividing the solenoidal coil into sections, like the separate coils of the ring armature of the Gramme machine, the current being thus transmitted first to one part of the cylindrical coil and then to another. The commutator which distributes the current successively to the various sections is worked by an eccentric on the shaft of the fly-wheel in the usual way, but the 'lead' does not require to be so much as a quarter revolution.

M. Jansen communicated the following note to the French Academy of Sciences on July 5 (*Comptes Rendus*, No. 1, 1880): By pursuing the method of reversing images by prolonged exposure, which I announced to the Academy at its last session but one, it seems to me that we may succeed in obtaining a photograph of the chromosome. The luminous solar action must be continued long enough to become positive to the borders without going beyond them. The chromosome then appears in the form of a black circle, the diameter of which corresponds to eight seconds or ten seconds. I have compared positive and negative solar photographs obtained the same day with the same instrument, and the measure of the diameters show that the black circle in question is clearly outside the disk of the sun.

A new torpedo-boat, built in England for the Italian Government, is mainly constructed after the Lightning type. Its chief peculiarity is the arrangement of its two funnels. They are placed well aft, and can be lowered so as to discharge the smoke and sparks on the water, thus greatly lessening the probability of being discovered by a vessel about to be attacked.

The Female Thumb.

The female thumb is said to be an important index of the female character. Women with large thumbs are held by phrenologists, physiognomists, etc., to be more than ordinarily intelligent—what are called sensible women; while women with small thumbs are regarded as romantic. According to certain authors, who profess to have been observers, a woman's hand is more indicative of a woman's character than her face, as the latter is, to a certain extent, under the control of temporary emotions, or of the will, whereas the former is a fact which exists for any one who understands it to profit by. Women with square hands and small thumbs are said to make good housewives and gentle wives. This sort of women will make any man happy who is fortunate enough to win them. They are not at all romantic, but they are what is better—thoroughly domestic. Women with long thumbs have tempers of their own, and generally a long tongue. There is a hint in this to a lover. Let him, the first time he seizes hold of his mistress's hand, examine, under some pretext or another, her thumb; and if it be large, let him make up his mind that as soon as he becomes a married man he will have to be very very careful. Again if a young man find that his lady-love has a large palm, with cone-shaped fingers and a small thumb, let him thank his stars—for in that case she is susceptible to tenderness, readily flattered, easily talked into or out of anything, and readily managed. But if she is a woman with a square hand, well-proportioned, and only a tolerably developed thumb, then she is either one of two distinct classes of women—a practical female who will stand no nonsense, or she is a designing female; a woman who cannot be duped, or a woman who will dupe him.

The American Brass Band.

Medical men are fond of finding in some one particular cause the origin of all the evils to which the race is subject. At one time they assumed that the great first cause of disease was the adulteration of food, and they conclusively demonstrated that every article of food consumed by civilized man was adulterated with unwholesome and poisonous ingredients sufficient in quantity and quality to produce death in rather less than twenty-four hours. After a while the public tired of hearing of the adulteration of food, and the doctors then took up the fascinating topic of sewerage, and informed us that all our houses were filled with sewer gas to such an extent as to render it certain that we must all die of typhus fever, diphtheria, cholera and several other choice assorted diseases in the course of six or eight weeks. Now we hear a great deal less about sewer gas than we were forced to hear two or three weeks ago, and the contamination of water is the favorite topic of medical and sanitary writers. It seems that, with perhaps one or two exceptions, every well, cistern, spring and aqueduct in the country contains the germs of thirty-eight distinct and deadly fevers, besides those of nearly all other prominent and popular diseases. While it is, of course, creditable to the doctors that they have discovered that food, sewer-gas and water are each the sole cause of all diseases, it is odd that they have failed to notice the deadly nature of the American brass band. It is nearly time for them to find a new scapegoat to take the place of contaminated water, and there is no doubt that the brass band will prove a perfectly satisfactory substitute.

The chief reason of the fatal character of our brass bands is the fact that they are, with very rare exceptions, constructed on the model of the bands in use among African native kings, which consist entirely of drums and tin horns. Our band-masters appear to be as ignorant of reeds as is the King of Uganda. Instead of employing clarionets to carry the melody, and depending upon brass instruments for harmonic effects, they use cornets exclusively, and then try to drown the shriek and blare of those execrable instruments with a big bass drum. To the American, as to the native African mind, a band consists of a drum and a miserable apology for a horn. The other brass instruments seem to be added only to increase the volume of sound, and are rarely permitted to form anything but the simplest chords with the cornets.

The drum is, of the two, more important in the American brass band than is the cornet. The drummer conceives that his business is to conduct the band, and he bangs away with apparently no other object than that of marking time. He does this so steadily and conscientiously that he renders the conductor with his baton entirely superfluous, and compels the other instruments to sink by comparison into insignificance. There are times when the occasional note of the bass drum is tolerable, and in certain passages syncopated notes may be struck by the drummer with really fine effect. In the American brass band, however, the drum recalls the sweet music of a lumber wagon bumping over a rough road, and imparts to the entire band the musical character of a machine shop in busy operation.

The effect of the brass band upon the health and spirits of a community where it prevails can be ascertained with very investigation, and even Dr. Tracy could probably find out something about it in the course of ten or fifteen years of careful observation. It is of great use to unprincipled hotel-keepers in confusing the mind of the public and paralyzing its will. For example, there is a hotel at the head of Lake George, where the steamboat from the lower end of the lake and the stages from the railway station stop before proceeding to the other hotel. Whenever a stage or a steamboat is sighted the astute hotel-keeper orders his band to play. It is probably one of the most deadly bands in the country, and the traveler who hears it straightway becomes wholly unable to perform the smallest process of thinking. He may have previously determined to go to another hotel, but with the awful strains of the brass band ringing in his ears, he falls an immediate and helpless prey to a horde of colored waiters, and is led into the hotel, dusted, assigned to a room, and taken to dine with the other prisoners in the great hall before he realizes his condition. The power of the American brass band to produce mental imbecility and total loss of will-power, is an evil which cannot be over-estimated, and which can be combated only by the complete suppression of the band.

Many people imagine that the disorder which frequently disgraces excursion parties is due to intemperance. On the contrary it is due to the inevitable brass band. Men may embark on board an excursion steamboat where not a drop of ardent spirits can be obtained, and after hearing the brass band play the "Mulligan Guards" and "Whoa! Emma" fifteen times each, they fall upon one another in frenzy and fight like tigers. Can any one point to a fight which has taken place on an excursion steamboat where there was no brass band in active operation? Of course, no one can. It is, then, the fatal influence of the band which leads the mild tailor to rise up and harm the unoffending shoemaker, and transforms the peaceable baker into a blood-thirsty maniac. It is in vain that the police authorities try to keep the peace where brass bands exist. It cannot be done, for the bass drum and the cornet will induce even women to tear each

other's hair and to throw camp-stools at men who have not even been formally introduced to them.

It may readily be imagined that if an accident occurs to a steamboat on board of which a brass band has been playing a panic is inevitable. The band having temporarily demoralized the nervous system of the passengers, and reduced them to mental imbecility, they are utterly unable to help themselves when brought face to face with danger, and give way to the wildest panic. No prudent person should dream of taking passage on board a steamboat where a brass band is permitted. It is true that such steamboats occasionally have a long immunity from disaster, but when the inevitable accident does come the consequence will be fearful.

Space will not permit the discussion of the long train of nervous and cerebral diseases which the American brass band produces. It may, however, be safely said that in this respect it is far worse than murder. It may not be necessary to totally abolish the brass band, but the first step in reform—the killing of the drummer and the braining of the cornet-player with his own instrument—should not be delayed a single day.—*New York Times.*

Fashionable Fingers and Toes.

The idle, fashionable woman has taken to a new diversion. She polishes her nails. She extends her hand to you with great frequency nowadays, and always with the back upward and the fingers straightened out. That is because she wishes you to observe the nails, which shine like glass, and are of a delicate pink hue. Who knows what started this mania? Nobody can ever discover the origin of such things. The distemper breaks out somehow, and then extends from person to person. The New York woman of leisure, whether she be left in the city or is to be found at some near seashore resort, now spends about four hours a day at work on her nails. Her tool is an article somewhat like the wooden handles or holder for blotting-paper—a narrow strip of ebony, ivory or india-rubber, with a knob on one side and a surface of chamois skin on the other. Some of these polishers are fancifully made, and \$10 is not an unusual price; but cheap ones do the work as well, and a home-made article answers the purpose. The best of them have a device for handily fastening in fresh strips of chamois skin, but tacks will do. The essentials are a polishing substance and plenty of industry. A mixture is sold in the stores at a pretty high price, and it has a beautiful name and label, but it is a simple composition of rotten-stone, oil and rouge. Anybody can mix it for herself. It is well to give these directions plainly, because nail-polishing will be sure to reach the west before many weeks and then the fair readers of *The Enquirer* will know how to do it. The stuff is daubed on the rubber, and assiduous friction does the rest. The rotten-stone and oil smooth and polish the nails, just as metal, bone, and ivory are made to shine by the workmen, and the rouge imparts a pinkish color. The enthusiastic industry displayed by the women in this summer amusement is wonderful. They rub, rub, by the hour, usually in parties, making this employment take the place of needle work. There was once an old woman who scrubbed her kitchen floor until she wore her way through and fell into the cellar, breaking her back. Something like that will happen to these nail-polishers, for nails cannot thicken by growth as fast as they are being scoured away. The polishing is not all done on finger-nails. Oh, no. The toe-nails of the belles are beautified, too. What is the use of spending time and labor in making their toe-nails pink and glossy? Well, some of them have husbands, bear in mind. But more than that, this is the season when most metropolitan women bathe more or less at the sea-shore, and show their feet in doing so. Time was when the female bather hid the corns, bunions, and little unshapeliness of her feet in slippers, or stuck them out of sight into the sand when not in the water. The attractiveness of the burnished nails are deemed by her to more than compensate for any blemishes, and so she takes pains to show her feet. The change is a marked feature in the surf scenes at the Coney Island, where thousands of women are in the water every afternoon. Many of them may now be seen sitting on the sand, with their toe-nails proudly glistening in the sun.

The increased attention to nails has naturally extended to their shape, and the greatest care is bestowed upon the matter of cutting them. Long and narrow nails are considered prettiest, and to give them the desired proportion they are trimmed somewhat to a point, while at the roots the skin is pushed and cut back as much as possible. Gloves are not worn at all this summer, even at the full-dress balls at Long Branch and Newport. Mitts of all colors, from white through the whitest hues to plain black, extend from the elbows to the knuckles, leaving the fingers exposed. There is all the more reason, then, for rendering those fingers sightly. Really beautiful fingers, if you will take the trouble to convince yourself by observation, are scarce indeed—much more so than handsome faces. The plump beauty has fingers as blunt at the ends as drumsticks, while the fingers of her ethereally slender sister are just about as bony as a skeleton's. Thus it is a good year for pretty fingers that do not need a tight glove to squeeze them into good shape. Rings are more than ever in vogue. Bangle rings, with jingles to them, are about the only novelty in that line.

Trust him little who praises all; him less who censures all; and him least who is indifferent about all.

"The Prince of Wales' Set."

As a fair specimen of social depravity in what is called "the Prince of Wales' set," just take the case of Mrs. Buller. Who is Mrs. Buller? A butterfly, to be sure, but a butterfly with a method in her madness, and one who, albeit her wings are unseemingly tarnished, was seen in a public place the other day walking about on the arm of the prince of Wales. But let's to her history as related in the courts; Mrs. Buller, which her maiden name is Catharine Louisa Rigley, began her public career by running away from Lieut. Kingscote, her first husband, with a well-known cricketer and athlete, formerly of the 21 Life Guards, Capt. Charles Francis Butler. The injured husband promptly sued for a divorce, and upon the decree being made absolute Mrs. Kingscote became Mrs. Butler. However, the crack cricketer proved not only a tyrant, but faithless, and last November his wife obtained a decree nisi on the ground of cruelty, and also adultery with Miss Alma Stanley, a burlesque actress, who is said to be going to America with her troupe, headed by Mme. Selina Stanley, whose testimony was of the most unblushing character, and who has since formed an alliance with a young gentleman who is considered the most "beautiful" of English actors; he, too, is married—but no matter! You will say already that this is very much mixed; but just wait, that's all. This week the Queen's proctor intervened to prevent the decree nisi obtained by Mrs. Buller from being made absolute, alleging that material facts had been suppressed from the knowledge of the court, and that the petitioners herself had committed adultery with Lord Marcus Beresford and Mr. Herbert Flower, whereby she was not entitled to the relief which she prayed. The accused parties answered, denying the charge.

The Queen's proctor endeavored to set forth that Mrs. Buller had, during her married life been guilty on several occasions, and with more than one individual. Six years ago she and Capt. Buller went during the autumn, to Burcot, Leighton Buzzard, where was a hunting box belonging to Cyril Flower, M. P., the brother of Mr. Herbert Flower, whose conduct with Mrs. Buller was now under consideration. Not only was it proven to the satisfaction of the jury that she and Mr. Herbert Flower were guilty there, as well as in London, and at Rivermead, Sunbury-on-Thames, but that Mrs. Buller was in the habit of constantly visiting Lord Marcus Beresford, who resided at No. 10 Victoria square, Pimlico, and dining alone with him; that she came to the house day after day and stayed with him until a late hour of the night, and that letters passed between them. The council was in possession of facts with regard to others whose names were of course known to his learned friends on the other side, but he did not desire to mention them unless it was essential. This referred to Lord Dupplin (lately mentioned as the possible fiancee of Miss Vanderbilt, or at least as an aspirant for her hand), and to Col. Vivian; probably, too, to an even more exalted personage. And it is a remarkable fact that Lady Dupplin, divorced on the ground of her misconduct with Mr. Herbert Flower, has since become the wife of that gentleman. So here we have a pretty mess in "the Prince of Wales' set." Mrs. Buller, guilty as Mrs. Kingscote with Capt. Buller, and now found guilty with Mr. Herbert Flower; Lady Dupplin (now Mrs. Flower), guilty with Herbert Flower, and therefore divorced from Lord Dupplin, in turn accused with Mrs. Buller, and Capt. Buller guilty with Alma Stanley. Much of the evidence in the present case was given by servants, and from their tattle we learned that Lord Marcus Beresford was familiarly termed "Marky" that Mr. Herbert Flower was called "My Dolly," just as Lady Gay Spanker dubs her little man, and that there was kissing to be seen in the drawing-room by domestics who had their eyes about them. One indignant housemaid deposed she left the Buller's service on account of "a misunderstanding;" the gallant captain had tried to kiss her when she took up his hot water. The counsel for the defense did his best; he admitted that Mrs. Buller's conduct had been indiscreet, but would allow nothing more. The captain and his wife belong to a sporting set; she was fond of hunting and he of athletic sports, and their friends had congenial tastes. Mr. Herbert Flower was not only a friend of the captain's, but was a young man barely of age at the time material to this inquiry. As for Mrs. Buller, she denied everything, even to the kissing, and could not remember anything at all—poor, weak woman. She characterized the servants who had testified to certain incidents as thieves, whom she had discharged from her service. The jury were out but five minutes, when they brought in a verdict that Mrs. Buller was guilty with Mr. Herbert Flower, but not with Lord Marcus Beresford.—*London Cor. Pittsburgh Telegraph.*

THE CAPTAIN'S PIANO.—A sea-captain, who was asked by his wife to look at some pianos while he was in the city with a view of buying her one, wrote home to her: "I saw one that I thought would suit you, black walnut hull, strong bulk-heads strengthened fore and aft with iron frame, sealed with white wood and maple. Rigging steel wire—double on the ratlines and whipped wire on the lower stays, and heavier cordage. Belaying pins of steel and well driven home. Length of trafrail over all, 6 feet 1 inch. Breadth of beam 38 inches, depth of hold 14 inches. Hatchets can be battened down proof against 10-year old boys and commercial drummers, or can be clewed up on occasion, and sheeted home for a first-class instrumental cyclone."