

This may be understood when six degrees of frost, or with the thermometer at twenty-six degrees above zero, there were many cases of freezing to death in England during the past fortnight. During the "sharp" weather, however, there was some sunshine, and the bracing atmosphere was enjoyable, particularly out in the parks or on the hill in the city.

There has been snow for Christmas this year—an event which is far from an absolute certainty at this season of the year. In the business thoroughfares it was all that the metropolitan scavengers could do to clean the streets for traffic; and even with their well-directed efforts, it was slush! slop! slush! along the walks for a great portion of the town. There may be places that stand abreast of London for getting the sidewalks and streets cleaned of the effects of rain or snow, but it is doubtful if any are ahead. Thousands of men with willow brooms and other implements brush and scrape the snow and mud into piles, whence it is gathered and carted off to be used for manure. The work of getting it away from the public thoroughfare is carried on with such regularity that, although the workmen do not move with alacrity, yet it goes on steadily.

Sleighs—that is, the "cutters" are unknown here, but in the outlying districts there has been good "sleighing," and the boys failed not to take advantage of it. The frozen ground, too, was frozen, and made the roads almost as smooth as glass. The pedestrian certainly had to take the best care of himself if he would avoid measuring his length on the pavement.

Each year a swimming race is arranged for Christmas day on the Serpentine, in Hyde Park. Think of it this season, when the ice was thick enough to sustain a person's weight. The day following Christmas—Bank Holiday, or Boxing day—was taken advantage of by skaters, and thousands of them skimmed over the ponds and artificial lakes. It is estimated that over 100,000 skaters enjoyed the sport in the Metropolitan parks on the 26th. The official report says that there were 40,000 on the Serpentine, and 30,000 on the Regent's Park lakes. At the first mentioned place skating by torchlight was engaged in by hundreds of people in the evening. There were many accidents on the ice, some of them fatal. One feature of the day at River Glen, was the ten mile championship skating race. There were twelve competitors, the winner being Tom Pickering, of Lincolnshire, who made the ten miles in 39 minutes and 7 seconds.

While the cold spell is being utilized by the people for their advantage, so far as they can, though it brings suffering to many who are poorly provided for, yet the Salvation Army do not seem to be greatly benefited by the cool atmosphere. On the contrary, the polemic warfare with respect to Gen. Booth's "In Darkest England" scheme, is waxing decidedly warm. Strong men are coming out and indicating their weak points, until one cannot help but see that it has nothing else. The irresponsible mode of handling the cash is a bone of contention. "Make all checks payable to Wm. Booth," was the order from the army headquarters, and while it was all

right when the Salvationists were donating themselves, yet when they came to call on others for vast sums of money, a grave suspicion was aroused as to whether the "general" had sufficient business capacity to handle the funds for the benefit of those outside of his family.

Then the unpracticability of his plans began to be discovered; and the fact that it only proposed to empty the cesspool, and not to prevent its refilling, came out. One objection after another was raised and the "general" is "up to his eyes" in making explanations. But he is getting decidedly the worst of it, and knows it. So his conclusion to all is for them to do as they are bid and ask no questions. This did not exactly suit those who have been directing the affairs of men, so the attack against the scheme has increased in vigor, though it is carried in comparative quiet. Added to this a disagreement in the ranks of the Salvationists themselves, necessitating a change in some of the general's staff. Thus the wheel turns, and the plans of men "gang aft aglee."

The Britishers of the metropolis feel that they have been snubbed, and that too by a foeman whom they do not consider worthy of their steel. By sympathy, the whole English public feel that they have been insulted. The offender in this instance is the Russian autocrat. There are others, too, besides Englishmen, who have an idea that the Muscovite is "getting too large for his trousers," and needs a dressing down. As the readers of the NEWS are already aware, a large number of representative Englishmen held a meeting at Guildhall, presided over by the Lord Mayor, and made a respectful request of Alexander III. that he allow a little humanity to enter into his treatment of the Jews within his dominions. The Czar's reply was, in substance: "Mind your own business, or you'll get something not greatly to your liking."

Madame Noirkoff, who is very near to the throne, wrote a letter to the London Times, and its wording is in strict harmony with the Czar's position. In it she says:

"I repeat that a great military power, having at her disposal an army of two millions of well disciplined and drilled soldiers, whom no European country dares attack single-handed, can face calmly, and even good-humoredly, both the wild attacks of unscrupulous publicists, and mistaken protests of philanthropic meetings, though these be as imposing and brilliant as the Lord Mayor's Show itself."

Now John Bull don't like to be taunted with "You don't dare to." especially when it comes from a representative of semi-barbarism; and, doubtless, if he gave way to his feelings, he would brush in such a way against the Russian bear as to make the latter think a Kansas cyclone had caught him above ground. But though British dignity is insulted, yet the act that brought forth the Russian's assault was not that of the government, therefore Britain's honor is not at stake. But the thrust has made a sore just the same, and *Punch* is not slow to take advantage of it. First there is a full page cartoon, entitled "The Russian Wolf and the Hebrew Lamb." The cartoon represents a trembling

Jew, with "sufferance the badge of his tribe," clearly written in his demeanor, being cuffed by a stalwart Russian, while in the background stands "Dame Europe" pityingly regarding the incident. Next come the following lines:

The quantity of mercy is o'erstrained,  
It droppeth twaddle-like from Lord Mayor's lips

Upon a Russian ear: strength is twice scornful,  
Scornful of him it smites, and him who prates  
Of mercy for the smitten: force becomes  
The throned monarch better than chopped logic;

His arguments—two million of armed men,  
Which strike with awe and with timidly  
Prating philanthropy that pecks at kings,  
But mercy is beneath the Sceptre's care.  
It is a hugbear to the hearts of Czars.

Force is the attribute of the "God of Battles;"  
And earthly power does then show likest  
heaven's

When Justice mocks at mercy. Therefore,  
Jew,

Though mercy be thy prayer, consider this,  
That in the course of mercy few of us,  
Muscovite Czars, or she-diplomatists,  
Should hold our places as imperious Slaves  
Against humanitarian Englishmen.

And Jews gregarious. These do pray for  
Mercy,

Whose ancient Books instruct us all to render  
Eye for eye justice! Most impertinent!  
Romanist Marquis, Presbyterian Duke,  
And Anglican rebbishop, mustered up  
With Tabernacular Tubthumper, gowned Taffy,  
And broad burred Boanerges from the North,  
Mingled with Pantheist bards, Agnostic Peers,  
And lawyers latitudinarian,—

A Lord Mayor's Show of Paul Pry pageantry,  
All to play Mentor to the Muscovite!  
Master of many millions! Oh, most monstrous!  
Are we Turk dogs that they should do this  
thing?

In name of Mercy! I I I  
I have writ so much.  
As AULER says, with "dainty keen-edged dagger,"

To mitigate humanity's indignation.  
With airy epigram, and show old friends.  
GLADSTONE, and WESTMINSTER, MACCOLL  
and STEAD.

That OLGA NOVIKOFF is still O K.  
A Portia—a la Russel! Have I not proved it?

Meanwhile, Russia goes on robbing  
and perpetrating still grosser outrages  
upon the Jewish race, heaping "full  
and running over" the cup of her own  
calamity.

The harvest of fires in London is augmented by the railway accidents, hitherto so rare, but now following each other in rapid succession, and from the most unaccountable causes. The system which has heretofore kept England so free from this class of disasters seems to have suddenly failed of its purpose, and there is a rustling about among railway managers to change the order and preserve the railway reputation for safety in travel. But a new and overwhelming danger approaches. The great strike on the lines to Scotland shows the immense power which is in the hands of over-worked employees. A few of the strikers are prosecuted for refusing to work for the company, but that only invites the others to take revenge, and a feeling of dread and uncertainty is settling down on the railway owners and managers.

The labor question is thus keeping well to the front. The dockers' strikes, the weavers', the colliers, and all the