

Illustrated, s.n., 15-01-1898

Les pages

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Description & Analyse

Période de l'affaire Dreyfus 3/7 - De J'Accuse (13 janvier 1898) jusqu'au départ en exil de Zola (juillet 1898)

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https://eman-archives.org/Zola_Dreyfus/items/show/104

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OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE INDIAN FRONTIER WAR.

The only active operation which is just now going on in the highland countries over the north-west Punjab frontier is the expedition of General Sir Bindon Blood to chastise the Bunerwals, a warlike tribal folk infected with fierce Mohammedan fanaticism, dwelling to the north of Peshawar, between the Swat River and the Indus. Their native valley, walled in by mountain ranges, is approached by the Umbeyla or Ambela Pass, which was the locality of an arduous campaign in the winter of 1863. Those people have since that period not given any serious trouble to the Indian Government before the recent treasonable intrigues of the Moslem leaders of sedition, and they will simply get a mild lesson to remain at peace. Sir Bindon Blood's force, composed of two brigades led by Brigadier-Generals W. J. Meiklejohn and P. D. Jeffreys, consisting mainly of battalions of the Royal West Kent and East Kent Regiments and Bengal Native Infantry, with Punjabis, advanced on Jan. 5 from Katlang and Rustam, and seized the Tanga Pass on Friday, with slight resistance from the enemy, whose power is not to be compared with that of the Afridi confederation in Tirah, beyond the western frontier. At the winter headquarters of Sir William Lockhart, in Bara, the army is now quiescent; the Zazza Khels have cleared out of the Khyber Pass. Much regret is felt at the deaths of General Yeatman-Biggs and Major D. W. Hickman, who was killed at Lundi Kotah.

THE ESTERHAZY TRIAL.

The court-martial on Major Esterhazy opened in Paris on Monday morning in the Rue Chercé-Midi. Outside the rain acted as a useful damper to the threatened demonstration; but inside the court was crowded when the accused Major, wearing his uniform and medals, but without his sword, marched forward in the custody of a policeman to confront his accuser, M. Mathieu Dreyfus. His sister-in-law, Madame Alfred Dreyfus, the wife of the officer already condemned for selling Franco's secrets of defence to Foreign Powers, sat in the court, and on her behalf M. Labori at once asked that she might be legally represented. Technically, he said, the old Dreyfus and the new Esterhazy trials were quite distinct; but as Major Esterhazy was now charged with having written the *bordereau* that was made the basis of her husband's guilt, she was, said her counsel, but "fulfilling her duties as a wife and mother" in asking to be there. The President, General de Luxer, however, ruled against her plea, and the evidence began to be taken in public, on the understanding that when the defences of France so demanded, the doors should at once be closed.

The report of General Ravary, who had inquired into the charge, was then read, and this brought out again all the suspicions which Colonel Piouart formed against Major Esterhazy, and the now familiar story of the mysterious lady who warned the Major against the Colonel's plot. New interests were aroused when the accused man went into the box and asserted his innocence, while admitting that the writing of the *bordereau* was so like his own that it must, in the case of some of the words, have been traced from it. The accuser, who followed the accused, made a point of this admission, and created a sensation by quoting from a letter in which the Major spoke of his readiness to commit a crime for money. That, said the Major, meant suicide. So, with thrust and parry, and with the most direct cross-swinging on the part of minor witnesses, proceeded the case which has turned nearly all Paris into hot partisans on one side or the other. It came to an end, however, on Tuesday last, when Major Esterhazy was acquitted by the unanimous verdict of the court-martial. The verdict was received in court with hearty applause, and Major Esterhazy was then and there allowed to take his place among his fellow officers. In the streets of Paris the acquitted soldier was subsequently greeted with great enthusiasm.

CHILDREN'S BALL AT THE MANSION HOUSE.

(See Supplements.)

A gay and happy crowd, some eleven hundred strong, consisting for the most part of young people whose ages ranged from simple six to sage fourteen, thronged the spacious guest-rooms of the Mansion House in motley garb till close upon the witching hour of Twelfth Night. The fancy dress ordained for this brightest of all the reigning Lady Mayors' receptions, the annual children's ball, afforded this year, if such a thing be possible, even more varied and picturesque a spectacle than usual. Robin Hood and Maid Marian rubbed shoulders with the Little

Minister and his Babbie; Red Riding Hood contrasted her old-world simplicity with the up-to-date attractions of the Queen of Klondike, gorgeous with nuggets of gold; and those august personages known as monarchs of the world's countries in days gone by footed it merrily with sweet girl-graduates or saucy parlour-maids; while the learned professions revelled cheek by jowl with such frivolous people as Pierrots and packs of cards. And when the youthful toes were tired of dancing, their happy owners found that their thoughtful hostess had provided other delights in the form of Punch and Judy shows, ventriloquist and nigger minstrel entertainments, and sword-dances by boys of the Gordon Orphanage at Dover. And what more could the heart of childhood desire? Nothing, truly, if the mere grown-up spectator can interpret the signs of complete satisfaction aight when he is privileged to see them.

MAJOR-GENERAL YEATMAN-BIGGS.

The death of General Yeatman-Biggs, C.B., from dysentery at Peshawar adds another to the losses suffered by our army during the Indian Frontier Campaign. Until the arrival of General Sir William Lockhart, General Yeatman-Biggs,

Grey Ladies. The General, by his death, leaves for the moment without a master one of the most delightful of Jacobean manor houses in Wiltshire, a county of which the man of war was proud to be a Justice of the Peace.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"A BACHELOR'S ROMANCE," AT THE GLOBE.

A pretty piece of Robertsonian sentimentality. Such in a single phrase is the new comedy with which that fine comedian, Mr. John Hare, has elected to open his season at the Globe. "A Bachelor's Romance," the work of Miss Martha Morton, is trivial in texture, inadequate in motive, and quite amusingly optimistic in tone. The playgoer who does not smile at its fairy-tale romancing is likely to quit the theatre with quite a pathetic belief in human goodness and Divine indulgence; for all Miss Morton's characters are allowed to show us their best side, and all three pairs of lovers pass through scenes of misunderstanding to an idyllic haven of happiness and content. As in the last act these several couples troop on to murmur of country joys and love's delights, we recall a similar extravagant if improving finale in Mr. Pinero's "Princess and the Butterfly." But the brilliant observation of life and social satire that redeemed that fantasy is entirely absent from "A Bachelor's Romance." The literary editor, with his staff of "devils" at work in his own private study, the literary competition established by his paper, wherein all that staff are competitors, these have no trace of actuality about them, and the sole signs of promise on Miss Morton's inventive side consist in some of her subordinate characters, such as the flinty-hearted, match-making young widow and her *blasé* hard-living brother, both converted to wholesome and youthful vivacity by a rural holiday; or the two journalists who have but one dress-suit between them. Otherwise the love-story of David Holmes, literary critic and bachelor, and Sylvia, his engaging and affectionate ward, reminds us alternately of "The Professor's Love-Story" and "One Summer's Day." As in Mr. Barrie's play, we have a bookworm rejuvenated by the influence of love, as in Mr. Esmond's comedy we find the middle-aged hero sacrificing his little sweetheart to his young rival, whom she does not want. Need we add that the whole trouble could have been explained by three minutes' frank conversation, and that all ends happily at length in a lovely garden? But though this conventional but well-constructed and well-written trifle is of no dramatic value, it has the merit of providing the Globe manager and his admirable company with good acting opportunities. The exquisite delicacy of Mr. Hare's art has rarely been exhibited to such sympathetic advantage as in the pathetic rôle of David Holmes. This is almost a new experiment for an actor so constantly associated with light comedy, but his emotional power has increased since the days of "Mrs. Lessingham," and every phase of David's transformation—thoughtful student, gay dancer, self-sacrificing martyr, and triumphant lover—was convincingly represented. Quite as free from all extravagance and almost as perfect in execution was Mr. Fred Kerr's portrait of Gerald, the converted *routé*; while Miss Mona Oram as Gerald's indignant *fiancée*, Miss May Harvey as the sprightly widow, Miss Susie Vaughan as a prudish spinster, and Mr. Gilbert Hare as a broken-down old clerk, all rendered invaluable service. Finally, Mr. Hare has found in Miss Nellie Thorne a charmingly natural and pretty *ingénue*. For its capital acting, if not for its well-intentioned sentiment, "A Bachelor's Romance" deserves some popularity.

"SWEET NANCY," AT THE AVENUE.

As the present revival at the Avenue marks the third presentation of both "Sweet Nancy" and "A Bit of Old Chelsea," it is hardly necessary to do more than reiterate former praise of these two charming productions, sentimental though both Mr. Buchanan's adaptation and Mrs. Beringer's comedietta may be. They are both most admirable bits of realistic portraiture. The artists and "Saucers" herself in the Beringer play, and the delightful children and fascinating heroine of "Sweet Nancy" would lend vivacity to far less pleasing stage-work. Of course Miss Annie Hughes resumes both the rôles she created, and if "Saucers" be a cleverer study, Nancy, as Miss Hughes shows her, ought to be "the fancy" of every playgoer. Almost as winning as this arch and tender sketch of girlhood is Miss Lena Ashwell's impersonation of the sadder and older sister; while Mr. Edmund Maurice is as good a representative as we could expect of Sir Roger. The one weakness in the casting of the play is Miss Thornehill's selection for the part of the adventuress. But then it is this lady who is staging "Sweet Nancy."



THE LATE MAJOR-GENERAL YEATMAN-BIGGS,

From a Painting by E. Farje.

in command of the Second Division, had a post of great responsibility, and his death is a result of the exposure and fatigue it was then his duty to encounter. It had been arranged that at the end of the campaign the General should resume command of the Calcutta district; and in the list of any honours awarded to the troops the name of the dead General would, had he lived, have had a prominent place. The son of Mr. Harry Farr Yeatman, of Stock House, Dorset, by Emma, only daughter of Mr. Harry Biggs, of Stockton House, Wiltshire (whose property and lordship of the manor, as well as his name, became the General's), he was born in 1843, and after first choosing the Bar as his profession, finally decided to enter the Royal Artillery, which he did at the age of seventeen, and was, for the moment, the youngest officer in the Army. After a little service in China, where he was slightly wounded at the taking of the Taku forts, he gained the confidence of General Gordon, who offered him employment. This was refused, as it involved his severance with the regular service, in which he rose to be Captain in 1874, Major in 1881, and Colonel in 1886, and was made C.B. in 1891. On the staffs of Lord Roberts and Lord Wolseley, he served with distinction in South Africa in 1879, in Egypt in 1882, in India in 1894, as Assistant Adjutant-General, and then in command at the capture of Dargai. The General, who dies unmarried, leaves a brother, Dr. Yeatman, in the Bishop of Southwark, and a sister, Miss Yeatman, in the head of the community of

