

He is a staunch Conservative, and was an intimate friend of the late Lord Randolph Churchill, who often spent Christmas with him at Howth, where Judge and Mrs. FitzGibbon have a seaside residence, which they greatly prefer to their town mansion in Merrion Square. Versatility may be considered one of Judge FitzGibbon's characteristics, for there are few things from grave to gay into which he cannot throw himself with refreshing enthusiasm. A classical scholar and an accomplished linguist, he takes a deep interest in the literature of the day, and has held forth in French on the platform of a French Literary Society in Dublin; he is also a devoted Freemason, and the Masonic Female Orphan Schools near Dublin owe much to his kindly interest. He married a daughter of Baron Fitzgerald, and has a large family.

The Right Hon. William O'Brien hails from the County Cork, where he was chiefly educated at Middleton School, and was called to the Bar in 1855, and made a Q.C. in 1872. He fulfilled the duties of Crown Prosecutor for Dublin for a time, and in 1882 was made a judge, being appointed to the Common Pleas Division, from whence he was transferred a year later to the Queen's Bench Division. He is remarkable for the impressive and comprehensive manner in which he charges a jury, and the extraordinary facility he possesses for recalling even the minutest details of a complicated case. He is the only bachelor on the Irish Bench.

The Right Hon. James Murphy, whose name is so associated with the celebrated Phoenix Park murder trials, in which he appeared as Crown Prosecutor, received his early education at Mr. Turpin's school at Middleton, Cork, having among his class-mates the late Sir Edward Sullivan (Lord Chancellor of Ireland), Lord Justice Barry, Judge O'Brien, and other distinguished members of the Irish Bar. Coming to Dublin, he entered Trinity College, where he took first honours in classics and mathematics, obtaining the scholarship and first gold medal in logic and ethics, Professor Cairns coming second in the same list. He was called to the Bar in 1849, was made a Q.C. in 1866, and a Bencher of the King's Inns in 1871. He was elevated to the Bench in 1883, and is now one of the most popular of the Irish Judges. His classical and literary knowledge is extensive, and as a *raconteur* he is inimitable, though nowhere is his eloquence more conspicuous than in Court. He married a daughter of the late Judge Keogh, and of their family three sons have held scholarships at Charterhouse, the eldest, after a distinguished career at Cambridge, having now settled down as a doctor in London. He lives at Glencairn, a pretty country seat five miles outside Dublin, where he and his wife dispense much hospitality.

The Right Hon. William Johnson, Judge in the Common Pleas Division, only son of the late Rev. W. Johnson, Chancellor of Ross and Cloyne, was educated at Trinity College, where he early distinguished himself and took both the B.A. and M.A. degrees. He steadily won success at the Bar, acting as Law Adviser from 1868-74, was made Q.C. in 1872, Solicitor-General in 1880, and Attorney-General in 1881; while holding these posts he represented Mallow in the Liberal interests till, in 1883, he was elevated to the Bench. He is a patron of the fine arts, and his house in Lower Leeson Street contains many art treasures. His favourite amusement was riding, but this he has recently abandoned in favour of a "bike"—which, by the way, he manages very well. He is fond of travelling, and generally spends the Long Vacation on the Continent, accompanied by his wife, who is a daughter of Mr. Richard Bayly, of Green Park, and niece of Judge Murphy.

The Right Hon. John Gibson, son of Mr. William Gibson, of Rockforrest, County Tipperary, and younger brother of Lord Ashbourne, is another of the judges whose successful careers redound to the honour of Trinity College, where he took the M.A. degree in 1867, being called to the Bar three years later; in 1880 he was made Q.C., in 1885 Serjeant-at-Law, Solicitor-General 1885-87, Attorney-General 1887-8, when he was promoted to the Bench. From 1886 to 1888 he sat as Conservative member for the Walton Division of Liverpool, during which time he made some very striking speeches, in which the family gift of oratory was easily recognised. He married while very young the only daughter of the Rev. John Hare, of Tullycorbet, County Monaghan, and has several children.

The Right Hon. Hugh Holmes, one of the Justices of the Queen's Bench (Ireland), M.A. of Trinity College, was called to the Bar in 1865; he was made a Q.C. in 1877, and twelve months later saw him a Bencher of the King's Inns and Solicitor-General; in 1885 he became Attorney-General, and the same year was elected one of the members for Dublin University, which seat he retained till his elevation to the Bench in 1887. He married Miss Olivia Maule, of Elmley Lovet, and of their large family two pretty daughters are now grown up.

The Hon. Mr. Justice Andrews, LL.D., is the second son of Mr. John Andrews, of Comber, County Tyrone. He was called to the Bar in 1855, and was made a Q.C. in 1872. He had almost ceased practising his profession when Mr. Gladstone raised him to the Bench in 1882, since which time he has sat in the Exchequer Division. He is married, and lives in a handsome house in Lower Leeson Street, Dublin.

Mr. Justice Ross is the latest addition to the Irish Bench, having been appointed a few months ago, upon the resignation of Judge Monroe. He was called to the Bar in 1880, after a brilliant career at Trinity College, where he obtained the first classical scholarship in 1876, and the LL.D. degree in 1879. In 1891 he was made Q.C., and the following year he successfully contested North Londonderry in the Unionist interest, but lost his seat at the last General Election. His services to his Party were too valuable to go unrewarded, and his recent promotion was no surprise. His wife, who is a daughter of Colonel Deane Mann, is a very handsome and popular woman, and they have several pretty little children.

TWO OLD-WORLD BEASTS.

The rhinoceros may be said, without exaggeration, to be the "heavy-armoured cruiser" of the animal world. His skin, thick and tough as the embossed targes of the ancient Highlander, hangs loose upon him in great defensive plates, which, until the ingenuity of the white man invented the steel-tipped bullet, were impervious to all sorts of shot. He is an enormous brute, slow and clumsy in his movements, and charges with all the ponderosity of a steam-hammer. He is a representative of a class of animals that was prevalent in a long-past geological age, but which is now in a small minority, for in animals, as in ships, unwieldy means of defence are being supplanted by adaptations for agility in attack and quickness in escape. But however clumsy in his movements, no animal in the "Zoo" is more feared by his keeper than the rhinoceros. He is in an everlasting bad temper, and runs perfectly *amok* at times, charging furiously at posts and stones and ploughing up the ground with the great horn on his snout. There are several kinds of rhinoceroses, and our illustration does not depict the great Indian kind, but a small and very rare specimen, with a most remarkable history. Nearly thirty years ago he had the misfortune to get stuck fast one night in a quicksand in the thick jungle country of Chittagong, and the natives, taking advantage of his helplessness, hitched him fast to a neighbouring tree. They sent for the Europeans in the *Keddah* service, who in turn hitched him to one of their elephants and started out to tow him to Calcutta. After a series of adventures, he was got there in safety and shipped to Europe. The Society paid £1250 for him. All this took place so long ago as 1868, so that this animal is now one of the oldest residents in the "Zoo." Chinamen will readily pay about ten pounds for a rhinoceros-horn, for it makes one of their most precious medicines.

The porcupine is also heavily armed, but with a back-load of quills, which are not only instruments of defence, but also very sharp weapons of offence. They are animals of a most tetchy temper, and their keeper tells me he has to keep a sharp eye upon them while putting their shed in order. They have got a most peculiar method of attack. Having turned their heads away from the object of attack, and set their quills semi-erect, they slant swiftly backwards, driving their quills deeply into the first obstruction they encounter, which, in the keeper's case, is commonly the handle of his broom. The force is such that the quills actually stick in the broom handle. One morning, however, the subject of the illustration out-manœuvred its keeper, and before he was aware drove its quills, sharp as needles, deep in the flesh of his leg. No dog will face it for a second attack, but runs howling away. The tiger, if in an inquisitive mood, finds that an examination of this animal leads to its paws and jaws becoming as full of quills as a pin-cushion of pins. The porcupine belongs to the same order as rabbits, hares, and squirrels—the Rodentia—and there are several kinds of them, the illustration showing one of the most beautiful, the white-tailed Indian porcupine. Their flesh is considered a great delicacy, and the writer has seen natives catch them and immediately sling them over a fire, roasting them alive.

THE STREET SIFFLEUR.

It was Saturday night, and on the pavement in front of a brilliantly lighted Shoreditch tavern the Street Siffleur, a man of about eight-and-twenty, had just held a large audience spellbound by whistling with undeniable expression and feeling a couple of tunes from his repertoire, namely, "Tom Bowling" and "The Lost Chord." After the artist had gone round with his hat and transferred the harvest of coppers to a capacious pocket, the writer took him in hand and elicited from him a few particulars as to his novel and apparently lucrative profession.

"Oh! my whistlin' 's genuine enough," he observed in reply to a query; "people would soon find out the fraud if I used a 'fakement' of any kind in my mouth. You see, when I was a kiddy at school I was reckoned a crack whistler, and I was allus practisin', until I could imitate birds and things to the life. Course, I didn't think then that a livin' was to be made out of it; but when Mrs. Shaw got to be all the rage at swell dinner-parties and such-like, I thought a bit o' money might be made at the 'lay' in the streets. So one Saturday night I made a start in the Whitechapel Road, and though I was so nervous that I didn't do myself justice, I found when I got home that I'd took over six shillin's, all in pennies and ha'pennies.

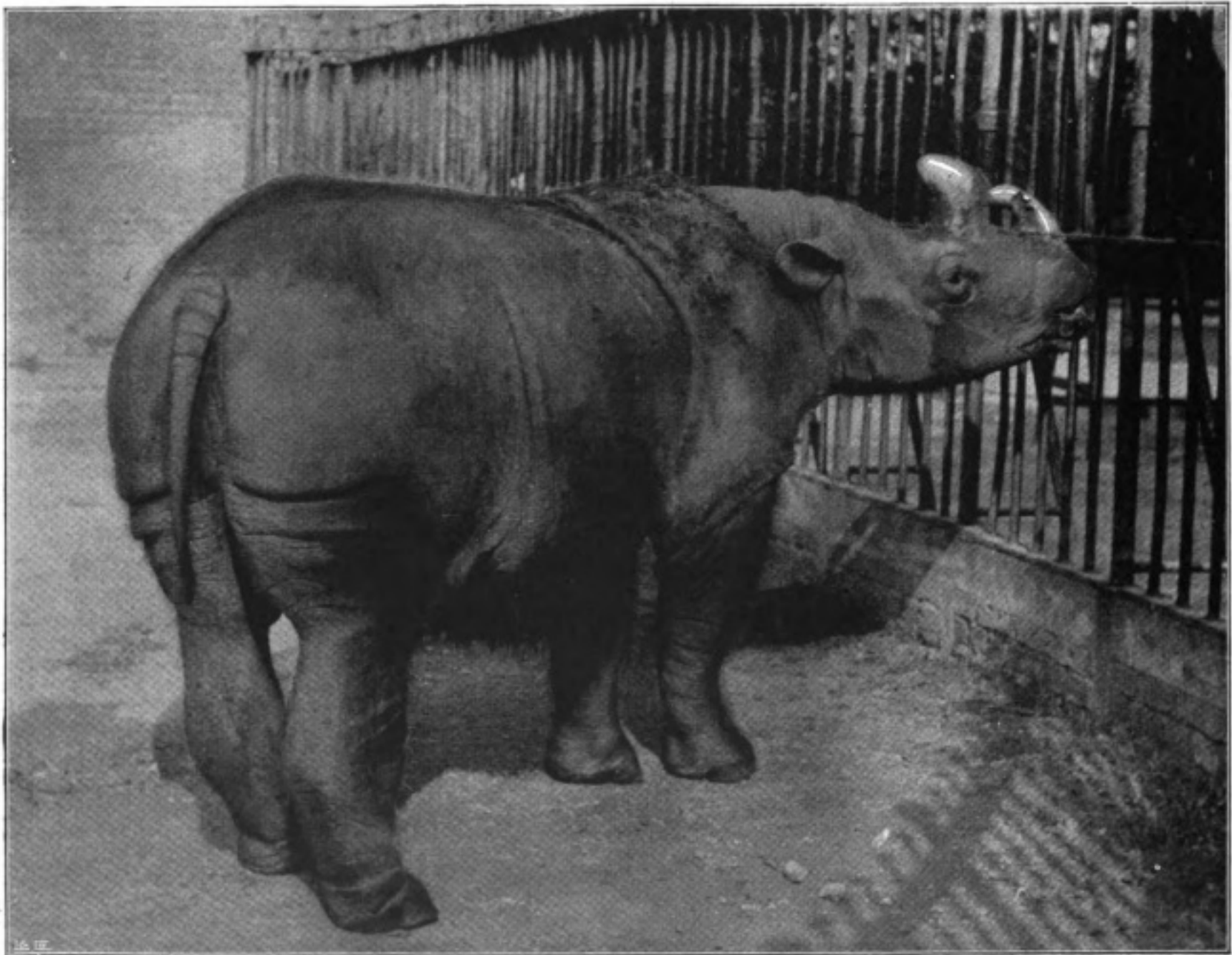
"Ever since then I've been at the game, all over England, goin' to all the big towns and doin' well everywhere. It's the novelty, you understand, what fetches the public. They hear any amount of organ-grinders, banjoists, and tin-whistle players, but very few natural whistlers—in fact, I only know of one other man besides myself who goes in for it.

"The favourite tunes are those of the old ditties, such as 'Tom Bowling' and 'The Wearin' of the Green.' Lively jigs go down well, too; but these take a lot o' whistlin', and by the time you get to the end o' one you're pretty well winded, I can tell you.

"Takin' 's? Two pound a-week 's about the average, Saturday alone bein' as much good to me as the rest o' the week put together. Yes," concluded my informant, "the money fairly *rolls* in o' Saturday nights!" And, as I left him, the siffleur took up his stand on the edge of the kerbstone, slowly pursed his lips, and then whistled to an admiring audience the rollicking strains of "Flannigan's Ball."



PORCUPINE.



RHINOCEROS.

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