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AMERS'S JOURNAL

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

*Fourth Series*

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 993.—VOL. XX.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1883.

PRICE 1½d.

ONE FALSE, BOTH FAIR;  
OR, A HARD KNOT.

By JOHN B. HARWOOD, AUTHOR OF 'LADY FLAVIA,' 'LORD PENNANT,' 'THE TENTH EARL,' &amp;c.

## CHAPTER I.—COMING HOME.

'SHE is pleasing, certainly, but—strange. Perhaps mysterious would be the better word. In Egypt they called her the Sphinx, you know; and indeed there is something singular, and almost startling, in that quiet, ghostly way she has of gliding into the midst of people who believe her to be a hundred miles off. She talks well; but I always feel afterwards a vague sense of perplexity, as though I had been conversing with one whose habits and experiences, and ideas of right and wrong, were enigmas to me.'

'Yes; there is something strange about Countess Louise, to our English taste, perhaps; but I am sure she is well-bred, and clever and agreeable, and means to be kind; and then—she has been everywhere, and knows every one. I find her a pleasant travelling acquaintance, Clare, love, and that is all. Once in England, we shall part company, of course. You are not very likely to see much of her at Castel Vaux, or at Leominster House either, when you are in London.'

The speakers were two slender, fair-haired girls, dressed in black, who stood side by side on the poop-deck of a great steamer, speeding swiftly on through the pale gloom of the warm night, a starry sky above, and the dusky purple wavelets of the Mediterranean rippling with soft plash, as if caressing, against the vessel's side. There had been a broad white awning spread, as usual, over the after-deck, sacred to chief-cabin passengers; but, as usual also, it had been deftly removed, when night fell, by the supple brown hands of those lithe, tiger-footed, tiger-eyed Lascars who form the majority of the crew on

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board of our fast-steaming Peninsular and Oriental packets, such as was the *Cyprus*, homeward-bound.

There was something majestic, something almost oppressive too, in the solemn stillness that prevailed, not a sound being heard save the wash of the dark-blue water, as the powerful engines forced the ship along; and the low hum of conversation that arose from a group collected near the cabin hatchway, some few paces distant from where stood the two girls, in their mourning garb, apart from the rest. These two were silent now; one of the sisters—for such they evidently were—looking down over the vessel's side, towards where the softly murmuring sea was dappled here and there by faint phosphorescent gleams; while the other turned her beautiful face towards the East, unconsciously as it seemed, and gazed with sad eyes along the streak of glistening foam that marked the steamer's wake.

A light yet hesitating footfall on the deck, the rustle of female dress, and then, in a low voice, the commonplace words: 'Your Ladyship! Tea is ready.' It needed not the muslin apron, the trim waist, and punctilious neatness of attire, to indicate the caste of her who uttered this little crisply spoken speech. Only a lady's-maid drilled and schooled from her teens into the traditions of the still-room, could have contrived to be at once so meekly suggestive and so softly audible.

'Very well, Pinnett; you can go the shawls,' answered one of the sisters.

'Yes, my Lady,' was the quiet reply; and the maid retired as gently as she had approached.

After a brief pause, the two girlish figures



moved towards the cabin stairs, near which stood the steamer's captain, bluff and genial, the light from the luncheon shining on his gold lined cap and weather beaten face. 'It's a fine evening, my Lady, and a pity to lose it,' said the tough old seaman, in his kind fulsome voice. 'We can't, you know, expect much more of the clear weather, past Malta is we are, and at this uncertain time of year.'

'We shall come on deck again, Captain Burton, thank you,' was the rejoinder, and then both the sisters moved on, cabinwards. As they passed the group of loungers congregated near the hatchway, more than one glance of mingled curiosity and interest was turned towards them, and then the hum of voices grew somewhat louder than before. With the exception of an only and deferential Purser in grey broadcloth, diamond shirt studs, and varnished boots, all the passengers (chatting together) were of British speech and nationality. There was yellow, grinning old Major Grudge, an Anglo Indian, long since seasoned to the climate, as he tallies, somewhat boastfully, after a five months' acquaintance, with sallow Mrs Grudge and her schoolgirl daughters returning for cheap education at Brussels or Bonn. There were languid substitutes on sick leave, a magistrate or so, a field officer or two, a stray indigo planter, the editor of a Malabar newspaper, and the inevitable travelling M.P., who has been out to 'do' India, and thus win for himself parliamentary prestige by asking awkward questions and tormenting optimistic Secretaries of State. There were ladies and children in large majority, of course, and with them the usual Nile country invalids, and the usual tourists, fresh from Cairo or the Cataracts.

'Very pretty, both!' drawled out a pallid young cavalry officer, whose remaining energies, sorely impured by wind and soda, imbibed amid the hot winds of parching Dootypore, seemed to be devoted to an attempt to swallow the massive gold head of his short whipstick. 'Hard to say which looks the best, but, for choice, I'd bet upon the one who went down first—Miss Carew.'

'Then you'd lose your wager, Sifton, I can tell you,' responded blithely-eyed Major Grudge, with a grin of contempt for the griffin's discernment. 'That was the Marchioness, as it happens, and not Miss Carew.'

'Mr Sifton's was a very natural mistake,' said good natured Mrs Colonel Green of the Ahmednuggar Artillery. 'They were twin sisters, you see, and so much alike—poor, pretty young things. A sad story, was it not, of the Marchioness being left a widow after only a year of married life out there in Egypt. Her young husband, the late Marquis, had not had the title very long, and the doctors ordered him, as a forlorn hope, to Cairo. He died there.'

'Not there, dear Mrs Green! It was at Luxor,' exclaimed another of the Anglo Indian ladies eagerly.

'At the Second Cataract, I saw it in *Gaiety* news,' chimed in a third member of the group.

'Excuse me,' remarked a tourist, 'I was at Khartoum at the time, and know all about it. I had met the party, too, at Elephant's Terrace

sudden at the 14th, it was! Poor fellow—that young Lord Leominster, I mean—it was sad to see him, with his hectic colour and wistful eyes, leaning on his young bride's arm, among the granite columns and painted chambers of the temples. Everybody knew how it must end, but somehow, when the worst came, everybody was shocked and sorry. Lucky that her sister was travelling with them, was it not?'

'I wonder whether she will marry again, she doesn't look twenty, and a beautiful young creature too, and as she seems now,' said Mrs Green of Ahmednuggar, with that tendency to prophetic matchmaking which is innate in the best of women.

'It should be Mrs Carew's turn next,' observed the indigo planter.

'Ah, we shall see about that,' put in, more authoritatively, another passenger, little Ned Tattle, returning from Egypt to his beloved Juniper Street lodgings and his club window, and who, on the strength of his familiarity with Pall Mall gossip, affected the air of a fashionable oracle. 'Can't expect two of a family to land a big fish, you see, like a Marquis of Leominster, especially when a girl has not a experience. A wonderful match that, for the daughter of a poor Devonshire baronet like old Sir Fulford Carew. I remember old Sir Fulford quite well. And then there's the present man, Sir Pagin, the brother of these young ladies, still more out at elbows, if possible, than his father before him. It sounds grand, don't it, Carew of Carew, but what's the use of pedigree and that sort of thing, without the coin to back it?' added Tattle, whose grandfather had been a fashionable fishmonger in the Poultry, E.C., but whose own name often figured at the big end of printed lists of guests at Macbeth House, Mandeville House, and elsewhere.

'But she will be well off—the Marchioness of Leominster, I mean?' asked one of the company, half timidly deferring to Tattle's superior information as to the ways and means of the aristocracy. A man who spoke so disrespectfully of baronets, and whose tone in talking of a Marquis was one of good humoured patronage, was pretty certain of commanding deference for his opinions among colonial self exiles, homeward bound.

'Why, yes, rather,' answered the Pall Mall philosopher, with a secret delight in being listened to. 'You see, young Leominster—poor fellow—the late Marquis, was very much in love, and happened to have unusual power over the property. His widow gets Castel Vaux, the show-place of the family, on the Welsh border, and a heap of money besides. Thirty thousand a year at the least of it, or more likely thirty five, the Castel Vaux rent roll must be, and I'm not sure that Leominster House, Piccadilly, and the London house property, do not belong to her too—for life, anyhow. Only the Lancashire estates, which are strictly entailed, go to the heir. I am speaking of the present Marquis of Leominster, Adolphus Montgomery—we called him Dolly, and thought him a muff—second-cousan to poor Wilfred that died.'

On this subject, one or two further observations were made. It was told how the late Marquis's yacht *Fairy Queen* was on her way back to England, having on board, too, the remains of

her noble owner, and it was plausibly conjectured that the editors had chosen the lengthier Southampton route, as enabling them to avoid the stir and bustle of the land journey from Bremen to Marseilles. And then the conversation flowed into other channels, and the group presently broke up.

### HINTS TO YOUNG WRITERS

The following hints—they pretend to be nothing, more—are offered to those who desire to cultivate the art of composition. Not that the best instruction in the world will of itself make an author, any more than it can make a painter or a sculptor. Something more than mere teaching is needed. When Opus the painter was asked by a young student what he was in the habit of mixing his colours with, he replied grimly 'With brains, sir.' And he was right. Here we have the first requisite for success in the higher arts, Composition among the rest. Those who have no 'brains,' no intellectual power, had better let pen and paper alone. But even those who have a fair share of power must know how to use it. They want practice, and they want training, and the training which they cannot get from others, they must be willing to give to themselves. Those, however, who are in earnest about making the most of their powers, are usually glad to avail themselves of the experience of others, and it is for this reason that the following pages are written. For although it is not possible, in one sense, to teach composition, it is possible to point out certain errors that should be avoided, and certain objects that should be kept in view, with the best method of attaining those objects. And since all the suggestions that we have to offer upon these points are founded upon experience, it is hoped that they will afford help to those who may be trying to help themselves.

To begin then. What is it that you wish to do? You wish to express your thoughts in writing, for the benefit of others. But 'out of nothing, nothing comes,' therefore you must first have thoughts to express. First the thought, and then its utterance, first the matter, and then the manner. The subject falls naturally into these two divisions.

First, the thought. It is strange that we should require to learn even to think, but like many another strange thing, it is true, and anything that helps us to think wisely and truly is not to be neglected. We shall find that there is no greater stimulus to thought than contact with other minds, and this comes to us mainly through conversation and through books. It is true that real conversation, the keenest of intellectual pleasures, the most stimulating of intellectual exercises, is but seldom to be had. And yet now and then, in the course of our lives, we are so happy as to meet with a companion who has this power of conversation, as

apart from idle fragmentary gossiping. And the result is startling. We are no longer the same persons that we were. Some change has passed upon us. Not only have we found a friend, but we have found ourselves. It has been truly said that one of our great wants in life is 'somebody who shall make us do what we can.' And until this want is satisfied, we know not what we can do. But when we meet with this 'somebody,' we find ourselves in a new world. It is as if our mind took fire at his mind. We are 'taught the whole of life in a new rhythm,' we are 'lifted into that mood out of which thoughts come that remain as stars in our firmament' for ever. Whence come they? We can not tell. Up to this moment we have had no such thoughts. But for this companionship, we had not had them now. Yet they did not originate with our friend, but with ourselves.

Probably Socrates was the first to recognize this result of sympathetic intercourse. It is to this that he refers when he calls himself the midwife of men's thoughts. De Quincey and Emerson both insist strongly on this benefit of conversation, and it was probably something of the same kind that Charles Lamb had in his mind when, after speaking of the death of several friends, he said 'And now, I've so many parts of myself I have lost the market.'

But such intercourse is rare. It is probable that it comes but seldom to any of us, while to many it never comes at all. Consequently, we are obliged, for the most part, to seek for our mental stimulus to books, which are more or less accessible to us all.

And what will books do for us? Why are we to read them? Not for enjoyment merely, not only in order to store the memory with facts, nor even to enrich the mind with the thoughts of great men. We read them and we value them for all these reasons, but they have a higher use still, namely, the education of the powers, the cultivation of the mind, the formation of the character. 'Do la,' says Emerson, 'art for nothing, but to inspire.' The mere transference of the contents of a book to our own mind will do us little good unless the mind, besides receiving, acts upon what it receives. The food of the mind, like that of the body, is intended to be digested and assimilated, to nourish and to result in growth and increase of power. If I am to be in no way better when I lay down my Plato or my Shakespeare than I was when I took it up, I will not read at all. Why should I? But if I have held intercourse with 'a soul that made my soul wiser,' then indeed my time has not been wasted.

The amount of reading that is profitable will vary with each individual, and it depends upon the mind's receptivity and power of assimilation. It is of less importance to read much than to read wisely and well. Wisely—that is, to read exclusively good authors, and well—with the reasoning power, the imagination, and the affections awake and on the alert.

We are, then, to read for our own mental and moral culture, we are not, as a rule, to read in order to write. It is true that in some cases,

such as in preparation for literary work done 'to order,' this is inevitable. But all will agree that the best work is not done in this way. It is the subject which we have studied for its own sake, whose interest and value have drawn us irresistibly onward, on which we shall be best able to write, and thus not merely on account of our better acquaintance with it, but from the interest which we take in it. It is extremely difficult to interest others in anything in which we are not interested ourselves.

Obvious as this consideration appears, it is frequently overlooked, if we may judge by the unreadableness of much that is printed both in periodicals and books. The writers of such unreadable matter may have said to themselves: 'This subject will make a marvellous article, or even a book,' they did not say 'This is a subject of interest to myself, to mankind, to me, we must need try to make its value as clear to others as it is to ourselves.' This is the spirit in which we ought to write. If we cannot show to our fellows something that we see, and that they would be the wiser and the happier and the better for seeing we need scarcely write it all.

If the choice of a subject is still a difficulty, it may be well to inquire wherein the difficulty lies. It is possible that the questions which interest you have no attraction for your acquaintances, and being accustomed to loneliness in your pursuit of them, you despair of meeting with sympathy from your readers. But it is certain that, however lonely you may be in your own circle, you are not alone in the world. That which you care for, others care for. What is of value to you is of value to them. Therefore—says Mr Hunt, the American artist, says to his pupils—'Find out what you can do, and do it. Follow your own individual taste, and somebody will appreciate it.'

Or perhaps your favourite subjects are old and hack worn. This is natural enough, for everything that is of purely human interest, and therefore of special interest, is as old as the human race itself. And yet it is just these subjects that are never exhausted. They possess the secret of perpetual youth. And for this reason, the things themselves present new aspects to each generation, and consequently are capable of a fresh representation in literature. The literature of each generation possesses some characteristics peculiar to itself, but these depend less upon new subjects than upon new views of old subjects.

You have now, we will suppose, decided upon your subject, and are sitting, pen in hand, prepared to begin to write. At this point you will find yourself face to face with an important question. That question is not, 'What can be said upon this subject?'—for doubtless much may be said which is not worth saying, nor is it, 'What do I think about it?'—for possibly you may never have thought about it at all, or your thoughts may be mistaken. But ask in all honesty, 'What is the truth about this matter?' And the answer to this question, if you are so happy as to find it, will be something worth having.

We come now to our second point—the utterance of the thought. You know now what it is that you want to say, you have next to

consider how you will say it. The all important thing here—that which you must keep inexorably in view—that to which everything else must give way, and which must itself give way to nothing—is accuracy. Do not be tempted to imagine that one word is as good as another. On the contrary, it is either better or it is worse. Change the word, and you may perhaps change the idea. If one word expresses your meaning, then any other word may express something that is not your meaning. Many young writers are harassed by a morbid fear of tautology, and accordingly they collect a number of words that they believe to be synonyms, and use them alternately, such a system is fatal to accuracy. Why should a word shock its duties merely because the word has been used before? It may often be necessary to use the same word several times in one paragraph, or even in one sentence. Under such circumstances, console yourself with the reflection, that tautology proper consists less in the recurrence of words, than in the repetition of ideas.

You are resolved, then, to be accurate. And the next point to consider is clearness. The simplest words will serve you best, for you are writing in order to be understood by others, and unless you can attain this primary object, your labour will be thrown away. Your readers, especially if they be hasty ones, will misunderstand you if it is possible, it is your part to see that that shall be impossible. Brevity and conciseness you will find valuable means to this end. If you wrap up your meaning in many words, you will conceal it, your object, remember, is to lay it bare to the public eye. You will find it a good plan to read over your composition when you have finished it, and to strike out every unnecessary word. Above all, avoid redundant adjectives. They are merely the disguise under which weakness seeks to conceal itself.

Others, again, are caught by some trick of words. A resounding sentence carries them away, an alliteration strikes them as impressive. Some are afflicted with this fatal faculty, they pour forth a torrent of words with no discoverable object. For all these, the remedy is one, and the same. Bear in mind that your sole object is to tell the truth about your subject, or that portion of the truth which has revealed itself to you, in such a way as to be understood by others. Other considerations are secondary.

But it may be said, are accuracy and clearness to be our only objects? What becomes, then, of beauty of style? Here we confess that we can give no rules. Beauty of style is the result of the special powers of the individual. In this, nothing will so much avail you as the study of great authors. Read them from pure love of them. 'Baths your spirit'—as Charles Kingsley beautifully expresses it—'in their noble thoughts, as in May dew, and feel yourself thereby, if but for an hour, more fair.' Give yourself up to their influence—drunk in the spirit of their writings, and feel yourself thereby lifted into a purer atmosphere, better able to see and feel truth yourself, better able to make others see and feel it too.

And next, you may pass on to analyse their special beauties. Acquaint yourself with Shakespeare, study his marvellous creations, his

## HINTS TO YOUNG WRITERS

sublime thoughts, his great and varied powers of expression. Take down your Dr. Quinsey, and learn the resources of your mother tongue. Compare Hazlitt's clear, cool, and somewhat hard English with the delicate grace and humour of Charles Lamb, or with the earnestness and enthusiasm, the manly vigour, and the tenderness no less manly, of Charles Kingsley and Dr. John Brown. Study Macaulay. The style of these men is not the expression of the mind merely, but of the whole character. So is it always. It rests, therefore, in a great measure with ourselves whether our style shall be good or bad. To this point we shall return presently, only adding here, that the permanence of our work is almost entirely dependent upon the quality of the style. What we say, may be very valuable, but unless we say it as well as it can be said, a day will come when some one else will say it better, and our work will be superseded.

You will probably find that your powers of expression vary from day to day, or even from hour to hour. At one time your thoughts will come to you clothed in language so appropriate, that you hesitate to commit them to writing, lest they should escape you. At another, every sentence is a labour. But that labour you must make up your mind to bestow. If a particular sentence is especially obstinate, it is sometimes a help to withdraw the mind from this or that form of expression—for difficulty of expression is sometimes the result of vagueness of conception—and to ask yourself some such questions as these: What is it that I am trying to say? What do I mean? If this fails, it may be well to pass on and proceed with the essay, but the offending sentence should be stored in the mind, and by no means allowed to have its own way. Generally, you will find that in a day or two the idea takes shape of itself.

The opening and the concluding sentence of your composition will generally cost you the most labour. Upon this point it is not easy to give advice. One hint we may offer. The particular topic with which you are occupied is certain to be a branch of some other and wider subject. A slight sketch of the general subject makes a good introduction to that division of it which you have chosen for your composition. But above all, spare no pains. No excellence can be attained without work. Do not be tempted to say of anything, 'That will do.' It will not do, if you can make it better. And this is a lesson specially needed by those who have talent. These, if they are willing to work, may doubtless do better than others less gifted, but the chances are that they will do worse, because they will imagine that for them work is unnecessary.

If you cannot begin your essay gracefully—if, that is, you can think of nothing that is at once true and suitable, plunges boldly into your subject. Anything is better than spinning fine sentences about nothing. And the same remark applies to the conclusion. When you have finished—stop. Nothing is more pitiable than to see an author who has exhausted his ideas—not to speak of his readers' patience—wandering through mazes of meaningless verbiage, in the hope of stumbling upon a concluding sentence.

A graceful conclusion is undoubtedly desirable for the completeness of composition, but it may be dispensed with, if it is beyond your powers. If you cannot complete your composition, wait and work until you can.

After all that has been said about beauty of style, it is perhaps unnecessary to caution you against any approach to slang. Have you any love at all for the English language? We will hope that you have, for certainly no one ought to write who has not. Then remember that the preservation of that language in its purity depends largely upon those who take in hand to write it.

When you have finished your composition, you will naturally be anxious to judge of its merits. It is commonly assumed that we can form no reliable judgment of our own work, as much at least is implied in the usual advice to young writers—namely, 'Read over your composition, and strike out all the sentences that you consider particularly good.' And although this is an extreme suggestion, it is not to be denied that a young author is hardly the best judge of his own work—that 'Lancaster's fondness for the child who bears' is apt to mislead the judgment. It is well, if possible, to have a second opinion. If, therefore, you have a friend on whose judgment you can rely, you will find it an advantage to consult that friend. But unless you know your friend's opinion to be valuable, and unbiased, do not ask it. The suggestions of incompetent persons will only perplex you.

Perhaps the last method of testing your own work is the following. When your composition is finished, when you have done all that you can to make it perfect, put it away for two or three months, and forget it as far as possible. Meanwhile, pursue your reading of history, science, philosophy, poetry, and what not, still confining yourself to the best authors in your particular line of study or taste, and you may be inclined during the interval to write one or two papers on fresh subjects. As you return to the one you have laid by, its defects will strike you as forcibly as if it had been written by somebody else. And the practice which you have had in the interval will enable you to revise the defects with greater ease. Even experienced authors are often glad to keep a finished manuscript for a time, before sending it to the printer, especially if it is on an important subject, and has been struck off in a hurry.

As we took occasion to point out in this *Journal* for Jan. 29, 1861, you must not be too much discouraged if, at the outset of your career, you find that no editor will take your productions. You honestly think that they are as good as many that you see in print, and you may be right. You are tempted to wish that you had friends at court, that, for example, you had the good fortune to number an editor among your relations or intimate friends. Well, a day may come when you will derive lively satisfaction from the reflection that you had no such interest, and that your success is the result of your own unaided exertions. In any case, do not be in too great a hurry to print your productions, you will very likely see cause to alter your opinions, in which case you would regret having published them.

If neither editor nor publisher will have any thing to say to you, redouble your efforts. Resolve that you will persevere until your offerings prove either that you are not adapted for literary work, or till they are so much above the average that they will command attention. Really first rate work is not apt to be rejected. But even if your compositions are never to see the light, make it a rule to finish them as carefully, and in all respects to work as well, as if you were writing for man kind and for all time.

Our treatise on composition would be incomplete if we were to leave untouched the subject of originality. We all wish to be original, and so far this is well, but originality is not to be had for the asking, nor even for the trying. Our object—as has been already said—is to put before others something that we see and feel, and to do this in our own way, in the way, that is, which is natural to us. And just so far as we succeed in doing this, shall we be original. If a number of persons group them selves round any object, each one of them will see it at a different angle, the difference being the result of his point of view. So each one of us can see truth from his own point of view, and therefore see something that others are not in a position to see. This much of originality is open to us all. A great genius sees from his own point of view and from that of others as well. In his power he differs from other men, but his object is the same as our own, namely, first to see and then to make others see.

Again if we allow ourselves to acquire a habit of exaggeration, it will kill at once upon our composition. Even more fatal is the habit of catching up fashionable phrases, 'expressions' as they are called. Surely we can be at the pains to clothe our thoughts in words that will fit them, instead of concealing their proportions in a ready made garment that rarely covers any thing worth the name of a thought.

Socrates used to tell the Athenians that the foundation of all real knowledge was 'to understand the true meaning of the words that were in their mouths all day long.' The meaning of the words we use is often very different from our meaning. If we would only make up our minds every day and always, to say what we really mean, and to say it in words that will convey that meaning accurately, clearly, and forcibly, we should find the practice an invaluable aid to composition. Be chary also of the use of italics if due emphasis cannot be given to your words without frequently underlining them, be sure you have missed the true art of literary expression. At the same time, there are occasions upon which italics are invaluable. But let caution mark their use.

We would add another caution to young writers. Many of them are disposed, by way of appearing clever and deep sighted, to assume a satirical or cynical style in the treatment of their subject. Our experience of such attempts is that they are, almost without exception, ignominious failures. A writer of stature is one who requires much knowledge of life, and of human character and habits, and has besides a special eye for recognising the seamy ends of things. Young writers who seek to emulate or even to imitate the style of such men as Swift or Fielding, Thackeray or

Dickens, generally, before many sentences are written, manage to betray their own inexperience of life, or their incapacity to judge adequately of what they would hold up to censure, while their defective literary expression tends to expose themselves to the ridicule which they seek to bring down upon others. We would repeat to young writers, shun satire and cynicism if you would shun almost certain defeat.

In concluding these rambling hints, we would again press upon literary aspirants the necessity of industry and patience. The power of good writing is not acquired—except in cases so rare as to be quite out of account—without the expenditure of much thought and labour, and even after articles are accepted by an editor—which is not unfrequently done on grounds apart from their merely literary character—they may require to be subjected to much alteration and revision. As this revision is generally done by men of experience, the young writer would do well to note the changes in every case, by comparing the draft of his finished manuscript (which he should preserve) with the article as it appears in print. This would afford him a better means of self judgment and self correction than the reading of a dozen treatises on the art of composition. In this way, also, he would be able to ascertain somewhat of his own weakness and strength, and the particular directions in which these lie, and if he be not too self opinionated, he is sure in the end to profit by the comparison.

## FOR HIMSELF ALONE

A TALE OF REVERSED IDENTITIES

W. G. B. 10111

### CHAPTER I

THE room was the second floor back of a certain house in a certain shabby street in the populous of White London. It was a good sized room, and had two windows, the outlook from which was not a very lively one, being limited to the back premises of sundry other houses, which, as a rule, formed the playground of innumerable children during the day, and the trying place of innumerable cats during the small hours of the night. On fine days, vistas of drying linen might be discerned fluttering far into the murky distance.

The furniture of the room was worn and shabby with age and much hard wear. The faded carpet was darned in many places, and patched in others with pieces different from itself, the hearthrug was worn threadbare with the usage of many years, the glass over the chimney piece was cracked, and its once gilt frame was blackened with age. There was a horse hair sofa between the windows, to sit on which was like sitting on a plank, and there were several cane bottomed chairs, most of which were more or less rickety and insecure. The two comfortable easy-chairs, one on each side of the fireplace, belonged to the present tenants of the room, as did also the writing desk that stood opposite one of the windows, and the case that was fixed near the other. There were several hanging shelves laden

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with books, and magazines and newspapers were strewn carelessly about. On the walls were several sketches in water colours, and some half dozen caricatures in chalks. Finally, the room had three doors, two of them opening into bed rooms, and the third giving access to the common staircase of the house.

The time was seven P.M. on a pleasant evening in May. On the horse hair sofa was stretched at full length a young man of some five or six and twenty years, on whose features the traces of recent illness were plainly visible. A magazine had dropped idly from his fingers, and he now lay perfectly still, watching a glint of dying sunlight as it slowly mounted higher and higher on the opposite wall. His face, without being markedly handsome, was a pleasant one to look upon. His expression was one that seemed to mingle refinement of thought with devotion of character. His eyes were particularly good—dark, grave, reflective, yet with a playful gleam in them at times which seemed to show that he had not left his youth so far behind him as not to be able to enjoy a little fun or nonsense in due season. His complexion was olive, and his hair black, and from top to toe he measured six feet and a little over. By profession he was a writer for sundry newspapers and magazines, a sort of guerrilla trooper attached to no staff or corps in particular. His name was Frank Frohisher.

Before the gleam of sunlight had quite faded from the wall, the noise of footsteps ascending, the stairs was heard, accompanied by the sound of a mellow voice crooning forth the refrain of the last popular song. Then the door of the room was opened, and the new comer halted for a moment on the threshold.

'What a bear I must be!' he exclaimed. 'For the moment, I had forgotten that you might be sleeping. Have I disturbed you?'

'A good thing if you had. I seem to have been snoring my brains away of late.'

'How do you feel by this time?' asked the other as he came forward and shut the door.

'Oh, better—better,' was the answer, given a little quaveringly. 'The doctor says I am better, so I suppose I must be.'

The new comer, Dick Drummond, was a tall, lanky, hunched young man, about the same age as his friend, or it may be a year or two older. He had dark blue eyes, that seemed made to express fun and mischief rather than any deeper shades of feeling, but which yet could be tender enough on occasion. His long straggling red hair looked as if the tonsorial scissors would improve its appearance. He wore a slouched hat, and a brown velvet jacket that had evidently seen better days. He was an unrecognized genius in the great world of Art, a painter who painted more pictures than he could sell. He and Frohisher were bosom-friends, and shared the second floor back between them.

'What have you there?' asked Frohisher, noticing that his friend was laden with sundry parcels and packages.

'Item—one half quartern loaf, and isn't it a beauty!' answered Drummond solemnly as he proceeded to place his packages one by one on the table. 'Look at that crust, there a portion of firm and colour. Item—half pound of prime Dotset, as sweet as a daisy. Item—four ounces

of the best mixed tea. "I like a wholesome dish of tea"—Dr Johnson item—two bloaters, gonu me Yarmouth, and no mistake. Item—one ounce of Kanaker for your especial behoof. Your pipe has been idle too long, old fellow. Item—one bottle of prime old crusted port, to be taken medicinally as often as need be.'

'But how on earth did you raise the money to buy all these luxuries?' asked Frank, a little anxiously.

'Old Snokku stood me a fiver for my "Andromeda." Tra la la! He had turned to the cupboard by this time, and was emptying the packet of tea into the little caddy.

'Dick, the truth is not in them, answered Frohisher after a pause. 'There's a postcard from Snokku on the chimney piece. He declines to give "Andromeda" however room at any price.'

'More indeed he,' answered the unabashed Dick. 'He doesn't know a work of genius when he sees it. Those wretched dealers never do. Mark my words, that picture will sell for a thousand guineas before I've been a dozen years under the hammer.'

Dick went on with his preparations for tea, bringing out the tray and arranging the cups and saucers, starting up the fire—for the May evening was chilly to the invalid—and putting the little kettle on to boil. For economy's sake, the two young men wasted upon themselves as much as possible.

'Richard, now, am I, you have been visiting your relative the painter yet, and Frohisher after a minute's silence.

'Not for the first time in my life, nor for the last, I hope. But what does it matter to you when I've been? One must live.'

'But one can live without prime old crusted port, especially in the present state of our finances.'

'And I say we can't, at least you can't. The medico has ordered you wine, and wine you shall have.'

'Dick, you have been pawning your mother's ring.'

'What if I have? There was nothing else left that I could get a decent advance on. I had no more pot boilers ready, and I'm afraid they wouldn't have advanced much on the manuscript of your comedy.'

'Ah, Dick, I shall never know how to repay you. But you ought not to have pawned the ring.'

'But I say that I ought. If my mother were alive, she would be the first to applaud me for doing so—under the circumstances.'

Frank could only shake his head. He had no strength to argue the point.

'Becky,' went on Dick, 'there's poor Tom. He's only just out of the hospital, and that pretty little wife of his without a shilling to bless herself with. The poor thing quite broke down when I began to talk to her, and then he concluded that neither she nor Tom had tasted food since yesterday.'

'Dick, perhaps you'd better after all to pawn the ring. But what a wretched lot am I!'

'Tra la la la!' sang Dick. 'Another week or two will set you and our pins as right as a travel, old boy. Confound this Little! It doesn't even sing yet. Won't you try one of these Yarmouth hollows?'

'No, thank you. Nothing but a cup of tea.'

'With a thin slice of toast nicely buttered. Many's the slice of toast I used to make for the parter in the old days at home.'

Frank lay back languidly on his cushions while Dick went on with his preparations for tea, whistling under his breath as he did so.

'Supposing it's a bright warm day to-morrow, and Dick presently, 'how jolly it would be to take a holiday!'

'I should like it above all things,' answered Frank. 'I feel as if I had lived among bricks and mortar for years.'

'We might take the train as far as Richmond, hire a boat at the bridge, and paddle up stream for five or six miles, then land, and dine at some old-fashioned river-side inn.'

'That would be capital.'

'After dinner, we would lounge in the shade of some big old chestnut—they are all in bloom just now. And then, while I did a bit of sketching, you should think out the plot of your next story, and in the cool of evening we would take boat again and drop quietly down the stream, and finish up the day with a few naves and some bottle-d stout.'

'Quite an idyllic sketch, Dick, especially the oysters and stout. But—'

'But me no buts. I've got the ready here, my boy—here,' answered Richard the impulsive as he tapped his waistcoat pocket with a joyous air.

'But think of our debts. Four weeks' rent owing.'

'Together with one or two other titles not worth mentioning. I think, the more deeply am in debt, the more I enjoy a holiday. Seems as if my creditors were standing treat, you know. So kind on their part!'

'Suppose we defer our holiday, and pay a fortnight's rent with the money?'

'Not a bit of it. Old Dabeluck is in no want of money. He's rich, my boy, rich, and can afford to wait. I only wish dear old Leyland were here to go with us.'

'And so do I, with all my heart,' responded the invalid.

'But he's in Tringham Bay by this time,' went on Dick, 'trying to punt those wonderful cliffs, that seem to have put on a different shade every time you look at them.'

Hence Leyland was a brother of the brush who tenanted rooms on the floor above those occupied by our friends. Although twenty years older than either of them, he was as young at heart as they, and when he was at home they were all chums together. At present he was away on a painting tour in the neighbourhood of the Lands End.

At this moment, a slatternly maid of all work, after a preliminary tap at the door, intruded her head into the room and announced 'A gentleman to see Mr Frobisher.'

'Show him up, whoever he may be,' answered Frank languidly.

'And just as this bluster was done to a turn,' sighed Dick.

'The banquet must be postponed.'

The slatternly servant opened the door, and ushered in a little dapper elderly gentleman with a keen but good-natured face, whose sharp gray

eyes seemed to take in the room and its occupants at a glance.

'Bug pardon. Trust I'm not intruding,' he said. 'But are these the chambers of Mr Frank Frobisher?'

'This is my room, sir, and I am Frank Frobisher.'

'Not all, I hope—Good gracious! that will never do,' exclaimed the stranger. 'But I must explain that I have called to see you on a private matter of great importance.'

'I have no secrets from my friend, sir. Whatever you have to say, may be said openly before him.'

'In that case, sir, allow me to introduce myself. My name is Gump—John Gump, attorney at law, and an old acquaintance of your lamented father—that is, if you really are Mr Frobisher the younger.'

'I really and truly am Frank Frobisher the younger, and I still retain a very clear recollection of you, Mr Gump, although I have not seen you since I was eight years old.'

'I flattered, I'm sure. Good memory, great acquaintance,' said the lawyer.

'Before you go any further, Mr Gump, I must introduce you to my friend—the only friend I have in the world—Mr Richard Drummond Dick, Mr Gump, an old friend of the family.'

'Charmed, I'm sure, to make Mr Drummond's acquaintance,' said the little man. 'And now, Mr Frobisher, resumed the lawyer, putting on his business air, and looking at the young man keenly, 'if your memory carries you back so far, may I ask when and where you recollect having seen me before?'

'At Chelsea, my father's old house.'

'True—very true. I was often there. Do you recollect any peculiarity in connection with the drawing room at Chelsea?'

'Let me think. Do you refer to the hiding-place in the chimney that was one day discovered accidentally by my father?'

'I do. One more question. Can you tell me the name of the lady who was governess to your sister?'

'You mean Miss Jukes?'

'I do.'

'Miss Jukes, whom I one day caught you kissing in the shrubbery.'

'Exc! Mr Gump, sir,' called out Dick from the fireplace. 'The kettle had boiled at last, and he was making the tea.'

'Eh, eh! Confound it! I had quite forgotten that little incident,' answered the lawyer as he blew his nose in some confusion.

'You gave me half a crown not to tell,' went on Frank. 'And next day you advised my father to send me away to school.'

'I did, I did. Dear me! what half-forgotten memories your words bring back. You must be your father's son, Mr Frobisher. May I ask whether you have any family documents in your possession?'

'I have a heap of old letters and papers in a box in the next room. But why do you ask all these questions?'

'With your leave, I will examine the papers in question to-morrow, and not keep the news of your good fortune from you any longer.'

'The news of my good fortune!' exclaimed Frank, while a sudden flush mounted to his forehead. Dick, with the garden in his hand, turned his head to listen.

'Do you remember your uncle, Mr Timothy Askew?' asked Mr Gump with most provoking coolness.

'Mr Askew was my father's half brother. I have often heard my mother speak of him, but I never saw him.'

'Mr Askew went to India when quite a young man. He remained there thirty years, and was on his voyage home when he died. He had made his will five years previously, and deposited it with his bankers. By that will, you are declared Mr Askew's sole heir and legatee. Your income will be something like eight thousand a year, and I congratulate you very sincerely on your good fortune.'

For a moment or two Frank could not speak. 'I my uncle's heir—the heir of a man who never even saw me!' he exclaimed at last. 'Eight thousand a year!'

'Enter the fury godmother disguised as an elderly lawyer,' murmured Dick to himself. 'Frank will hardly care about a blotter to his tea now. Pork sausages at elevenpence a pound would hardly be good enough.'

Mr Gump took snuff very noisily. 'It seems like a dream. I can hardly believe it true,' said Frank after a pause.

'But for all that, it is perfectly true,' responded the lawyer with a smile. 'Windsor—a very pretty little place in Surrey, which Mr Askew never lived to inhabit—all now open for its master. But we can go into all needless details to-morrow.'

'It seems incredible—like a tale out of the Arabian Nights—How long has my uncle been dead?'

'Six months. He died a fortnight after leaving Calcutta—A pretty job I've had to hunt you up, Mr Froisher. Who would expect to find the heir to eight thousand a year in a quiet in Soho?'

Dick took up his hat and crossed the room. 'I never believed in such uncles from India till to-day,' he said. 'I've seen more than one of them on the stage, but I never heard of one in real life till this afternoon. Frank, old fellow, I congratulate you with all my heart.'

The hands of the two friends met in a long hearty grip.

'Where on earth are you off to now, Dick?' asked Froisher.

'I'm just going out for a little walk, old man. You and this gentleman have a lot of things to talk over, so I thought I would step round the corner for half an hour and imbibe a little of something, and pull myself together a bit, for you're going to be a regular swell now, Frank.' There was a ring of pathos in the honest fellow's voice as he spoke thus, with his soft felt hat clutched between his strong fingers.

'If you dare to stir a step beyond that door, I'll never speak to you again,' cried Froisher as he started to his feet. 'Put down your hat this moment, and pour me out a cup of tea.'

'And I will take a cup also, if you please,' Mr Drammond, said the lawyer.

Dick flung his hat across the room, and pro-

ceeded to do as he was told, whistling softly to himself as he did so. He set the cup of tea before Frank, and another before Mr Gump, and then poured out some for himself into a small basin, the tea service in the Soho lodgings being strictly limited to two cups and saucers.

Meanwhile, the lawyer had resumed his conversation with Frank. 'Yes, sir, a pretty chase I've had before I found you,' he said. 'It's only two hours since I obtained a clue to your whereabouts, and I lost not a moment in coming to see you. I just dropped in upon your uncle, Mr Peabworth, as I came along, and told him the news. He was overjoyed.'

'My uncle overjoyed at your finding me!' exclaimed the young man in an unmistakable tone of sarcasm.

'He really was. He himself has been most indefatigable in his efforts to find you.'

'I can quite believe it, now that I am rich. He was equally indefatigable in his efforts to shun me so long as I was poor.'

'Beg pardon, but you do Mr Peabworth an injustice, I'm sure you do.'

'Then I beg Mr Peabworth's pardon. But you must remember, Mr Gump, that I speak from bitter experience.'

'You have doubtless been poor, Mr Froisher, and poverty is like a cheap looking glass, it distorts everything that is reflected in it. I expect Mr Peabworth here, to congratulate you in person, in the course of a few minutes.'

Dick started to his feet, an angry light sparkling in his eyes. 'Mr Peabworth coming here! The first man in the world whom I should care to see.'

'And yet Mr Peabworth is your nearest living relative,' said the lawyer drily.

'Because I have the misfortune to be his nephew, is that any reason why I should like him or care to see him?'

Mr Gump's reply to this question was a pinch of snuff.

Frank took a turn across the room, and then resumed his seat. 'Look you, Mr Gump, he began, 'twice when Mr Peabworth was a young man and ruin stared him in the face, he was saved by my father's helping hand. Time went on. Thanks to the fresh start thus given him, Mr Peabworth grew prosperous and well-to-do. His fortune outtook my father, then came illness, then death. His last words to my mother were, "Peabworth will take care of Frank," his last act, to write a few lines recommending me to my uncle's care. After my father's death, the lines thus written were sent by my mother to Peabworth. No answer. Then my mother wrote twice still no answer. We struggled on, sir, my mother and I, as well as we could for several years. Then my mother fell ill, and after many months of suffering she died. Night and day through all that dreary winter I had nursed her. All other occupations had to give way to that. The morning my mother died, a loaf of bread and a few shillings were my sole earthly possessions. Everything available had been sold or pawned weeks before. Then I thought me of my uncle Peabworth—so you said just now, my nearest living relative. I wrote, told him everything, and asked him to send me the means to bury my mother. An answer came by return



of poet, in losing—what think you?—tw) a ve-  
 rious! 'Yes, sir, forty shillings was all that  
 Algernon Pebworth, Esquire, could afford to  
 throw away on his dead meter, and had it not  
 been for the generous help of my friend Drum-  
 mond, my mother's remains at this moment would  
 be lying in a pauper's grave! That very week,  
 my uncle's name appeared in the *Times* as the  
 donor of five guineas to a fund for the relief of  
 the sufferers from an earthquake in South  
 America. The Pharisee—the vile Pharisee!'

'Hush, sir, hush! What you have said  
 both pains and surprises me,' said Mr Gump. 'I  
 have always had the very highest opinion of Mr  
 Pebworth.'

'Keep your opinion sir and cherish it—only  
 let me keep mine. I tell you that now I am rich,  
 this man will fawn on me and flatter me and be  
 as servile to me as any spaniel, and that because  
 gold is the only duty he has ever learned to  
 worship.'

'You are very literal, Mr Frobisher, for so  
 young a man.'

'Poverty is a stern schoolmistress. She has  
 taught me lessons which I can never forget.'

Mr Gump sipped his tea in silence. For a little  
 while no one spoke.

Suddenly Frobisher turned to his friend. His  
 face had brightened a little, and there was a  
 grimly humorous smile on his lips when he next  
 spoke. 'How would it be, *amigo mio*, if you and  
 I were to exchange identities for a couple of  
 months?'

'Eh?' answered Dick with a start, not com-  
 prehending what Frank had said. He had been  
 thinking somewhat sadly that their old friendship  
 could never be again quite what it had been.  
 Frank would be a great swell now, and every-  
 thing would necessarily be changed.

Frobisher's next words were spoken with a  
 slow clear emphasis that could not be misunder-  
 stood. 'Suppose that for the next two or three  
 months you become Frank Frobisher, and I  
 become Dick Drummond?'

Dick only stared and shook his head. Had  
 his friend taken leave of his senses, he asked  
 himself.

'Surely, Mr Frobisher, you cannot mean your  
 strange proposition to be taken seriously, said  
 the lawyer with a look of utter consternation.  
 He too began to wonder whether this strange  
 young man could really be in his right mind.

'I was never more serious in my life, replied  
 Frobisher. 'What I propose is, that my friend  
 and I shall for the time being change identities.  
 He shall take my name and position, I his, and  
 I rely upon your assistance and connivance, Mr  
 Gump, in carrying out this scheme.'

Mr Gump took a pinch of snuff, and shook his  
 head in emphatic disapproval of any such madcap  
 idea.

'I am going among a set of people,' resumed  
 Frank, 'into a circle of relatives, of whom I know  
 little or nothing. As a rich man, I shall make  
 their acquaintance at a terrible disadvantage, I  
 shall never really know them, never see them  
 without the mask each of them will wear before  
 me. Let me study them for a few weeks from  
 behind the scenes, as it were. As Dick Drummond  
 he amannous, the secretary, the humble friend  
 of the rich Mr Frobisher, I shall see many a slip

of the mask, have many an opportunity of judging  
 as to the real feelings and sentiments of my new-  
 found relatives.

'A strange scheme this of yours, Mr Frobisher,  
 a very strange scheme, and I must really decline  
 to have anything to do with it,' said Mr Gump  
 solemnly.

'It is like the rich uncle from India,' remarked  
 Dick, 'one of those things you hear about in  
 plays or novels, but never meet with in real  
 life.'

'My dear Dick, there are stranger things  
 happening every day in real life than any  
 novelist or playwright dare make use of. As  
 for this scheme of mine, mad as it may seem  
 at first sight, I am determined to carry it out.  
 Dick, I can rely upon you, I know!'

'Of course you can, old fellow. I'm yours to  
 command in any way and every way.'

#### MONDAY AT HER MAJESTY'S TOWER

ON Mondays, as well as on Saturdays, the  
 Tower of London is visited, free of charge, by  
 all the world and his wife. All the world's baby  
 goes too, in arms—the inevitable baby that attends  
 all excursions of home-loving Britons, and must  
 be brought out when the trouble-tired wife is  
 anxious for a holiday. The number of babies  
 sent to the Tower is the most remarkable feature  
 of a fine holiday-making Monday there. We meet  
 them on the long paved approaches that lead  
 from towered gateway to gateway, we meet them  
 in the Horse Armoury, in presence of two rows  
 of knights in panoply of war, impudently staring  
 from the arms of a silent awe-stricken mother,  
 at the fierce of the warriors, or stretching and  
 crowing for a steel-clad soldier as for the moon—a  
 better picture any day than the bird's nest in the  
 cannon's mouth! We meet them up stairs in the  
 Armoury, overcome by monotony and the smell of  
 oil, and tyrannically screaming the order to their  
 carriers to move on. We meet them in the dan-  
 geons, calm and speculative, and complacently  
 ogling the rubble walls, even where once im-  
 prisoned life died out in long, protracted, unspeak-  
 ible misery, or where there has many a time  
 been heard by lantern light the voice of human  
 agony and the creaking mechanism of torture.

In the Jewel Room, too, we meet the babies,  
 cocking round eyes contemptuously towards the  
 crown of the realm and the little mountain of  
 gold and jewels. And at the foot of the staircase  
 thither, where a chair is placed—perhaps for  
 the restoration of the suffocated who have braved  
 the foul air of the upper room where those glit-  
 tering temptations are kept in prison—we again  
 see the inevitable baby rocked happily on the  
 knee of a poorly-dressed young mother. Is it  
 a fairer sight to her than all the splendour of  
 the Jewel Room up stairs? Is it more precious  
 than the whole hill of crowns and bangles, and  
 the wealth of beaten gold that must have been  
 a minute ago unobtainably glory to her eyes? Is  
 the blaring crown of England worth her baby  
 to the heart of her who hugs it under the poor  
 plaid shawl? We hope the heart will have the  
 right answer ready, but we are afraid to specu-  
 late in this sad London, and needless to say,  
 we do not ask, lest we might be suspected to

an exact account of the number of his teeth and a description of his 'taking notice wonderful for his age'—which, no doubt, he did in the Jewel Room, with that contented cocking of the eye, or he must have been a *blase* baby, ready for anything, and past being astonished.

For interest to the crowd, nothing can vie with the jewels—except the dungeons. Within an immense round glass screen to keep out the dust, and a barricade of iron bars to keep out the hands, is spread tier above tier such a vision of gold as exists nowhere else out of the *Arabian Nights*, and at the top of all lies, bright with superb jewels, the crown of the noblest Lady in the land. All round this huge cage, the eyes and noses are loyally and admiringly poked between the bars, and the glittering glory within is not to be spoken of in common language or unspoken save with reverent eyes. 'Ay! look at the font, all gold!' whispers *Materfamilias* in front of the article of her choice. 'My eye! what a jug!' whispers a young uclun with his head almost stuck between the railings, to which his mother replies reprovingly. 'Don't say *jug* that's a *flagon*!' 'Oh! come along!' roar half a dozen Cockney youths, boisterous with the gregarious boisterousness of the Cockney in his teens, with swag, cring gait, brilliant neck ties, and low felt hats. 'Come out o' this to where the men on horseback is!'—'And the cannon and the cannon balls!' cries another, while they sweep down stairs like a hurricane of boots. The unmounted cannon in the open ground are the delight of this description of go ahead young man, and the Horse Armoury is his compendium of medieval war and chivalry, and the illustration of all his talks of knightly adventure.

Has our young Cockney read *Frank's*? Has he heard of the Crusades? Has he done battle with the Saracens in imagination? Has he any glimmering vision of tournaments and courtly pageants—of the blood-stained Red and White Roses, and valiant Margaret of Anjou? We are afraid he has not. But he has read of Sir Coupergeorge in the penny paper, and of Jack the apprentice who runs away to the war, saves the life of Sir Bangwily de Beaumont, in full armour, in the very month of the enemy's artillery, and after a terrible career of anachronisms, rescues the Lady Armadilla, with the raven hair and violet eyes, runs away with her by stage-coach from the wicked Baronets' feudal castle, and marries her by torchlight in 'cloisters, just in time before the terrible Sir Coupergeorge, swearing vengeance, arrives upon the scene armed cap à pie in steel, and *revolver* in hand! Some such historic association as this the young Cockney carries with him into the Horse Armoury. Did not one of them—for our indirect instruction—point out a gauntlet to his companions as 'a what'd ye call it? a gage, ye—that there's a gage!' And we knew instantly that he was thinking of that touching passage in *The Knight of the Dragon Caesars*—or some such title, but these romances are too grand for memory—where Jack the hero casts his 'mailed glove' down before the miscreant who aspired to the hand of his lady love, and cried 'Be this my gage, &c.' and the miscreant, doffing his plume, took up the gage, and said 'Come on, thou duffer!' Hence, with the power of generalisation natural

to genius, for the readers thereof, a glove of steel becomes a gage.

In the Horse Armoury, the ladies are partial to the mahogany faced little Prince Charles in full armour. They stand before that staring boy, who looks, turned in awkward accoutrements, as uncomfortable as a wooden boy could look, and they chorus in whispers about his looking nice, till we don't wonder that his wooden visage has assumed for ever a pale mahogany or terra cotta blush. Other ladies ejaculate 'Noble creatures!' but whichever in reference to the varnished and polished horses or the wooden faced warriors astride thereon, they leave undecided. One of the countless crowd of respectable, comfortably dressed working men and sailors, has a different opinion at least about one of the mounted heroes, for he criticises the cumbersome armour of bluff King Hal as he would a suit of clothes, and looking at the metal laden horseman, votes it 'a doodad ugly set out!' But remarks made aloud are rare. In the long Armoury, under the amber and purple light of the small windows, and advancing up a metallic vista, with ungainly helmeted horsemen in endless array, among a confusion of the *debris* of medieval battle, a sense of awe hushes the sightseers, they look with serious faces and talk with bated breath, as they do in no other public exhibition—not even in cathedral aisles. Those that reverently admired the Crown Jewels are still more abashed before the charge of labelled steel cavalry. They hunt over yonder that it was a swindle to show them a model of the Koh-i-noor, and that it 'beaut much to look at. But there are no irreverent remarks in the dim Armoury, no shadow of incredulity is provoked even by the startling placards that bid us believe that those weapons of Charles II's time are the 'spears of pikemen eighteen feet long. How has our army degenerated since the days of those giants! But though the announcement is made again and again, we hear no light remark upon so startling a subject.

Ascending to the Armoury where modern weapons are stored, the crowd wanders through the dismal passages made between pillars and walls of upright gun barrels. One is struck by the truth of Longfellow's simile in his verse on the Springfield Arsenal, where too,

From floor to ceiling  
Like a huge organ rise the burnished arms

Or rather a hundred hues, or, more marshalled in close array, within iron's dark hands to draw from their keys the terrible war music, the 'loud blunder and dismal war music.' Other weapons are fashioned into such numerous but inquisitive devices as the Prince of Wales' wedding cake, or 'the man sun made of bayonets and primings of number 14. It is here among the dark avenues, in the atmosphere of oil, that the diabolical character of Her Majesty's Tower begins to oppress the thoughtful visitor. He goes down, deep down to the dungeons, with a proper sense that the sky far away is murky, that the river outside is mud, that life is miserable for the majority of mankind, and that he himself is an undetected monster. This diabolical sensation settles down upon him as a product of the atmosphere of Her Majesty's Tower, after several experiments,

we traced it to the Armoury where the lunatic organ arrangement of firearms is kept, and we put it down scientifically to the want of the knowledge of the principles of window making and ventilation in ancient days, and to the action upon the nervous system of an overpowered collection of gun barrels, silent sightseers, and polishing oils.

Down in the dungeons, the Cockney becomes hilarious. He laughs aloud, and at last assumes his ordinary eighteenth-century demeanour. Girls dash under the temporary wooden staircases, playing Hide and seek, and though cannon balls are heaped where the rack was worked, as if the spot of bygone agony were too terrible to treat elsewhere all the world and his wife join round the racking dungeons, and make merry, uttering unable to realise the meaning of its name a horror, and in the awful dungeon beyond, into which prisoners were lowered from height of day young men look up the dimmed sloping shaft and turn away with a grin of self-congratulation. Nor is there much thinking done in the more lightsome prison rooms, though there is much talking and pointing to inscriptions on the wall. 'You see,' says a woman, 'they didn't well know what to do with themselves.' Truly they do not. But few understand that these scrawlings on the walls are the written witness to prolonged and intense human suffering—that one at least died here—wasted away in this very room, the sight of his wife and child denuded him, his whom death they earned down that steep stone stair outside, where the crush of sightseers comes twisting up now, and where the gulls are laughing and ducking, the rope that hangs down the centre pillar to help guilty climbers.

Outside, between this prison and the great White Tower, red-coated soldiers are manoeuvring to a bugle call, and on the cannon, lying close packed and unmounted, the Monday victors are gossiping and sitting down to luncheon, or peeling oranges. They have seen the place without any of its horrors, or any of those historic visions that quicken the pulse and give more than a vulgar interest to old walls. Thank heaven for the nineteenth century! That buff outer with his red embroidered coat, and broad round hat gay with drops of colour, might have stepped out of less gentle times, but see! there is with the beefsteak a dark and dingy helmeted policeman in the sixteenth century talking with the nineteenth! And outside the muddy grass-grown moat, beyond the outer wall, we shall find the busy narrow streets of London, the ware houses and *casés* creeping close up to this tremendous pile of ramparts and towers. And out there beyond the southern wall, where those tops of masts are travelling, there are the ships, the steam power, the crowded wharves of the nineteenth century, and the grey river has sunk away from Her Majesty's Tower, leaving it high and dry, just as civilization has shrunk in course of time from such cruelities as those walls witnessed when the Tower was palace and prison. Thank heaven again for the quiet days of Her Majesty's Tower, leaving it high and dry, but of justice and kindness, that bright crown in the Jewel Room, the days when all the world can wander through the fortress, and see in it nothing but the grandest curiosity, or, more

intelligently, the finest historic monument of England, the days when only fire buckets are lowered into the dungeons and kept there, and when the awful Traitors' Gate is mostly used by sparrows, those knowing birds finding it useful as a roost for chirping the river news, and convenient for popping into an undisturbed muddy nook after their raids upon the wharves.

### SOME MATRIMONIAL ECCENTRICITIES

There is no end to the matrimonial extravagances that are continually being perpetrated. What strangely assorted couples you meet every day in the street—in private life—everywhere! There would almost appear to be no kind of incongruity of which examples could not be found—no kind of disparity, physical, intellectual, or moral, which, if an obstacle to union at all, has not been overcome.

Extremes of many kinds are so common that we need not particularise them here. Unless on the theory of the saying that 'extremes meet,' it is by no means easy to account for some of them. Here is a somewhat curious, though far from unpleasing, illustration, which was communicated to us some time ago by a lady who had just returned from a voyage to India with her husband in the vessel of which he was skipper. The cook, a negro, was a general favourite with all on board, and in the course of the return voyage, not only our lady friend, but all the passengers, and the crew as well, became deeply interested in Sambo's matrimonial affairs, for nothing afforded the honest fellow greater delight than to talk of the pretty little English wife who, he said, was waiting to welcome him on his return to England. Some, especially the ladies, were disposed to be sceptical, suspecting that Sambo was either romancing, or indulging in one of those elaborate equivocations in which the negro mind delights. The president of Dr. Johnson and Othello notwithstanding, the idea of a nice-looking, English girl actually falling in love with and marrying Sambo was not to be accepted without considerable reserve. In the restricted community on board a vessel, small matters are often invested with an altogether exceptional importance, and so the question of Sambo's wife was magnified into one of the great problems of the day. It was at length resolved, in order to gratify the general curiosity and put the story to the test, to have a party of some sort on board ship as soon as London was reached, and invite Sambo to bring his wife, who, he declared, resided there. The party was arranged accordingly. The long-talked-of guest of the evening duly appeared. 'And would you believe it!' the captain's wife afterwards remarked with great animation—'she was actually pretty!' Sambo was the hero of the hour, and everybody declared that a prouder husband, or a more happy, contented, and devoted little wife, had never been seen.

The very act of marrying at all is in some instances a most eccentric proceeding. What, for example, could be more absurd than the recent marriage, in a small agricultural village in England, of a couple whose united ages came to a hundred and fifty-eight, the bridegroom being twenty-seven, and the bride eighty-one! Nor

was this the only peculiar feature of this extraordinary union. The bridegroom's Christian name was Thomas, and the bride's Mary, and this was the third Mary that Thomas had selected as his partner, while it was also the third Thomas to whom Mary had been united by the conjugal bond. To crown all, both were in receipt of parochial relief to the extent of two shillings and a loaf each per week.

A hardly less extraordinary wedding is reported from Charlotte, North Carolina, being that of a blind girl to a man who was deaf and dumb. It was not to be expected that such an event would escape the observation of facetious Western journalism, nor did it. A local paper took occasion to point out that by this marriage each of the parties would acquire an opportunity to produce little pantomimic scenes from which ordinary married folks were entirely debarred. When they quarrelled, for instance—the wife being unable to see, while the husband could not hear or speak—she could hurl at him broadsides after broadsides of steel pointed invective, and the poor man could but stand there, study the motion of her lips, and fondly imagine she was telling him how sorry she was that anything should come between them. He, on the other hand, could sit down, shake his fists, and make hideous grimaces, all the while thinking he was sitting with his face buried in his hands, and hot remorseful tears streaming from his eyes.

One of the most remarkable matrimonial complications on record occurred a few months ago in Long Island, New York. A married woman who felt her end approaching, and who was solicitous as to the fate of her six children, implored her husband to marry her younger sister, she being the only person fitted in her eyes to take charge of her family. The husband promised to act in accordance with her wishes immediately after the funeral, and the sister also undertook to fulfil her behests. The sick woman, however, was not satisfied. She feared they might not prove so good as their word, and entreated them to give her the consolation of knowing that her children would certainly be cherished after her departure. Worn out with her importunity, and their being evidently no hope of the poor woman's recovery, they finally consented to be married at once. The ceremony accordingly took place, and so much comfort and satisfaction did the invalid derive from contemplating the future of her little ones, that she speedily recovered from her illness, and gave cheering proof of her convalescence by turning her sister, bag and baggage, out of the house.

Some very eccentric matrimonial arrangements are occasionally brought to light in our courts of law. A singular illustration occurred in London the other day of the extraordinary views that often prevail among people of a certain class as to the way in which private agreements affect marriage. The parties in the case in question were a porter and a cook, who had married on the express understanding, embodied in a formal agreement, that unless and until the latter should arrive at the following accomplishments—namely, piano, singing, reading, writing, speaking, and deportment, the said marrying was to be no more thought of, and considered null and void. The pair were regularly married, and as the lady

did not master the required accomplishments, continued to live apart for fourteen years, the husband fully believing that 'the female of us,' as the woman was denominated in the agreement, was not his wife. When, however, the case came up for decision, the judge was of a different opinion.

Marriages which are not in themselves in any way peculiar are sometimes rendered very much so by the eccentric manner in which they are gone about. We recollect a wedding at which the happy pair had no sooner been united than, to the amazement of every one except the officiating clergyman, who had been let into the secret a few minutes before, the eldest brother of the bride advanced with one of the blushing bridesmaids, and requested that the ceremony should be repeated for their behoof. It appearing that all the necessary legal and other preliminaries had been duly arranged, the demand was complied with, and the company had to celebrate two weddings instead of one.

This recalls the case of an enterprising Scotch widow, who, failing the appearance at the eventful moment of her intended second husband, utilised the occasion, the clergyman, and the company in a way which must call forth the admiration of the most skilled diplomatist. She was a bouncing young widow of twenty-five, and had agreed to marry 'No 2,' as she playfully termed him, in a year and a day from the demise of 'No 1.' The happy day fell on a Wednesday, and the ceremony was to take place at the bride's house. A magnificent wedding feast was provided, and about sixty guests invited. The hour fixed for the marriage was six P.M. In the forenoon, the bridegroom arrayed himself in his best, and went off to invite a few friends in the country who had been overlooked. Whether he happened to take with him a copy of the *Pickwick Papers*, and came across Mr. Walker's famous advice to his son Sam on the subject of 'widlers,' will probably never be known, but by this or some other means, he appears to have been reduced to a peculiarly vacillating state of mind with regard to the important step he was about to take, for by the afternoon post his bride elect received from him an intimation to the effect that he had conscientious scruples as to marrying a woman so recently widowed. He would make it a matter of careful consideration, and abide by the result of his subsequent feelings. She was not to take this as a positive declination, but if he had not arrived by six o'clock, she might consider the marriage off. The widow did not either faint or go into hysterics, but dashed herself in her bridal robes, and smilingly received the guests who had been bidden to the feast. When all the company had arrived, the lady read to them the communication she had received from the recalcitrant bridegroom. Loud and long were the denunciations it elicited, and the heroic bearing of the widow under such trying circumstances was marked and commended by all. 'This need not prevent the feast,' she said, and the banquetting began. The dancing over, the room was cleared for dancing, and everything went as merrily as if the wedding had passed off under the most favoured auspices. The result of it all was that an elderly bachelor, who had opened the ball with the irrepressible widow, became so enamoured of her, that before the

evening was first advanced he had proposed, and, what was more, had been accepted. The minister was recalled, and at eleven p.m. the wedding, though not the one for which the guests had been assembled, was solemnised. The ceremony had scarcely been performed, when the door bell was violently rung, and in stalked the supercilious bridegroom. 'Cautelous consideration' had at length overcome his 'conscientious scruples,' and he had come back to claim his bride—only, how evil, to be introduced to her as the wife of another. Served him right!

Marriage by electricity is one of the latest novelties which have been introduced on the other side of the Atlantic. The first wedding of this kind took place last year at the cantonment in the Red Lands, Dakota; the clergyman officiating from a place called Bismarck, many miles away, by telegraph. The bride and bridegroom responded to the electric marriage ceremony at one end of the wire, in the presence of witnesses, while the correspondent of the *Pioneer Press* and several other witnesses saw the clergyman perform his duty at the other. The questions and answers were written, telegraphed, and responded to, and the blessing was pronounced in the usual form, and 'wired' with perfect accuracy. All present at both ends of the wire, it was reported, were much affected towards the close of the ceremony, and the whole affair created general interest.

Shortly after this, the telegraph was again brought into requisition for purposes matrimonial, but on this occasion its use was a merely accidental contingency in the execution of a still more eccentric matrimonial freak. The notion in this instance was to be married on the summit of a high mountain known as Pike's Peak. At sunrise on the eventful morning, the bridal party set out, mounted upon saddle horses, on their romantic errand. Before they had proceeded far, a some what untoward accident befell the Reverend Doctor who had been engaged to perform the ceremony. He had been mounted upon a particularly lively animal, which, after walking along the road for some distance on two legs, wound up his performance by putting the unfortunate clergyman over a fence and into a stream. He was soon fished out, but though not seriously injured, the mishap also, either deranged the plans of the wedding party, for the reverend gentleman not unnaturally declined to risk his health by continuing the trip in his dripping condition, in spite of all persuasions and the offer of a safe and quiet animal. After some consultation, a brilliant idea suggested itself to the bridegroom, which was, that the clergyman should proceed to the nearest city—Colorado Springs—and from the United States Telegraph Office, which was connected with the signal station on the Peak, perform the ceremony by telegraph. The Doctor ultimately consented to this arrangement, and thus another element of romance was added to the undertaking. The summit of the Peak was reached about noon. The sergeant in charge of the station was greatly delighted with the notion of a wedding in his elevated retreat, and entered into the spirit of the thing with enthusiastic good will. The instrument room of the signal station was decorated with flowers and flags, and the sergeant sent a call down to the Springs office, some thousands

of feet below. The officer in attendance replied, informing the sergeant that the Rev. Dr. Smith had arrived and was ready to proceed with the ceremony. The young people joined hands and stood before the sergeant, the father and mother of the bride standing, on each side, and the sergeant at the instrument read off the questions of the clergyman as they were delivered by the subtle wire. There was a rapid clicking for a few moments, and then the sergeant in a solemn voice repeated the message: 'Charles A. Dutton, do you take Nellie J. Thoremorton to be your lawful and wedded wife?' 'I do,' responded the bridegroom with evident emotion. The sergeant tapped the instrument, and in another moment the message came: 'Nellie J. Thoremorton, do you take Charles A. Dutton to be your lawful and wedded husband?' 'I do,' said the bride, in a low voice. The sergeant heard it, however, and transmitted the reply. There was a moment's pause, and then, up the mountain came that message making two hearts one: 'Then I pronounce you man and wife.'

The news of this romantic wedding was circulated far and wide, and graphic accounts of it duly appeared in nearly every newspaper in the United States, under such headings as 'Wedded on Pike's Peak,' or 'Two hearts made one by telegraph ten thousand feet above other people's heads.' Thus of course set many young people who were about to be married a thinking whether they could not contrive something equally romantic or out of the way, and before many days were over, a very fair attempt was made to rival the Pike's Peak affair. A Kentucky couple lit upon the expedient, not of ascending a mountain to be married, but of descending into the bowels of the earth for that purpose. The company, which included a Louisville clergyman, drove over the hills to the Mammoth Cave, and boldly entered the great black yawning cavern. An extremely narrow part of the tunnel, known as 'Fat Man's Misery,' was successfully passed, the bride, as well as the rest of the party, being obliged to crawl along on hands and knees. 'Green River,' with its blind fish, was safely ferried over, and, after a long and adventurous underground tramp, the spot selected for the wedding was reached. 'There,' says a glowing account, 'under nature's glittering gema, with darkness filling the depth beyond, and torches weirdly lighting the immediate space, the clergyman did his duty.'

#### AN INDIAN SNAKE DANCE

THE MOQUIS are one of the many Indian tribes which dot the vast plains of Western America. Lieutenant T. V. Keam, who for many years has acted officially under the United States' government among the Indians, gives the following account of a curious ceremonial which he and others witnessed some time ago at a Moqui village in the north-east of Arizona. The history of this strange festival was related to Lieutenant Keam in the most picturesque language, by an ancient chieftain of that tribe.

In an age of the distant past, the Moqui Indians lived on the San Juan River. Their Chief, greatest in wisdom and daring, resolved to learn what became of the vast body of water that

ceaselessly flowed through the country. Constructing a raft, he stored it with provisions to last him for many moons, launched it on the San Juan, to be carried by its swift currents whithersoever they went. After encountering many perils, he entered a large wicket, on the shores of which great rocks elevated their fronts to the stars. Driven ashore, he ascended to the top by perilous passes, and found them inhabited by a family of Indians, who received him with

and most beautiful maiden for his bride, whose charms long rendered him forgetful of his own people, but the spirits of his fathers called him, and obedient to the call, he, with his wife, started for home. Imminent dangers beset their path, but the guardian spirit of his bride led them through every peril safely to his people, by whom he was received with the pride and wonder of his race.

But unfortunately for the Moquis, jealousy rankled in the bosom of their women. A foreign woman possessed the heart of the staid and bravest of their tribe. Subjected by them to every indignity that wicked ingenuity could devise, and too proud to make known her grievance, the bride, determined on revenge, gave birth to a brood of serpents, against the charmed lives of which neither the arrows nor bullets of the Moquis could avail. The Moqui children were slain by their deadly fangs. The people, pursued by this terrible foe, fled from the land of their fathers, till, on reaching the country in which they now dwell, a mighty serpent lashed their pursuers to atoms, and commanded the Moquis to possess his hills and valleys, and to live at peace with all his kind. In gratitude to their deliverer, the wise men of the tribe established the Snake dance as a religious rite. In all ages, no serpent has been killed by that tribe, nor Moqui bitten who follows the teaching of the snake priests.

Such was the chiefman's history of the festival. The following is Kiam's narrative of the snake dance.

Preparations for the dance, which we witnessed, had been in progress for eight days. The snake priests, forty-two in number, devoted the first four days to secret rites. The four succeeding days were employed in capturing the snakes, which haunt the sandy plains around the *pujiti* (villages). With a wand, painted, and bearing at one end two black eagles' feathers, the priests curlew the heads of the snakes as they coil in the sand. The snake priests are supposed to have borrowed this idea from the habit of the eagle, which, when capturing snakes, is said to charm them to comparative harmlessness by hovering over and fanning them with a rapid and peculiar motion of its wings. Having secured a sufficient number of the reptiles, they are carried in snakes to the *estufa*—the council house of the Moquis. This chamber is an excavation in the solid rock from nine to ten feet deep, by eighteen feet wide and twenty feet long, covered with poles, mud, and stones. Hung on the walls in fantastic groups are highly ornamented mocasin, breech-cloths, waistbands, rattles, and tortoise-shells. On the morning of the dance, we were

granted admission to the *estufa*, and on descending by a ladder from the centre of the roof, we found the snakes, from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and fifty in number, contained in large oval earthenware urns. Soon after we had entered, a ceremony was gone through by those of the priesthood who were present. Pouring the living mass out of the urns, they, with their wands, drove them around the floor of the *estufa* from east to west, and then around an altar laid in the rock floor two feet in the west wall of the building. This altar was coloured variously in squares, and on each of its four sides a snake was painted in natural colours. Around it lay stone implements, knives, axes, arrows, hammers, a large mortar and figures of small animals in stone, as well as a number of the eagle feather wands, one of which is placed beside the altar when a snake priest dies, remaining there until the chief priest de-larcs that the departed one is happy in the spirit-land.

The priests all wore wabiml, breech-cloth, and mocasins fringed with red beads which, their faces were painted, from forehead to mouth, black, from mouth over the chin, white, their bodies, pink, their arms and legs dyed a dark brown. Around the right leg, below the knee, was attached an ornament made of tortoise-shell, together with the horny part of a deer's hoof, which in the dancing which followed produced a sort of humming rattle resembling the noise of a rattlesnake in anger. During their carousals in the *estufa*, the priests drank freely from a large urn containing medicinal water.

The snake dance itself took place about four o'clock in the afternoon. A cotton wood grotto had been erected on the rock near the *estufa*, with a single buffalo robe tied firmly round it, leaving a small entrance on one side. Around this was traced a mystic circle thirty feet in diameter. Within the grotto the snakes were now deposited *en masse*. The dancers were twenty-four in number, the remainder, eighteen priests being reserved to receive the snakes from their hands and to chant during the progress of the dance. The dancers first advanced towards the grotto wands in hand. Then wheeling round, they separated twelve a side, and formed in line, representing the two sides of a triangle, of which the grotto was the apex. The eighteen followed, dividing equally, and facing the dancers, while all joined in a wild chant, accompanied by a continuous soundings of the above mentioned rattles. The chief priest then advanced to the entrance of the grotto, bearing an urn of medicinal water from the *estufa*, two large sea shells, and two stone figures of mountain lions. Chanting in a monotone, he stood for about ten minutes waving the urn in the air. Another dance and chant followed, upon the conclusion of which, the nearest priest on the right entered the grotto on hands and knees among the writhing and hideous mass, soon reappearing with a large snake in his mouth, its head and tail twisting about his face. Being taken by the left arm by a fellow priest next him, he was led around the mystic circle. The snake was then dropped in some sacred cornmeal which the squaws had scattered within its bounds. Immediately on falling, the creature coiled in anger, whereupon one of the eighteen caressed its head with his wand and took it in

his hands. The ceremony was then repeated by the other dancers, who, entering the grotto on hands and knees, brought out the snakes in their mouths—sometimes two at a time, and danced round the circle on the rocks with them, until the whole had been taken from the grotto and placed in the hands of the attendant priests. The snakes were then thrown, a writhing mass, into a pile of corn meal, upon which the whole priesthood rushed pell mell to the pile, and seizing them in their hands, divided into four bands, tore wildly down the rocky slopes of the mesa, and liberated their captives in the sands on the north, south, east, and west sides of the village.

### WOLF CHILDREN

As supplementary to our article on Wolf children (No 977), we are favoured by an Anglo Indian surgeon with the following touching incident.

Butehpore is a small civil station seventy three miles north west of Allahabad, and was the seat of the Nana's first chuck by Havelock. The American Presbyterians had and have a Mission there, with Orphanage attached, and this was in my charge as civil surgeon in pre mutiny days. The Mission and Orphanage were presided over by the Rev Gopinath Nandy, an old man, who fell subsequently into the rebel Moulvie hands at Allahabad, and was only saved from death by the timely arrival of British force.

To this Orphanage was brought by the police, early in 1857, a child, which they declared had been found in a wolf's den among the ravines of the Jamna, and I was summoned to see it. I objected with alacrity, for here was a proof in point of what at school we had been taught to regard as fabulous, the suckling of Remulus and Remus by a wolf. This human cub was a native child about six or seven, filthy in aspect, disgusting in odour and habit, with matted hair, and timid suspicious face. Mr Nandy told me that the child had no speech, though not dumb, would wear no clothes, and would eat nothing placed before it. Its efforts to escape were incessant.

Confronted with this wretched object, I placed a hand on his head, and said a word or two of kindness in Hindustani, but got no response beyond a kind of cackle. The poor child was evidently a burden to the Padre, who knew not how to manage it. I recommended non coercive confinement, with lots of straw and blanket, and a gradual introduction to civilized food, cooked bones being the present substitute. At my next visit I found dismay on the worthy Padre's face, nothing would succeed with the wolf cub, and the whole establishment was upset in looking after him and preventing escape. I found him wandering about the garden. On seeing me he ran up and seized my knees, and then the one vocable of his language escaped him as he looked upwards at me, and that was "ag." The memory of home and home-food had dawned upon

him as he laid at my feet a handful of the weed Poot outcast! I again patted him, and spoke kindly to him, but in vain, the burden of his replies, or rather cackles, was "ag." Taking the hint, I recommended rice and rice as his diet, and strange to say, it succeeded, and opened further the floodgates of memory, for the words dip (father) and Anna (mother) now occurred to him. But the diet, simple and nutritious as it was, proved fatal to him, intractable diarrhoea set in, and under its wasting influence, affectionate docility returned. I could not get away from him except with difficulty, and repulsive though he still was in sight and odour, my heart yearned for the poor outcast, now fast dying. At the last moment, he tried to grasp my knees, and was instantly pleased when I placed my hand on his head, for he lay quite still, breathing out his life. Suddenly with a shudder the word "ag," escaped him, and with that password on his lips, he set out into the great unknown!

### SNOW FLAKES

Through the chilly winter morning,  
Through the gloomy veil of mist  
Came the snow flakes thickly falling,  
Hiding everything they passed—  
Every window sill and hearth;  
And the stones beneath the feet,  
Fill a pall of perfect whiteness  
(Covered all the silent street.

Soon the feet of busy people,  
Passing to their daily toil  
Trod the whiteness out and marred it  
With the gray stain of soil  
Till the trampled mass presented  
But a sad and painful sight—  
Painful in its wretched contrast  
With the snow of yesterday.

In the chilly winter morning  
Came a little sun one day,  
Sweet as any mountain daisy  
Growing in its bed of clay  
Far the face that shone above it,  
Lath the limbs that made its prison,  
It was faster than the snow flakes  
Kiss the morning sun had risen

Soon the bustling feet of Passion  
Trod the soul and beat it down,  
And a sinful hand defiled it  
In the markets of the town  
Till the face had lost its beauty  
And the limbs grown worn and thin,  
With the wretchedness that follows  
In the deadly track of sin

Sollid snow is never whitened,  
Never can be fair again,  
But there is a purifying  
For the sinful souls of men,  
And the print of evil footsteps  
In the downward path we tread,  
May be blotted out for ever  
By the mercy of our God

J. I. BURTON WILKINSON

\* "Ag" which with us is the specific native word for speech is among natives the generic term for various plants and plant tops. Tender grass and burdock shoots and a host of plants unknown to us as food, are classed under that term.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF  
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

*Fourth Series*

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No 994—Vol. XX

SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1883

PRICE 1½d

## CURIOSITIES OF THE TELEPHONE

GRAT inventions are often conceived a long time before they are realised in practice. Sometimes the original idea occurs to the man who subsequently works it out, and sometimes it comes as a happy thought to one who is either in advance of his age, or who is prevented by adverse circumstances from following it up, and who yet lives to see the day when some more fortunate individual gives it a material shape, and so achieves the fame which was denied to him. Such is the case of M. Charles Bourselle, who in 1854 proposed a form of speaking telephone, which although not practicable in its first crude condition, might have led its originator to a more successful instrument if he had pursued the subject further. Bourselle is now a superintendent of telegraph lines at Auch, in France, and, in recognition of his primitive idea, has lately been enrolled as a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour.

It was believed by most people, and even by eminent electricians, that the speaking telephone had never been dreamed of by any one before Professor Graham Bell introduced his marvellous little apparatus to the scientific world. But that was a mistake. More than one person had thought of such a thing, Bourselle among the number. Philip Reis, a German electrician, had even constructed an electric telephone in 1864, which transmitted words with some degree of perfection, and the assistant of Reis asserts that it was designed to carry music as well as words. Professor Bell, in devising his telephone, copied the human ear with its vibrating drum. The first iron plate he used as a vibrator was a little piece of clock spring glued to a parchment diaphragm, and on saying to the spring on the telephone at one end of the line 'Do you understand what I say?' the answer from his assistant at the other end came back immediately 'Yes, I understand you perfectly.' The sounds were feeble, and he had to hold his ear close to the little piece of iron on the parchment, but they

were distinct, and though Reis had transmitted certain single words some ten years before, Bell was the first to make a piece of matter utter sentences. Reis gave the electric wire a tongue so that it could mumble like an infant, but Bell taught it to speak.

Bell's telephone was first exhibited in America at the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia in 1876, and in England, at the Glasgow meeting of the British Association in September of that year. On that occasion, Sir William Thomson pronounced it, with enthusiasm, to be the 'greatest of all the marvels of the electric telegraph.' The surprise created by its first appearance was, however, nothing to the astonishment and delight which it aroused in this country when Professor Bell, the following year, himself exhibited it in London to the Society of Telegraph Engineers. Since then, its introduction as a valuable aid to social life has been very rapid, and the telephone is now to be found in use from China to Paris.

But while the telephone conveys the vibrations of the voice with singular fidelity, it does not do so with the same perfection as the human ear, so that a given voice is slightly changed when heard through the telephone from what it is when heard from mouth to ear. The drum of the telephone is a flat plate, which has a fundamental note of its own, and it is more ready to vibrate in response to this note than to any other. Thus, the basic tones in the voice, which harmonise with this fundamental note, come out stronger in the telephone than the overtones, which do not, and hence a certain twang is given to the speaker's voice, which depends on the dimensions of the plate. Thus, for men's low voices the plate of a telephone should be larger than for the shriller voices of women and children. This peculiarity of the instrument was amusingly illustrated at the Paris International Electric Exhibition of 1881, by Professor D. E. Hughes, the discoverer of the microphone. As a member of the scientific jury who were reporting on the various exhibits in telegraphy, he was examining—along with his



colleagues, comprising several eminent foreign electricians—a telephonic apparatus devised by Dr Werner Siemens, but they could not make it answer to their voices. Various names of foreign savants were shouted into the mouthpieces of the telephones, but it would not respond. At length, Professor Hughes, who is an accomplished musician, stepped forward, and secretly ascertained the fundamental note of the telephones by tapping its plate. He then turned to his fellow jurors with a smile, and remarked that there was a peculiarity about this telephone: it was an Anglophile, and would only respond to the honoured name of Faraday. The jurors naturally treated his words with amiable derision, but this, however, was soon changed to wonder when, after crying over the names of Siemens, Ohm, Volta, Ampère, Franklin, the telephones remained obstinately uncertain until he pronounced the magic syllables Faraday, to which it joyously responded. The word Faraday had simply been spoken by him in the same tone of voice as the fundamental note of the telephone plate.

The comparative feebleness of the voice as reproduced by the telephone has often struck observing persons. With the Bell telephone, it is necessary to hold the ear close to the diaphragm to hear any sound at all. Nevertheless, Mr Edison has constructed a little voice mill, termed the Rotophone, in which a metal plate not only vibrates out and in under the impact of the voice, but at the same time sets in motion a small toothed wheel by an escapement, and can thus be made to perform work. This is in truth an ingenious method of bridging over the distinction between words and deeds. Moreover, it suggests possibilities of an 'Open Sesame' lock that will only yield to a particular watchword, and of a sympathetic cradle which would commence to rock when the baby murmured, and rock the faster as the baby cried the louder, thus affording a beautiful example of the fitness of things.

The sensitiveness of the telephone is as remarkable as its fidelity to the sound waves. A red hot copper wire drawn across the rasp of a file was found, by Professor G Forbes, to yield a series of thermo electric currents which caused the telephone to give out a musical note. Since the time of Galvani, the nervous fibre of an animal has been regarded as the most exquisitely sensitive galvanoscope which we have for detecting electric currents, but the experiments of M D Arsonval prove that even an ill made telephone is at least a hundred times more sensitive than the nerve, to feeble variations of the electric current.

The power of the telephones to transmit the voice to long distances is intimately associated with its delicacy. Mr Willoughby Smith has found by experiment that a telephone will work through a 'resistance' of wire corresponding to a hundred and fifty thousand miles of telegraph line, and hence it would seem mere child's play

to fulfil the words of the poet, and 'waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole.' But this was only a laboratory experiment, for on actual telegraph lines the leakage of electricity from the wire to the ground, damp and other drawbacks, render the transmission of speech by wire far less easy in practice than was at first supposed. Nevertheless, it is on record that Mr Edison transmitted speech over a line seven hundred and fifty miles long in America, and conversation has been carried on over five hundred miles in India, three hundred and ninety miles, from Tabris in Persia to Tiflis, and three hundred miles in Spain, Australia, and other places where the atmosphere is dry and pure. In England, we have not been able to work through such long circuits, owing to the wetness of the atmosphere, but Mr Van Rysselberghe, the ingenious chief of the Meteorological Observatory at Brussels, has telephoned from that city to Paris, a distance of two hundred and fifteen miles, and thus while the same wire was carrying simultaneously an ordinary Morse telegraphic message. By a peculiar disposition of his apparatus, Mr Van Rysselberghe spoke to Paris by telephone with out any interference from the Morse signals that were traversing the identical wire at the same time.

The day after the bombardment of Alexandria, it was announced in the London papers that the noise of the guns had been heard at Malta by telephone through a thousand miles of submarine cable. Experienced electricians took the statement with a grain of salt, because they knew that a submarine cable differs from a land telegraph wire in the greater retarding effect which it has on electric currents travelling along it. A cable has the effect of running together—jumbling up—the delicate and rapidly succeeding vocal currents of the telephone, and either muffling the articulation or creating absolute silence. Five hundred miles of land line would make little or no difference on the distinctness of a telephonic message, supposing the wire to be well insulated from the earth, but a hundred miles of ordinary submarine cable would probably be quite dumb. Indeed, some experiments made by the writer, with Dr Munroe's artificial cable, show that while the voice could be faintly heard through a length equivalent to fifty, or even sixty miles, when it came to eighty miles no sound at all was audible. The inductive retardation had fattered away and blotted out the delicate undulations of the vocal currents. Telephonic messages have, however, been successfully sent by cable across the Channel, and from Holyhead to Dublin, but in no case has the length of cable reached one hundred miles. The dream of whispering across the Atlantic under the 'roaring forties' is likely to remain a dream for a long while to come.

Although aerial wires are common in this country for telephonic work, in France, Germany, and other continental countries, underground

cables are chiefly employed. These are less subject to external injury, but are more liable to inductive retardation than the latter, though not so much as on a submarine cable. The peculiar crackling noises heard on aerial telephone lines which run close beside the ordinary telegraph wires, are easily cured on underground lines by employing a double wire in the cable, to form the going and returning pathways of the circuit. Then the currents travelling in neighbouring wires affect each of the two wires alike, but in opposite directions, and so the 'crackle' due to 'induction' is neutralised.

Besides the clamour set up in a telephone line by the electricity on neighbouring wires inducing audible currents in the telephone wire, there are disturbing noises caused by currents passing through the earth and entering the telephone circuit. These are sometimes due to electric-lighting conductors, or to ordinary telegraph wires running to the ground near by. In Manchester recently, all the telephone circuits were stopped because of the humming sound caused the telephones by the escaping electric light currents. Lightning storms too, and magnetic disturbances, are apt to cause floods of electricity in the body of the earth, which overflow into the telephone lines and interfere with their working. The best remedy is to employ the double wire system mentioned above, and not to use the earth at all as a return pathway, as is ordinarily done in telegraphy. The lightning effect is readily heard by connecting a telephone to the water pipes of a house on the one hand, and to the gas pipes on the other. On listening into the instrument, every flash of lightning will be accompanied by a crackling sound. The 'earth' currents which often flow through the ground although there is no thunder, can be heard in the telephone by connecting it in circuit with a wire and two large metal plates buried in the ground. The result has been likened to a boiling sound. The discharges of the magnificent aurora borealis which was seen in New England on August 4th of last year, were also heard in the telephone by a gentleman at Mont Clair, New Jersey, who likened them to the crackle which lightning gives, interspersed with feeble ringing taps repeated every half second. Those fishes, the torpedo, the gymnotus or electric eel, and the electric ray, have also been caused to send their electric discharges through a telephone, and the sound heard has proved the emanation in each case to be an intermittent current. That of the torpedo is very powerful and prolonged, giving a muzzling sound, that of the gymnotus is a sudden shock, and that of the ray resembles the discharge of the torpedo, but is very much feebler, owing to the smallness of its electric organ. In fact, a young torpedo the size of the hand will give a far more powerful shock than a full-grown ray.

The violence of lightning-currents has been

accompanied by accidents to the life and limb of persons using telephones during a storm, but such cases are rare. At Hartford, Connecticut, several years ago, a doctor was speaking to his assistant by telephone, when the instrument blazed up in his hands at the moment of a terrific thunder-clap. He suffered no injury, but the instrument was ruined, and his assistant was struck deaf for several hours in the ear with which he listened at the receiving telephone. Again, during last summer a flash of lightning struck a telephone line at Strasburg Cathedral and burnt up the instrument, which a member of the city Fire Brigade was speaking through, but did no other damage. In America, such accidents are now guarded against by the use of lightning protectors, but they have not been thought necessary yet in England, though, for all they cost, it would perhaps be prudent to adopt them on our circuits.

Before leaving the subject of telephone lines, we ought to mention their introduction into the Manvers and Oak Collieries, to communicate between the galleries below and the pit mouth. In times of accident, they may prove the only means of communication between the miners below and the help above. Experiments have been also repeatedly made with the telephones attached to the diver's helmet, and at last year's North-east Coast Exhibition, every word spoken or whispered in a diving bell below water was heard above. Besides being taken into the depths of the sea and the bowels of the earth, the telephone has been lifted up into the air, and balloons have communicated with each other and with the ground by their means. Messages can now communicate with the scout and burn the effect of their shot, or ships can speak to the shore, as in the case of the Helicon line which enabled Sir Beauchamp Seymour to talk with the British Embassy at Alexandria. Even in Arctic exploration it has been proposed to lay a telephone wire along the ice, to enable the sleeping party bound for the Pole to communicate with the ship which forms its base of operations. Certainly the ice would be a good insulator, and the line would be a guide for any party of assistance. The scheme appears feasible enough, always supposing that the wire failed to excite the curiosity of some Polar bear.

The minor applications of the telephone have been very numerous, but none has been so interesting in its results as the Induction Balance of Professor Hughes. By uniting it to the coils of the balance, that inventor has made the telephones very sensitive to the presence of metals, and it is possible to tell a good coin from a base one, or a worn coin from a new one, by the sound given out by the telephone. Professor Roberts, indeed, has to a certain extent succeeded in sifting gold and silver coins by its aid, but the degree of hardness of the coin actually affects the result, although the weight and purity may be exact. Two years ago, an arrangement of the balance was proposed by Mr J. Murray, C.E., for prospecting metal veins, and this arrangement is substantially the same as that recently applied by Professor Graham Bell to locate the bullet in the body of the late lamented President Garfield, perhaps the noblest duty which the telephone was ever called upon to fulfil. The extreme delicacy

of the apparatus was demonstrated at the Paris Electrical Exhibition in a very curious way. Mr. Elisha Gray, the well-known inventor of the Harmonic Telegraph, was a little sceptical of the performances of the balance, and desiring to test it, he told Professor Hughes that for thirty years a small spark of iron had lodged in one of his fingers and could still be felt there like a pinhead. Could Professor Hughes tell him which finger it was in? One after another the fingers of the injured hand were put into the balance, and when the 'game' one was inserted, the telephone proclaimed the fact in unmistakable tones. A similar arrangement of the balance has also been applied by Captain M'Evoy to the detection of submarine torpedoes, and sunken chains, anchors, or buoys. In this there is a movable part of the balance which is lowered into the water, and when it comes in contact with the submerged metal case of the torpedo, or any other metal mass, the telephone in the observer's hand immediately indicates the fact. Such are a few of the curious instances of the useful and delicate telephone.

## ONE FALSE, BOTH FAIR, OR, A HARD KNOCK

### CHAPTER II—COUNTS DE LA LOUË

'BATTEN down the hatches, quick, men! Helm hard down! quartermaster, d'ye hear? Steady, steady, there, forward! Stations, all of you, and look alive!—Mr MacGregor, get that sail in before it's blown from the bolt ropes—Mr Dodd, a lee-wheel to the helm, before the sea swamps us—Bear a hand! Steady, so!' As the captain of the *Cypress* shouted these orders hoarsely through his battered trumpet, his voice was all but drowned by the shrill shriek of the furious wind as it rushed through the strained rigging, and the ship reeled and quivered like a thing in pain. A gale had come on, and worse than a gale, for it was a white squall. Old seamen, to whom the rounding of Cape Horn is a familiar task, and who are inured to cyclone and hurricane, yet speak with a semi-superstitious respect of the terrible white squall of the Mediter-

anean. There had been no warning. Like a thief in the night, the storm had burst upon the *Cypress* without threat or signal of its approach, and the first intimation that Nature was in a passion was that the fine steamer was laid abruptly on her beam ends in the tumbling tossing water. She righted, and fought her way ahead in the midst of heroic elemental war, but it was cruel work. Gone were the peaceful stars and the purr-canopy of heaven and the drowsy ripple of the gentle waves. As if by magic, the ocean had changed. The sky wore its ugliest frown. Rain and hail—no light sugar-plum hailstones of summer, but jagged bits of ice, heavy, three-sided lumps that cut and bruised—lashed the deck. The wind howled in menacing cadence through the rigging. The salt spray broke incessantly in drenching showers over the dripping bulwarks.

Now and then there was a gurgling wash of water, as a heavy sea was shipped. The panting engines toiled on, fighting, as with a living foe. It was no easy matter to distinguish between salt sea and driving rain. A fierce fight went on.

The fight was on one side sustained by wolfish waves and hurrying wind, and on the other, by skill and patient bravery, and the regular steady stroke of the steun piston, like the measured beat of a giant's mighty heart, to force the *Cypress* on. For hours, as the vessel heeled over perilously before the threatening gale, or as the billows reared their menacing heads, like watery mountains, to deluge the steamer's deck with a rush of foaming brine, it seemed doubtful whether the balance would incline to life or death. Among the passengers below there was woe and alarm. Even the hardy old captain half despaired of saving the ship. Any accident, such as in quiet times goes for nothing, such as the snapping of a rudder chain, the starting of a boiler plate, must have been fatal.

Fortunate was it in such a crisis that the pocket was a fine new steamer, well found, and urged by powerful engines, and thus could bear the brunt of the squall until its violence was somewhat spent and the danger all but over. Before the first grey, pinkish streak broke in the eastern sky, there was an end of the torments of rain which had deluged the deck. The shrieking wind had tamed down its storm scream to a moan, though yet the sea ran high, and the vessel rolled heavily as she battled her way through the surges. The captain had gone below at last, leaving the care of the ship to the officer of the watch.

Slowly and, as it were, reluctantly the cold dawn came. The sea was still boisterous, the complaining wind yet shrill, and a train of ragged clouds, like fugitives from some beaten army, appeared, flying past along the pale skyline. It was not a likely moment for a passenger to quit the warmth and comfort of the cabins below, nevertheless a solitary figure presently glided up the companion stair and entered the heaving deck—on which it was no easy matter for any but a sailor to walk—with some difficulty, but with a false firmness and swiftness of tread like the soft but weighty footfall of a tiger. It was not, as has been said, a morning to invite the visitant admiral of Ocean to be early on deck, and such of the crew as, muffled in their monkey jackets of rough Flushing or Guernsey cloth, hustled to and fro, looked with wonder at the fugitive lady as she made her way to wharf, at the vessel's starboard side, a boat, slung amidships, offered shelter alike from keen wind and prying eyes. There she stopped, and with one gloved hand on the tough cordage of the nearest shroud, stood erect, in spite of the violent pitching of the steamer, as if waiting for something or for some one.

There are persons to be met with—not often indeed, some four or five times perhaps in a lifetime—who tower, morally or intellectually, above the heads of the easily forgotten crowd, and whose hold upon the memory is quite disproportionate to their influence over our own private fortunes. Such a one was the lady who



was known to chief cabin passengers on board the Peninsular and Oriental packet (*opéra* as Countess Louise and as Madame de Lalouze. See her now as she stands—with somewhat of the grand composure of an Egyptian statue, majestic in the solemn calm of unold centuries of repose—and looks out over the wilderness of waters. You might mistake her. Such as she are often the objects of aversion. Very likely you might distrust her. But it would be impossible to consign her to the category of the commonplace. The mention of a French Countess is apt to conjure up visions of a mincing, little woman, elaborately attired, and as artificial in her bloom as in her manners. But Madame de Lalouze was tall and stately, handsome without, not young, certainly, but with one of those clear dark complexions that owe nothing to cosmetics. There were a very few threads of shaming silver to mar the ebony blackness of her massive hair. She dressed richly, but simply too.

What was the antecedents of Countess Louise? Nobody knew. The two or three continental passengers on board the Peninsular and Oriental packet were as much in the dark on that head as were their insular fellow travellers. Tattle had seen her—he was certain of that—at an Imperial entertainment at the Tuileries. But this proved nothing. The official festivities of the French capital used to be splendid, but not exactly select. It was said also that the Sphinx had something to do with the Egyptian government and with Ismail the Muefti. She had influence—so the countess somewhat emphatically declared—with the 'Palace lot,' with Kourbaah Pasha, and Telrak Effendi, and Bicksheeh Bey, and could get a state steamer, or procure an official firman before which Midras grovelled, and even governors, in a submissive, when ordinary warlike were helpless.

Was Madame de Lalouze even French? Her name sounded Gallic enough, and her accent was faultless, but she might well have been a Pole or a Magyar, even a Russian, so varied were her reminiscences of former scenes and friends, of Archduchesses and archplotters, of Spanish Infantas, Red Revolutionists, Imperial Highnesses, celebrities of the studio and the stage, and the oracles of the money market, when she deigned to talk. Sometimes she was provokingly taciturn, and not seldom spoke in riddles, as if to justify her Egyptian nickname of the Sphinx. To the Marchioness of Loxminster and her sister Cora, this cosmopolitan Countess did apparently find it worth her while to talk, winning their attention, as it seemed, less by what she said than by the strange winning charm of her impressive manner.

For whom, or for what, was it possible that Countess Louise, at such a time and in such weather, should be waiting, half hidden behind the boat swaying in the wind, and peering the rugged shroud nearest to her for support upon that heaving deck? It was not very long before the question was answered by the appearance of another figure, angular out of place, as it seemed, in such a spot—that of a slender, golden haired girl, dressed in black, who crossed the deck with slow and uncertain steps. She, too, glanced apprehensively around her, as if in

dread of detection, as she approached the boat that half concealed the tall form of the foreign Countess. The new comer was by much the younger, and should have been the more active of the two, but she could scarcely keep her feet, so violent was the motion of the vessel.

'Why have you summoned me at such an hour?' asked the girl blithely, as she caught at the ship's side for support.

'Because, Mademoiselle, it was precisely at such a time that our meeting would pass unnoticed,' was the cool reply. 'I like the impossible, don't I? Yes, I knew, when I slipped the note into your hand, that you would come. The time I chose was just when the poor cowards below were giving themselves up for dead and drowned, too busy with tears and prayers, too hysterical and confused, to spy upon others.'

'It was an awful night,' said the girl, shuddering.

'Yes, but I have seen worse!' returned Madame de Lalouze, with an impatient shrug of her shapely shoulder.—'Is your sister—our dear Marchioness—at last asleep?'

'Yes, Clara is asleep,' answered Miss Carew, in a low tone. 'Poor Clara—she was frightened! One among so many who were half dead with alarm—and I was glad to see her at rest when I—stole away, just now.'

'And you, Miss Cora, were you afraid?' asked Madame de Lalouze abruptly.

'No, for a wonder, I was not,' replied the girl. 'Among all those terrified people, the crying children, the scared women, I was surprised to find myself remain so calm and cool—as calm, almost, Madame, as yourself.'

'How! I have not misjudged you!' muttered the foreign Countess, 'you can drive, and you can do. Have you remembered my advice?'

'Perfectly,' replied Miss Carew, in a very low tone, and glowing, even by that dim and uncertain light, perceptibly paler. 'How should I forget?'

'Good, again,' rejoined approvingly Madame de Lalouze, as her gloomy eyes rested for a moment on the fair young face beside her. 'There is one thing, though, of which you have not thought, and here it is.' And, as she uttered the words, she drew forth from beneath the folds of her dark shawl a folded paper, thin and square, such as draughts use. 'Take it, and be careful to let no eye but your own behold it, until the moment comes. Your woman's wit will teach you what to do with it.'

'No, no—I cannot do it!' murmured the girl, with white lips and half averted head. 'Never—never!' And she recoiled a little from the side of her foreign friend.

'Never—never!' repeated Madame de Lalouze, in a voice which, low as it was, rang with an eloquent warning that was but half suppressed. 'I was mistaken, then, after all! You fail me. You are like the rest, merely the blonde Miss—the English innkeeper, all bread and butter, as your own Lord Byron sang, never to shake off nursery

You bring dare  
not do it!'  
These last bitter words were husied rather than

bring dare



spoken, and with an emphasis that had in it something terrible. Still, Miss Carew hesitated, palpably hysteric, looking down at the deck until, by a sudden impulse, she lifted her blue eyes and met the darkling gaze of the foreign Countess with a resolution equal to her own.

'I am not afraid,' she said, almost in a whisper 'Give it me—the packet, quick!'

The gloved hand of the Frenchwoman met the white soft fingers of the English girl, and touched for an instant, as the slim square of folded paper was rapidly transferred from the keeping of Countess Louise to that of Miss Carew.

'Hide it—some one comes!' exclaimed Madame de Lalouvé hastily, and then she turned aside and seemed to be intent in her observation on sea and sky. Another passenger had come on deck, and this time the firm heavy tread was that of a man, tall, young, and sufficiently handsome.

'Malime de Lalouvé!' said a deep rich voice in evident surprise. 'I scarcely expected to be fortunate enough to meet a lady on deck so early and after such a night.'

'You are astonished, Monsieur Talbot? Perhaps we were too terrified to rest. Or we longed for fresh air. Or we wished to see with our own eyes—women are inquisitive, you know, like poor I think in Blue Beard's wife—we wished to see that the danger was really past,' answered Countess Louise in this half-mocking tone she often perplexed those with whom she conversed.

'Lady Leominster!' said the young English man, with a gesture of raising his hat, while his whole manner changed as he caught sight of the young lady's form. 'I had no idea that you, too, had ventured on deck so early, and with such a heavy sea still running—May I offer you my arm, if you are going below again?' It was evident that Mr. Talbot, if such was his name, believed himself to be addressing the widow's Marchioness.

'*Courage!* It is of good omen, *chère belle!* muttered Madame de Lalouvé, and with some half-sarcastic word of thanks, the girl laid her white hand on the young man's strong arm, and allowed herself to be led away without an attempt to correct the mistake into which he had fallen.

Arthur Talbot felt the soft hand tremble, and he had enough to do to restrain the steps of his fair charge across the rolling deck, but as he drew near to the cabin stairs, he turned his head. 'I beg your pardon, Countess,' he said, with the instinctive courtesy of a gentleman, 'I will come back, if I can be useful to you, as soon as Lady Leominster is safe in her cabin.'

'It is not the trouble to derange yourself for me, *monieur*, I can take care of myself,' replied the Frenchwoman, with perfect unconcern, and then she averted her face and stood in an easy attitude, scanning murky sky and tossing sea. When she turned her head, the deck was clear, save where the helmsman stood, attentive, at the wheel. And then Madame de Lalouvé traversed the difficult deck, treading the wet and tremulous planks with even a more assured step than Arthur Talbot's own. As she descended the brass-bound stairs that led to the

cabins below, she struck her gloved palm lightly upon the painted hatch, and with a brightening eye and a low laugh of triumph, murmured. 'The game is won!'

## REMINISCENCES OF THE MINOR STAGE

BY AN OLD STAGER

### PART III \*

To leave on record my recollections of the 'unpleasant' houses, without mention of the 'stage' sailor and certain of his representatives, would be to omit one of the most interesting features. The 'British tar,' as seen through the spectacles of the British playwright of fifty years ago, was quite unique. Built up on the familiar lines furnished by the songs of Dibdin, he became an institution. The patriotic fire fed by our victories at sea during the then recent war with Napoleon, had indeed somewhat abated, but the memory thereof had served to enow the defenders of our wooden walls with all the attributes of a race of heroes. This popular sentiment was ministered to, and kept alive by, the astute theatrical manager. With the assistance of such practised hands as Jerrold, Buckstone, Haimes, and Littlebell, so easy was a foregone conclusion. A run of one or two hundred nights was by no means unusual with pieces of this class. Another remarkable peculiarity attaching itself to the nautical drama was the fact that its chief characters were almost invariably taken from before the mast.

'Jack' was without doubt the central subject of the picture, the rest, in sporting phrase, were nowise Admirals and post-captains, when introduced, were for the most part mere lay figures. The best of the actual sea narratives were produced on the transpontine stage, notably at the old Surrey Theatre, where such pieces as *Black-eyed Susan* and *My Poll and my Partner Joe* ruled supreme.

Admitting the popular regard for this particular phase of public amusement, it might be natural to assume that most of our leading actors on the minor stage would endeavour to excel in this favourite rôle, but it was not so, and the reason was not far to seek. When Elliston produced Douglas Jerrold's *Black-eyed Susan* on Whit-Monday 1829, Mr. Thomas Potter Cooke had been selected to play the part of William. The choice was a happy one. Author, actor, and manager were alike delighted. From that time forward until his death in 1864, his superlative talent in this speciality was eagerly recognised, and securely maintained. 'Tippy' Cooke not only extorted admiration, but inspired affection. Native, and to the manner born, no shade of distant personality escaped him. With a strong sense of humour, he united a natural manliness in voice, bearing, and manner, loose and easy in his movements, he carried about him a show of freedom begotten by his commerce with Father Neptune, liberally exuberant, without being boisterous—excepting under stress of weather—he would spin you a marvellous yarn in good faith, pathetic without being lachrymose, his tears were closely neighboured

\* Continued from Nos 853 and 978 of this Journal.

by gaiety. His scrupulous attention to costume passed into a proverb. Outside this particular line of business, he had no equal in the delineation of such parts as Frankenstein and Vanderdecken, his pantomimic action was superb. A nimble dancer, his hornpipes were the delight of the town.

Without doubt, the approved superiority of T. P. Cooke deterred many would-be competitors, but there are one or two who deserve mention. I call to mind Campbell of Sadler's Wells, a competent actor of a melodramatic cast, but he was hard and heavy, and lacked vivacity. Farrell and George Rignold, both of the Pavilion, were only passable as impersonators of the 'lonely shore sailor,' whose merit consisted in swilling three-quarter grog and expectorating tobacco juice.

The rage for the nautical drama had reached its zenith when Miss Macrilly made her first appearance at the east end of London with signal success. Davidge, an actor of eccentric parts, then manager of the Surrey, determined to secure her services for his own house. The transfer was soon effected, and the lady quickly established herself as a favourite. As Mrs. R. Honner, she enjoyed the privilege of inspiring her patrons not only with all the usual marks of admiration for her talents as leading actress, but also with respect, esteem, and love for her virtues. Her scenic displays were simply a reflection of her personal character. Gifted with much emotional power when occasion made it, she never made any unnecessary use of this power. Robert Honner, the husband of this lady, was a useful member of the company, but his special talent was discovered in the difficult art of management. When he became lessee of Sadler's Wells, he found a field worthy of his abilities. No puns were spared to raise the character of the entertainments, and he became very popular. Even the City of London Theatre passed under his sway.

During these enforced absences, his wife's services were withdrawn from the old theatre in the Blackfriars Road, and we were fain to fall back upon the attractions of another local star in the person of Mrs. Henry Vining. To this meritorious actress we offered our suffrages freely, and she justified the gift by her faithfulness. Rather under the middle size, and with the complexion of a brunette, she had one of the sweetest voices that ever charmed an audience. Thoroughly at home as the heroine of domestic drama, she enlisted our sympathies by the potency of her appeals. Without undue vehemence, she had vigorous declamation at command, as witness her *Jane of the Hatket*, and her *Mrs. Sheppard*.

In the person of E. F. Savile we had a prodigious favourite. Coming of a theatrical family, the traditions of the stage were familiar to him, and, be it said, he made good use of them. Although but a young man, he had mannerisms of the most pronounced character, but without there was an enticing charm about his acting which served in some sort to condone them. In clear ringing tones his enunciation was always distinct. With force enough in reserve, he never bore passion to tatters, but used his power discreetly. He wooed admirably. Without the qualifications necessary for a leading man, he made a good juvenile tragedian. I call to mind

an excellent performance of Iachus to the Virginus of Mr. Osbaldiston. If fame should wait upon merit, the last-named gentleman's career at the Victoria, both as actor and manager, deserves a record. Previous to his advent, dirt and incompetence prevailed on both sides of the curtain. He cleaned and renovated the entire establishment, introduced an excellent working company, and wisely employed their various talents in illustrating the best literature he could command. *Women's Love*, and *Susan Hopley*—a dramatised version of Mrs. Crowl's novel—were huge successes. As an artist, Osbaldiston revealed his best points in serious comedy. Don Felix, Mr. Oakley, and Maratou, were admirable specimens of sterling merit. His *Bob Roy*, too, was exceptionally good. Boasting such efficient co-adjutors as Savile—transferred from the Surrey—John Dale, Seaman, and Henry Howard—a conscientious actor, with a fine presence and a noble voice—Osbaldiston could mount a five-act play with rare effect. Paul and John Gardner, supplied the comic element. Gardner was a genuine comedian, with brain power enough to grasp the idiosyncrasms of Shakespeare's clowns, and adequately represent them. Touchstone, Launcelot Gobbo, and Grumio, were impregnated with subtle humour.

Miss Vincent was without doubt our great attraction. Beautiful, impulsive, natural, she portrayed to perfection the ideal domesticities of a humble life as pictured in the dramas of the day. 'The heroine of domestic drama' was not permitted to carry the remnants of a broken heart under a mantle of reserve, neither were her joys to be hidden by a fictitious appearance of repose. The impulses of our common humanity were laid bare as with a scalpel. This mode of treatment not unfrequently imparted a degree of coarseness to the conception of character, which would not be tolerated now, even under the plea of realism, but fifty years ago we were not so squeamish, rudeness was often condoned by fidelity.

With the reader's kind permission, I will now add a few particulars not generally known in connection with a transition period. Half a century since, the environs of London were plentifully studded with pleasant places of public resort called tea gardens. Some of these were of considerable size, sufficiently large indeed to admit of a bowling green or a maled space for tennis. Time, however, assisted by the speculative builder, made short work of most of these. Still a few spots remained, albeit terribly shorn of their original proportions. In some sort to make up for lost attractiveness, a few of the wealthier proprietors erected stages in some part of the ground still remaining to them, singing and dancing, with the performance of operettas and drama, were speedily introduced with success. Consequent on the introduction of these new elements, the primitive recreation ground, with its rustic arbours and trim flower beds, gradually assumed another phase. The simple characteristics of the old tea garden having been superseded, a change of name was suggested by the various lessees, as indicative of a more comprehensive entertainment, henceforth, they were styled 'saloons,' as witness, amongst others, the Grecian, the Albert, and the Bower.

In connection with the last-named establish-

ment, I am in a position to offer some interesting particulars. Forty years ago, the proprietor of the tavern, saloon, and gardens was a Mr G. A. Hodson. In person, this talented gentleman bore a most remarkable resemblance to Charles Kemble. His claims as a composer were well used in the popular songs of *Tell me, Mary, how to woo thee*, and *My Bonny Black Deer*. Though an indifferent actor, he was a good baritone singer and a thorough musician. With his numerous family—each of whom possessed some ability—and a small selected company, he contrived to furnish a creditable diversion. G. A. Hodson, Junior, found his way to the boards of Covent Garden Theatre, when under the management of Madame Vestris, where he made a successful debut as Sir Lucius O'Trigger. One of the best comic singers of the day, W. H. Sharpe, was a great favourite here. Our leading man for a considerable period was Henry Dudley, a praiseworthy actor, who afterwards became noted at the east end of London and the Victoria. But perhaps my most precious association with the Bower remains in the fact that I assisted at the first public appearance of 'Little Robson.' I was an amateur then, and a near neighbour, and we fell into easy companionship. He had already donned the sock and buskin at the private theatre in Catherine Street, to the great delight of his friends. But he wished to elicit the unbiased opinion of an audience to whom he was a stranger. With this end in view, he made an application to Mr Hodson for permission to play the Aitful Dodger in the dramatized version of *Oliver Twist*. The manager cheerfully assented, and put the piece into immediate rehearsal. During the initial performance, Robson evinced so much talent that the lessee prognosticated a complete success. The result verified the prediction. Slightly nervous on stepping to the front, he soon warmed to his work, and gave such a taste of his quality as led to the offer of a regular engagement. This was a fitting one, indeed. But he wisely refused to entertain it. Keenly alive to his deficiencies in all that pertained to the 'business' of the stage, he determined to go into the country forthwith, in order that he might gain by experience the necessary technicalities of his adopted profession. This task accomplished, he returned to London, and eventually became the famous actor we are proud to remember.

## FOR HIMSELF ALONE

### A TALE OF REVVERSED IDENTITIES

#### CHAPTER II

For a little while no one spoke. The minds of the three men were occupied with the same subject, but each of them was looking at it from his own point of view.

'You were my father's friend, and you must be mine in this matter,' Mr Gump, said Frank at last. 'It shall be nothing out of your pocket to humour me in this whim.'

'But it will be so unprofessional—so utterly unprofessional,' urged the little lawyer, with a look of comical distress.

'I do not ask you for any active assistance in the matter, all I want is your passive connivance,' urged Frank.

'I hate impostures of any kind, Mr Frobenius.'

'Not more than I do, as a rule. But this one cannot harm anybody.'

'One never can see how things will end. Besides, Mr Drummond's looks and general appearance are so different from yours.'

'That does not matter in the least. Neither my uncle nor aunt has seen me since I was twelve months old. My cousin Clumsie, and my other cousin Elma Deena, have never seen me at all. I am not a bit like my mother, I have been told. Features, eyes, hair, are all my father's.'

'I do wish most sincerely, Mr Frobenius, that if you must carry out this scheme, you could do so without in any way implicating me in it.'

'I must really claim your passive assistance, my dear sir. Without that, my little plot would at once break down.'

Mr Gump lay back in his chair with an air of resignation and began to polish his double eye-glass. Mr Frobenius was evidently a most determined young man, and some concession was due to the whims of a client with eight thousand a year.

'And now for my instructions,' cried Dick. 'They are of the simplest possible kind! The moment my uncle is announced, you become Frank Frobenius, and I become Dick Drummond!'

'In other words, I become you, and you become me—for the time!'

'Yes, till I give you leave to resume your own identity.'

'To hear, my lord, is to obey. Frank turned to the lawyer. 'Have you a confidential clerk, Mr Gump, whom you can place at my disposal for a week or two?'

'Certainly, Mr Frobenius. Our Mr Whiffles, although young, is discreet in itself, and by no means devoid of intelligence. I shall be happy to place him at your disposal.'

'Be good enough to send Mr Whiffles to me at ten o'clock to-morrow, and advance him fifty pounds before he comes!'

'Big pardon, but any instructions that I can give Whiffles from you—'

'Thanks, but I prefer to instruct him myself. The business on which I am about to employ him is strictly confidential—at present.'

'Just so. No doubt Whiffles is your man, sir.'

For the second time a knock, and next moment the maid of all work a somewhat clouded face was visible. 'Another gentleman to see Mr Frobenius,' was all she said.

'My uncle!' exclaimed Frank. 'Oh, my prophetic soul!' cried Dick.

Mr Gump fumbled nervously with his eyeglasses, but did not speak. The three men glanced at each other with a sort of guilty consciousness.

'Show the gentleman up,' said Frank to the servant. 'Now, Dick, attention—Now, Mr Gump, if you please.' His face had darkened again as it had darkened when his uncle's name was first mentioned. In his eyes there was an expression such as Dick had rarely seen in them before. He went back to the sofa between the two windows and resumed his seat.

Footsteps were heard on the stairs. Mr Gump

crossed to the door and opened it. 'Mr Peabworth and Miss Deane,' he announced in his blandest tones, but despite himself there was a tremor in his voice.

Mr Peabworth was the first to enter. He was a stout built, big boned man of fifty, with iron gray hair and closely cropped whiskers, he had a broad expanse of face, with cheeks that were already becoming pendulous from over feeding. The normal expression of his small, keen, steel gray eyes was one of suspicious inquiry—they were eyes that seemed to be for ever interrogating you—but he could, when it so pleased him, charge them with a sort of cold twinkle, which the world in general accepted as an outward and visible sign of an inborn geniality of disposition, such as those who knew him best—say his wife or daughter—would have been the last to give him credit for. He had a mellow andunctuous voice, and a slow round way of rolling out his periods that lent themselves readily to the same deception. In point of dress he was studiously plain and precise. He wore a black tail coat and vest, pepper and salt trousers, and shoes that were tied with broad black ribbon. He might have worn the same carefully tied checked neckcloth and the same high stand up collar from January till December, seeing that they never varied in the slightest particular. His silky broad brimmed hat was worn well back on his head, as if he courted the world to look in the face of an honest man. Finally, he was seldom seen without a bundle of papers tied with red tape, either under his arm or bulging from one of his pockets.

This personage came forward slowly and with a degree of hesitation very unusual with him. His small gray eyes quickly took in the room and its occupants, resting finally and for the second time on Frank, who from his seat on the sofa was regarding his uncle with no very favourable eyes.

'Where is my dearest Frank?' demanded Mr Peabworth. 'Where is my scape-race boy, whom I have never ceased to cherish in my heart as though he were a son of my own?' Without waiting for an answer, he crossed the room with a sort of elephantine lightness, and made his way direct to Frank's sofa. 'Ah here the rascal is—But not ill, I hope. God bless my heart, not ill!'

Dick had started to his feet by this time. 'Why, uncle, don't you know me?' he cried. 'Don't you recognise your long lost nephew? I'll never believe in family likenesses again!'

Mr Peabworth turned with a quickness that one would hardly have given him credit for if disconcerted at all, it was but for a moment. 'What! Oh, ah, to be sure!' he exclaimed. 'Very stupid of me. Rather short sighted at my time of life. That must be my excuse.' His back was turned to Frank by this time, and next moment he was shaking Dick warmly by the hand. 'My dearest Frank, I am delighted to find you! Now that I see you closer, I should recognise you anywhere! Your likeness to my late lamented sister, your poor dear mother, is truly wonderful!'

'Glad to see you, uncle. A long time since we last met,' responded Dick in a hearty off hand way.

'A long time indeed. But I have never ceased

to think about you, nor to wish for the day to come when I should see you again. That happy day is here at last—But here is my niece Fima waiting to greet you—Fima, my pet, your cousin Frank, the cousin whom we have so often talked about and longed to see.

The young lady thus addressed was a slender dark eyed girl of some twenty summers, with clear cut aquiline features, an olive complexion, a profusion of soft silky black hair, and a lovely dimple within an inch of her lips when she smiled. She was plainly dressed in a costume of some dark soft material, which she wore with a grace and distinction peculiarly her own. She had shaken hands with Mr Gimp on entering the room, and they were now talking in an undertone together. Being thus appealed to by Mr Peabworth, she came forward with the quiet self possessed air that seemed a part of herself. 'How do you do, Cousin Frank?' she asked, proffering her hand as she spoke.

'Pretty well thank you, Cousin Fima, an sword Dick, and he thought that he had never seen a prettier hand.'

'We have had a fine day, haven't we, Cousin Frank?'

'A very fine day indeed, Cousin Fima.'

'Now that we have discussed the weather, we may be considered as knowing each other intimately. And now say something amusing to me. A laugh would do me good! There was a sort of demure twinkle in her eyes, and she glanced at Mr Peabworth as she spoke. That gentleman and Mr Gimp were talking together.

Dick shook his head and coloured a little. 'You will find me but a dull dog, Cousin Elma. I don't believe there is one particle of amusement to be extracted from me.—But I must introduce both you and my uncle—here Mr Peabworth turned and became all attention—to my friend Mr Dick Drummond, at present on the sick list, but at all times the best of good fellows and the dearest of chums—Dick, my uncle, Mr Peabworth—my cousin, Miss Deane.

Frank had risen, and was standing with one hand resting on an elbow of the sofa. His face was very pale, and there was a dull resentful light in his eyes as he turned to Mr Peabworth and bowed coldly to him. But the angry gleam died out, and his lips parted with a faint smile, as he bent his head to Mrs Deane.

Mr Peabworth turned his back on him without ceremony. 'A friend who must be got rid of,' he muttered to himself. Then addressing himself to Dick, he said, 'I wish my darling Clumsie were here to enjoy this happy meeting, but unfortunately she is away at Cheltenham for a few days. A clinging amorous pet, my dear Frank, but brimful of poetry, and blessed with a most affectionate disposition—Oh, Gimp?'

'Oh, most affectionate!'

The little lawyer was evidently on thorns, and was rubbing himself anywhere rather than where he was.

'Looks upon Gimp as a second father. She has, in fact, such a superabundance of affection, that one father doesn't seem enough for her.—Your aunt, however, will be here in the course of a few minutes. She met a friend in the next street as we were coming along, and of course must stop to talk to her. A most estimable creature, my dear Frank, but homely, very homely.'



'My aunt is a gem,' exclaimed Miss Deane 'If you don't like her, Cousin Frank, I shall never learn to like you.'

'If that be the case,' responded Dick, 'my aunt and I will soon be on the best of terms.'

Miss Deane crossed the room to where Frank was sitting. She saw how pale and ill he was looking, and she had not failed to notice how her uncle had turned his back on him. She had brought a tiny basket in with her. 'I have some strawberries here, Mr Drummond,' she said. 'They are fresh from Covent Garden. Would you not like a few?'

'Thank you, Miss Deane, I should indeed like one or two.'

Miss Deane opened her basket, and displayed a tempting array of luscious fruit and cool green leaves. The tea tray was still on the little round table, and on it was a plate that had not been used. With dainty fingers, Miss Deane picked out some of the finest of the fruit, arranged them on the plate, and then handed the plate to Frank.

'Have you been a long time ill, Mr Drummond?' she asked in a tone that thrilled Frank from head to foot.

'Nearly a month. But I am greatly better, and hope to get out of doors for the first time to-morrow.'

'So tedious, is it not, to be shut up indoors for more than a day at a time? I recollect once, when I had been very ill and was getting better, how I longed to get out of doors, and how the more they refused to let me, the more I wanted to go. Well, I was not to be balked, so I bribed Jem the gardener's boy to put a ladder under my window after dark. Then, about ten o'clock, after I had been left for the night, I dressed myself, got through the window, down the ladder—it was bright moonlight—and ran by way of the shrubbery to the five-acre field. There I caught Dapple my pony, had a bare-backed scamper round the meadows for half an hour—got back unseen by way of the ladder, and next day was nearly well.'

Frank laughed. 'A sort of recipe, Miss Deane, that I am afraid would not answer in every case.'

Mr Pelworth was propping away on the opposite side of the room to Dick and Mr Gump.

'Yes, my dear Frank, yours is one of the most extraordinary instances of good fortune that ever came under my notice. I could not sleep for nearly a week after I first heard of it. I presume that you will take up your residence at Waylands! A most charming spot, I have every reason to believe.'

'Why—ah—you see it's too soon yet for me to make up my mind about anything. At present I can hardly believe that my good fortune is anything more substantial than a dream.'

'When Mr Gump puts into your hand a blank cheque-book and tells you for what sum you can draw upon your bankers, you will begin to believe in it as a golden reality.'

'I think,' said Dick, 'I should like to run round the corner to my friend the pawnbroker's—for the last time, you know—and raise a couple of shillings on a coat or a waistcoat, or something, till to-morrow.'

Mr Pelworth held up his hands in horror. Mr Gump looked as if he could not believe the evidence of his ears.

'My dear Frank! I entreat that you will look upon my purse as your own.'

'And mine too, Mr Frohner.'

'You misunderstand me, both of you,' answered Dick, while a broad smile overpread his freckled face. 'My last visit to my Lombardian relative was to have been sentimental rather than necessary—a sort of regretful leave-taking of one who had not been unkind to me when my fortunes were very much down at heel. But it matters not. To-morrow, I will look up certain silylins leaves which bear the impress of his establishment. They are somewhat numerous, but you, Mr Gump, will have no objection to release for me the various articles specified in them?'

The little lawyer's eyes glared full from his nose.

'I—John Gump—in a pawnshop!'

Incorrigible Dick only lay back in his chair and laughed.

Meanwhile, our two young people at the other end of the room went on chatting to themselves.

'And now I suppose I am in Bohemia!' said Miss Deane.

'And now you are in Bohemia,' said Frank.

'How do the demizens of this strange country live?'

'They exist, they don't live, in the ordinary sense of the word. They paint pictures that seldom find buyers. They write plays that no manager will look at. There are great actors and great musicians among them, only the public is too pig-headed to recognise their genius. They are always more or less hard up—generally more. They smoke a great deal. They also drink—whisky, when they can get it—fourpenny ale, when they can't. They are never down hearted, though they don't always know where to-morrow's dinner is to come from. They help one another, as good fellows ought to do. When Jack is lucky enough to pick up a ten-pound note, Tom and Harry come in for a share of it, and when Harry's picture finds a customer, he sure his friends are not forgotten.'

'What I am, I should like to be a Bohemian,' said Miss Deane with a sparkle in her dark eyes.

'How much nicer to earn five hundred a year in the City, and not be a Bohemian!'

By this time, Dick was beginning to feel a trifle bored. He cast one or two longing glances at his mercer's shop, but Mr Pelworth held him as the Ancient Mariner held the Wedding Guest.

'You will probably, my dear Frank,' he said, 'be desirous of investing some portion of your surplus income in one or other of those gigantic commercial enterprises which form such a prominent feature of the wonderful era in which we live.'

'That sounds exactly like a bit out of one of his own prospectuses,' murmured Mr Gump to himself.

'Of one such enterprise,' continued Mr Pelworth, 'I have the honour to be chairman. I allude to The Patent Bottled Ozone Company, Chief Offices, 48 Threadneedle Court, City.'

'The Patent what Company, uncle?' asked Dick.

'The Patent Bottled Ozone Company, Hans! The association in question may be briefly described as one of those happy combinations of

philanthropy with hard cash which are, alas! too seldom met with in this sublunary sphere. We do good to our fellow-creatures, and fill our own pockets at the same time!

'A truly pleasant combination. But what may be the specific objects of the Company?'

'They are readily explained. By means of recent discoveries in chemical science, we are enabled to eliminate pure ozone from the other component parts of the atmosphere, and to bottle it up for transmission to any part of the world. To invalids, to children, to people of moderate means who cannot afford a visit to the seaside, our bottled ozone will prove an inestimable boon. By its means, you may enjoy all the advantages derivable from a visit to Brighton or Scarborough, without crossing your own threshold. Hail!'

'The prospectus again,' whispered the lawyer to himself.

Before Dick had time to say a word, the door was opened, and the mad of all wicks voice was heard, saying, 'This is Mr Probert's room, mum.'

'My aunt!' exclaimed Dick as he started to his feet.

'As I said before, an excellent creature, but deficient in culture,' whispered Peabworth in a stage aside.

Scarcely had the words left his lips, when Mrs Peabworth entered. She was homely looking certainly, and plainly dressed, but she had a pleasant good tempered face, and pretension or affectation of any kind was evidently altogether foreign to her.

Mr Peabworth advanced a step. 'Leonora, my love,' he exclaimed in his most unctuous tones, 'behold your long lost nephew!' His arm took a sweep through the air and his finger pointed directly at Dick.

Miss Peabworth stopped short in utter surprise. 'What! that young man with the red hair my nephew Frank! Wonders will never cease.'

## A SCIENTIFIC SOUP KITCHEN

PUBLIC attention has again been directed to the researches of Professor Pasteur in animal inoculation with the germs of various diseases. It will be remembered that this distinguished continental scientist delivered a remarkably interesting address in the August of 1881 before the International Medical Congress, giving in outline the methods and results of his extensive and laborious experiments in this particular field. The details then given are well worthy of attention, even from a popular point of view, as showing the exactness and precision which nowadays characterize scientific investigation, they are also in a wider sense highly important, on account of the light which they shed upon some of the obscurer diseases affecting our domestic animals. The ultimate result of these inquiries may yet be of the highest value in relation to the nature of all transmissible

The investigations into the nature of ferments, &c., carried on in the laboratory of Professor Pasteur have extended over more than a quarter of a century, and the two more recent developments of what is technically called microbes, go far to confirm what is known up to the present

time in regard to the nature of disease germs. These two developments are described with considerable fullness in the above-mentioned address. Their chief distinguishing characteristic consists in the application of the principle of vaccination, in connection with recently discovered microscopic germs, to the two diseases of chicken cholera and splenic fever the first being a malady incidental to domestic poultry; and the second, under various names, attacking horses, cattle, and sheep.

The experiments in regard to chicken cholera form a very interesting series. When the description of them is divested of a few technical expressions, the principles upon which they are conducted—as is frequently the case in the deepest research—are singularly plain. In the blood of animals which have succumbed to chicken cholera, there resides, according to Professor Pasteur, a collection of germs capable, under certain conditions, of almost infinite transmission. The power of reproduction possessed by these singularly minute bodies is so great, that it has been found in practice exceedingly difficult—under certain conditions, impossible—to procure the poison of the disease in a form sufficiently modified to be safely used for the purpose of inoculation. In other words, and always keeping in mind the principle of vaccination for smallpox, the smallest procurable quantity of chicken cholera 'matter,' however much diluted, or otherwise apparently reduced in strength, acts on a healthy animal subject, when applied, so strongly as to develop the original malady in all its violence. It is evident that with this effect, inoculation would be worse than useless, as bringing on the unmodified disease which the process was intended to avert.

The method by which this scientific riddle was unravelled and solved is as follows: Preparatory to what Professor Pasteur terms 'virus culture,' a fowl which has recently died of chicken cholera is made use of. The greatest precautions are employed throughout the experiments to prevent the entrance of atmospheric germs, which might affect the results. From the body of the dead fowl a single drop of blood, as small as we please, is taken on the point of a slender glass rod, and dipped into a vessel containing a previously prepared decoction of fowl (*bouillon de poulet*) or clear chicken soup. This decoction has also been beforehand rendered barren of all life by subjecting to a temperature of two hundred and thirty-nine degrees Fahrenheit. This culture-vessel, with its contents thus impregnated with the single drop of contaminated blood, is then placed in a temperature of seventy-five to about ninety degrees, when, after a short interval, it becomes cloudy and dull in appearance. In reality it is swarming with tiny microbes, the merest points under the ordinary microscope, but under the most powerful instruments, resolvable into a collection of eight-headed figures. From this first culture vessel a single drop of the contents is again abstracted on the glass rod point, and transferred to a second vessel of fowl-decoction similar to the former one. From the second vessel, a single drop is in the same way carried to a third vessel, from a third to a fourth, and so on. This process repeated any number of

vesels, produces the same result in every culture vessel employed—namely, a clouded appearance in the previously clear fluid, and the same signs under the microscope. After the vessels have been exposed for two or three days to a temperature of about eighty-five degrees, a sediment forms at the bottom of each and the liquid becomes clear. As, however, all impure atmospheric germs are excluded, the liquid and the deposit will remain unchanged even for months.

Let us now compare the relative strengths of our several cultures, as we may call them, and, strange to say, although we would have thought that one of the more advanced stages—say the hundredth culture in direct order—would have been incomparably less fertile in germ formation than the earlier ones, the fact is quite different. As proved by experiments in inoculation, the hundredth, even the thousandth culture is as deadly in its effects as the first one, imprinted directly from the poisonous blood. And even the blood itself used to inoculate a healthy fowl is not stronger or more certain in effect than any one of the succeeding cultures, all are equally virulent.

Would it not appear, to an ordinary experimentalist, as if the virus of this disease were thus capable of an indefinite extension without being attenuated? Perhaps so, but not to Professor Pasteur. This most careful of manipulators discovered at last a means of modifying it. An interval of time was found to be efficacious for this purpose. The process we have described was continuously carried out, no interval of any appreciable extent—only that necessary for the required transference—chopping between the successive cultures. This proved to be the secret of the uniform strength of the preparations. But on the other hand, supposing one hundred cultures carried out successively, and the hundred and first delayed till the expiry of a week, a fortnight, a month, or longer, than the difference was at once observable in the results obtained. The first hundred cultures continuously carried out were uniform, the hundred and first was much less potent. Further than this, it became correspondingly weaker or stronger as the interval which separated it from the preceding culture was longer or shorter. It thus became practicable, by varying the intervals, to prepare cultures of different degrees of strength, until a limit was reached when the virulence became null. In this way, by using cultures for inoculation of varying degrees of strength, a certain graduated percentage of mortality amongst fowls was produced. One culture sufficed to kill eight fowls out of ten, another, five out of ten, another, one out of ten, another, none at all. It was remarkable, also, that these varying degrees of culture strength served as starting points from which successive series could be produced—without allowing an interval—all of the same degree of potency as the initial one.

It was found, before the actual principle of vaccination was reached in these experiments, first, that one of the modified cultures produced, on inoculation, a purely local disorder in the fowl operated upon—a temporary morbid modification, which after a time passed away, second, that the solution the virulence of which was null produced no evil effects, its own inherent repro-

ductive power, though present, being presumed to be overcome by the natural life resistance of the subject operated upon. But—and here we come to the principle of vaccination—when a fowl had been made sufficiently ill by a preparation of a strength which it yet had power to absorb, the most virulent culture had there after no evil effect upon it whatever, or only effects of a passing character. It was proof for a year or more against the strongest contagion of an infected poultry yard. In this way an inoculation for chicken cholera could be successfully performed.

The reason why of this scientific attainment of the chicken cholera disease germs is finely explained by Prof. Pasteur. 'May we not,' he remarks, 'be here in presence of a general law applicable to all kinds of virus? What benefits may not be the result?' The factor which intervenes to attenuate the microbe is, he concludes, the oxygen of the air. It is this which diminishes in time the virulence of the culture, and renders it fit at last for the purpose of safe inoculation.

If its culture, then be carried on in a tube instead of in the ordinary vessel, and the end of this tube be slowly sealed, the microbe will in the course of its development gradually absorb all the oxygen in the tube and in the fluid. After that, it will be destitute of oxygen. From that point, as tested by experiment, it does not seem as if any lapse of time has any effect in diminishing its virulence. 'The oxygen of the air, then,' Professor Pasteur remarks, 'would seem to be a possible modifying agent of the virulence of the microbe in chicken cholera, that is to say, it may modify more or less the facility of its development in the body of animals.'

So far we believe Professor Pasteur's researches and experiments to have resulted in an unquestioned success. There can be little doubt that as regards chicken cholera, the most valuable and important facts are now known. When we turn, however, to his researches into the corresponding 'vaccine' of splenic fever (French *herosé*),\* although we find the same industrious and unwearied experiments, the results—in other hands, at all events—are, or have been lately, somewhat severely questioned. Into the details of the discovery we do not enter fully. The experiments were attended with great difficulty. Suffice it to say that the germs of splenic fever, called 'anthracoid microbe,' were found to be of a different character from those of chicken cholera, more especially in the mode of their reproduction. Of the two, the splenic fever microbe proved the much more enduring, having been discovered in pits where animals had been interred for twelve years. Contact with oxygen for any length of time failed, in the culture experiments, to attenuate it in the slightest degree. The requisite weakening of the anthracoid microbe was, however, effected by selecting it at an early reproductive stage, and subjecting it, in decoction of fowl, to a temperature of between one hundred and seven

\* This disease is known in Russia by the name of the Siberian pest, in Germany, as the Milbrand, perhaps in this country it is better known as 'Anthrax.' The germ is essentially the *Bacillus anthracis*.

and one hundred and one degrees Fahrenheit. At one hundred and thirteen degrees the microbe is no longer cultivable. Between one hundred and seven and one hundred and nine degrees it appears entirely free of germs, ultimately dying, however, in a month or six weeks. Previous to its death, it presents a series of attenuated virulences. If this opportunity be taken, the same graduated cultures can be obtained as in the case of chicken cholera, and these gradations can be reproduced. Finally, they act as a 'vaccin' for the 'superior' or microbe of full virulence.

One of the most striking statements of Professor Pasteur is that in which he asserts, though he does not supply the details of his experiments, that he can restore to those reduced or attenuated germs their original full strength—in experiment as he justly remarks, calculated to shed much light on the varying intensity, the rise and fall, of great epidemics, as well as upon their (supposed) spontaneous appearance.

The spleen fever 'vacin' was no sooner discovered than Professor Pasteur was asked to make public experiments with it. It is estimated that in France alone animals to the value of twenty million francs are annually lost from this disease. Fifty sheep placed at Professor Pasteur's disposal were experimentally upon at Pouilly le Fort, near Melun. Half were vaccinated, the remainder undergoing no treatment. A fortnight thereafter, the whole of the sheep were inoculated with the most virulent utilized microbe. The twenty-five vaccinated sheep resisted its effect, while the unvaccinated died within fifty hours. This, we are assured by Professor Pasteur, was only one successful experiment out of many, as he held up to the date of his address vaccinated more than twenty thousand sheep in the departments surrounding Paris and a large number of cattle and horses. A commission of doctors, surgeons, and veterinary surgeons of Genoa, obtained, he assures us, like results upon vaccinated and unvaccinated sheep, when the blood of an animal which had died of spleen fever was employed direct. In spite, however, of this testimony, several French medical journals insist that numbers of animals constantly die under Professor Pasteur's hands from the effects of the 'vacin' virus.

The most direct contradiction of Professor Pasteur's theory, however, is contained in a communication recently made by Dr Khan, in this country, to the Veterinary Department of the Privy Council. Dr Khan seems to have used every care in procuring reliable 'vacin' through Professor Pasteur's agent in Paris, and so far as his experiments go, they certainly do not tell in favour of the theory. The preparations *Pasteur's vaccin charbonum* and *Pasteur's vaccin charbonum* were to be exhibited successively, with a certain interval. The results demonstrated that neither of these preparations afforded immunity against fatal anthrax, and also that either of them might of themselves produce the disease in a fatal form. Dr Khan accordingly considers that as this country is as yet comparatively free from anthrax, the introduction of this 'vacin' is calculated to do much mischief.

It seems under these circumstances much to be desired that a fuller opportunity of testing

the value of Professor Pasteur's treatment for anthrax should be afforded. Only in this way can the question be settled. It is impossible, of course, to judge when the evidence is so strangely conflicting. In the interests of science and in those of our flocks of stock, we hope the question may be authoritatively settled, as it is one in every way of the gravest importation.

## STUDIES IN ANIMAL LIFE

While it must be conceded that animals possess most of man's good qualities, it cannot be denied that they share many of his faults. Animals cherish ideas of revenge with almost human tenacity, and appear to believe thoroughly in the proverb that declares it to be sweet. Some instances of the chastisement inflicted by brutes on fellow brute man, however, be considered somewhat more typical of justice than of revenge. In a story from the front in all things relating to animal intellect, and many curious instances of injuries remembered and punishment inflicted. Melwin, in that singular *melange* of his, *The Angler in Wales*, gives a remarkable anecdote illustrative of our theme. Two terriers, inseparable friends, named Vixen and Viper, were employed by their owner to hunt in Otter Owen, to the name of the ground, settled carefully by the otter, only one of the lot, Vixen, was enabled to attack the enemy, and she, it so fearfully muled in the encounter that death speedily followed. Viper appeared in no shape at the loss of his friend. The next morning he was missing, and after some hours search, was given up as lost. On retracing their steps to the scene of the fatal hunt, Captain Medwin and his companion were surprised to find traces of fresh blood, and on following them up, discovered rolled up together, stiff and cold, in the embrace of death, the otter and Viper. From the appearance of the ground and the gore reddened soil, it was seen that the battle had been a deep one. Well does Captain Medwin remark: 'It was a most public incident, a proof of sagacity, an instance of memory, thought, and reason combined, which led this little terrier to brave that danger which had been fatal to its comrade, in order to avenge her death.'

The length of time a dog will treasure up the remembrance of an injury is truly marvellous. 'He forgets neither friend nor foe,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'remember, and with accuracy, both benefit and injury.' In his delightful *Anecdotes of Dogs*, Jesse furnishes some noteworthy instances of this strength of canine memory. On one occasion, according to his story, a traveller, in passing on horseback through a small Cumberland village, out of pure thoughtlessness, struck with his whip at a large Newfoundland dog that reposed by the wayside. The enraged animal rushed at him and pursued him for a considerable distance. Twelve months later, his business took him to the same village, and as he was leading his horse, the dog, recollecting him, seized his leg, the teeth penetrating through the boot, and the animal might otherwise have done him serious injury, had not assistance been procured. In another case, recorded, some few years ago, in

the *Dublin University Magazine*, in which the persons are mentioned by name, a powerful dog, called Tiger, long cherished a grudge against a friend of his owner for having set a stout bulldog at him. Tiger had fought well, but had to succumb to the superior strength of his opponent. He determined to revenge himself upon the instigator of the fight, for a long time he could not find an opportunity, although he daily took up his post outside the offenders' abode, and let him know pretty plainly what his intentions were. One morning his master heard a scuffle on the stairs, followed by a scream. He ran to the door and opened it, when he bounded Tiger, and took refuge under the sofa, whence he usually retreated when he had committed any offence. He was followed by his master's friend, pallid and bleeding, and with his clothing torn. The dog had seized him suddenly, and avenged his wrong. Tiger was dragged out of his place of refuge, and received from his owner a severe chastisement, which he bore, however, with stoical patience. But henceforth he appeared to deem his honour satisfied, and in future made every effort to console the man against whom he had so long entertained spite.

There have been occasions when this long cherished desire for revenge has been gratified in a far more serious manner. The Rev John Selby Watson, in his highly suggestive work on the *Reasoning Power in Animals*, alludes to the following interesting occurrence, that happened at St Cloud, in the neighbourhood of Paris. A large Newfoundland dog was kept tied up during the hot weather, and every morning a servant maid, as she passed, thinking to do it a kindness, threw a quantity of water over the animal. The dog appeared to consider this daily deluge as an insult, but being tied up, it was unable to manifest its resentment. One day however, the brute was released, and no sooner did the unfortunate servant present herself, than it sprang at her with intense ferocity, and before she could be rescued, killed her.

It has already been seen that dogs will try to avenge themselves upon human beings as well as upon animals, whilst the instances on record where they have inflicted punishment upon other dogs are very numerous. In his *Encyclopaedia of Rural Sports*, Blaine furnishes the following anecdote: 'I had in my kitchen, says a certain Duke, two turnspits, one of which went regularly every other day into the wheel. One of them, however, not liking his employment, hid himself on the day on which he should have worked, so that his companion was ordered to enter the wheel in his stead. But the dog lunged back, crying and wagging his tail, and making signs to those present to follow him. Being curious to see what he would do, they put themselves under his guidance, when he led them straight to a garret where the mill dog was hid, and immediately fell upon him and killed him on the spot.' In this case, it can scarcely be considered that the dog was prudent in the revenge he took—although, for the matter of that, human beings rarely are—as he probably had, for a time at least, to take the place at the wheel of his slain companion. In a somewhat similar anecdote given by Jesse, the injured brute acted with more foresight. On one occasion—so goes the

story—when the cook at the Jesuits' College at La Flèche required the spit turned, the dog that should have been on duty was nowhere to be found, and when the man would have employed another, it bit at him and ran away. In a little while, however, this latter animal reappeared, driving before him the one that would have evaded its duty, which he forced to enter the wheel and go on with the work. Anecdotes of the dignified and even magnanimous way in which large dogs avenge themselves for insults upon smaller members of their species, are exceedingly numerous, and generally too well known for citation here. Dr Hancock, in his *Essay on Instinct*, alluding to one of these instances, in which a Newfoundland dog dropped a trouble some cur into the quay at Cork, and then, when it was struggling for life, plunged in and saved it, remarks, that 'it would be difficult to conceive any punishment more aptly contrived or more completely in character,' adding, that 'if it were fully analysed, an ample commentary might be written in order to show what a variety of compassionate and motives and generous feelings entered into the composition of this act.' A very interesting instance of the sagacity with which these Newfoundland dogs act, and the way in which they retain their resentment, is afforded by Mr Watson. He tells how a gentleman on arriving at his country house, in the neighbourhood of London, discovered that he had brought with him a key that would be needed during his absence. He had with him a Newfoundland dog that was accustomed to carry things, and to it he intrusted the key. On its way to town with the key the poor creature was attacked by a butcher's dog, but attempted no resistance, and only used its powers to get off with its charge. It delivered the key safely, and then on its way home stopped deliberately before the butcher's shop until the dog again came forth, when he attacked it furiously, and did not leave off until he had killed it.

Elephants are proverbial for the retaliatory means they adopt in repayment of injuries or insults inflicted upon them, in many instances, the deeds of vengeance have quite an air of poetic justice about them. We recently recorded one of the most singular cases on record (No 977), in which an elephant avenged himself on two individuals who had separately abused her. And who has not heard of that characteristic story related by Monsieur Nivart, of the Mascarene elephant upon whose skull the driver had cruelly cracked a cocoon nut, in return for which, the man-led animal availed itself of the first opportunity of revenging the offence by breaking a cocoon nut on the man's head, and by so doing killed him? Many similar instances are related of terrible vengeance inflicted by these creatures upon those who injure them, but in some cases their revenge takes a ludicrous turn. The tale of the Delhi elephant and the tailor is too well known to call for recapitulation. Another anecdote is related of an elephant that was known as the 'fool,' but which proved the injustice of that appellation by the revenge it practised upon a quartermaster, who, irritated at its persistent refusal to carry more than a certain weight of baggage, flung a tent peg at its head. A few days later, as the animal was

going through the camp, it overtook the quarter-master, and seizing the man with its trunk, lifted and deposited him in a large tamarind tree, leaving him to get down as he best could.

Elephants, indeed, are very sensitive to insult, and would appear frequently to be more annoyed at anything derogatory to their dignity than at actual pain. In a well-known work on natural history styled *The Menagerie*, it is stated that as an elephant was passing through the streets of London, a man seized it by the tail, an indignity that so offended it, that it grasped him with its trunk, and placing him against some iron railings, kept him prisoner, until persuaded by the keeper to let him go. Captain Shipp has recorded in his *Memoirs* that an elephant drenched him with dirty water for having put cayenne pepper on its bread and butter.

The Rev. Mr. Watson gives a very curious story in illustration of this animal's wonderful long memory of a wrong suffered. One of those pests of society, 'a practical joker,' was carrying in a West of England fair and traded his stupid wares upon an elephant there. He first dived out to it, one by one, some gingerbread nuts, and when the grateful animal was thrown off its guard, he suddenly proffered it a large parcel wrapped in paper. The unsuspecting creature accepted and swallowed the lump, but immediately began to exhibit signs of intense suffering, and snatching up a bucket, handed it to the keeper for water. This being given to it, it eagerly swallowed quantities of the fluid. 'Ha!' cried the delighted joker, 'I guess those nuts were a trifle hot, old fellow.' 'You had better be off,' exclaimed the keeper, 'unless you wish the bucket at your head.' The fool took the hint only just in time, for the enraged animal having finished the sixth bucketful, hurled the bucket after its tormentor with such force that had he lingered a moment longer his life might have been forfeited. The affair did not, however, yet conclude. The following year the show revisited the same town, and the foolish joker, like men of his genus, unable to profit by experience, thought to repeat his stupid trick on the elephant. It took two lots of nuts into the show with him—sweet nuts in the one pocket and hot in the other. The elephant had not forgotten the jest played upon him, and therefore accepted the cakes very cautiously. At last the joker proffered a hot one, but no sooner had the injured creature discovered its pungency than it seized hold of its persecutor by the coat tails, hoisted him up by them, and held him until they gave way, when he fell to the ground. The elephant now inspected the several coat tails, which, after he had discovered and eaten all the sweet nuts, he tore to rags and flung after their discomfited owner.

We will now refer to the methods of revenge adopted by animals of another race. Apes, it will readily be comprehended, are very dangerous creatures to arouse the animosity of, as they will dare anything in order to avenge their wrongs, and are most ingenious in adopting schemes of retaliation. Many of their deeds of revenge are well known, but the following anecdote, related by Vasari, the Italian biographer,

will be new to many of our readers. Il Rosso, a disciple of Michael Angelo, resided in Florence, in a house overlooking a garden belonging to some friar. Il Rosso possessed an ape which was on very friendly terms with one of his apprentices called Battastoni, who employed the animal to steal the friar's grapes, letting it down into the adjacent garden and drawing it up again by a rope. The grapes being mixed, a watch was set, and one day a friar caught the ape in the very act. He tried to inflict a thrashing; but the ape got the best of it, and escaped. Il Rosso, however, was wud, and his pet sentenced to wear a weight on its tail. But few days elapsed ere the culprit had an opportunity of avenging this insult. Whilst the friar who had detected and punished the creature was performing mass at a neighbouring church, the ape climbed to the roof of the man's cell, and, to quote Vasari's words, 'performed so lively a dance with the weight on his tail, that there was not a tile or vase left unloosen, and on the friar's return a torrent of lamentations was heard that lasted for three days.'

#### A REMINISCENCE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT

In my youthful days in Edinburgh, a trifling incident—but to me a rare piece of good fortune—occurred in relation to 'The Author of *Waverley*,' which it gives me pleasure to record.

In those early days I was an enthusiastic reader of his novels, and was in the habit of frequently looking in at the Court of Session, in the old Parliament House of Edinburgh, where Scott, in his official capacity as one of the clerks of Court, used to sit while it was in session. I always endeavoured to get as near him as I could, to gaze upon that noticeable face and head, which, once seen, could never be forgotten, and I used to wonder by what process that magical genius of his had evoked from the past such a gallery of real men and women—in number and variety almost approaching Shakespeare—with all their loves and hates, their joys and sorrows, their strength, their weaknesses, their staidness, their devotion, and homely simplicity—his manly, healthy genius redeeming from all taint of exaggeration or sentimentalism the characters that live in his pages. It was a face in which were combined shrewdness, humour, kindness, keen perception, and sagacity, while to these was superadded a certain 'pawkiness' (to use a Scotch word which has no equivalent in English). He would now and then exchange words with the brother officials who sat beside him, or opposite to him, on the other side of the table. Often some joke would pass, and then his face would brighten up, and a smile break out and steal all over it, his merry eye and suppressed chuckle revealing the sense of humour that had stirred him. Here I may say that Chantrey's world-known bust of him reproduces his usual expression with consummate fidelity. No bust of any one I have ever seen has so truthfully conveyed to me the living features as this one does.

It was in the summer of 1830, I think, now

fifty-three years ago, that a commercial traveller, a friend of mine, bound for Galahally, proposed to drive me thither from Edinburgh in his gig, and back again. As I had never seen Abbotsford, I eagerly seized this opportunity of being taken to the place. Having seen Scott in the Parliament House the day before, I concluded that he was for the time resident in town, and that there would be no difficulty in gaining admission to the house, and grounds of Abbotsford. It was arranged that, while my friend was transacting his business in Galahally, I should walk on to the Tweed, on whose south bank stands Abbotsford, near the river, backed by 'Edison's triple height,' be fitted across, and remain in a few hours to my companion. It was a lovely day, and the fields and woods were in all their summer beauty. At the same time,

In the Tweed, silver stream  
Glittering in the sunny beam

I was ferried across its rippling waters, then mounted the grassy bank on the other side, and presented myself at the entrance to the house, full of delightful anticipations of the treat I should have in seeing the interior of the den itself of 'The Wizard of the North.' The old man's servant who opened the door to me expected that I could not be admitted, 'because,' said he, 'the Sheriff is at home and in the house, and strangers are not admitted when he is here.' Thus my fine castle in the clouds all at once vanished, and I stood wistful and disappointed, talking the old man that I had come all the way from Edinburgh that day specially to see the place, and that I had never dreamed his master was at home, having myself seen him in the Court on the previous day. 'Ye see, sir,' he replied, 'he comes out here whenever he can get a day even when the Court's sitting.' He came out last night. It cannot be helped. I'm sorry ye've had the trouble o' coming so far for naughting. At that moment, Scott himself, coming out of a room entering from the garden, had reached the hall entrance where I stood, on his way to the grounds. He was clad in a homely suit of black and white cloth, and had a belt round his waist, in which were stuck a hatchet, a hammer, and a small saw, while two large dogs gambled about him, leaping up against him in their eager fondness, and presenting their heads to be patted. 'What's the young man's business?' said he, addressing the servant, who repeated to him what I had been saying, while I stood with my heart beating furiously the while. Before I could gather courage to say a word for myself, Scott, turning to me, said: 'As you have come so far, young man, to see the place, you must not be disappointed, so you can just run through the house, and see whatever you like—Good day, sir.' Before I could thank him, he passed out into the grounds, the dogs still leaping up upon him, he pushing them off and playfully scolding them.

This was my last glimpse of Scott. At that time he was working hard, with deadly persistence, to retrieve his misfortunes and pay his creditors. He looked paler than usual, and was careworn and anxious. This was about three years before his

final break down and death. How grand and impressive are Carlyle's words about him in his latter days! 'And so the curtain falls, and the strong Walter Scott is with us no more, a possession from him does remain, widely scattered, yet attainable, not inconsiderable. It can be said of him, when he departed, he took a Man's life along with him. No sounder piece of British Manhood was put together in this eighteenth century of Time. Alas! his fine Scotch face, with its shaggy honesty, sagacity, and good nature, when we saw it latterly on the Edinburgh streets, was all worn with care, the joy all fled from it, ploughed deep with labour and sorrow. We shall never forget it, we shall never see it again. Adieu, Sir Walter, pride of Scotchmen, take our proud and sad farewell!'

ALEXANDER IRVING

BOWDON, CHESHIRE

BY THE SEA.

That lingered 'neath the spreading thorn  
The snow white blooms fell on her hair,  
Athwart his face the sunbeams lay,  
And I love was young, and life was fair

'Only one little you, they said,  
Then parted at her cottage door—  
He smiling westward with the tide  
She, happy, waiting by the shore.

'Two long long years' Time slowly drags  
When Hoyt is gone for evermore,  
The days seem weeks, the months seem years—  
And still she watches by the shore.

The seaweed is closter red and gold  
And shells amid their treasures gleam,  
And by one day's run but to her  
As fading memories of a dream.

'The evening, and the glowing sun  
Stoops down to kiss the purple sea,  
The foamy waves like wind blown clouds,  
Break on the rocks unceasingly.

Slowly the gray mist creeps a town  
The darkening hillsides by the bay,  
Song birds are hushed, no bird stars appear,  
And daylight dimly steals away.

In bitterest agony she moans—  
For words will come though hearts may break  
'O dreamy wind, O sad sad sea,  
Lull me to sleep, nor let me wake.'

Ah was it Fate that brought the storm  
That night, and wrecked the 'homeward bound'  
While in the gray dawn, met at last,  
The lovers side by side were found.

Ay met at last, but cold in death,  
The salt sea dripping from his hair,  
And she—That upward face, can tell  
How heaven had heard her weary prayer.

A. H. MACMACHIN.

\* Scott was Sheriff of Selkirkshire

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Fourth Series

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS

No 995—VOL. XX

SATURDAY, JANUARY 20, 1863

Price 1½d

SHIPS AND SAILORS

If the nineteenth century has caused an unceasing modification in the conditions of labour and of life, it has affected still more profoundly the lot of those who toil on the sea. The ancient mariners who manned our war ships and merchant marine a generation ago, were quite a different race from those of the present day. In dress, in discipline, in ideas, in aspiration, the modern seaman differs from his predecessors, and each year induces further changes, such changes being inevitable, from the hour that ships began to be influenced by the accelerations of the century.

Steam navigation demands men of a different type from those who floated leisurely in the 'wooden tubs,' as wind and weather permitted. In defiance of the hurricane, in the teeth of adverse gales, in mockery of the 'doldrums' and calms of every sort, the steam driven vessel goes on to her destination. Voyages that once occupied months have been reduced to weeks. The sailor's mind is kept in a state of continual activity. His personal share in the conflict with nature is greatly reduced, and each development of modern navigation tends to merge the mariner into a part of the floating machine.

In the sailing ship, individual bravery and smartness had immense scope for display, when storm and man fought for mastery in the giddy heights where topsails lent under the sun like coachmen's whips. No coward was equal to the conflict that raged in that upper region, no bungler could furl the staghorn sail, that wrenched and strained like a living thing. Monkey like agility, heroic courage, dire devil emulation, were needed in the fearful crises to which every sailing ship was exposed. The wild tameless lads who 'would go to sea' found in the storm those terrific antagonisms that brought out the man in them, and the wild energy of nature and humanity were thus happily neutralised.

On board steamships, there is no need of such men. Thoughtful, cautious, reflective navi-

gators are wanted, who know how to elude the whims and caprices of Neptune, and who can contrive to get at the secret of the old god's humours, instead of merely battling with them. Meteorology is studied, ocean currents are tracked, the genesis and behaviour of storms scientifically examined. The grand object is to get from port to port with the utmost safety and certainty—to make ocean voyages as calculable as land journeys.

Seamanship has entered upon an absolutely new phase, and demands men of another kind than the gallant but slow witted sea dogs that had suited ruder times. For, mingled with the bravery of these ancient tars, there were superstitious and prejudices that made them hostile to the march of the age. Long after ghosts, goblins, and portents ceased to have any influence upon the conduct of landmen, they continued to inhabit the fore-castle and to keep company with the night-watch. 'Davy Jones was honoured and named, when his fellows ashore were called into eternal oblivion. The old fashioned sailor, when making his money fly with his boon companions at home or abroad, was a man of rough morals. His oaths were appalling to 'long shore men, his conceptions of religion strangely pagan. But on board ship, amid the quietude of its monastic routine, away from rum and riot, swinging between high heaven and the unknown depths of ocean, a tow in the immensities of sky and water, the now sobered tar became deeply conscious that he lived among preternatural marvels, and that the phenomena surrounding him were stupendously mysterious. The fearful changes that passed over the firmament and the sea, awful darkness painted with lightning fires, black night seas glowing with phosphorescent gleams, sunsets like a world in flames, unmoving ocean like an infinite pool of blue oil, raging pitiless, invading ocean, white with deadly passion, leaping like a live thing over the bulwarks, and seizing the seaman with a mighty clutch—all these variations of nature's moods had deep significance for sailors. Baleful sprites had much



to do with the monstrous agitations that supervened in the watery world. It was needful to be on good terms with them. Science attempting to explain the origin of trupeets, the phosphoric essence of the sea, the Gulf stream, trade winds, and other wonders, was considered as a dangerous, almost blasphemous meddling with the concerns of the malign powers presiding over these departments of the world.

But superstition faded under the dominion of steam at sea, as it did on shore. Davy Jones has become as dubious as Neptune, and is no more propitiated than *Æolus*. The ancient order of mariners is on the wane.

If sailors have become men of another order, ships have been more multiplied by the endless inventions of the past half century. From the origin of navigation until our own times, wood was the only substance employed for floating men and freight over the water ways of the world. We have changed all that, and now metallic ships are fast supplanting wooden ones, so that in course of time, a vessel of the old type will be as great a curiosity to the eyes of a Viking.

Before iron began to supersede wood, metallic rigging had commenced to supplant hemp, to the derision of sailors and rope makers, who prophesied that such new-fangled notions would be ruinous to our maritime supremacy. Improved steering apparatus met with the same objections, machines for furling sails were looked upon with contempt by those in a who were to be benefited by them. But to go to sea in an iron ship seemed the very epitome of absurdity. Steam had been a frightful innovation of lanthan's notions upon the sea, but this building ships of metal, which is every one knows sinks like a stone in the water, was little better than a crime. The wreck of the *Great Britain* upon the coast of Ireland gave an immense poignancy to the criticism of objecting sailors. There was a signal instance of what these iron monstrosities would come to. The *Great Britain* was the pioneer of the metallic fleet that was to drive the wooden ships out of existence. Lying upon the Dundrum shore, she was a beacon warning to keep clear of such mad innovations. Ails for old sailors and untimely croakers! The *Great Britain* was lifted from her supposed final resting place, and became the most famous, successful, and profitable ship of her time. Thousands of passengers were transported by her to Australia, and vast quantities of the new gold were brought by her to England.

The *Great Eastern* was another example of failure that old sailors rejoiced to instance. Truly, Brunel's Leviathan has been unpropitious to her owners, from the time of her launching until the present hour, she has been a maritime white elephant. But it is a pity that individuals should have to bear the charges of the grand audacity that Brunel perpetrated, for the *Great Eastern* has perhaps done more to civilise civilization than any other ship that has sailed the sea. By her indispensable aid, the Atlantic telegraph cable was laid, an instrument which has blessed mankind, and will for all future time. If the inhabitants of Europe and America ever feel grateful for the improvements of the past twenty years, they should not forget how much the *Great Eastern* has contributed to them.

Besides her aid in telegraph development, the

big ship furnished the experience that is now causing so great a change in the tonnage of our mercantile fleets. For years after her construction, it was universally believed that she was the first, and the last of the Leviathans. Her voyages had been marked with disasters, which were attributed to her immense cable proportions. Then, instead of chipping through the ocean billows as steadily as a train running over land, she rolled like a vast log in the water, and so far from diminishing accidents, inflicted special agonies upon her passengers. And a yet more serious objection was urged, that in case of shipwreck, the loss of life might be appalling, for the *Great Eastern* could carry four or five thousand emigrants. This same objection applied to her as a military transport. In an emergency, ten thousand troops could be carried by her, and it was urged with much plausibility, if she went down with such a large proportion of our small army, that a national panic would result. So the *Great Eastern* has passed the latter part of her existence like a worn out hull.

She furnishes another instance of the great law of progress—namely, that invention must wait on experience. Brunel and his financial supporters were ahead of their time. Now, mankind have begun to catch them up. Further invention, the more urgent demands of our broader civilization, improved navigation, the spread of population in the United States and Australasia—all these impel ship owners to increase the dimensions of their vessels. Each year the comparisons between the first Leviathan and her sisters grow less, and it is not rash to believe that even the phenomenal proportions of the *Great Eastern* may yet be surpassed. The *Sitta*, the *City of Rome*, and the recent *Auroras* of seven thousand five hundred tons, prove that a great change has come over the opinions of those concerned with ocean transport.

The whole tenacity of our time is towards the aggregation of effort—the investing of capital and labour. A ship of five thousand tons can be built cheaper than five ships of one thousand tons. In the working, there is a still more striking economy. One captain, instead of five, and so on through the whole crew, engineers, stewards, and the rest. In the conveyance for passengers, five thousand cost less than one thousand proportionately. Nor is that all. Large ships can be propelled quicker than small ones, and the whole conditions of construction, engines, and propellers be observed. Large ships have more space for coal stowage, a most important matter in ocean traffic, for the economy of time and money. These considerations are further vested by several great advances made in marine engines and in the material of the hulls. Compound engines introduced a vast economy into steam navigation, but with improved boilers and methods of generating steam, a still greater economy will be effected, and it may soon come to pass that our ocean Leviathans will be driven with a much less coal expenditure than at present, and by propellers more powerful and more easily managed than the screw.

Speed, however, has become the first desideratum abroad, as on shore. But speed must be accompanied by safety. What the traveller wants is to get quickly to the end of his journey, not to the end of his life. In this all important

question of safety, some of the shrewdest minds have been and are still engaged. Ships are built in flostable sections, so that in case of wreck or collision, if one part be injured, the others will not sink. Indeed, it followed as a matter of necessity that iron ships should be made buoyant by novel devices, seeing that in case of disaster, wood had the advantage. Thus, the effort has all along been to join strength with elasticity. Recent improvements in making steel, now plied in the ship builder's hand as a material that seems equal to any mishap that even ocean navigation may be liable to. Mild steel appears to be a sort of metallic india rubber that will stand any amount of strain, or impact, without fracture. For some time steel has been taking the place of iron, from its greater strength and lightness combined, now that this new kind is introduced, having still greater advantage, and as the cost of it will be doubtless reduced by its growing employment, we may see an acceleration of the maritime revolution which has been going on for half a century. The ships which are swift and sure will certainly drive out those which are slow and unsafe. Competition is feverishly active in every branch of business, and in none more than in the mercantile marine. The *Alaska*, of the Guion Line, has shown that the Atlantic can be crossed within seven days, not by good luck, but by good engineering, skill, and resolute navigation. Messrs Inman have discarded the *City of Rome* because she has not speed and they doubtless will replace her by a ship that will at least equal the *Alaska*, perhaps surpass her. At any rate we may be sure that Messrs Inman will avail themselves of the best achievements in naval architecture and engineering.

Not is it only among British ship owners that competition of time, there are signs on the other side of the Atlantic that the ocean is to be crossed in a yet shorter time than our own ships can command require. The *Atlantic*, now building on the Hudson is expected to go from New York to Queenstown in little over five days; she is to run at the rate of twenty five miles an hour. In many respects, the *Atlantic* is a marine novelty, built, decked over, so as to slide through the Atlantic waves, instead of over them. She has no masts. Experience alone can demonstrate if she is to accomplish what her designers expect, but whether she fails or not, it is certain that the next few years will witness many further experiments in ship construction, in methods of propulsion, and in economies connected with both.

M. Raoul Pictet, the eminent engineer of Geneva, is said to be engaged upon a new system of ship building, and from his remarkable achievements in other departments of physics, it may well be that he will win further successes in this new field. It is said that he expects to cross the sea at the rate of thirty seven miles an hour. Such speed would produce an extraordinary change in the commercial relationships of mankind, and would hasten that redistribution of nations that is now going on so fast in America and Australasia.

And lately there has entered upon the scene a new agent, that may have incalculable results upon navigation and navigators. It is electricity. A year or two ago the public of Paris were shown an electric boat, designed by M. Trouvé, and

experimented by him upon the Seine. Although but a large toy, it proved that electricity was capable of being applied as a maritime motor. The experiment was quite successful as the early attempts to propel vessels by steam, and those who knew how great the progress of electrical art has been of late years, had no doubt that it would eventually be applied on a larger scale. Such has come to pass. On the 29th September 1881, an electric launch, twenty six feet long and five feet broad, drawing two feet of water, having on board four passengers, went from Millwall to London Bridge—a distance of nearly four miles—at a speed of eight knots an hour against the tide. The return journey was made in twenty four minutes. It was calculated that the electric energy expended was equal to three and one eleventh horse power.

This striking proof of the capability of electric propulsion will soon be followed by demonstrations on a still larger scale, and by which the commercial value of such a motor could be further tested. After all, the question of navigation is decided by commercial success. Ships are superseding sailing ships in their commercial merits. A steamer is so much more than a sailor, and is much more capacious and swift. But it will make three or four voyages to the sailors one, and discharge a ton of coal, and a portion of cargo, in a few days, and transported, the steamer is found to be far cheaper than its rival. So it will be with electric ship—they can succeed only on their commercial merits. Electricity, however, is in the same tentative condition that steam was a century ago. Who can say to what extent the subtle power may be applied on a hundred years hence?

But be that as it may, one thing is certain—sailors will be still further changed from the type of the ancient mariners we knew in our boyhood, than they are to-day. Sailing ships will disappear as the thousands of the world and the old routes are discarded. The Suez Canal has caused a revolution in itself, and if Panama be ever effected, the trade of the world will again be metamorphosed. Each improvement in the craft demands a corresponding improvement in the sailor, no longer is he expected to be a mere manual of toil, but an intelligent link in a chain of causes working out the welfare of the world. The steam tiller enables him to steer the huge monsters he controls as easily as a shaft, the steam winch has relieved him of the labours of hauling, the rapidity of his travels from port to port has relieved him of the dreary monotony of long voyages, and better food and treatment have raised him in the scale of humanity.

In a word, the lot of the sailor partakes of the meliorations going on among the humbler toilers of the world. Although improvements have certain disadvantages attending its first steps, these disappear. No doubt the age of steam has introduced into our mercantile marine a vast number of foreigners, to the injury of our own men in the matter of pay, and to the detriment of the nation's maritime strength in case of a great and prolonged naval war. But such was inevitable, as Great Britain has supplanted the shipping of so many foreign nations. The decline of apprentices, the employment of 'ordinary' seamen, the

poor wages of idle seamen, and the profitableness of the fishing industries, have all contributed to limit the numbers of British sailors, and thereby to increase the number of foreigners sailing under our flag. Still, the royal navy is manned by splendid fellows, as the Egyptian war proved, and in case of a supreme struggle with the naval powers of other peoples, England would find no lack of heroes to keep up her traditions.

And when the maritime business of the world has further developed, when Africa and Asia are further included in the domain of international commerce, the condition of the British sailor will be higher than at any previous time. Taking him altogether, he is the best manner that suits the sea, and he is better capable of adapting himself to changes than his competitors. What ever be the advantages of other nations in soil, climate, or industry, the British, as the carriers and navigators of the ocean, have no superiors, and the progressive civilisation of the world means the increase of our maritime grandeur.

## ONE FALSE, BOTH FAIR;

OR, A HARD KNOT

### CHAPTER III.—LANDING AT SOUTHAMPTON

SIX days after the eventful night when the white squall had tested the endurance of ship and crew, the fine Peninsular and Oriental packet *Cyprus* was gliding through the placid waters that filled Southampton Water, due to yachtsmen, and hearts beat high, and eyes brightened, and grew dimmed with tears, as the expectant passengers prepared to disembark on British ground. Then came the bustle of the actual landing, the noise, stir, and confusion, the hurried farewells to those who had of late been constant companions, but whose mutual memory would soon fall into the casual recollection of a pleasant travelling acquaintance, and next the rush and iron clung of the swift train speeding Londonwards, leaving with it all the passengers with the exception of the two sisters, their servants, and Arthur Talbot.

Half an hour later, a train was ready to start for the West, and by this the Marchioness and Miss Carew were to take their sad journey to the splendid home which the widowed bride and her young husband had quitted but a year ago.

'This is very kind of you, Mr Talbot,' said the Marchioness, as their late fellow traveller, having placed Lady Leominster and her sister in the railway carriage, still lingered at the door, while the servants bustled to and fro in their professional anxiety for the safety of the luggage.

'I am an idle man,' answered Talbot, smiling, 'and my home, as I think I have mentioned, is but a short mile's walk from here.'

'It is called Oukdene Hall, Park—' he stopped.

'Yes,' replied the young man. 'Oukdene is the name. The old house should be flattered by your remembrance of it.—Though it would seem but a poor little nutshell of a place, Lady Leominster, beside Castel Vawr.'

Then came the parking, that conventional

'good-bye,' that may mean so much or so little, now hastily or mechanically uttered, now fraught with a tender sadness or agony of regret. Arthur Talbot's voice was not quite steady as he returned the Marchioness's farewell, and released the little hand that she held out to him from the open window of the railway carriage. As the train slid away from the platform, he remained motionless, following it with his eyes until it was lost to sight, and then turning away, walked slowly and moodily, almost sadly, to the hotel where he knew that he should find his carriage. He had ordered it to be in readiness to convey him home. Home! Oukdene was the abode of his boyhood certainly, and he had a lingering attachment to the place, but the red brick Hall of Queen Anne's reign had been very little of a home to him since he had come, perhaps too early, into possession of his small estate. There was no one at Oukdene who loved him, and would await his coming with the eagerness of affection, only servants more or less faithful, who regarded the visits of their young master, rare and brief, from their own point of view.

London, Paris, Italy, had seen much more of the young Squire of Oukdene than he attained his majority, than had his own quiet acres of pasture and arable and woodland. It was in London that he had reckoned among his dearest friends the late Lord Leominster, but that was in the latter's bachelor days. When the Marquis married, Talbot was abroad, and their next and last meeting took place far up the Nile, when this world and its pomp and vanities had come very nearly to an end for the Most Honourable Wilfrid of Leominster. Then their paths of travel again diverged, and it was by the merest chance that Arthur Talbot found himself a passenger on board the steamer in which the widowed Marchioness and her sister were returning to England. Some how, on his homeward drive that day along the familiar road, and as he sat upwards at his solitary dinner, with the old portraits of long dead Talbots, his ancestors, like silent friends, cycling him from the walls, the image of Lady Leominster, a noble, and beautiful, was seldom absent from his thoughts.

Mountains the train, throwing behind it miles and leagues of moor and meadow and forest, seas of sprouting corn and ranges of humpbacked downs, scoured here and there by white cuttings that lulled the chalk, reached the rougher and wilder landscape that lay far to the north-west. Those blue Welsh hills that towered, almost threateningly, through the haze of the horizon, how often had they frowned defiance on the invader, from the day when the Roman legionaries under Ostorius, warily plodding on with sloped spears, in weary march, caped them, until that which saw King Henry's last expedition against rebellious Glamorgan. These were the fastnesses to which the beaten Britons had been driven back under stress of Roman swords, and whence the wild clans of the country made raids the rich lands for ever torn away. Those times were gone, like the birds and the Druids, and no loud number was needed now to hold his fields by snail and spear, as when the Most Noble the Marquis of Leominster was a Marquis indeed, with a mark to guard, and fierce hereditary foes to keep back from harrying

the peaceful hills on the English side of the Border. Yet yonder rises on its eminence, with dark woods around it, Castel Vawr, flashing back the sunbeams as of old, more beautiful, if less strong, than before the manding ivy and the drooping foxglove and tenacious bindweed had clung to its venerable towers, and before the once new white Norman masonry had assumed the picturesque grayness of hoary age.

At a tiny station, where, nevertheless, other than parliamentary trains were wont to stop, some railway Companies are accommodating where a great landowner and a pair of the realm is concerned, within easy reach of Castel Vawr, the two sisters alighted. There were carriages from the Castle in waiting there, and a *fourgon* for the luggage, and black liveries, and a respectful little rustic crowd of frontier folks, who hardly knew to which nationality, (Celtic or Teutonic, they belonged, who talked English in the alehouse and sang Welsh hymns in chapel, but who took off their broad-brimmed West country hats with a low murmur of muticulate reverence, as the widowed mistress of the great estate passed through the midst of them on her way from the platform to her carriage. That carriage, with its sable harness cloth and coroneted panels, blended emblems of pride and woe, rolled off, swiftly and smoothly, along the well kept road. It was bright spring weather, the lark carolling aloft, the saucy chaffinch chirping from the apple boughs that overtopped the woodland clustered hedgerows of some cottages.

But the occupants of the carriage, as it traversed this smiling landscape, had a muted silent, until at length one of them seal almost timidly, in a low sweet voice that was broken by emotion. 'I hope, my darling sister, that we at least shall never be parted. I have but you in the world now, remember, and we two should never separate.'

With some slight expression of perplexed surprise, but with ready tears willing up to her gentle eyes, she who was addressed bent forward to kiss the speaker's pale cheek. 'We never will, dearest, if the choice rests with me!' she said softly, and then the two sat for some moments hand in hand, but mute.

The carriage had by this time reached the lodge gates of the ample Park, and was rolling along amidst green lawns and bosky dells, beloved of the fallow deer, under the arching oaks of the grand avenue.

Again she heard that sweet tremulous voice. 'I do hope, love, that we shall both feel equally at home at Castel Vawr, as we did once at poor shabby old Carew. I do hope that it will be your home, dear sister, which I live, as well as mine.'

Again the look of pain and surprise crossed the listener's fair face, but the only reply was a smothered sob, for just then the carriage dashed up to the stately front of the Castle and came to a stop before the great doors, wide open now, while a muster of liveried servants stood on the broad stone steps waiting to welcome their mistress.

In the great drawing room of Castel Vawr, the many windows of which commanded a matchless prospect of vale and river and the bold chain

of the Welsh mountains beyond, sat Lady Barbara Montgomery, a spinster aunt of the late Marquis, tall, upright, and dignified, with aquiline features and iron gray hair smoothly braided. Unfriendly words were not infrequently remarked of Lady Barbara that she was as cold as an icicle and as hard as a flint, but the remark was not quite just. She was a proud woman, nothing more, but then nobody loves the proud if pride implies unkind reluctance. The silent are always, at a discount in society, and very few of us have eyes keen enough to penetrate the defensive armour of such as Lady Barbara. She was not proud because she was a Lady Barbara—not in the least. With her the pride was quite innate, and would have made itself obviously manifest had she been the daughter of the pettiest village shopkeeper. As it was, it centred in the strongly felt remembrance of her recent misfortune, and in the appreciation of a semi-fudal splendour and dignity of deportment doubly dear to her because nothing else had ever awakened her high fancy.

Two thirds of Lady Barbara's life had been spent at Castel Vawr, and yet she was by no means dependent either on her brother the farmer, or her nephew the late, Marquis. An early bequest had made her rich. She had a good London house, had she chosen to live in it, and a handsome income, had she cared to spend it, but she clung to the Border Castle with an attachment that was absolutely catlike, and her great fear had been that she might have to leave the house that was her birthplace, as the chiefship of the family might now devolve upon a cousin. That fear, however, was happily avoided. The late Marquis had possessed unusual power of mind, splendid attainments for his young wife's benefit, and Clare was to have the castle and lands for her life. Lady Barbara had not much apprehension that the widowed Lady Leominster would either object to her continued residence beneath that stately roof, or interfere to any serious extent with her customary household arrangements. The Marquessness would reign, of course, as titular sovereign, but hers would be a sway like that of some Merovingian king of France, with My Lady Barbara for a petticoated Mayor of the Palace.

Lady Barbara was not on this occasion alone. With her was the family solicitor Mr Pontifex, of the well known firm of Pounce and Pontifex, who had journeyed down from Lincoln's Inn expressly to receive the widow of his late noble client on her first arrival as absolute mistress at princely Castel Vawr. These hereditary lawyers often come to console themselves as part and parcel of the great families whose marriages and mortgage deeds they have continued to draw, and whose feuds and weaknesses and whims have been laid bare before them for successive generations. Pounce and Pontifex, who were, so to speak, legal confidants to half the peerage, had a special regard for the House of Montgomery Leominster. Mr Pontifex himself, a round little man, with gray whiskers, gold-rimmed glasses, and whitish-pinkish face, looked very like a country banker or land-agent, and not in the least like the rival of a London attorney. His manner was at once bland and abrupt, perhaps jerky, and he took a good deal

of strong, scented snuff from a costly box, the valued legacy of a dual client long deceased.

'How fortunate, as I said before, that poor Wilfred was so thoughtful,' said Lady Barbara, after a pause, during which lawyer and lady had alike been listening for the expected sound of wheels, 'and that he was able, too, to dispose of his own. For otherwise, Adolphus Montgomery would have been master here, and Castel Vaux could have been no home for me any more.'

Adolphus was the name of the new Marquis of some weeks date, and Lady Barbara could not endure as yet to speak of him otherwise than by his plain Christian and surname, while even these she pronounced with a little pardonable irritation. It provoked her that the Leominster coronet should have passed away from the main stem—her own—to a younger branch, descended from a half-forgotten cadet of long ago. Such feelings may be foolish, but they are not unnatural. Be sure that Marguerite of Valois, divorced wife and divorced queen of the Great Henri, had her own private notions as to the mushroom pretensions of the then upstart royal House of Bourbon of Navarre! The remark was transparently selfish, but it did not surprise Mr Pontifee, who merely showed his white front teeth as he replied, 'Very fortunate! The present peer, however, will— Ah! there the carriage.'

#### IS THE SUN WASTING?

DURING the last twenty years, the subject of the constitution of the sun has attracted very great attention, not only amongst scientific men, but amongst intelligent readers of books and newspapers. We think it therefore of interest to give our readers a popular account of the different theories upon the sun's heat, and especially a new one bearing the name of Dr Siemens, whose reputation is so well known from his discoveries in metallurgy and electricity, and who filled the chair of the British Association for the Advancement of Science at its meeting at Southampton.

Most of our readers doubtless know the chief figures which denote the dimensions of the sun, especially since the transit of Venus eight years ago led to a correction of the distance of the sun from the earth, according to the figure that had for many years been accepted. But perhaps not so many persons have noticed the enormous figures that represent the heat of the solar orb, as contrasted with the figures that we are familiar with on the subject of terrestrial heat.

The volume of the sun is about one million three hundred thousand times that of the earth, and its distance from us, in round numbers, about ninety-three millions of miles. And since we all of us every day see the wonderful effects of the heat and light which even this little wail of ours receives, we can form some faint idea of the enormous amount of heat continually given out by the sun and the prodigious waste that must be going on. And if

we would form any real estimate of this heat and waste, we must remember that all the light and heat which is received by the earth and other planets is a very small proportion of the amount that is being continually poured forth. It might be shown, with a moderate knowledge of geometry, that the amount so shed into space, where there are no planets to receive it, is two thousand two hundred and fifty million times as great as that which is received by all the planets which form our solar system.

We naturally ask, 'What is the condition of a body which is capable of throwing out for thousands, and perhaps millions of years, so vast an amount of light and heat?' For it has been computed that the temperature of the surface of the sun would be expressed by eighteen thousand degrees of Fahrenheit's thermometer, or between thirty and ninety times the temperature of boiling water. This is about five times the highest temperature that man is able to produce by artificial means. Also the light given off from the same surface is computed to be five thousand three hundred times more intense than that of the molten metal in a Bessemer converter, though that is of an almost blinding brilliancy. Or if we compare it with the oxy-hydrogen flame, the sun is a light equal to a hundred and forty-six times the intensity of the lime light.

So intense is the heat of the sun, that no known substance could remain in a solid form when subjected to such a temperature. Hence it has been concluded that the entire orb, vast as it is, is in a condition of gas altogether void of any trace of liquid or solid substance, moreover, that the outside visible surface of the sun flows like the surface of the sea, or rather like vaporous masses of cloud and misty air. But we must not suppose that this vaporous material is of little weight throughout the whole substance of the sun, for in consequence of the sun's vast size, the pressure in the inward portions must be so great through the influence of attraction, that the internal mass is believed to be denser than water. And as the late Professor Clerk Maxwell and others have shown that the viscosity or tenacity of a gas increases fast with the rise of its temperature, it is possible that the vaporous matter of the sun's interior would resist motion like a mass of pitch or putty.

When thinking about this enormous amount of heat, philosophers have naturally inquired whether it is being dissipated gradually, or whether it is by some means sustained undiminished, and if so sustained, by what means? There have until recently been put forth two theories on the matter, but recently a third has been broached by Dr Siemens, and it has appeared in the *Nineteenth Century* under the title of 'A New Theory of the Sun'—that is, as regards the sustentation of its light and heat. We will mention the old theories in their natural order. First, all our everyday experience teaches us that when combustion is taking place, the substances which are giving out light and heat are parting with their matter, and emitting it in various different forms, as gas and a residuum of ashes. We see this in the burning of a piece of wood or coal, or even a piece of paper. We do not say the substance is lost. If we could gather up

all the products of the combustion, we should find that they had not lost a particle of their weight, but that the form of them was materially changed. This, then, we conclude is the case with the sun. As we have stated above, the enormous light and heat which is being continually thrown into space, proves that the sun is converting much of its substance into other forms, and unless the waste be supplied from some external source, the material of which the orb is composed cannot fail to be gradually diminishing, though in the case of a body of such large dimensions, it must be a long time before there is any perceptible diminution either of volume or heat. But the loss of heat is by some believed to be compensated by the diminution of volume. Professor Newcombe, of Yale College, United States, has come to the conclusion, that with the diminution of the mass, the heat augments, and that, by this compensation, a shrinking of the mass might go on for five millions of years, and that it would then be eight times as dense as it is now. And he concludes that the present conditions of radiation of heat and light cannot have gone on for more than ten millions of years, and probably cannot support life on the earth for another ten millions. This theory, then, does not profess to provide for an indefinite continuance of the sun's present powers. And we may add, by the way, that even if we are led to contemplate the ultimate extinction of light and heat in the sun, it is no more than appears to have happened in the moon, which appears to be a dark and inert mass, the rotation of which has been perhaps stopped by some such tidal action as we know is at work upon our planet, and very slowly, but steadily, retarding our diurnal rotation. That the moon does not rotate is manifest from the fact that it always presents the same face to the earth. The first theory, then, does not profess to show that the sun's waste is repaired from without.

The second theory is, that the waste is repaired, both in volume and heat, by the continual impact or striking of meteorites upon its surface. This theory is due to Dr Mayer of Hallbronn, and was published in 1848. It was enthusiastically received by Sir William Thomson of Glasgow, one of the greatest physicists of the day, and who is especially known for his successful researches in electricity. It is well known that if a body when moving rapidly be suddenly stopped in its course, heat is the immediate result. We may see this exemplified when a bullet is fired against a stone wall, the lead becomes heated. This theory supposes that the sun is being perpetually hammered like a ponderous anvil by falling meteors, and that its heat energy is maintained as a lump of iron is kept hot by the vigorous blows of a blacksmith. Various calculations have also been made as to the amount of heat generated by the impact of a small planet, or other mass, the weight of which can be computed. But surely if there were falling continually on the sun such a mass of meteors as would repair the regular waste, the earth would meet with a good deal more of such matter than it does in the periodical meteoric display in November and other seasons, and the orbit of the planet Mercury, which is the nearest known of the sun's satellites, would exhibit some traces of this

powerful influence. We can therefore hardly attach much weight to this theory.

We now come to the new theory started under the powerful name of Dr Siemens. It seems very probable that the theory has been suggested by observation of the regenerative gas furnace of which he and his brother, Herr F. Siemens, are the originators, wherein the surplus heat, which has not been at first utilised for work, is returned through a central regenerative chamber to the gas and air about to be burned, before the waste products, with which it was previously associated, are sent up the chimney.

Dr Siemens starts with the following assumption, that all the space between the planets, and even between the fixed stars, is filled with some thing of a much more substantial character than imponderable ether. Many of our readers will know that the phenomena of light have been for many years explained by what is termed the undulatory theory of light, which presupposes the presence of a very subtle fluid termed ether, pervading all space, and that the vibrations of this ether produce all the phenomena of light, including the variety of colours in the rainbow, or as seen in a prism. But Dr Siemens's new theory of the sun demands the presence of a much more substantial medium. We cannot here go through all the considerations which have led him to his conclusions, but may briefly state that he considers that the materials thrown off from the sun by its energetic action are through the presence of this gaseous medium 'dissociated' or resolved into elementary substances, and when so resolved, burst into flame under the influence of the heat, and are turned back into the compounded state, as hydrogen is converted into water upon earth with the evolution of flame. Then he assumes that the matter so converted is acted upon by the sun's attraction, and redrawn into the mass of the sun by its enormous gravitating power. Our author is careful to guard his theory from being looked upon as one involving the idea of 'perpetual motion,' but it certainly presents an appearance of such a principle at first sight.

We can but briefly discuss the great difficulties that beset the reception of this theory. In the first place, it is needless to prove that this gas, upon the existence of which the whole theory rests, has any existence at all. And there are these two main objections to its presence. If this vapour be dense enough to arrest the heat rays of the sun, and to convert them by 'dissociation' into materials upon which the sun's attractive power can have the ordinary influence of gravitation, then the flame, having the nature of a resisting medium, must have the effect of producing a retardation of the planetary movements, a result which, if it existed, would long since have been detected. And if it be not dense enough to produce this resistance, it is difficult to conceive that it can have sufficient coherence to enable it to arrest and deal with the heat emanations of the sun. Again, we observe in our own atmosphere that the smallest trace of watery vapour is sufficient to intercept the heat of the sun, and by formation of cloud, to shut the sun's rays from the earth. Surely, therefore, if the whole of space is pervaded by a gas containing the least amount of vapour, the sun's rays while passing through

that vapour for nearly ninety three millions of miles would be so intercepted that none of the effect of the sun's heat which we now enjoy could be felt upon the surface of the earth.

On the whole, then, we find it more easy to accept the doctrine of the gradual dissipation of the solar heat through the immensity of space, and the progressive exhaustion of the sun as a central power of light and heat, than to adopt this new theory, even though promulgated by so eminent a scientist as Dr Brewster.

## FOR HIMSELF ALONE

A TALE OF REVERSED IDENTITIES

### CHAPTER III

Eight weeks had come and gone since Frank Froisher heard the news of his good fortune from the lips of Mr Gump. Eight weeks had come and gone since Dick Drummond's recognition of his friend's name and position, and the secret had not yet oozed out. To the world at large, including Mr Peabworth, Dick was the lucky Mr Froisher who had dropped in for a fortune of eight thousand a year, while Frank was Mr Froisher's secretary and humble friend. By this time they were settled at Wylands, a charming country house among the barley hills, which Mr Askew had bought ready furnished a few months before his death, but which he had not lived to inhabit. Thither too the Peabworths had been invited.

It was a lovely midsummer morning, and breakfast at Wylands was just over, when Mr Peabworth sauntered across the lawn, his arms laden with letters, newspapers, and prospectuses. The post had just arrived, and he was anxious to secure a first glance at the same. He selected a rustic seat and table that were sheltered from the sun by the branches of a large elm, and there he sat down and proceeded to unfold his newspaper. Scarcely had he skimmed the first lines of the money article, when a young lady in white and rose colour, with a straw hat, and a book under her arm, came stepping out through the open French windows of the breakfast room, and after pausing for a moment or two, put up her sunshade and walked slowly in the direction of Mr Peabworth.

The lady in question was that gentleman's only daughter, Mrs Elma Peabworth. She was a tall, thin young woman, the regularity of whose figure not all the art of her dressmaker could effectually conceal. She had fluffy light flaxen hair, large prominent blue eyes, a well shaped nose, and an excellent set of teeth, which she took every opportunity of displaying. The normal expression of her features when she was alone, or in the company of no one for whose opinion she cared, was one of quiescent discontent and impatient ill temper. You see, she was five and twenty, and had not yet found a suitable partner for life. Some one had once told her that she looked 'arch' when she smiled, the consequence was that she smiled a great deal, but her smiles rarely extended as far as her cold blue eyes. Miss Peabworth was not one of those foolish virgins who believe in simplicity of attire. It may be that she knew her own deficiencies, and was aware that it would not suit her to play the part of the

Shepherdess of the Plain. In any case, even on this hot June morning her white dress, with its rose coloured under skirt, was befrilled and befringed beyond anything to be found in the Book of Fashions, of which she was an assiduous student. Whatever was exaggerated in that, became still more exaggerated when adopted by Miss Peabworth. In the life of her, Elma could not come down to breakfast without four or five dress rings on her fingers, but then, as she herself would have said, what's the use of having a lot of jewellery if you don't take every opportunity of showing it off!

Mr Peabworth, when at home, lived in the pleasant suburb of Baywater. His house was a handsomely furnished one in a quiet fashionable square, but it was essential to Mr Peabworth's schemes that he should make a good appearance before the world, while it was not needful to tell every one that a rich old general and his unmarried son occupied the best rooms in the house, and thereby helped materially to lessen the expenses of the establishment.

Mr Peabworth's offices were up in a fashionable court in one of the best streets of the City, the said offices consisting, of one large room divided by a glass and mahogany partition into two small ones. There were several other offices in the same building, a manservant's office which dated back to the penitence of William and Mary, and had evidently in the time been the home of some notable City magnate. Among other legends inscribed on the built-up door-joints might be read this one: 'MR ALGERNON PEABWORTH, General Agent, &c.'

Now, the phrase 'General Agent, &c.' is one capable of a somewhat wide application, as Mr Peabworth when he adopted it was probably quite aware. What Mr Peabworth's particular line of business might be, and from what sources the bulk of his income was derived, were things probably known to himself alone. It is quite certain that neither his wife nor daughter had any fixed ideas on the subject. It was generally understood that he was more or less mixed up with the promotion and management of sundry joint stock companies and speculative associations of greater or lesser repute—not unfrequently the latter, while those who were supposed to be best informed in such matters availed that he was merely a cat's paw and go between for certain big financiers, who did not always care to let their names go forth to the world until the golden eggs with which they strove to tempt the public should be successfully hatched, there being sometimes a risk that the eggs in question might turn out to be addled. Be this as it may, Mr Peabworth had hitherto contrived, by hook or by crook, to keep his head above water, and the Baywater establishment showed as good a face to the world as most of its neighbours.

Elma Deane had been an inmate of her uncle's house about six months when we first made her acquaintance. Previously to that time, she had been living with some of her father's relatives in Devonshire.

It was essential to the due carrying out of Frank Froisher's scheme that he and his well-found relatives should be brought into frequent, if not daily contact. There was only one mode by which this could be effected, and that was by

having them as guests at Waylands. Fortunately, the rich old general and his sister were away in Scotland at this time, so that the pressing invitation, of which Drummond in his assumed character was the mouthpiece, had met with a ready response. Mr Peabworth found a convenient service of trams for running, backwards and forwards between Waylands and the City as often as he might feel so inclined. Miss Peabworth cherishes certain matrimonial designs against her rich cousin, while Mrs Peabworth, though often troubled inwardly when she called to mind that her own house was left in sole charge of a cock and parlour maid, both of whom doubtless had followers—however strenuously they might deny the soft impeachment—did not fail to derive a genuine housewifely pleasure in arranging and putting in order her bachelor nephew's new establishment.

Mr Dempsey and Captain Downes Dyson, whose acquaintance we shall make later on, were business friends of Mr Peabworth and after a dinner at Simpson's, at which Dick had been present one day when in town, had been invited down to Waylands, on a hint thrown out by this astute individual.

Having stated these necessary preliminaries, we will return to Miss Peabworth, who by this time had seated herself on a rustic chair opposite her father.

'Do you want to speak to me, papa?' he asked. 'I do want to speak to you,' answered Mr Peabworth, as he laid down his paper and removed his spectacles. 'I want to know what progress you are making with your cousin.'

'I am making no progress at all! I never shall make any progress with him. I told you so a fortnight ago.'

'Then all your attractions are thrown away upon him—all your pretty courtesies, wags—are of no avail!'

'Of no avail whatever. Mr Frank Trobriker might be made of make-up for any impression I can make on him. I've tried him with half a dozen things—with punting first of all. I got Yasov's Lavis and a volume of Ruskin, and was for ever talking to him about chamois excursions, luk grounds, foregrounds, middle distances, and millow tones. At last Frank burst out laughing in my face, called me a little goose, and said I didn't know a bit what I was talking about.'

'Very rude of him, to say the least. I've tried him with other things—raining, hunting, shooting, poetry, landscape gardening, but all to no purpose. He looks to all I can, agrees with me in everything, but all the time I feel that he is laughing at me in his sleeve.'

'Any signs of a prior attachment?' asked Mr Peabworth after a pause.

'Not that I have been able to discover. He seems utterly indifferent to female society, and to live no enthusiasm about anything.'

'Has probably been pitted, and still holds the smart.'

'I have given up the case as hopeless. Why not make one more effort?'

'It would be quite useless, papa.'

'One more effort, Clumie. Think how magnificent will be the prize if you succeed! Fight thousands a year! Then laying one hand earnestly on her arm, he added, 'It would be my salvation, girl, as well as yours.'

For a few moments they gazed into each other's eyes.

'To please you, papa, I will try once more, and Clumie at last, but I feel how useless it will be.'

'It is a feilorn hope, I grant, but a feilorn hope sometimes succeeds through sheer undo it?'

'You have told me nothing yet about the fresh arrivals, Mr Dempsey and Captain Dyson.'

'I can catalogue them for you in a very few words. They are both rich, both unmarried, consequently, both eligible. Dempsey is bordering on sixty years of age, Dyson is about thirty. If Dempsey were not a rich man, he would be a travelling showman. His home in Essex is quite a miniature folk natural history to him. Tell him that whenever you go to town, you never fail to spend a long day in the Zoo, and that it is one of the hippopotamus is a thing of beauty and a joy forever.'

'I won't forget.'

'Dyson's main interest in life, and I should think it his chief pleasure as a traveller. You must profess to be deeply interested in his narratives, and accept them all as simple statements of fact. Do this, and you can hardly fail to win the heart of Captain Downes Dyson.'

'I understand, papa.'

'With no more effort with your cousin. If it fails, give him up for a time, and try your hand on Dyson. He is younger, simpler, and will be more easily manipulated than Dempsey. It will be time enough to try the latter when you fail with Dyson. My leaving will accompany you effectually—Hm! We are not in a hurry, are we?'

Mr Peabworth was right. Quite a little group of people, after standing for a few moments in the excitement of the arrivals, were now advancing along the sunlit lawn. First of all came our long-legged friend Dick Drummond, who was belovely by all that knew him. Next came Mr Dempsey and Captain Dyson, deep in conversation. Last of all came Frank Trobriker with his sunny face and like peaceful air.

Our friend Richard no longer looked like the same man who, an acquaintance we made in Soho. His loom-like looks had been shorn away till no more was left of them than would have commanded the critical approval of any military barber. For several days after the operation, Dick averred that he felt quite light-headed. The mathematically-strung line down the middle was a source of much trouble to him every morning. His once saggy sandy mouse-tache had not been neglected, but had been trimmed and waxed and coaxed till it would not have done discredit to a captain of dragoons. His threadbare velvet coat, his baggy trousers, and his down-at-heel boots were as things that had never been. The dark tweed suit which he now wore had been constructed by a West End tailor, while his patent shoes and snowy white instep-ties carried the mind back to the pavements of Piccadilly and Bond Street. In the matter of collars, cuffs, and scarfs, Dick was elaborately got up, while it was a strange experience to him to know that there was no laundress's account in arrears, and that he might indulge in clean linen every day, were he so minded. If he took



out of his pocket once a day the gold chronometer which Frank had made him a present of, he took it out forty times. Only two months ago he had rather despised a man who carried a watch. As for the splendid brilliant which he wore on the third finger of his left hand, all that can be said is, that when one has a moustache, one generally twists it, or tucks it, or strokes it, as the case may be, with the left hand.

Mr Dempsey, who had been a great dandy once on a time, would soon have persuaded the world that he had not yet forgotten all about the appellation. He was thin and tall, and remarkably upright for his years. It was whispered that he wore stays, but that was probably a calumny. His complexion was of that tint which is usually associated with too free an indulgence in old port. He wore a brown curly wig, and his moustache and imperial were dyed to match. He wore his hat jauntily on one side, after the fashion of days gone by. This June morning he had on a long blue frock coat, a white waist, fancy trousers, and patent boots with straps, not forgetting a mossy rock and a sprig of maidenhair fern in his button hole. When he sat down, he sat down with deliberation, and when he got up, he got up with deliberation. Either his clothes fitted him too well, or he was slightly stiff in the joints.

Captain Downes Dyson was a little innocent looking, fair complexioned man, with a small fluffy moustache, weak eyes, a thin piping voice, and an eyelid which was a perpetual source of trouble to him. He was dressed quietly and like a gentleman.

Dick came to a stand in the middle of the lawn and drew forth his chronometer. 'Remember, ladies and gentlemen,' he called out with an air of authority, 'that the dog will be round in two hours from now. Vivat Regina!'

'What place are we going to visit to-day?' asked Dyson.

'The ruins of Lelfin Abbey,' answered Dick. 'Ruins again—always ruins,' muttered Mr Dempsey discontentedly. 'I can't see what there is to interest anybody in a heap of old stones.'

Miss Deane overheard the remark. 'A sad state of things, when one man has no respect for another, she whispered maliciously to Dick.

Dempsey and Dyson had brought their newspapers and letters with them, and they now sat down at the same table with Peabworth, who was deep again in the *Times*. Clive had moved away to a seat on the opposite side of the lawn, and there Elma joined her. Dick had found a garden-chair for himself somewhat in the background. Here he sat down, and leaning back, tilted his hat over his eyes, stuck his thumbs into the armbolts of his waistcoat, and began to mouth—went off into a brown study.

'Time seems of no value in the country,' remarked Mr Peabworth in a casual sort of way. 'Past ten o'clock, and breakfast only just over. A clear loss of two hours per diem.'

'You can easily make up for it by sitting up two hours later at night,' responded the little Captain, who was addicted to post-prandial billiards.

'For my part, I think breakfast a mistake altogether,' said Dempsey. 'Why not follow the

example of the great carnivora, and feed once in twenty-four hours?'

'First catching your food, and then killing it,' interpolated Peabworth.

'And afterwards eating it uncooked,' piped Dyson. 'It would save something in coals and servants.'

'Another mining catastrophe—another hundred or so of widows and orphans thrown on the world,' remarked Peabworth a minute later. Dempsey was waiting with all concealed impatience till he should have done with the *Times*. Certainly Peabworth was keeping it an unreasonable time.

'Why don't those mining fellows insure their lives?' asked Dyson.

'As a director of one of the largest insurance companies, I echo the question. Why don't they insure their lives?' This from Dempsey.

'To subscribe to any fund for the benefit of their widows and orphans is an encouragement of wilful improvidence,' resumed Peabworth. 'They won't get a penny of my money.'

'Not of mine,' assented Dempsey.

'Nor of mine,' echoed the Captain.

## GUARDING THE QUEEN

THE many political assassinations that have taken place of late years have thrown upon the police of all countries an immense amount of difficult and delicate work in guarding monarchs, princes, and ministers. In England we have become familiarised with the idea that our leading statesmen must be escorted by detectives wherever they go, and popular as the Queen is, we know that elaborate precautions are taken to protect her every time she appears in public.

Few, however, can be aware of how much anxiety, activity, trouble, and consequent expense, are involved in that word 'protecting' looking only at the pecuniary side of the question, the sum which a mailman or fanatic inflicts upon a country when he attempts, even without success, to take the life of a ruler, is considerable. The services of detectives have to be paid for; and to do their work properly, these officials must not be stinted of money for telegrams, railway and cab fares, and casual expenses. Sometimes they have to assume disguises, and to pay heavily for secret information as to alleged criminal designs, and though this information is often worthless, the police cannot afford to disregard any item of intelligence bearing upon the safety of the great personages whom they have to guard. Thus, the contents of every letter sent, whether anonymously or not, to Scotland Yard are carefully considered. The mischievous simulators who concoct untruthful letters for fun, and the foolish busybodies who write to disclose 'suspicious circumstances' that have come under their notice, may all rest satisfied that they cause worry and waste of valuable time, if nothing worse. As the police have sometimes received warnings of great importance through unnamed sources bearing no guarantee of good faith, they make it a rule to investigate all facts not palpably absurd which are revealed to them, and doubtless by so doing they have often been enabled to prevent crimes

Many an intending criminal must have been balked in his schemes by the timely discovery that his movements were being watched.

To guard a royal residence—that is, to keep an eye on suspicious characters who may prow about it, or seek admittance—requires vigilance, but is easy work compared with the task of protecting the sovereign when she appears in public. Every time the Queen leaves one of her residences, even for an afternoon drive, the event is notified some hours beforehand to the police by the equerry on duty, who announces what itinerary Her Majesty will probably follow. At certain points all along the route, policemen have to be stationed, and detectives are placed at all the spots where the royal carriages are likely to stop. Round Balmoral and Osborne, the roads can be watched without difficulty, but not so round Windsor Castle and Buckingham Palace. Wherever crowds can congregate, the difficulties of the police are multiplied. A special superintendent is deputed on ordinary occasions to patrol the line of the royal progress, but when there is a state pageant, this duty is performed by the Chief Commissioner in person. He has to see that not only the policemen in uniform, but the detectives—unsuspected by the crowds among whom they stand—are all at their post. A regular code of private signals exists by which a detective can make his presence known to his chief, and receive short instructions from them, without exciting the attention of bystanders.

The whole detective force of Scotland Yard, however, would be insufficient to keep proper surveillance over miles of street, as, for instance, when the Queen went to open Brompton Forest, so on such occasions as these, hundreds of policemen 'off duty' are pressed into special service, and turn out in plain clothes. Then, again, there are men who, in consideration of having good places from which to view the procession, act as amateur detectives. Every detective and policeman has a few personal friends who will bravely undertake a duty of this kind, and very often women are among the number. Their instructions are invariably to keep their eyes and ears open, and not to cheer when the procession passes. In this, English detectives differ from those of foreign countries, who are frequently enjoined to start the cheering among the crowds, but the authorities of Scotland Yard have discovered that a detective who is hawling with all his might becomes useless for purposes of espionage. It is precisely when the cheering is loudest that danger is most to be apprehended, for the noise and the swaying of a multitude excite the nerves of the lunatic or criminal who is bent on mischief, therefore the police who are watching the crowd in its moment of greatest enthusiasm should remain perfectly cool.

They have also to protect the sovereign against others besides the evilly disposed, for there are always people who want to thrust petitions or bouquets into the Queen's carriage, or else to shake hands with Her Majesty. Happily, these eccentric individuals generally betray their purpose by their restlessness. The man with a petition keeps feeling his pocket, to assure himself that the precious thing is safe, and as the royal carriages approach, he half draws out the paper, but by this time a detective has observed

his movements, and a strong hand laid suddenly upon his arm purloins him at the opportune moment.

It is often lucky for would-be petitioners that they should be pulled back before they can accomplish their purpose, for if that purpose were misunderstood by a loyal mob, they might expose themselves to some very rough handling. The Queen is indeed very well guarded by the affection of her subjects, and, generally speaking, she has rather to fear annoyances from silly people than criminal attempts from vicious ones. This shows what terribly difficult work the police of some foreign countries must have to perform in guarding sovereigns who are unpopular. Occasionally, the English police have a taste of this work, when some of these unpopular potentates visit this country and have to be guarded against subjects of their own living here in exile. When Napoleon III visited London in 1875, the government of the day suffered a great deal of anxiety lest harm should befall him, and the alarms were renewed in 1874, when the late Czar Alexander II came to London. On both of these occasions, no money was paid out like water to insure a proper protection of the illustrious visitors, and the police did their work so well, that although there were serious reasons for believing that malevolent ruffians were brewing mischief, both Emperor and Czar visited the country without having heard so much as a rumour. The police, however, may be pardoned for having felt the most pleasurable relief when the visits of these monarchs came to an end. When the Chief Commissioner, Sir Richard Mayne, received the telegram announcing that Napoleon III had safely landed in France, he remarked with quiet satisfaction: "Now I shall be able to get a good night's rest."

Many of the difficulties of the police in guarding royal personages come from these illustrious persons themselves. Princes who are brave do not like to have their feet kept bogged in private life, and will sometimes grow impatient and angry when they find out that they have been watched for their own good. They have to be watched, nevertheless, whether they like it or not. It would never do for a royal Prince to be kidnapped and detained as a hostage by political or other desperadoes, and so care is taken that wherever a royal Prince may go, he shall always have his invisible escort of police. The Prince of Wales is guarded nearly as vigilantly as the Queen. If he travels by rail, surveillance is kept by the police all down the line, if his Royal Highness hunts, rides, drives, or takes a stroll on foot through any part of the West End, a detective is sure to be close at hand. So it is with other members of the royal family in these agitated times, and irksome as the surveillance must be, it has to be submitted to with good grace because of its absolute necessity. The police, however, are fully warranted at times by these foreign Princes who come to visit our own royal family, and who delight in shipping out of palace for rambles through the streets without giving any notice of their intentions. Some detective or other is always held responsible by his chiefs, and severely reprimanded when such a thing happens, for the police force on guard at the palaces is supposed to be

in a condition to provide for all contingencies of the sort.

It will be seen from all this that the office of court detective is by no means a menial, and one may add that it is of all posts that in which faithful, zealous, efficient service obtains the least honour and reward. Not that royal persons are ungrateful to those who guard them properly, but because the men who guard best are naturally those who make the least fuss. It is the duty of a court detective not only to shield Princes from danger, but to conceal from them, so far as possible, that they have been in danger. Thus a man whose sagacity and diligence may over and over again have saved Princes from annoyance or hurt, will often be less appreciated than the more demonstrative servant who, perhaps once in his life, has had the good luck to arrest the arm of an assassin after—not before—the pistol was fired.

### HOW WE FORMED OUR VILLAGI LIBRARY

THE small Scottish fishing village which we shall meanwhile call Dalbin, is fifteen miles from the nearest railway station. The population within a radius of two miles from the village is only seven hundred souls. To try to establish a public circulating library in such a place might seem Quixotic, but a library has been established and more than thirty successful for the benefit of those situated in country districts, and too far from any public library to benefit by it, we propose to tell how the Dalbin public library was established and is conducted.

In the autumn of 1878, a few young men of the place met and talked of what they were to do during the coming winter. Both the Temperance Society and the Debating Club had become dormant and there was no hope of reviving them. Ever if they were revived, they would form an attraction for but a few people, and for only one night in the week. These young men had heard much of the good derived from libraries in other places, and they accordingly agreed that the best thing they could do was to establish one in Dalbin. But where were the necessary funds to come from? It was hopeless to think that the Free Libraries' Act would be adopted in the parish. In the first place, therefore, they took bills intimating that a public meeting of all interested would be held in the schoolroom, to consider how a public library could best be established. On the night appointed, twelve young men met, agreed that a library was necessary, appointed a Library Committee and Secretary, and gave their own subscriptions, amounting to three pounds. Four of the Committee were appointed to collect subscriptions from the inhabitants of the district, and in a month they returned with eight pounds as the result of their effort. The Secretary wrote to several Dalbin young men who were prospering in larger towns elsewhere, and by return of post received three pounds.

It was now the beginning of December, and in order to raise an additional sum of money, they resolved to hold a concert on New Year's Eve. The night of the concert, however, chanced to be

a stormy one, and the net gain amounted to only two pounds.

The treasurer had now in his hands a little over sixteen pounds—a small sum to begin a public library with, but it was resolved to make the trial. And here a new and unexpected difficulty arose. It was all along thought that as there were two small unused classrooms in connection with the Dalbin Public School, there would be no difficulty in obtaining the use of one of these for a library. But when this was asked for, the School board said that they had no power to grant any of the schoolrooms for such a purpose, and as no other conveniently situated room could be found in Dalbin, the Committee were for a time in a fix. In order to get out of the difficulty, it was resolved that the members of the Library Committee should call on the School board members as well as on the most influential ratepayers, and explain that the library would not intrude on school work or space. The consequence was that the former resolution of the School board was rescinded, and the school offered to the Committee on the following conditions: (1) That the teacher had no objections, and would take charge of the library, (2) that the library trustees should be responsible for any damage done to the school buildings, and (3) that the library trustees should insure the building against fire.

The teacher having no objections, not only acquiesced in what the Board had done, but also willingly took charge of the library, and has since continued to be librarian and treasurer. The other conditions were also complied with by the Committee.

Such were the delays arising from these and other causes, that it was nearly mid-summer before all the conditions were ratified.

The next step was to buy books. Each of the members suggested such books as he thought would be popular, and the list was then sent to Edinburgh, a friend there being asked to try and purchase them second-hand, and so well was the money invested, that for fourteen pounds they received a parcel containing no fewer than one hundred and seven well-bound standard volumes, which were duly stamped and numbered.

At the beginning of the winter of 1879-80, it was resolved that the library should be opened to the public forthwith. The regulations were few and simple, and copies of them, with a list of the subscribers, were ordered to be hung on the wall. These rules are—(1) The library is open on Tuesday evenings from eight to nine o'clock, (2) the subscription fee is sixpence per quarter, payable in advance, (3) no book can be kept more than a month by any one reader, and (4) any one damaging or failing to return a book is responsible for the same.

It was expected that about ten volumes would be taken out nightly, but all were pleasantly surprised to find that on the first night no fewer than twenty-six came for books, and on the following Tuesday no fewer than thirty-four came. It was evident that if such a drain continued, there would soon be few books, if any, for the subscribers to choose from. The Committee therefore set themselves again to work to supply the demand thus unexpectedly made on them. To begin with they redoubled their own subscriptions, and

early in March, held a concert, which realised five pounds. The member of parliament for the county gave five pounds, the gentleman who had the shooting of Dalhin, five pounds, and the proprietor of Dalhin, four guineas. In this way, in less than three months, one hundred and ninety new volumes were added. 'Nothing succeeds like success,' and those who at first looked askance at the movement, now subscribed, and became readers.

In due time the annual Report was issued, which showed that for the year 1879-80 the income amounted to twenty seven pounds, that two hundred and seventy new volumes had been added, that there were as many as sixty four subscribers, and that eight hundred and fifteen volumes, or sixteen per week, had been taken out. This in Dalhin meant a great deal of reading, as there is seldom more than one who subscribes out of a family; and doubtless each member who wishes has the reading of the book before it is returned.

Another annual Report has since been issued, which shows that the income for the second year had been nineteen pounds, that two hundred and four new volumes were added, that the number of readers was fifty, and the number of volumes taken out eight hundred and eleven. The falling off in 'books taken out' is attributable to the fact, that there was a well attended singing class carried on for four nights per week during the winter. The deficiency of income also was anticipated, as those interested who give a donation once were exactly expected to do so again.

Two new experiments have been tried during the year, namely, the lending of books to the school children at one penny per quarter, and the addition of a few of the monthly magazines. The school children get books out on the Friday afternoons, and during one year they have thus taken out three hundred and thirteen volumes, of which they were able to tell something when they returned them.

Now that the library has had a fair start, it is calculated that there will be a surplus of two pounds per annum, independently of any donations which may be received from friends. This sum is spent in purchasing books, so that the library is continually though slowly growing. Moreover, so strong has the desire of reading become in a few of those who were the most regular readers, that seeing they could not gratify themselves at Dalhin they had climbed together, and now get monthly parcels of books from lending libraries in the larger towns.

### STRANGE, BUT TRUE

In a very entertaining work entitled *Random Shots by a Rifleman*, written by the late Captain Kincaid of the old 96th Regiment—the 1st Rifle Brigade—there is a story told which at my first perusal appeared to possess many of the qualities contained in those amusing actions narrated by Baron Munchausen. Later, however, on becoming better acquainted with the author, I felt convinced he had been detailing facts, and of this I received unexpected proof in after life. I regret I have not Captain

Kincaid's work at hand, but, to the best of my recollection, the author's tale ran somewhat as follows:

In one of the many actions in which our troops were engaged under Wellington during the Peninsular War, an officer had one of the large muscles of his neck which support the head severed by a Frenchman's bullet. The wound soon healed, and the injured officer suffered from it little inconvenience beyond that of having to carry his head rather drooping to the one side. At the battle of Waterloo this officer was also present, and was again wounded in the neck by a bullet, which, strange to say, cut through the opposite muscle of his neck supporting his head, and thus the second rectified the mischief done by the first bullet, and, as a matter of fact, the officer's head was set straight upon his shoulders. When writing the above story, Captain Kincaid was apparently fully aware of its improbable nature, and in justice to himself, adds 'I would not have dared to repeat this story, were not the wounded officer alive at the time of my writing, and ready to corroborate the same.' Captain Kincaid then proceeds to give the officer's name, together with that of his residence, both of which I at present forget, but which are to be found in *Random Shots*.

I may here say that I was not in the habit of repeating the above story, for although I felt perfectly sure in Captain Kincaid's veracity, I could not but fear there might be those who would doubt its own. It happened, however, in the year 1847 that I, when quartered at Sheffield, attended a woomany dinner, during the course of which the conversation turned upon the subject of remarkable wounds, and on this occasion I was tempted to add Captain Kincaid's story to others almost equally startling. As I had expected, I noticed that the story was received with much interest, and the further development of which politeness alone prevented. I could not follow Captain Kincaid's example, and give the name of the wounded officer, nor the place of his residence, I had forgotten both, and I felt myself rapidly sinking in the esteem of the company, when, to my surprise and delight, one of the woomany officers present—a gentleman almost a perfect stranger to me, but well known to the rest of the company—remarked in a distinct voice across the table 'You have told that story very well, sir. There is, however, one fact of importance you have omitted to mention, namely, that in consequence of both the muscles of the neck having been injured, the head of the gentleman, although straight, has very much sunk on to his shoulders. He is a friend of mine, and well known to others in this neighbourhood, and at present resides within ten miles of this town.' The woomany officer then repeated the name and residence of the wounded officer, thus corroborating Captain Kincaid.

The second story I wish to relate is as follows.

On first joining my regiment in the Bombay Presidency, I was, like most young men, very desirous of an opportunity of hunting large game, and in order that I might not behave myself like a thorough 'gruff' on my first interview with the denizens of the Indian jungles, I proceeded to study all works treating on the subject of *shikar* which came in my way. Amongst others, I became much interested in a book written by Major Forbes, then of the 78th Highlanders, and which was styled *Ten Years' Residence in Ceylon*. At the time to which I refer my regiment was brigaded with the Royalshire Buffs, and I was not until quite brought into contact with Major Forbes, both at the mess table and on duty. I soon learned to esteem this officer both as an excellent soldier and as a fine specimen of the Scotch gentleman, one who under no circumstances would wilfully utter or propagate an untruth. In the book above alluded to, Major Forbes gives a pleasantly written description of many parts of the island of Ceylon, interlarded occasionally with interesting anecdotes connected with the pursuit of large game. Amongst other stories, the author details one which, had I not been personally acquainted with Major Forbes, I should in all probability have soon forgotten, or remembered only as one of those fictions so frequently narrated in order to impart a raciness to an otherwise dull book.

The story is given by Major Forbes in, to the best of my recollection, much as follows. An officer belonging to one of the regiments then stationed in Ceylon, had with him, when on an excursion hunting wild elephants, an old-fashioned single-barrelled gun of the pattern in vogue before the introduction of the patent breech. In this old-fashioned weapon, there was a breach block, but the new part of the barrel was secured by a tongue of iron, which overlapped, and which was secured in to the upper face of the stock. On the present occasion, this old-fashioned weapon, on being fired, burst, and a large portion of the iron which formed the breech, together with the tongue and screw which connected the breech to the stock, was forcibly driven into his head. Major Forbes adds that this officer, badly wounded as he was, survived ten years, and lived with this lump of iron in his head without suffering any serious inconvenience, and that he afterwards died from the effects of fever. Thus far from Major Forbes's book.

In the year 1849, it happened that in company with a brother officer, and under the guidance of one of the senior medical officers at Fort Pitt, I was inspecting the Museum connected with the Hospital. Suddenly, my eyes lighted on an object of which I had not been thinking for many years, but which I at once recognised as the breech of the old gun so accurately described by the author of *Ten Years' Residence in Ceylon*. In order that there might be no mistake, I inquired of the doctor whether he could tell me what the object was, and further whether he knew anything of the history connected with it. 'That,' said he, 'is the model of the breech of a gun, the original of which was cut out from the head of a deceased officer in Ceylon, after it had been imbedded in it during ten years of his life. Here was corroboration number one of Major Forbes's story

A few years later, I happened to be strolling on the parade ground at Lahore, and in company with the surgeon of the 96th Regiment, I was conversing on the subject of the wonderful recovery made from gunshot and other wounds. Remembering that my companion had served for a considerable time in Ceylon, I inquired whether he had ever heard of the extraordinary case mentioned by Major Forbes, of an officer living for ten years with the breech of a gun lodged in his head. To my astonishment, he replied, 'Not only have I heard of the case, but I was, moreover, at the time very much concerned with it. It happened to be,' he continued, 'in the immediate neighbourhood when the occurrence took place, and the wounded man was brought to me first for medical advice and treatment. I at once recommended that the block of iron should be cut out, but as at that time I was a young assistant surgeon, the officer hesitated to accept my advice, and requested he might be taken in to the nearest station, there to see and consult with the surgeon of his own regiment. This surgeon was rather behind the age in the science of operations, and pronounced it as his opinion that there was less danger to be apprehended in permitting the iron to remain in the wounded man's head than in the making any attempt to extract it.' My friend the surgeon of the 96th went on to say 'I remained in Ceylon for many years after this incident, and I may say watched the result. The wounded officer continued to enjoy very fair health, and to perform duty with his regiment for upwards of ten years.'

His death occurred in the following manner. An officer belonging to the same regiment was absent to proceed to England on sick leave, in that suffering from a disease of the lungs. On the eve of the day of his departure, this officer found himself at a late hour at the mess table in company with the man who had survived for so many years the accident occasioned by the bursting of his gun. These two were the only occupants of the mess table, and had there a little talk, unlabeled more warm than was good for them. Somehow, in drinking paring bumpers, they layed from the mauldin into the quarrelsome state, and began the one to taunt the other with his infirmities. At last he of the weak lungs being stung by some remark from his companion regarding the delicacy of his chest, backed himself to shut the door and the longer of the two. This challenge was accepted. The contest had, however, not long continued, when, with a hand pressed to his temples, the man with the wound in his head rose up from the table and staggered off to his quarters. That night he became very ill, and in three days the man who had for the last ten years of his life carried a lump of iron in his head almost with impunity, succumbed to an attack of brain fever. After death, his head was opened, and it was then discovered that this lump of iron had been slowly but surely working its way towards the brain, from which it had hitherto only been separated by a thin skin or membrane. In his insane excursions to compare in noise with his weak-chested companion on the night mentioned, he had ruptured this membrane. The iron coming into contact and pressure, upon the brain, had produced brain-

fever, from which the unfortunate man died within three days'

Here my friend concluded his narrative, and completed a full corroboration of Major Forbes's story

### THE HUMOURS OF EXAMINATIONS

As a rule, examinations are not regarded by the outside world as occasions in which a display of humour may be expected. But if exceptions prove the rule, then may examinations claim to afford a very rich fund of ludicrous incidents. There are naturally varied circumstances in examinations which call forth the wit of the candidate. The humour varies, in fact, with the particular person who is being examined, and what is the topic of conversation between examiner and candidate. There is to be distinguished a medical as well as a legal humour, and conspicuous amongst the occasions which afford opportunity for the display of the ludicrous, are those examinations which, disguised by the name of general knowledge trials, afford a very wide and rich field for the ingenuity of candidates.

A thought may suggest itself to readers who reflect upon the subject of examination humours, that of all circumstances, the position of a candidate at an examination table is the last ludicrous situation to evoke a series of humorous. The lack of the human faculty of an answer to an oral question, the knowledge that the examiner is waiting with a frosty eye for one's reply, and the desperation with which at last the candidate may rise to the occasion, form a series of circumstances, out of which

date makes up his mind to say or write something, and that something, as often we meet, is an innocent moment of inspiration, a joke.

One of the frequent causes of humour at examinations is of course the ignorance of candidates. A person was once asked to answer the question, 'Who was Esau?' His reply was highly characteristic. 'Esau,' said he, 'was a man who wrote fables, and who sold the copyright to a publisher for a bottle of potash.' The confusion of 'Esau' and 'Esop,' of 'copyright' and 'birthright,' of 'potiages' and 'potash,' is an example of humour of by no means an unusual class. Another student was asked to give some account of Wolsey. His reply was unique. 'Wolsey was a famous General who fought in the Crimean War, and who, after being decapitated several times, said to Cromwell, "Ah, if I had only served you as I have served me, I would not have been decapitated in my old age!"'

In an examination designed to test the general knowledge of young lads about to enter the ranks of professional student life, a series of questions was put as tests of the reading of the candidates. The following were some of the replies obtained from the aspiring youths. 'What was the Stu Chamber?' Answer 'An astronomer's room!'—'What was meant by the "Year of Jubilee?"' Answer 'Leap year!'—'What was the "Bronze

Age?' Answer 'When the new penises became current coin of the realm!'—'What are the "Letters of Junius?"' Answer 'Letters written in the month of June!'—'What is the Age of Reason?' Answer 'The time that has elapsed since the person of that name was born!'

The replies given to questions of a scientific nature are often of a remarkably curious, not to say extraordinary kind, and appear frequently to result from a want of appreciation of the exact meaning of the teaching. We know, for example, of a student in a popular class of physiology who on being asked to describe the bones of the arm, stated in the course of his reply that the bone of the upper arm (named *humerus* in anatomy) was called the *humorous*, and that it received its name because it was known as the "funny bone." The Latin name of the bone had evidently become confused in the student's mind with the popular name given to the elbow, the nerve of which on being violently struck, gives rise to the well known sensation of "pins and needles" in the arm and hand. Another answer given in an anatomy class is worth recording. The teacher had described the *ferrous* or ankle bones, the scientific name of course being simply the Latin equivalent for the ankle. No such philological idea had troubled at least the student who replied to a question concerning the ankle, 'That it was called the *ferrous* because St Paul had walked upon it, to the city of that name.' Still more ludicrous was the confusion of ideas which befit a student who was questioned regarding the nature of the organ known as the *pancreas* or 'sweetbread,' which, as most readers know, is an organ situated near the stomach, and supplying a fluid of great use to the digestion of food. The reply of this latter student was as

ludicrous as the confusion of ideas as to the relation between St Pancras Railway Station and an organ of the human body, can hardly be conceived.

It is related of a rough and ready examiner in medicine that on one occasion having failed to elicit satisfactory replies from a student regarding the muscular arrangements of the arm and hand, he somewhat brusquely said 'Ah! perhaps, sir, you could tell me the name of the muscles I would put in action were I to kick you?'—'Certainly, sir,' replied the candidate 'you would put in motion the flexors and extensors of my arm, for I should use them to kick you down!' History is silent, and perhaps wisely so concerning the fate of this particular student. The story is told of a witty Irish student, who once upon a time, appeared before an examining Board to undergo an examination in medicine and surgery. The subject of examination was pneumonia, and the examiner had selected that deathly disease as the subject of his question. 'Pray, sir,' said he to the candidate, 'what is a poisonous dose of pneumonia?' After a pause, for a moment, the student replied with promptitude 'Half an ounce, sir!' Horrified at the extreme ignorance of the candidate, the examiner exclaimed 'Half an ounce! Why, sir, you must be dreaming! That is an amount which would poison a community, sir, not to speak of an

continued the examiner, intent on ascertaining the candidate's real knowledge, 'suppose a man did swallow half an ounce of prussic acid, what treatment would you prescribe?'—'I'd ride home for a stomach pump,' replied the unabashed student—'Are you aware, sir,' retorted the examiner, 'that prussic acid is a poison which acts with great rapidity?'—'Well, yes,' replied the student—'Then, sir, suppose you did such a foolish thing as you have just stated,' said the examiner, 'you ride home for your stomach pump, and on returning you find your patient dead. What would you, or what could you do then?' asked the examiner in triumph, thinking he had driven his victim into a corner whence there was no escape—'What would I do?' reiterated the student—'Do?—why, I'd hold a post mortem!' For once in his life, that examiner must have felt that dense ignorance united to a power of repartee was more than a match for him.

Incidents of a highly ludicrous nature frequently occur in the examination of patients both by doctors and by students. A Professor on one occasion was lecturing to his class on the means of diagnosing disease by the external appearance, face, and other details of the patient. Expressing his belief that a patient before the class afforded an example of the practice in question, the Professor said to the individual, 'Ah! you are troubled with gout?'—'No, sir,' said the man, 'I've never had any such complaint.'—'But,' said the Professor, 'your father must have had gout.'—'No, sir,' was the reply; 'nor my mother either.'—'Ah, very strange,' said the Professor to his class. 'I'm still convinced that this man is a gouty subject. I see that his front teeth show all the characters which we are accustomed to note in gout.'—'Front teeth?' ejaculated the patient—'Yes,' retorted the Professor, 'I'm convinced my diagnosis is correct. You have gout, sir?'—'Well, that beats everything,' replied the man, 'it's the first time, sir, I've ever heard of false teeth having the gout! I've had this set for the last ten years!' The effect of this silly on the part of the patient, upon the inquisitorial Professor and his students, may be better imagined than described.

Occasionally within the precincts of colleges and universities, a rich vein of humour may be struck in a very unexpected fashion. On one occasion a Professor, noticing that certain members of his class were inattentive during the lecture, suddenly arrested his flow of oratory, and addressing one of the students, said, 'Pray, Mr Johnston, what is your opinion of the position of the animals just described in the created scale?'—'Mr Johnston' was forced to say that 'really he had no views whatever on the subject.'—Whereupon, the Professor turning to a second inattentive student—who had evidently not caught 'Mr Johnston's' reply or its purport—said, 'Mr Smith, what is your opinion of the position of these animals in the classified series?'—'O sir,' replied the innocent Smith, 'my opinions exactly coincide with those just expressed so lucidly and clearly by Mr Johnston.'

There are examiners, and examiners, of course, some stern, others mild and encouraging, some

who try to discover what a student knows, and others whose aim appears to be rather that of elucidating the ignorance of the candidates who appear before them. But to the end of time, there will be humour mixed with the grave concerns of testing knowledge, which is, for both sides, a hard enough task. The student who, when asked by a stern examiner what he would recommend in order to produce copious perspiration in a patient, replied, 'I'd make him try to pass an examination before you, sir,' had a keen sense of humour, which it is to be hoped the examiner appreciated. His answer was in keeping with the question which has been argued by us and by others, whether the whole subject of examinations as at present conducted, should not be thoroughly overhauled and revised.

WASHED A SHORE

LINES SUGGESTED BY SOME FOREIGN VOYAGERS PICKED UP ON THE EAST COAST OF SCOTLAND, AFTER A STORM

To sight there is a storm at sea  
I hear the breakers roar  
Their comes amon the grassy lee  
The thunder of the shore,  
And pity burns within my soul  
For thus upon the deep  
Kind Saviour Christ do Thou control  
The waves, and bid them sleep!

A week ago one walked alone  
Across yon sandy beach,  
An' I clove beside a rocky stone,  
Out of the billows reach  
He found washed up mid sea is and shells,  
These letters staid and worn—  
Sad re-ords of some heart that dwells  
All lonely and forlorn

Some sad eyed woman dwells remote  
From the tempestuous sea  
And months ago those letters wrote—  
An' I hung heart had sic,  
Her sailor husband far awa,  
Bore in his faithful breast  
Those lines of hers which speak to day  
Of home and love, and rest

She tells him of her lonely life  
And how she prays that he  
May not forget his loving wife  
While on the stormy sea  
And how she asks that God would keep  
His vessel from all ill,  
An' I as of oil, make wicks to stee,  
And fainous waves be still

Alas! a schooner on our shore,  
By stormy billows torn,  
Went down amid the tempest's roar,  
And every soul was lost!  
So still, a woman, heavy eyed,  
May wait in hope at home  
For him whose neither wind nor tide  
Shall help to row be foun

Ah me! the wind blows loud to night  
Christ save poor souls at sea!  
Burn brightly every beam of light  
Where'er ships may be

Printed and Published by W & R CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 439 High Street, EDINBURGH.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OR  
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Fourth Series

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No 996—Vol XX

SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, 1883

PRICE 1½d

## A ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER

THIS term is so generally understood, that any comment upon it is almost superfluous. It is, however, no slang phrase, but one of the oldest of proverbial expressions, dating apparently as far back as the latter end of the eighth century. We are told that the Emperor Charlemagne, in his expedition against the Saracens in 778, was accompanied by two pages, named Roland and Oliver, who were so excellent and so equally matched, that the equality became proverbial—'I'll give you a Roland for your Oliver,' being the same as the vulgar saying, 'Tit for tat,' that is 'I'll give you the same [generally in a retaliatory sense] as you give me,' or the more classical one of *Quid pro quo*, to be even with one. Its proper adaptation, however, as understood at the present day, will be much better explained by a few humorous illustrations.

A very clever reply to a somewhat satirical remark was that given to Louis XV by Cardinal Richelieu, who was a nobleman as well as a priest. A celebrated Archbishop of Paris, Harcourt de Beaumont de Paris, was appointed preceptor to His Majesty. One day he preached a notable sermon before the Court of France, which touched principally upon the duties of the nobility. 'Ah!' said the king to Richelieu, 'the preacher has thrown a vast quantity of stones into your garden to day.'—'Yes, sire,' answered the Cardinal, 'and a few have fallen into the royal park.' A courtly amount of etiquette of expression is observable in this answer, with which we may presume that even royalty itself could in nowise be offended.

Equally as good is the following, in which we shall carefully note by the way that praise has different effects on different minds. The Emperor Alexander of Russia, during the occupation of Paris, was present at the anniversary of one of the hospitals. Plates for contributions were passed round, and they were borne by some of the patrons' wives and daughters. The plate presented to the Emperor was held by an

extremely pretty girl. As he liberally gave his loud d'ors, he whispered 'Mademoiselle, this is for your beautiful bright eyes.' The charming little damsel politely curtisied, and immediately presented the plate again. 'What!' said the Emperor in amazement, 'more?'—'Yes, sire, said she 'I now want something for the poor.'

It is related of Mr Hamilton of Dykebar, a well known farmer, that, visiting the palace of Hamilton on a certain day, and brought into conversation with the late Duke, His Grace—always so pleasant and courteous in his demeanour, and pleased with the humour of the old farmer—said in a jocular way 'Pray, Mr Hamilton, where in our ancestral tree am I to look for your family?'—'Oh!' replied the old man, drawing a long breath, as if astonished—'what had ever think of looking for the root among the branches?' The Duke laughed heartily at this, and added 'Quite true, quite true, it would indeed be folly to do so.'

Speaking of farmers, the following anecdote, as related by a Sussex gentleman, may claim especial notice, being so pointedly connected with our present subject. It exhibits also the peculiar disadvantages an agriculturist has to contend against in farming near a populous town.

'One day,' said this gentleman, 'before harvest, I met a fashionably dressed person with a large handful of ears of wheat, taken from my field. I saluted him respectfully, and expressed my admiration of the beauty of the wheat.'—'Yes,' said he, 'it is truly a fine sample, and does the farmer great credit who grew it.' I acknowledged the compliment, and asked him from which of my fields he took it. After he had pointed it out, he assured me he always liked to take a good sample home, as it interested the ladies. Upon this, noticing with admiration the style of his coat, I asked him to allow me to look at the skirt. He readily did so, and I quietly took out my pen-knife and cut a large piece from the tail. The gentleman bounced and swore, but I told him I always took samples of cloth, as I found they greatly interested my wife. I added, that he had



no more right to take my wheat than I to take his coat, and that I wished the public to bear this truth in mind.

This was experience bought with a vengeance. It is more often than not a very dear school, but some people will learn in no other, and strictly even in that.

On one occasion, an English gentleman, who possessed a high wit, was at a brilliant assembly of the *élite* of Vienna, where a distinguished lady of that city frequently amused herself and immediate circle of friends by saying smart and rather unamiable things, evidently for the purpose of annoyance. 'By the way,' inquired her fair interlocutor, 'how is it your countryman speak French so very imperfectly? We Austrians use it with the same fluency as if it were our native tongue.'—'Alas!' replied the English man in the blindest manner, 'I really cannot say, unless it be that the French may have not been twice in our capital to teach it, as they have been in yours.'

One of the most distinguished incidents of Zimmerman's life was the summons which he received to attend Frederick the Great in his last illness in 1766. One day the king said to this eminent physician: 'You live, I presume, sir, helped many a man into another world? Any ordinary person would doubtless have been scared by so soon at us in inquiry, and it was, in fact, a somewhat bitter pill for the Doctor, but the dose he gave the king in return was a judicious mixture of laud andillery. 'Not so many as your Majesty, nor with so much honour to myself.'

As all classes of individuals, from the highest to the lowest, are liable at times to meet with a Roland for an Oliver, we must not even exempt those shallow men of the world termed lawyers. A scuffling man was called upon the stand as a witness. 'Well, sir,' said the lawyer, 'do you know the plaintiff and defendant?' After a moment's hesitation, Jack declared his inability to comprehend the meaning of these words. 'What! do not know the meaning of plaintiff and defendant?' continued the energetic inquirer. 'An intelligent fellow you must be to come here as a witness! Can you tell me where on board the vessel it was that that man struck the other one?'—'Certainly I can,' replied the sailor, 'it was about the luncheon!—And pray,' asked the lawyer, 'what do you mean by that?'—'Well, that's good,' responded the witness, 'you must be a pretty fellow to come here as a lawyer and don't know what about the luncheon means!'

At another time, a lawyer, in cross-examining a witness, asked him, among other questions, where he was on a particular day, to which he replied that he had been in the company of two friends. 'Friends!' exclaimed his tormentor, 'two thieves, I suppose, you mean?'—'They may be so,' replied the witness drily, 'for they are both lawyers.'

A good story is told of a certain Bishop, who, from information received, felt it his paramount duty to reconnoitre with one of his clergy for hunting, and so the reverend Nimrod was lordshiped with by his chief. 'Well, your lordship,' was the reply, 'I think you will agree with me that not a little generalship is required in the management and marshalling of

our pleasures, and I really don't see that it is any worse than going to a ball.'—'I conclude,' rejoined his lordship, 'that you allude to having seen my name among the list at the Duchess of M—'s ball, but I assure you I was not in the same room with the Duchess during any part of the evening.'—'That, my lord, is exactly my case,' was the calm rejoinder, 'I am never in the same field with the hounds!' After such mutual explanations on both sides, we must not be surprised to hear that the conversation suddenly dropped.

By 'tuning the table,' as it were, upon the cuckoo, a common soldier of the Russian army proved himself equal to the occasion, and speedy promotion was the fortunate result. It appears that Suvoroff, the well-known eccentric general, used frequently to ask his young officers and soldiers the most absurd and questions, considering it a proof of acquaintance on their part if they gave a prompt reply, and hitting above all things, 'I don't know' is an answer. He one day went up to a sentry, and as the man presented arms, Suvoroff said: 'Tell me how many buttons there are on the uniforms of fifty thousand men?'—'I can't say,' replied the soldier, very naturally, upon which the marshal, according to his custom, began to abuse him for an ignorant and stupid man for his stupidity. The sentry, however, knowing Suvoroff's character, took courage, and said: 'Well, sir, perhaps it is not every question your Excellency could answer yourself, for instance, there are my two old musket sergeants—would you please to tell me their names?'—The man's quickness attracted for his apparent impudence in the eyes of the general, and the soldier was elevated from the ranks the following morning, his promotion being the turning point to an ultimately distinguished career.

It need scarcely be said, however, that the same good fortune does not always attend every answer to a question raised by a superior person, should or eccentric as the matter may be. It is well known, for instance, that Frederick, king of Prussia, conqueror as he was, sustained a severe defeat at Kolin in the war of 1757. Some time after, at a review, he joyously asked a soldier who had got a deep cut across his face: 'My good friend, at what particular moment did you get that ugly looking scratch?'—'I got it,' answered the man, 'at Kolin, where your Majesty paid the reckoning.' It is extremely doubtful if any reward or promotion followed on this occasion, but if so, history has unfortunately failed to make any note of the circumstance.

Again, there are people who mistake impudence for wit, and often get rather more than one Roland for their Oliver. One of these persons, a foolish nobleman, being once enjoying the pleasure of the table, said: 'No, sir, I see philosophers can mingle in the greatest delicacies and good cheer.'—'Why not?' replied the other: 'Do you really entertain such an idea as to imagine Providence intended all good things for the foolish and ignorant?'

In thorough conformity with our subject, numberless instances might be quoted in which the humour is somewhat of a 'broader' kind. A young man in America during an electioneering contest, suddenly shouted out: 'Hurrah for Jackson!' at which a Van Buren man exclaimed,

angrily 'Hurrah for a Jackson!'—'All right, old man,' said the youth, 'we won't quarrel over such trifles, you can hurrah for your favourite candidate, and I'll do the same for mine.'

Examples culled from history and records are occasionally open to serious doubts, and it would be extremely hazardous at times to give a guarantee for their perfect truth. Apart, however, from these grave misgivings, they serve their purpose in an admirable manner in illustrating such subjects as those we have in hand, as the following concluding incidents will amply testify.

Henry Carey, a cousin to Queen Elizabeth, after having enjoyed Her Majesty's favour for several years, lost it in this manner. As he was walking in the garden of the palace under the queen's window, she asked him, in a jocular manner 'What does a man think when he is thinking of nothing?' The answer was a very brief one. 'Upon a woman's promise,' he replied.—'Well done, cousin,' said Elizabeth, 'excellent!' Some time after, he solicited the honour of a peerage, and reminded the queen that she had promised it to him. 'True, said Her Majesty, 'but that was a woman's promise.'

## ONE FALSE, BOTH FAIR,

OR, A HARD NUT

## CHAPTER IV.—I AM THE MARCHIONESS

The lawyer was right. The unmissable dish and clash of hoofs and wheels heralded the anticipated arrival. Then after a brief delay, the door was opened, and the groom of the chambers announced 'The Marchioness, my lady' and Miss Carew.'

Lady Barbara stepped forward with a stately tenderness of manner that became her well, to greet her widowed niece, as the two sisters in their mourning, were apparelled in the doorway. Mr Pontifex stood, bowing and smiling, in the background as the two English figures approached. She who came first, threw her arms round Lady Barbara's neck, exclaiming, in a voice half stifled by emotion 'I still thought when I left home—it seems but yesterday—that I should return here alone, and—ah!—Yes, dear aunt, it is the coming back to old Castel Vaux that brings my bereavement with fresh sorrow—the pain of it—back to me. I feel just now as I did when—when?—And she broke down, sipping.

An outburst of passionate grief, even in our placid epoch, is contagious. Mr Pontifex took snuff more demonstratively than was usual with him. It was in a very softened tone, and in a quasi-metaphorical manner, that Lady Barbara said 'Be comforted, my child—my position here, you are at home again now, dear, and with friends.—Here is Mr Pontifex, whom you may remember, perhaps,' added the chateleine of Castel Vaux, as she recollected the presence of the family lawyer.—'Yes, yes, you are back with us again, in England, and at home, and then, too, you have your sister, Miss Cora.' And Lady Barbara

held out her hand, with a smile that was meant to be cordial, to the pale, fair girl who stood, as if hesitating, a pace behind, and who now came forward, and with the colour fluttering in her cheek, said, in a faltering voice 'You mistake me, aunt—Lady Barbara! Do you not know me, then? I am the Marchioness!'

The other sister, still sobbing, started, and turning towards the last speaker, said, in a tone of bewilderment 'Why, Cora? O sister—my poor Cora—what can all this mean?'

Lady Barbara herself drew back, astonishment in her eyes, displeasure in her voice. 'Miss Carew!' she said grimly.

The girl thus addressed grasped the chair beside her for support, and in a voice that was even less steady than before, made answer 'I am Lady Marchioness I was Wilfred's wife. Shocked though I am and surprised as I am I must repeat that this is the truth.'

Mr Pontifex, who had been sidgiting uneasily to and fro on the hearth-stove, now began to arch his gray eyebrows very nicely enough, as if he saw that matters were taking a queer turn than had been usual in his large experience of common place persons and events. He took off his gold-rimmed spectacles, rubbed the glasses and re-adjusted them on his nose, and then stepped forward, clearing his voice before he said, some what awkwardly, for even a solicitor can be bashful 'This is a painful scene, very painful to me, I can assure you, Lady Barbara. There must be some grievous mistake, or some over-estimate, to account for—I repeat—extraordinary affair.'

Lady Barbara, with a face that was very grave indeed, drew herself up to the full height, and said earnestly 'Miss Cora—Miss Carew! I appeal to you to give up this most unseemly contest, and be your better self again. I entreat you, for all our sakes, not to continue this ill-judged claim, which in but trouble the peace of the family with which you are connected, and which must be useful to yourself.'

She to whom this speech was addressed made answer 'Lady Barbara Montague, I can prove what I say.'

Her sister here broke in almost in a shriek. 'I see it all!' she cried. 'I see it now clearly, only too clearly! It is the doing of that wretched Frenchwoman, that so-called Countess de Lorraine, with whom you, my poor and misled Cousin, are, unhappily, so intimately on linked the Countess, on our voyage home from Egypt. She it is who has prompted you to this, and she alone I feel sure of it for my own sake. I would never of hers if I have—Ah it is terrible—hark!—Cora, during my poor, loved Cora, listen to the phrasing of your better angel—fing aside the awful fancy—give up this cruel wrong to her who loves you, and take my full and free forgiveness, dearest, and your true sister's lifelong love!'

'Never' was the passionate rejoinder, amidst stormy sobbings—'never!' You madden me! I—am indebted—Clare—Lady Leominster!' And the girl, sinking on the sofa near her, buried her beautiful head among the silken cushions and wept with a passion of grief that could not be checked. Lady Barbara's expostulations went for nothing, she did the useless and the soft words of the sister who knelt beside her. Mr Pontifex, elevating his bushy brows into the form of the Saracenic arch, took prodigious quantities of his highly scented snuff as he surveyed the scene.

For a long time—it seemed long, but a period of excitement cannot be accurately gauged by the matter of fact standard of mere seconds and minutes—the weeping girl resumed as it were alone with her own thoughts, and paid no heed to the remonstrances of Lady Barbara or to the entreaties of her sister. At last she rose, pushing back as she did so, with an impatient gesture, the golden hair that hung disordered over her temples, and with a set stern face, that indicated a courage strangely at variance with her youthful appearance and slender form. 'Lady Barbara, she said resolutely, 'I have made up my mind, and will stay no longer where my word is doubted and my position denied. I shall leave this house. I shall go to London. With my brother I can find a refuge, until it is proved—as I am resolved it shall be—that I am Marchioness of Leominster, and should be mistress here.' There were no tears in her eyes now, though she was pale, and her features had hardened to the cold beauty of sculptured marble. She never faltered in her resolve, and Lady Barbara, who was used to speak with authority, felt the words of well-meant expostulation die away upon her lips.

Mr Pontifex, who had been restlessly rubbing his plump hands together, and blinking like an elderly owl in the daylight now come to the front. 'May I ask,' he said in a quick business-like tone, which indicated a certain inward sense of abasement at his own presence of mind 'which lady wears the wedding ring?' His eye fastened as he spoke on the marble white face of the beautiful girl who had last spoken. Instantly she snatched off her glove, showing the golden circlet on her slender finger. The other, too, slowly unloved her hand, whereon also glistened a wedding ring!

The lawyer, like Lady Barbara, was for a moment struck dumb with astonishment. He stood for a little, as if consulting what to do next. Then he spoke. 'Allow me to ask,' he said, 'if none of the servants who have travelled with you can help us out of this difficulty?'

'Yes,' said the sister who had declared her intention of quitting the house for London, 'call Pinnett, my maid, she travelled with us from Egypt.'

Pinnett was called. 'There is a slight difficulty here,' said the lawyer in his best judicial tone to the maid. 'Will you be so good as point out to us which of these two ladies—indicating the sisters with a wave of the hand—'is my Lady the Marchioness?'

There was no hesitation in Pinnett's manner. She promptly turned towards them, and pointing to the sister who had first entered the room

and addressed herself as the widow to Lady Barbara, said 'That is the Marchioness.'

'Oh, Pinnett,' cried the sister about to be exiled, 'how had you the heart to do it!'

The lawyer, with mobile eyebrows and pursed lips, retraced a pace or two and again sought counsel from his snuff box. But Lady Barbara, fairly shocked at the deliberate duplicity which had been exhibited before her eyes, drew herself up to her full height, and said slowly and firmly to the sister who had last spoken 'Miss Cartw has chosen her path in life. She had better act up to her expressed determination, and—g—'

Then worthy Mr Pontifex again came forward. He must, he begged to remind Lady Barbara, be in London that night. He should be most happy, as an old friend and legal adviser of—ahem! both families, to event the young lady, whose position at Castel Yver could not be otherwise than distressing and difficult, to her brother's house in Buxton Street.

'I knew Sir Lullford 'new well, very well,' he added, 'likewise old Sir Prudence, and have seen Sir Pagan, and shall be glad to be of service in this case, nay—'

'You are very kind, sir—I thank you. I am ready,' said the girl, speaking in the hard, mechanical tone of a leap walker, as she turned towards the door.

'Come!' pleaded her sister, but quit in vain.

'Rest until refreshment at least—Lady Barbara's gin.

'I want nothing, was the cold reply, 'when Mr Pontifex is ready to go, I am also.'

Lady Barbara, ring the bell. A servant who answered the summons received orders to send round the carriage that was to convey Mr Pontifex to the station.

'The young lady's luggage?' asked the lawyer in an audible whisper.

'It shall be sent to-morrow,' replied Lady Barbara magnanimally, 'We will have what is necessary for immediate requirements unpacked and placed in the carriage.'

'My maid has all the keys,' said the sister of her who was about to depart, self exiled, from the staidly English home so recently reached.

Very soon the final arrangements were hurried through, and the carriage was announced.

There was a busy business on the part of Mr Pontifex, who was anxious to abridge a painful scene. It is without a word or gesture of farewell, the pallid beautiful girl, upon whom all eyes were bent, turned to go. Twice she spoke, first as she left the great drawing room, and again after she had traversed the huge hall, and was crossing the outer threshold. 'I shall come back,' she said each time—'I shall come back, and as mistress here,' but she uttered the phrase in the same cold monotonous cadence, as of one who talks in sleep. Never once did she look at her sister, never once did she reply to the words which that sister continued to address to her to the last. Her demeanour was unaltered as she sat in the carriage on its way to the station, and in the train on its journey to London. When, in the lawyer's company, she was in the cab that rattled through the gaudy metropolitan thoroughfares towards her brother's bachelor abode, in

Bruton Street, she murmured half unconsciously, but in a tone too low to catch the ear of Mr Pontifex. 'The die is cast, I must assert my own. I cannot spare her now!'

(To be continued)

BOOK GOSSIP

A more interesting book comes to hand on the much debated and vexed question of the treatment of our poorest class. It is entitled, *Social Wrackage A Review of the Laws of England as they affect the Poor* (London: Ishbel), and is from the pen of Mr Francis Peck, a gentleman whose experience as a member of the London School Board, and as an earnest and sympathetic investigator into the condition of the poor, renders him qualified to speak on a subject which must always owe more to practical inquiry than to mere abstract thinking. A few years ago Mr Peck issued a little book dealing with 'Our Laws and our Poor,' which he has received at the time much and favorable consideration from the press. This book being now out of print, the author rightly judged that, instead of reprinting it, he would let the same reach the public, and the cause he had at heart, by publishing the present volume, which, while it contains all that is still valuable of the former, includes other matter which further study and experience have led him to believe worthy of consideration by the interested in the subject.

Mr Peck is strongly of opinion that the law of England, so far as they affect the poorer classes of the community, stand in need of reform. As regards the poor laws, for instance, he says there is a universal concurrence of opinion among those who have studied the subject, that the influence of these laws in the past, and to a great extent in the present, even as now administered, is to discourage providence and to foster the very evil in society which they were intended to cure. He thinks further that the influence of the law at present is to encourage the dishonest and idle to throw themselves and their families on the parish, and that this influence should be changed, and a healthier sentiment introduced amongst the poorer classes, by the necessity of providence and thrift being somehow by law insisted on, and the immorality of improvidence and wilful waste made clear. This is very much in the line of social reform which has frequently been taken in the pages of this *Journal*, and to our mind presents the only feasible and hopeful way out of the existing chaos of discontent and misery among the classes referred to. The workhouse system as respects children, our author believes to be intrinsically bad, and adduces many startling facts in evidence of this view. He would replace it by introducing a system already tried in Scotland with success, namely, to board the children out in families, with respectable people of their own rank in society, and thus accustom them to the kinder and softening influences of home life, instead of having them herding together in large workhouses, where the influence of each upon the other is the reverse of good. Both in point of economy and of moral results, the boarding out system is shown to be greatly superior to that of the workhouse.

The chapters on the licensing laws and intem-

perance, on the marriage of justice, and on crime and its punishment, are equally suggestive and practical. In the concluding chapter, he deals with a specially difficult and delicate aspect of the question by discussing on 'the uncharitable acts of inadequate relief.' He urges the necessity of careful discrimination in the bestowal of all relief of the poor, whether such relief be given by the poor law authorities, by benevolent societies, or by private persons. 'If any relief is to be beneficial, not only must it be bestowed after thorough examination, but when given, it must be adequate, in fact, the bestowal of inadequate relief is no charity.' To bestow a dole, for instance, for the relief of a man who has been thrown into poverty by want of work, is, in his opinion, to leave him very much what he was before, with the additional evil, that he may thereby learn the luxury of eating bread in idleness—a habit which he may not speedily unlearn. In such a case, Mr Peck advises that careful inquiry should be made into the man's circumstances, suitable work found for him until permanent employment is obtained, sufficient support being meantime provided to sustain his health. 'This action,' he adds, 'is not only a true fulfilling of the law of love, but is true economy.' We do not think this can be doubted, but the difficulty about it is that it would give 'benevolent and charitable people so much extra trouble—it is so much easier to fling the idle man a shilling or a loaf, and be done with him.'

We cannot enter into all the details of the system which Mr Peck sketches, but we have no hesitation in saying that none who have the means and the disposition to assist their less fortunate fellow creatures, and are anxious to do so effectively, but will find it their profit and wisdom to read Mr Peck's book.

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When Prospero, on the morning after the tempest, tells his daughter Miranda how he had been thrust by the devices of an unworthy brother out of his dukedom of Milan, sent to sea in a crazy vessel, and stranded on that solitary island where Ariel found him and became his guardian spirit, he recounts for his misfortunes by indicating that he had loved his books better than his title and all that belonged to it.

If poor men had my library  
Was dukedom large enough

The love of books is indeed a happy, though not, alas! always fortunate, quality, a quality which, when one gets thoroughly infected therewith, is not to be extricated from the blood by any surgical or medical treatments whatsoever. James the First of England expressed the hope that, if it should ever be his fate to be imprisoned, it might be in a library. 'What a place,' says Charles Lamb, speaking of Oxford, 'to be in is an old library.' It seems as though all the souls of all the writers that have bequeathed their labours to these Bodleians, were reposing here, as in some dormitory, or middle state.

Moreover, those who love books like to hear what others say of them—they are about the only friends of whom we can speak our minds plainly without in any way offending them. And especially pleasant it is to hear what those who are themselves great authors have got to

say to us about books. As one means of gratifying this literary appetite, we do not know anything more pertinent than a beautiful little book which has just been published, called *The Book Lover's Encyclopaedia* (London Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.) This book lover's handbook contains 'Thoughts on the Solace and Companion-ship of Books, selected and arranged chronologically by 'Philobiblos,' who must himself, to judge by his pseudonym and the specimens of his work, be very blessedly and fatally infected with the disease above referred to. In this book you have, in its motto from Malow, rightly in verses, 'Infinita niches in a little room, the selected wisdom ranging from Solomon and Cicero down to Carlyle and Ruskin. All the extracts are good—every tit bit within these covers is sweet and toothsome, and many of the anonymous authors follow suitably within the charmed circle of local fever meniality, will thank him heartily and gratefully for this delightful supply of 'm' h' m' for the mind.'

*Winters' Almanac for 1883* is before us. It is one of the best books of its kind, and on which we think might be better known in Scotland than it seems to be. It gives an immense amount of useful and even attractive information on all the different branches of government administration at home, with an account of each of our colonies. It gives some abroad. It also contains, particularly charming, and more here, there are notices of the chief scientific events and discoveries during the past year, and all this is given, so far as we have been able to discover, with singular accuracy.

FOR HIMSELF ALONE  
A TALE OF UNLISHED IDEALS  
CHAPTER IV

Clara and Lima sat for a little while in silence. The former had brought a book with her, the latter her end; but at length Clara could contain herself no longer. 'I think, you really ought to be ashamed of yourself' she burst out.

'I dare say I ought, dear, but I don't respond to Lima with your kind, placid criticism.'

'The way you carry on with that odious Mr Drummond is outrageous.'

'Whose feelings have I outraged?'

'You were actually seen walking out with that man before breakfast.'

'I like somebody to walk out with, and "that man" is very amusing. Some people are not amusing.'

'He's a proper—an absolute pig.'

'Yes, poor fellow. It's a terrible crime.'

'Some people are poor, but still agreeable, but Mr Drummond is thoroughly odious. He seems to be always taking people off behind their backs.'

'He is rather clever as a mimic. You should have heard his imitation of the conversation between you and Charley Sargeant the other evening on the terrace.'

'What impudence!' 'You spoke rather loudly, you know, and Mr Drummond and I were close behind you pointing to the stars, you said to Charley "Mark how those starry globes of liquid light are swimming, ethereal one by one." This was rather too far fetched for Charley. All he could say in his usual low how style was "Ah—yes—very good—just as if there was some fellow up there lighting 'em up one after another, you know!"'

'You are as bad as Mr Drummond,' said Clara disdainfully, and with that she bounced away to the other end of the seat.

Neither of them spoke for full five minutes. Then Lima said 'Clara!' Her cousin took no notice, so, after waiting a minute, she said calmly 'Clara, do u'

'What do you want?' asked Clara ungraciously.

'I want to ask you a nice dear.'

'My advice, Lima! an ever her cousin, turning half round. 'You know you are always welcome to this. I only wish you would follow it more frequently.'

'A friend of mine,' began Lima, keeping her eyes studiously fixed on her cousin's face—'a girl whom I knew at school, has lately got married to me one very nice fellow her in position, but they live each with a very lovely lady. Her husband is well to do in the City, with a salary of a hundred and fifty guineas a year, and they live in great magnificence. My friend has written to me to go, and see her. What would you do, if you were me?'

'Do? Why, drop her acquaintance, of course. Tell no more about it. Her letter than if you had never received it. If people will so far forget what they owe to their class and education to marry a clerk in a hundred and fifty pounds a year they must take their consequences.'

'If it would be no harm in my going, to see her just for once?'

'I see no objection with you, Lima. If I had a sister, and she were to flirt herself as you do, I should have to speak to her again as I do, as I live! With these words, Clara calmly resumed her reading.

'So that is what I may expect from my friends when I marry Dick, must I? Lima with a little bit of that) ok in her eyes. 'Oh please, of course.' 'Well, if they can do without me, I can do without them.'

At this moment, Mrs Pethworth appeared in the veranda, her hand, homely face looking somewhat red and flushed. Dick perceiving her from where he sat, started to his feet. 'Aunt, what are you going to do? he called. 'Come and keep me company.' He drew up an other chair, and she sat down beside him. 'What is the matter?' he asked. 'You look worried.'

'It is the pickles. What a trouble they are! They won't turn out as they ought to.'

'Why don't you leave all those things to the servants?'

'Servants indeed! I'm surprised at you, nephew. A picky man they would make of them. I think that must be an eclipse some where about. My grandmother used to say that

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whenever there's an eclipse of the moon, it's sure to turn your pickles yellow'

'Remarkable woman, your grandmother,' re-sponded Dick scintillatingly.

'That she was. It was she who taught me to milk, and I was christened after her.—Betty. Yes, my dear boy!—lowering her voice—'my husband calls me Leonora because it sounds aristocratic, but my maiden name was Betty Cleary, my father was a dairyman at Leekhampton, and I used to have six cows to milk every morning of my life.'

'I've a great respect for cow-milk in this situation, sir.'

At this moment the heat of the argument that was being sustained in Mr Polworth's party caused Mr Dempsey to elevate his voice somewhat. Mrs Polworth and Dick turned to him. He was addressing Dyson. 'I tell you, sir, he said with emphasis, 'that my friend so far succeeded in eliminating the natural frothy of this particular cream, that the animal's greatest pleasure was to eat cream as from the extended hand of his master.'

'Ha, ha, ha!' laughed Dyson with a treacherous 'A remarkable story, truly! Now, when I was in the Punjab—'

Mr Dempsey was seized with a sudden fit of sneezing, while Mr Polworth swept his letters and papers to the end of his seat.

'Dear me, dear me, I had no idea it was so late,' remarked Polworth, after consulting his watch. 'And I have several letters to send off by the forenoon post!' He moved slowly to his wife. 'Leonora, my love, I want you,' he said to his wife in his most dulcet tone, 'to be seated here and Dick on his way to the house.'

'Now, what can Algernon want in front?' remarked Mr Polworth to Dick. 'There's something wrong, I know there is, by the way he spoke to me. She said no more, but followed her husband into the house.'

'It strikes me,' muttered Dick to himself as he looked after them, 'that Mr Algernon Polworth is one of those by no means uncommon characters—a philanthropist abroad, but a bully at home.'

Mr Dempsey had risen, and was getting his letters and papers together. 'I can't stand that Punjab story a man,' he said below his breath.

Mrs Deane had crossed to the table and was selecting a flower. 'Mr Dempsey, I challenge you to a game of croquet,' she called out with a mischievous glance at the old beau.

'Only too charmed, Mrs Deane,' he answered with a grimace, 'but there's a sort of clever stupidity about croquet that I have never been quite able to master.'

'It is never well to abuse what you don't understand, Mr Dempsey.'

'If Mrs Deane will allow me,' said Dyson, rising with alacrity.

'Only too delighted, Captain Dyson.'

'Dyson has quite a genius for croquet,' sneered Dempsey.

'Some people have no genius for anything,' remarked Miss Deane with the most innocent and imaginable.

She and Dyson strolled off together towards the croquet lawn, the last words conveyed to those who were left behind being 'When I

was in the Punjab, Mrs Deane'—The rest was lost in the distance.

'Horrid flirt!' exclaimed Clunie spitefully as her eyes followed her cousin. 'I must rescue the little Captain from her clutches at any cost.'

Mr Dempsey crossed the lawn, and went indoors with a very sour look on his face.

Clunie and Dick were left alone.

No sooner did Clunie Polworth find herself alone with Mr Drummond, than she proceeded to peep at him round a clump of evergreen. He was leaning back in his chair in his favourite attitude, with his hat tilted over his eyes. 'He can't really be asleep,' said Clunie to herself. 'Not three minutes, if he was talking to mamma.' She strolled slowly towards him, humming a little air until her breath, and swinging her straw hat in one hand with an air of engaging innocence. She was just in close to him, when suddenly she shrank, started, and nearly fell into his arms. 'Oh woe!' she cried—'the horrid wasp!'

Dick opened his eye, springing to his feet, swung Clunie into the chair in which he had been sitting, and kissed her as he did so. 'Oh! What? Wasp? Where? Dick? said in a lamentation too much for me! But cousins may kiss. He said I am in the Punjab, I know.'

'You are a horrid man, but at least Clunie with a poet.'

'I know I am a horrid man, but you needn't remind me of the fact. But where's that moaning wasp?'

'Gone! It went sailing away over the shrubbery.'

'I don't think it wanted to sting you, Clunie, only to nip the hours of your life. I don't blame that wasp. He set down on a chair beside her. 'What have you here?' he asked, taking a book from her under a turn-screw.

'A beautiful volume. Palmyras *Aspirations of the Soul*. But you don't care for poetry.'

'How do you know that? In any case, I'm open to conviction—God bless us! what a title?' He had opened the book at random, and he now read out the two following lines.

Fresh souls would turn it over to earth,  
Some when in joy, the other half is waiting.

'I've often heard that marriages are made in heaven,' remarked Dick, 'but I never knew till now that we are married before we are born. What a delightful idea!'

'You are approaching the poet meaning, Cousin Frank. But perhaps you have never studied the doctrine of the two Aspirations—of spiritual unions anterior to our mortal birth.'

'Can't say that I have. But how easily one might perpetrate bigamy without knowing it.'

'Mark how splendidly the poem opens,' exclaimed Clunie with willful and enthusiastic enthusiasm. Then she began to declaim.

Soft lipping lameness of the Jemmy there,  
White Aphrodite rising through the way,  
Sweet skin strains head on, and then no more,  
A mediating crowd that creep through Henry's  
moaning caves.

'Vastly pretty,' said Dick, with a humorous twinkle in his eye. 'Henry's moaning caves is especially fine.—But what does it all mean?'

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'Ah, Cousin Frank, I'm afraid you have no soul for poetry'

'That must be the reason why I'm so prosy'

'It is quite evident that you have never been in love'

'I believe I am very much in love—with myself, and I once had a thoroughly bad temper that I all but adored'

'And yet there must be a sympathetic chord in your bosom'

'I'm glad it's not round my neck'

'A chord that needs only to be touched by Love's ivory fingers to discourse with the sweetest music'

'Good gracious!'

'But music that will some day be addressed to another—music that will never be heard by me'

'So much the better for you, Clunie, and if I were you I would try to find some sweeter strain elsewhere,' said Dick not unkindly. 'There's Captain Dyson, for instance, who was winking eyes at you over the breakfast table. He is young, rich, sporting—why not try to find a sympathetic chord in his bosom? Who knows but that he may have a soul which is pining vainly for its other half, and that you, *ma belle cousin*, may have that other half which alone can make the first captain happy? He changed his tone abruptly. 'Ah, here comes Drummond, he said drily.

'That old Mr Drummond! He's always to be found where he is not wanted, and Clunie peevishly. Then putting on a dignified air, she added 'I thank you for your eulogium, Cousin Frank. Some day, perhaps, you will understand me better.' She turned abruptly into a side walk as she said these words—I may as well go in search of the Captain at once, she murmured under her breath.

Probusher came slowly forward. He looked very much better in health than when we last saw him. He was soberly dressed in a black frock coat and gray trousers.

'I hope I have not interrupted your *letting off*,' he said to Dick as soon as Clunie had disappeared.

'Not at all. I'm glad you came when you did. Mademoiselle Clunie has been doing another little "lay on".' She either can't or won't see how useless such uterisms are.

'And yet she's sharp enough in most things.'

'She's acting on the old man's orders, I suspect.'

'Probably so. What a hypocrite he is!'

'What about the Patent Orange Company?'

'As "bogus" as several of the other concerns he is mixed up with.'

'Dempey and Dyson have both promised to invest.'

'Do them good to burn their fingers for once. Make them more wide awake for the future.'

'Do you wish me to invest?'

'You may do so,' replied Frank, 'to the extent of a couple of thousand.'

'But you will lose your money.'

'We must delay giving the cheque for a few days. Meanwhile—'

'Yes—meow!'

'The crisis may come. I'm going to put

Edworth to the proof before many days are over.'

'To the proof!'

'If he's the rogue I suspect him to be,' said Frank, 'he will succumb to the temptation I shall put before him, and then, woe be to him!'

'But it not?'

'In that case, he will denounce me as a rogue, and advise you to have me kicked out of the house.'

'And then will come the crisis?'

'I really—'

'I shant be sorry,' said Dick whimsically, and drawing a long breath.

'Why?'

'I'm getting tired of the bath. There's too much expected of a fellow. The man who carries two pounds a week can afford to be his own master, but the man with eight thousand pounds a year is everybody's slave.'

'You must pay the penalty of the position,' said Probusher with a snarl.

'Both the points in my eye. Give me independence and independence. Why can't I be in and away too good a place for me. Since I have been here six months, I shall be paying for my two pounds in Soho, for my old black mare-scham, my brooches and pearls, and for Polly Laxton to fetch me my shirt and hatker every morning at eleven.'

Dick rose, yawned, and stretched his lanky person. 'By the by, he went on, 'that letter you handed to me this morning was from Bennet Lynton. It had been sent on from our old lodger.'

'And what does the dear old boy say?'

'Nothing of importance. Best wishes to you, of course, but apparently has not heard of your good fortune. Expect to be in town in the course of a few weeks. Was glad to see that notice in *The Parishioner* of my picture in the Dudley Gallery, and hopes it may be the means of bringing me a customer.'

At this moment, a servant in livery came up to Dick. 'A deputation to see you, sir, about the almshouse at Fuddlecombe Rectory, he said.

Mr Drummond rejoined 'This will be the third deputation within the last ten days.—Then turning to the servant, he added 'Tell the gentlemen that I will be with them in a few minutes.'

'What have you to be afraid of, man alive?' asked Frank with a laugh. 'Prune them to give the matter your best consideration, and get rid of them in that way.'

Dick merely shook his head, and without another word, marched off towards the house with a gloomy and preoccupied air.

Probusher sat down on a garden chair, and drawing a letter from his pocket, he read it carefully through for the second or third time. His face darkened as he read. 'It was a happy thought to put Mr Grumps confidential clerk Whiffles on the track of my respected uncle,' he muttered to himself as he put away the letter. 'But the reality proves to be even worse than I suspected, the shadows of the future are blacker than I thought they were. And he would invade his sister's son—the nephew to whom he professes to be so devoted—into the

net in which he has already enmeshed so many victims! O hypocrite! rogue and hypocrite! Not much longer shall the blow be delayed!  
(To be concluded next month)

### THE MONTH SCIENCE AND ARTS.

A VISIT to the International Electric and Gas Exhibition now taking place at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, is not only very instructive, but is most interesting at a time when the rival claimants to artificial illumination are so industriously asserting their advantages. The first thing that strikes the visitor is that the Gas Section is far more complete and elaborate than that devoted to Electricity. This may be partly accounted for by the circumstance that the electricians have recently had an exhibition all to themselves in the same building. Still the fact remains, that the present exhibition of gas appliances for both lighting and heating, far exceeds those which owe their power to electricity.

Improved gas burners are now common enough in our streets and houses, and therefore there is little to record respecting them, but two totally new methods of burning gas, which we here brought before the public for the first time, cannot be so lightly passed over. We allude to the incandescent gas burners being the names respectively of Lewis and Chanal. In Lewis's burner a mixture of gas and air is made to pass through a small cylinder of platinum gauze. This is immediately brought to an incandescent state, and gives out a beautiful mellow light, which, though supported by any kind of draft, is unaffected by wind or rain. In the Chanal light, the same results are obtained by the employment of a little cylinder which looks like a miniature celphaloid of plaster, but in reality it is composed of magnesia (in its anhydrous state) and is under a glass, but its carbonaceous, lamellar enough to childhood in conjunction with rhubarb. This little case of magnesia is brought to an intensely white heat by the action of the gas, and the light given out is a very near approach to the well known lime light.

These incandescent gas lamps, from their very beauty and purity—for the combustion is so perfect that no unwholesome products are given off—would at once come into general use, if it were not for the circumstance that they require to be fed not only with gas but with air under pressure. Thus, of course, necessitates a double supply, which cannot be had without special apparatus. The light they give is as good, or even better than that obtained from the much vaunted incandescent electric globes, and as it must obviously be cheaper to obtain a supply of air under pressure than to evoke a current of electricity, there is no doubt that they will be widely adopted. They are the first burners of the kind, and may perhaps prove to be the pioneers of a new era of gas lighting.

M. M. Muntz and Aubin have recently made some interesting observations with reference to the presence of ammonia and nitrites in air and water at great altitudes. Their observations have been obtained by a month's sojourn on the summit of the Pic du Midi, nearly ten thousand feet

above the sea level. The air showed the same proportion of ammonia as that on low ground, but rain water, fog, and snow showed a much less proportion, while as to nitrites, they were all but absent. This seems due to the fact that nitrites are formed in the air by electrical action during thunderstorms, and such storms are rarely produced in the Pyrenean region at a greater height than seven thousand seven hundred feet. The authors consider that the absence of the fine powders of nitrates contributes towards the remarkable transparency of the air at the altitudes, and conceive that both plants and the soil which they help to form on high mountains must obtain their nitrogenous constituents from the ammonia in the air.

The recent formation of a National Fish Culture Association of Great Britain and Ireland, under the auspices of a body of gentlemen who have had much practical experience in pisciculture, is an event of great importance to the public at large. Not only river fish are to be cared for by this Association, but they intend to devote much attention to the circumstances surrounding the lives of those which inhabit the seas. The cultivation of soles and turbot, and the establishment of a close time for those fish—such as the salmon and other fresh water fish already enjoyed to be so curiously esteemed. And fishermen—whose knowledge respecting the creatures upon which they depend for support is not only highly small—will be encouraged to learn something about the food of different classes of fish, their habits, and the enemies which destroy them.

To show how much is possible by means of careful culture, we may refer to what has been done during recent years in Germany. The fish-breeding societies there number three hundred, which have among them succeeded in doubling the yields of salmon and trout in many of the rivers. In several continental rivers, salmon are now found, but they were only caught by their absence before these useful societies began their labours. Canada can show success on a far more limited scale, for at present owns but nine fish hatchery stations. But in the United States, where the system receives state support, the results have been almost fabulous, many rivers having been stocked and extinct sea fisheries revived. In older times, apprentices used to stipulate in their indentures that they should not be expected to feed on 'such common food' as salmon more than so many dishes a week. Perhaps, with the help of the new Association, history will repeat itself.

The *Times* recently contained a most interesting description of what must be regarded as the most perfect form of big gun—namely, the new one hundred ton breech-loading Armstrong. The most novel point respecting it is the manner in which it is mounted. It has no trunnions, but is fixed firmly by steel straps and links to a massive slide like carriage of steel weighing fourteen tons. This sledge rests and slides upon two steel beams, which are hinged at their front ends, so that carriage, gun, and beams can be elevated or depressed as a whole. This movement is executed by hydraulic pressure. Another hydraulic arrangement is employed for the loading, each system having its own levers. The movements are so simple and easy that the huge gun can actually



be worked by the hand of a lady. Twenty years ago, the largest gun aloft was the five-ton naval gun. In order to bring it into action, several men were required. With wooden levers, they managed with great exertion to move its clumsy carriage to right or left, much in the same way that labourers urge heavy blocks of stone along a road. Now, the touch of a handle brings into accurate position a mass of metal twenty times the weight.

A foreign technical journal gives a plan to propose for preserving silver and plated articles from turning black, as they invariably will if not kept constantly in use. The same plan could with advantage be applied, we should think, to any metal subject to change or rust from the action of the atmosphere. Plain collodion—that is, not photographic collodion—is diluted with twice its bulk of spirits of wine, and applied to the surface of the metal with a soft brush. The spirit soon evaporates, leaving an imperceptible and transparent skin, which can be removed with hot water.

Dr. O. W. Siemens, the indefatigable inventor of things both great and small, has recently patented a new explosive, which, although exhibiting double the energy of gunpowder, is far less dangerous to prepare and to handle. It consists of a mixture of nitre, chlorate of potash, and some solid hydrocarbon, such as pitch, asphaltum, gutta serena, &c. The mixture is intimately mixed together after having been separately pulverised. After this treatment, a liquid—such as alcohol, ether, &c.—which will dissolve the solid hydrocarbon is added, and the whole is formed into a plastic mass. After being rolled into sheets or cakes, the volatile liquid evaporates, leaving a hard mass, which can be broken up into grains like ordinary gunpowder. The intensity of explosion can be regulated by the size of these grains and by the proportion of the various constituents. The chief merit of the new compound seems to lie in the safety with which it can be manipulated during manufacture. If it by any means catch fire, the liquid first burns away, after which the solid residue is slowly consumed.

The excitement caused by the recent transit of Venus has hardly subsided before astronomical calculations upon the preparation for another event of almost equal interest. On May 6, there will be a total eclipse of the sun of unusual duration, for the sun will be obscured for nearly six minutes. This will give time for observations, photographic and otherwise, which will be fully appreciated, and which will probably add much to our knowledge of that luminary upon which our light and life are dependent. Unfortunately, there are only two little spots—tiny islands in the South Pacific—which the line of totality touches, the rest of it but crossing the boundless ocean. The French astronomers have already taken steps for making observations, and it is said with a view to testing the truth of Leverrier's hypothesis as to the existence of planets nearer to the sun than Mercury.

Nearly thirty years ago there was exhibited at the Palais de l'Industrie, Paris, a bar of white metal bearing a label describing it as 'Silver from clay.' The metal thus extravagantly named was really obtained from clay, but was not silver, but aluminium. This metal has several excellent

properties which would cause it to be much valued in the various arts. It is so light that an ounce of it is three times as bulky as an ounce of silver, it is sonorous, malleable, not liable to tarnish, and is very beautiful in appearance. Unfortunately, the process of extracting it from its original clay is so costly that its price prohibits its use except for certain purposes of luxury or adornment. Many attempts have been made to cheapen its production without success. But at the present time there is a rumour abroad that the problem has at last been solved. It is stated that a ton of the metal can now be produced in a well at a cost of a hundred pounds. If this be true, it will come into common use for a great variety of purposes. Its price has hitherto been from five to seven shillings per ounce.

According to the experience of most poultry owners, winter is a bad season for eggs. The fowls cost more than in summer, for they can get no natural food out of the hard ground, and they must make up their losses by increased consumption of artificial food, for which they make no return whatever. According to an article which appears in the *Gardener's Chronicle*, this should not be the case, the fowls being with the owner, and not with the stock, when eggs are scarce. Larks hatched in May or June should be looked forward to as winter birds, the ground about being in the nature of the food with which they are supplied. This is the dietary recommended: the first thing in the morning, five larks mixed together with half a pint of ale, at midday, wheat, and first of the fat in the afternoon, in the evening. This bill of fare is said never to fail in giving abundance of eggs during the coldest season of the year.

During the last few months, several shocks of earthquake have been experienced at Panama and various other points. This has occasioned some surprise, because, although adjacent to Central America and notorious for such visitations, that part of the isthmus upon which Colon and Panama stand—the terminal points of the projected interoceanic canal—has hitherto been free. Indeed, this immunity from volcanic disturbance has been one of the chief advantages urged in favour of the Colon and Panama scheme against the various other alternative routes proposed. In a newspaper lately published, this particular portion of the isthmus is coloured, to indicate its happy freedom from such disasters. We fear that the tint must now be altered.

At a recent meeting of the Paris Academy, the subject of the decadal *Phylloxera* again came to the front. M. Dumas stated that the Commission formed to combat the ravages of the pest had recommended as a primary measure the destruction by fire of all vines showing traces of infection. This action was resisted, owing to the state of French legislation regarding rural property, and the Commission had to give in. An official Report from Switzerland has since proved the soundness of the plan advocated by the French Commission. In the cantons of Geneva, Vaud, and Lucerne, where the burning process was adopted, and the owners compensated by a small tax on most fortunate vineyards, vines representing a value of forty millions sterling had been saved at the expense of a few thousand pounds. The penny-wise and

pound foolish policy can affect nations as it does individuals.

Professor Gully recently read a paper before the Society for the Promotion of Agricultural Science at Montreal, containing some very interesting notes regarding the food value of cotton seed and the oil obtained from it. When properly refined, this oil is largely used for cooking purposes, taking the place of lard. The cotton seed cake, or meal, is found of great value for fattening cattle, but the seed itself, when boiled and mixed with any kind of hay or straw, is so nutritious that animals increase in weight most rapidly when fed upon it. Under such treatment, cows give rich milk, the oil in the seed appearing to form the cream. Experiments are being continued with regard to manure, fertilizers, &c.

A most important engineering work, which will represent a great addition to the utility of our Indian possessions, is approaching completion. A railway sixteen hundred miles in length, which starts from Calcutta to Peshawar, that is to say, to a town of Afghanistan about which we heard some time ago, is now being completed. The only bridge in the long line is at Attock, a large fort on the Indus, and it is twenty miles south of Peshawar. The river at this point has usually been over a foot or a bridge of boats except in the rainy season when the current is far too turbulent for such a contrivance. Now, however, when the bridge will soon be complete, having five hundred feet, a railway one hundred and thirty feet above the water level, and a lower road for ordinary traffic. This great work will represent one of the most important railway systems in India, which, in our view, have already greatly benefited by the system of about ten thousand miles of rails.

Twenty years ago, in being first written at Middleborough, in the North Atlantic, of the discovery, the important discovery was made that certain deposits of salt, analogous to that of Cheshire, were situated near the bank of the river Tees. For various reasons, into which we need not enter, the discovery has not been utilized until quite lately. The manner of winning the brine is somewhat novel. A bore hole sixteen inches in diameter and in many hundred feet deep was cut to the deposit. In this hole a tube is fitted, while the tube itself returns to the surface by means of a pump arrangement. The tube is always full of water, the fresh water remaining at the top, and the fully saturated brine, by reason of its greater specific gravity, at the bottom. The pump is employed to remove this lower stratum, which is constantly renewed. The salt is then crystallized out in convenient pans after the usual manner. Messrs. Bell & Co. have now owned the first salt works which have been established in the Tees—are already in a position to produce nearly four hundred tons per week. The importance of the establishment of this industry in a new and important way can hardly be overestimated, and is likely to lead to important additions to our northern chemical works. Those who only see salt on the dinner table will hardly understand to what far more important uses it is put. It constitutes an indispensable item in paper making, dyeing, bleaching, glass making, and a host of other important trades. It has been said that the wealth of a country can be

very well gauged by the amount of sulphuric acid which it annually consumes. The same remark would be true if applied to salt.

The official crop Report for 1882 of a portion of Manitoba and the adjoining territories of the Canadian North-west has been issued. It is compiled from information collected principally by the postmasters of the various localities, eighty-four districts being represented, comprising about one-fourth the whole area of settlement at the present time. The average yield is shown to be: Wheat, thirty bushels to the acre only, fifty one and a half barley, thirty eight and a half, potatoes, two hundred and seventy seven and a half, turnips, on the average, five, fifteen, two twenty one, thirty seven. The average under cultivation in the eighty-four districts represented is five hundred and seventy two thousand seven hundred and seventy acres. The average number of cattle to each settler in several districts amounted to over thirty head. Altogether the report is a most satisfactory one, and depicts a general state of contentment and prosperity among the settlers. The Canadian and the Railway Company have now completed their main line, more than a hundred and six miles beyond Winnipeg, and one hundred and fifteen miles in their southern western branch, and next year they will have upwards of one thousand miles of rail through this fine country, thus giving the settler ready communication with the great market. Altogether the Canadian Railway will have about two thousand miles of railways in operation in addition to the whole line by next autumn.

The report of the Civil Engineering trial for last year shows that the industry in the field has been very largely pushed. The following facts are of the various statistics in the Civil Engineering industry in one hundred and twenty-two years, of the hundred and eighty-nine thousand and ten an increase of fully fifty even thousand over that of 1841, and of one hundred and twenty thousand over the output of 1874 which was exceptionally large year. The most noteworthy feature of the year as a business has been the great amount of steel tonnage, and of engine, ship and iron. In all, sixty three steamships of one hundred and twenty thousand tons were constructed last year, while the tonnage of sailing vessels amounted to thirty-two thousand tons, about half the amount of the preceding year. Only one little commercial vessel, of one hundred and ninety-eight tons, was built of wood. The value of the vessels launched last year is roughly estimated at nine million pounds, against eight million in the previous year. It is by far the largest total ever produced in the Clyde.

The returns from mineral production in the iron & coal and inland and inland of the last year—seven hundred million tons of iron and one million one hundred and twenty thousand and seven hundred and twenty thousand, and valued at nearly eighteen million pounds, were built in them. Roughly calculated, making like one hundred and ninety even thousand men must have been employed in the construction of the vessels which make up the tonnage named, and about twenty thousand men will be employed in their navigation. Of these must be ports, Glasgow, as above stated, with its one hundred and ninety-

one vessel, of three hundred and eighty nine thousand tons, stands first—as indeed it stands first among the ship building rivers of the world. Next to the Clyde comes the Wear, on which one hundred and twenty three vessels, of two hundred and twelve thousand four hundred and sixty four tons, have been built. After the Wear comes the Tyne, with one hundred and thirty two vessels and two hundred and eight thousand four hundred and six tons, the Hartlepool take the fourth place, with thirty nine vessels and sixty eight thousand and sixty seven tons, and the Tees comes in fifth, with forty vessels and sixty five thousand and forty eight tons. Five and twenty years ago the Wear was at the head of the list, with New York running at a close race. When iron became the chosen material, New York retired, the Wear lagged behind, while the Clyde took the first place, and the Tyne the second. Of late years, however, the Wear has been running the Tyne very close, and has this year, as we have seen, outstripped it in tonnage.

Regarding the project for building an observatory on the summit of Ben Nevis, and for which a sum of five thousand pounds is required, it is satisfactory to learn that a good beginning has been made towards raising this sum, numbers of noblemen and gentlemen giving handsome subscriptions to the fund. The objects of this project were alluded to by Mr Wiggie in an article in our paper—'Ascending Ben Nevis in Winter'—in April last year.

In a paper read before the Royal Society, Dr William Huggins has explained a method devised by him for photographing the corona of the sun at any time when that luminary is visible. Hitherto this was only possible on the occasion of a total eclipse of the sun, and if the above method should prove itself trustworthy and practicable, it will enable observers to study the corona systemically, instead of, as now, only for a few minutes in the course of a series of years.

The Committee appointed by the Treasury to report on the employment of convict labour in the construction of harbours of refuge have now issued their Report. The places suggested by the Committee are Dover, Ilke, and Peterhead. Dover and Ilke obtain the preference on account of their suitability as harbours of defence, and in the case of Ilke, on the coast of Yorkshire, as being a most important centre for the fishing interests, and for the protection of boats and trading vessels. Peterhead, in Aberdeenshire, is recommended for a similar reason, there being at present no harbour of refuge for merchant or other vessels along a coast line of two hundred and fifty miles, extending from the Firth of Forth to Cromarty Firth.

## QUITS

### A COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER'S TALK

OLD commercial travellers will tell you that in many respects the profession is nothing to what it was, though for our own part we are inclined to think that in many respects the profession has improved. The penny postage, the telegraph, the enormous expansion of the railway system, have wrought such changes in the mode of doing business between town and country, that in the

Commercial Rooms of country town inns where, in the 'good old days,' a score of gentlemen would have assembled of an evening, one nowadays meets but two or three. Much of its old character, also, has departed. Before the era of railways, when men and horses might be detained at an inn for days by stress of weather or badness of roads, jollity and free and easiness were a very prevailing characteristic of the commercial traveller, and the reckless jollity of the fraternity—for a fraternity it was, almost masquerading in the regularity of its rites and the exactness of its etiquette—passed into a proverb.

But to our story. There happened to be a snug party of commercial gentlemen assembled in the Commercial Room of an inn in one of our quaint South country towns, one winter evening a few years ago. The cloth had been removed from the table, the customary toasts had been duly honoured, and the company, some half dozen in number, had drawn their chairs round the fire, lit their pipes, and each with his glass of port in his hand evidently made up his mind to be as comfortable and as cozy as possible.

The conversation was being monopolized by Mr Higgins, a vulgar, puffy faced, bald headed man, with a large expanse of shirt front and much ostentatious jewellery, who was standing with his back to the fire, his hands tucked under his coat tails in the orthodox British fashion. The other men, who were all younger, were listening with the respect due to a representative of the old school of commercial travelling, occasionally approving remark, dutifully laughing at every bit, but in no way interfering with the great man's peacock.

'Ah!' he said, wrinkling his fat brow into a series of parallel creases, and rising almost unthinkingly up at the ceiling, 'travelling isn't what it was. There isn't no fun no days. You young gents don't know what it means, for railways have knocked it all on the head. It was something, I can tell you, to turn out of a warm bed at four o'clock of a winter morning, and jump into the trap for a twenty mile round before breakfast, so that the hoppershion shouldn't get the start of you. Nowadays, you jump into your train with your hulkies and your wraps and your morning paper, and you take your time over matters as comfortable as can be. You don't seem to have the spirit we had, though, we works it and we had our fun to, I can tell you. You work, but you don't seem to have no time for fun.'

'In what way do you mean, sir?' asked the oldest of the audience.

'What way?' repeated the great man. 'Why, I'm on the dodge and larks we was up to.'

'What sort of dodges and larks?' asked the other.

'Oh, all sorts!' replied the old gentleman. 'There's so much humbug and etiquette about nowadays. It's what you call bad form for a gent to play a trick upon another. I've known all sorts o' things done. They used to hock one another's drink, so as to make the hoppershion sleep heavy the next morning, lock their doors on the outside, chain their boots, tell the

boots not to wake 'em until it was too late to do anything, and as we used to 'ave rather wet nights in those days, I can tell you some of us required a power o' sleep to shake off the effects. It was considered fair and above board to steal a march in any way upon a gent who was working in the same line; and there was much more hopposition then, although there may be more competition now, because, you see, such a lot's done by post and wire in these days. Why, look at me, I aven't been here for two years or more, but I know that when I go round to-morrow to see how the other travellers been gettin' on, I shall get just as many orders as if I'd been reg'lar all that time. Not that all of my customers will know me, but they know the name of the firm—Hooker and Snooker of Dowgate Hill—and that's quite enough for 'em.

'And were you ever tricked in any of the ways you describe?' asked another young com-merical.

'Mr! me tricked? Not me. Joseph Hicks was always too wick awake. No, I was never caught,' replied the great man. 'I once caught a fellow in the hat of taking the lunch puns out of my gig, but I soon stopped his game, I can tell you. That was at Charing—not Charing in London, but Charing between Canterbury and Maidstone.'

'And did you ever play any tricks yourself?' asked the first young man who had spoken.

Mr Hicks slowly turned himself towards the speaker, and winking his eye several times, replied 'I should just about think I did—many and many a one. And now you remind me, I'll just tell you about one I played.

Mr Hicks having devoted himself to his entire satisfaction, now condescended to let some of his companions see what the fire was like, settled himself slowly and ponderously down into the chair which by prescriptive right belonged to the senior traveller in the room, took a long sip at his grog, and, with a preliminary clearing of the throat, began

'It was in "1847, or thereabouts," and it was a strange thing, but it was in this very identical place. There was a cocky, stuck-up young fellow of the name of Brownsmith travelling for Stokes and Nokes, Great Tower Street, in the same line as mine. He hadn't been 'ere afore, and didn't know who I was, so I says to myself, I'll just take a nip out o' you, my young popony, see if I did it.

At that moment the great man's narrative was interrupted by the entrance of a little old man dressed in black, who, observing that the seats round the fire were occupied and that nobody offered to make room for him, sat down at a side table and commenced to write letters.

'Ahem!' said Mr Hicks. 'I beg your pardon, sir, but I was just a-going to begin a tale, but as I see you are busy, I'll wait until you're finished.'

'Not at all, not at all,' said the stranger. 'Pray, don't let me interrupt you, you won't disturb me, I assure you. In fact, I'm not sure that, not being a traveller, I ought not to apologise to you for coming into the Commercial Room, but the fact is that the fire in the coffee room has gone out, and the waiter said he thought you would not mind me coming in here.'

'Quite welcome, sir, quite welcome,' said Mr

Hicks with almost monarchical grandeur 'It's against custom, I know, for strangers to enter the Commercial Room, but under the circumstances, I don't think we'll mind—Will we, gentlemen?

The gentlemen chorused that they didn't mind, so the little man proceeded with his writing, and Mr Hicks with his tale.

'Well, as I was saying, gents, I made up my mind to take this young Brownsmith down a peg or two. So what do you think I does? I goes to the stables, and I says to the bootier "Bill, if you'll get Mr Brownsmith's cob and gig out of the way the first thing to-morrow morning, and when he orders them, say you're very sorry, but you've let them out to another gent by mistake, here's a shilling for you." Of course it was worth a good deal more than a sovereign to me to get the young chap out of the way, for I saw he was pretty 'cute, and I knew he'd be after my customers. But that aint all, for I knew it was the easiest thing in the world for him to hire another cob and gig until his own was returned. So I goes down into the all very late that night, what all the bugs was—bugs in those days were very much more alike than they are now, and used to be chalked with the numbers of their owners' rooms to distinguish them—and I quickly rubs out his number and puts on another, and puts his on to another lot of bags, so that if he did start, he'd find himself in a hole and no mistake.

Next morning, I was uncommonly hateful with him at breakfast, pretending, of course, not to know he was in the same line as me, and I starts off and does all my business. When I came back, I found the poor young chap running about like a madman. He was satisfied that the gig business was a mistake, but when he came to find that another man had gone off with his bags, and had left him with a lot stuffed full of French filling, I thought he'd have brought the 'ouse down. He got the landlord and the all ports, and the chamber maids and the waiter, and he threatened to have 'em all up before the magistrate, and all the time I was grinnin' in my sleeve and pretendin' to be as concerned about it as any one.'

'Well, and what happened?' asked one of the audience as the speaker pined.

'What happened? Well, I'll tell you, replied Mr Hicks. 'The gent who had taken Brownsmith's bags by mistake for his own, had gone off to eat till he came back. And when the gent did come back, you can imagine that there was a pretty row in the place, in which of course I joined, saying that it was a disgraceful thing, and threatening the landlord that I'd take my custom over to the other 'otel if better wath wasn't kept for the future. The poor young fellow took it very 'ard, he did, and when he got his gig and bags and went round the next morning and found that all the business had been done, he came back, and he sat down in that corner there, and told me it would ruin him, 'cause it was his first job for Stokes and Nokes, and he was on trial.'

'Weren't you very sorry you'd done it?' asked one of the party.

'Me sorry?' said Mr Hicks with contempt. 'Not me. All's fair in love, war, and commerce,

and if I hadn't done it, he'd have done me by cutting me out of a lot o' business. As it was, I never set eye on him again, and I've heard he got the sick from Stokes and Noker—Sorry? Not me!

There was an expression on the faces of some of the young men as if they thought it was rather a low trick, but they made no remark, and after some further conversation, a general yawning and knocking out of pipes and drawing of glasses proclaimed the hour of tea. So the great Mr Hicks took up his candle and departed, his example was quickly followed by the rest, and the little old gentleman who had been writing his letters, was left alone.

When the door had closed upon the last bed-gearer, he shut up his writing-table and took up the position in front of the two lively occupied by Mr Hicks. Something in the story he had heard seemed to tickle his fancy immensely, for he set it down chuckling to himself and rubbing his hands as in great glee. 'Clever chap that! Uncommonly clever chap!' he muttered to himself. 'He's quite right. Young Brownsmith did give up travelling, and if he hadn't, he wouldn't be one of the richest men in the county, as he is now.'

He rang the bell for the water. When the man appeared, the little old fellow said, 'What time does Mr Hicks shut up his business in the morning?'

'Well, I hardly know, sir,' replied the water-gearer. 'You see, he don't come here regularly—in fact I can't call to mind he ever visits me here before. But the gents mostly goes out about ten o'clock.'

'Tell the boots to call me at seven, will you?' said the old gentleman, and taking his candle, he went to bed.

The next forenoon, Mr Hicks quitted majestically forth from the inn upon a round of visits, and as he walked along he seemed absorbed in the contemplation of his own figure in the shop windows, as if anticipating, with no small degree of pleasure the sensation such a representative of Hooker and Snooker would make in the shops of the humble tradesmen. He omitted the establishment of Mr Willow, who said upon his door that he was patronised by the Royal Family, but scarcely not to a fifth part of the manner in which he was patronised by Mr Hicks.

'Anything in our way, Mr Willow?' said the great man condescendingly. 'Hooker and Snooker, you know!'

'Nothing for Hooker and Snooker,' replied Mr Willow solemnly.

'Nothing, Mr Willow, nothing?' Are you quite sure?' asked Mr Hicks, somewhat astounded.

'I've said nothing, I think,' said Mr Willow. 'I'm busy. Please, go away, there's a good man.'

Mr Hicks left the shop slowly and wonderingly. 'Surely, he thought, as he walked on to his next customer—surely no one's been interfering with Hooker and Snooker. No orders from Willow! It's unaccountable.'

He entered the shop of Mr Burslem, who, not being patronised by Royalty, preferred not to be

patronised by any one, and who had the reputation of being a curt, sharp, short man of business. Mr Hicks entered, and on the principle that time is money, did not detain his business, merely indicated the name of Hooker and Snooker, and stood with his order book ready open.

'Nothing at all, my good man,' said Mr Burslem—'nothing at all—Good morning!'

'Nothing at'—began Mr Hicks, fairly bewildered.

'No, nothing at all. Good morning,' put in Mr Burslem, so that there was nothing to be done but to return the wish ruefully and go out.

'Now, there is something wrong,' said Mr Hicks to himself as he stood on the pavement outside Mr Burslem's door. 'My two best customers, and no orders! I never knew it better, never! Who can it be? Young Jones was here two months back and got forty pound old in orders. And I, Joseph Hicks, the chief traveller to Hooker and Snooker, am told that there's nothing for me! "My good man" too, forsooth! I must try Mr Cole.'

He entered Mr Cole's shop. Mr Cole was not there, but appeared in a few minutes. Mr Hicks went through his usual. Mr Cole replied immediately. 'Not to-day, Hooker and Snooker. I'm supplied!'

'Supplied!' almost shrieked Mr Hicks.

'Yes, supplied!' said Mr Cole, but not a syllable more.

Mr Hicks was now fairly roused. Suddenly, the recollection of his taste in the Commercial Room on the preceding evening flashed before him. Could some of the young fellows have been playing him a trick similar in nature to that which he had played so many years before on young Brownsmith? Still, his anger and mortification as best he could, he strode on to the shop of his last customer, Mr Ironstone.

'Nothing to-day, Hooker and Snooker,' said Mr Ironstone before Mr Hicks could put the question.

'Mr Ironstone,' said the astonished Hicks, in an almost pathetic tone of appeal, 'will you tell me if any one has been before me, and has done the business which hitherto Hooker and Snooker have performed for you?'

'Hooker and Snooker still do our business,' said Mr Ironstone.

'Well, but I represent 'em,' said Mr Hicks. 'Come, come!' said the dealer soothingly, as if he was speaking to a child, 'don't take up my time, there's a good fellow. I've told you that I have no orders, so go away quietly, or I shall be obliged to call your keeper!'

'My what? My keeper?' roared Mr Hicks. 'What do you mean, sir? Surely you don't think I'm a lunatic!'

'I don't think it, I'm sure of it—I'm sure,' replied Mr Ironstone, and coming round the counter, he gently took Mr Hicks by the arm, led him from the shop, and shut the door after him.

Mr Hicks stood as one dazed for some seconds. The buildings seemed to reel around him, and he felt that with a little more he would actually be out of his mind. Then he strode back to the inn, resolved to make a terrible example of the plotters that evening.

He was very moody and silent at dinner, and the young fellows saw that something had gone wrong with him, as he scowled terribly over his food, and only answered with fierce grunts the questions put to him. Afterwards, when, according to custom, the chairs were drawn round the fire and the best part of the day begun, Mr Hicks rose majestically and assuming his usual position in front of the fire, preface'd his thunder with a loud 'Ahem!'

'Gentlemen, it is with regret, strongly mixed with disgust, that I am forced to address you upon a certain subject—upon a subject which is as disagreeable to me as it must be humiliating to such of you as are concerned. In short, some of you, taking a mean advantage of my attempt to amuse you last night, have been playing me a under and trick.'

The gentlemen thus addressed took their pipes from their mouths and gazed at Mr Hicks with amazement.

He continued: 'The day for this sort of thing has gone by, and it all becomes members of an honored profession to indulge in tricks of which a schoolboy would be ashamed. To be plain with you, gentlemen, I have been pissed off in the town as a lunatic, and consequently have found the doors of my most important concerns shut against me.'

In spite of the serious manner in which Mr Hicks spoke, there was a very perceptible smile on the faces of the young men around him, which he was not slow to observe.

'I see nothing to laugh at in it, gentlemen, he continued, suppressing with difficulty his rising wrath, 'in fact, there are some of you who will probably live very good reasons for regretting it, when I tell you that not only I find out which of you is the offender, I shall write to your respective governors, with a view of having the matter thoroughly gone into.'

One and all declared that they were utterly ignorant of the matter, and with such emphatic protestations against the iniquity of the trick, that Mr Hicks was forced to believe them.

'Perhaps the little old gentleman who was writing at the side table last night knew some thing about it, suggested one of the teens.'

Mr Hicks rang the bell for the waiter. 'Water, he said, 'is the gentleman who came in here from the coffee room last night in the case?'

'Mr Brownsmith, sir—O no, sir, he went away this morning, and he gave me this note to give to you, not before this evening,' replied the waiter.

'Mr Brownsmith! Is that his name?' cried Hicks, in a faint voice.

'Yes, sir,' answered the waiter. 'He owns half the town, sir, and was just locking up his property.'

Mr Hicks opened the note and read as follows:

MY DEAR SIR—You were good enough, some forty years ago, to play me a trick which might have ruined any other man for life, or at least have retarded his progress very seriously. I am not very vindictive, but I never forgive you for it, more especially as I have had no opportunity of repaying you. We are at last quits. You are beyond the reach of actual harm now, as I presume you have feathered your nest pretty

comfortably in forty years, but as a man is never too old to learn a lesson, I hope by the return trick I have played you this morning, that you have learned one.—I am, sir, your obedient servant,  
SAMUEL BROWNSMITH.

## OCCASIONAL NOTES

## BOOKER MARRIED WOMEN'S PROPERTY ACT

In the number of this *Journal* for 23d December last, we gave an analysis of the Act passed last year affecting married women's property in England. It may be useful if we point out here that the Married Women's Property Act for Scotland, passed in 1881, differs in some respects from the English Act. In cases where the parties are married after the passing of the Act (July 18, 1881), if the husband have at the time of the marriage his domicile in Scotland, the whole movable and personal estate of the wife, whether required before or during the marriage, is vested in her as her separate estate. But she shall not be entitled to assign the property in her name, or interfere with her husband's consent, to any of such estate. The investments, as in England, must be kept separate and distinct in order to protect them against claims by the husband's creditors. The rents of heritable property in such cases also belong to the wife for her separate use. The Act has only a partial application to the property of wives married previous to the above date, and does not affect any settlement. But the parties may by the execution of a deed require the same position under the Act as if they had been married subsequently. He has not many women who may die domiciled in Scotland after the passing of the Act is to have the same share and interest in her movable estate as he would have in his estate after his death, that is, one-third, in case of three children, children surviving, otherwise, one half.

## VACCINATION FOR SPLEEN FEVER—IMPORTANT RESULTS

This month we give an article on the subject of experiments with disease germs, entitled 'A Sanitary Soup Kitchen' (p. 27), in the course of which reference is made to Pasteur's discoveries in connection with spleen fever in animals. Since that article was written, a paper has been read by M. Pasteur before the Académie des Sciences, giving further results achieved by him, and which are of extreme importance.

The department of the Eure-et-Loire in France, is one in which spleen fever has always been very prevalent, and after the exclusive results of the experiments which were made eighteen months ago near Paris, the farmers of the province determined to try M. Pasteur's remedy. In the course of the past year, nearly 1,000,000 head of sheep, between four and five thousand head of cattle, and five hundred horses have been vaccinated, with what good effects may be gathered from the following statement. The number of sheep vaccinated within the year has been seventy-nine thousand three hundred and ninety-two. For the last ten years the average annual loss from liver rot has been seven thousand three hundred and twenty-seven, or nine per cent. Since the introduction of vaccination this loss has

been reduced to six hundred and eighteen, or to less than one per cent.

Among the flocks which have been only partially vaccinated, there were two thousand three hundred and eight sheep vaccinated, and one thousand six hundred and fifty-nine not; and the loss among these was only eight for the two thousand three hundred and eight vaccinated sheep, while it was sixty among the one thousand six hundred and fifty-nine unvaccinated sheep. It is worthy of note that these sheep were brought from different parts of the department, and that the vaccinated and unvaccinated ones were all fed and treated in the same way. The veterinarians of the Eure-et-Loir have vaccinated during the year four thousand five hundred and sixty-two head of cattle, and there have been only eleven deaths, the rate of mortality being thus reduced from over seven per cent, at which it stood a year ago, to less than a quarter per cent. Horses were not vaccinated to so general an extent as cattle and sheep; but out of the five hundred and twenty-four subjected to it, only three died.

#### THE BROKEN TOY

A broken toy ! what memories bring  
Around this half forgotten thing,  
What baby laughter seems to rise,  
Like old, delightful melodies,  
What shouts of wondrous tuneful joy,  
At sight of this poor broken toy !

Oh, tiny feet that would not rest !  
Oh, dear head pillowed on our breast,

What would we give to hold again  
The form we lost, 'mid tears and pain !  
Ah, child ! the empty cot is ours,  
But thine the sunshine and the flowers !

What could we give thee, shouldst thou come  
To smile again upon thy home !  
Such little pleasures as we know  
In this, our twilight life below ;  
Some fragments of earth's pearly joys,  
A handful of its broken toys !

How calm thy lot—for ever blest,  
How exquisite thy happy rest !  
How changeless, joyful, and serene,  
Compared with what thy lot had been  
With us—whose fleeting, clouded joys  
Ate at their best but broken toys !

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#### A FEW WORDS TO OUR READERS.

WITH the present Monthly Part, the fifty-second volume of this *Journal* begins, and the fifty-first year of its existence is completed, while, to judge by its circulation, the magazine seems to be in ever-increasing favour. For this and numerous other marks of approval at the hands of our readers throughout the world, our heartiest thanks are due.

Observing as far as possible the lines laid down half a century ago for the conducting of *Chambers's Journal*, it shall still be our constant endeavour to provide a weekly and monthly budget of literature at once wholesome, instructive, and entertaining, nor shall our vigilance be relaxed in withholding matter that might offend even the most sensitive.

With a watchful eye to Science and Art, and all that is currently interesting regarding them, we shall likewise increase our efforts to entertain our readers with anecdotes, tales, and serial fiction; and by commingling with these, occasional essays on subjects of social and economic importance, we hope still to elevate as well as to amuse.

In short, it shall be our earnest care jealously to preserve and guard that Standard from which we have never swerved, and which has carried *Chambers's Journal* unscathed through endless competition.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF  
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

*Fourth Series*

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 97 — VOL. XX

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1893

Price 1s. 6d.

## LOST CITIES

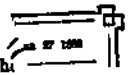
SCATTERED throughout this and foreign countries, we find extensive traditions respecting cities buried beneath the land or water, which, although occasionally grounded on fact, have in most cases a purely legendary origin. It is true that in years gone by, the ravages of Nature, caused either by earthquakes or encroachments of the sea, have ruthlessly swept away many a smiling village, yet this explanation does not satisfactorily account for the popular notion of lost cities, which, like so many other subjects of a kindred nature, is involved in uncertainty. It has been suggested that it may have sprung from the well-known myth of the 'Happy Isles,' a tradition which is found amongst nearly every nation of the globe, and which formed an object of belief amongst the Greeks and Romans of old, and still enters into the folk-lore of the Irishman, the Welshman, the Hindu, and the Red Indian of to-day. Indeed, one may still occasionally hear, in Wales, sailors speak of the green meadows of enchantment lying in the Irish Channel to the west of Pembrokeshire, which, they say, are at certain times discernible, although very quickly lost to sight. There are even traditions of sailors who, in the early part of the present century, went upon one of the fairy islands, unaware that they were such until they returned to their boats, when they were amazed at seeing the islands disappear from sight. The fancies who inhabited these islands are reported, says Mr West Sikes, in his *British Goblins*, 'to have regularly attended the markets at Milford Haven, making their purchases without speaking, and occasionally rendering themselves invisible. The peasantry of Milford Haven, too, firmly believed that these islands were densely peopled by faeries, who went to and fro between the islands and the shore through a subterranean way under the bottom of the sea.' Some antiquaries have conjectured that the tradition relating to these Happy Isles is a relic of a primitive legend associated with Eden, but the question is one involved in much obscurity, and

upon which there is a wide diversity of opinion. Without further discussing the origin of this class of legendary lore, we would give a brief outline of some of the principal instances recorded in well-known localities.

Thus, near Rotherham, in Nottinghamshire, there is a valley which popular tradition in the neighbourhood affirms was caused by an earthquake many hundred years ago, when the whole village, together with the church, was completely swallowed up. So deep rooted was this belief, that in years gone by, it was customary for the inhabitants who resided near this valley to assemble together every Christmas morning, for the purpose of hearing the ringing of the church bells underground, which it was reputed might be distinctly heard by stooping down and listening to their peals beneath. There are numerous superstitions of this kind, it being a popular notion, that in those localities where churches have been buried by an earthquake, the bells still ring deep in the earth on Christmas morning. At Felicity Blow, near Killybegs, there is a curious kind of natural hollow scooped out, where, runs the legend, 1,400 years ago, a church, parson, and people were swallowed up. Ever since this terrible occurrence, it is asserted that the church bells have been regularly heard to ring every Sunday morning.

In the same way, also, cities which have been engulfed by the sea are supposed to appear above the waves at dawn on Easter day, or to be visible by moonlight in the still depths of the water; their bells being, at times heard sounding dimly below. Thus, near Blackpool, about two miles out at sea, it is related that there once stood the church and cemetery of *Alghuna*, long since submerged. Even now, however, the melancholy chimings of the bells sounding over the restless waters may oftentimes, the sailors say, be heard, especially in rough and tempestuous weather. At Cromer, near Elymouth, Shropshire, 'where,' to quote a correspondent of *Notes and Queries*, 'there is one of a number of pretty lakes scattered throughout the district, there is





a tradition of a chapel having formerly stood on the banks of the lake, and it is said that the belief once was, that whenever the waters were ruffled by wind, the chapel bells might be heard as ringing beneath the surface. Referring to these sunken bells, it may be noted that their supposed sound is generally considered by sailors as ominous, and to prognosticate misfortune of some kind or other. Hence, we may quote a bell legend connected with Jersey. Many years ago, the twelve parish churches in that island possessed each a valuable peal of bells, but during a long civil war, the bells were sold, to defray the expenses of the troops, they were accordingly sent to France for that purpose, but on the passage, the ship foundered and everything was lost. Since that day, during a storm three bells always ring from the deep. And the fishermen of St Ouen's Bay sometimes go to the edge of the water before embarking, to listen if they can hear the bells upon the wind, for if so, nothing will induce them to leave the shore, but if all is quiet, they fearlessly set sail.

There are numerous legends of sunken cities scattered through Ireland, some of which are of a most romantic character. Thus the spa now covered by the Lake of Inchiquin is reputed in former days to have been a populous and flourishing city, but, for some dreadful and unexplained crime, tradition says, it was buried beneath the deep waters. The dark spirit of its king still resides in one of the caverns which border the lake, and once every seven years at midnight he issues forth, mounted on his white charger, and makes the complete circuit of the lake, a performance which he is to continue till the silver hoofs of his steed are worn out, when the curse will be removed, and the city reappear once more in all its former condition. The peasantry affirm that even now, on a calm night, one may clearly see the towers and spires gleaming through the clear water.

With this legend we may compare one told by Burton in his *History of Ireland*. 'In Ulster is a lake thirty thousand paces long, and fifteen thousand broad, out of which ariseth the noble northern river called Bane. It is believed by the inhabitants that they were formerly wicked vicious people who lived in this place, and there was an old prophecy in every one's mouth, that whenever a well which was therein, and was continually covered and locked up carefully, should be left open, so great a quantity of water should issue thereout as would forthwith overflow the whole adjacent country. It happened that an old hildam coming to fetch water, heard her child cry, upon which running away in haste, she forgot to cover the spring, and coming back to do it, the land was so overrun that it was past her help, and at length she, her child, and all the territory were drowned, which caused this pool that remains to this day.' Geraldus Cambrensis, too, notices the tradition of Lough Neagh having once been a fountain which overflowed the whole country, to which Moore thus alludes:

On Lough Neagh's banks, as the German strays,  
When the clear cold eve's dithyramb  
He sees the round towers of the days  
In the waves beneath him shining

It may be remembered also, that Crofton Croker, in his *Fairy Legends of the South of*

Ireland, relates how beyond the town of Cork, just outside the town of water, at the bottom of win and gardens far more beautiful to be seen. The legend runs, that seven foot touched Lough ground, great king called Corc, whose palace the lake now is, in a green valley. In of the courtyard was a spring of pure and clear that it was the wrong neighbourhood far and near. On one however, when the king was giving entertainment, it happened that in the banquet one of the guests said to the king, 'May it please your Majesty, here is overabundance that he can wish for water?' 'Water,' replied the king, 'ye speedily have,' and despatching his men the fair Ulster, she soon unlocked the door, wall, but stooping down, she unfortunately her balance and fell in. The water at once and speedily filled the green valley in which the king's palace stood—a judgment, it is supposed, upon him for having closed the well against the poor.

Once more. On the west coast of Ireland, near the cliffs of Moher, a long distance out at sea, the waves appear continually breaking in white foam even on the calmest day. Tradition says that many years ago a flourishing city was swallowed up for some terrible crime, and that it becomes visible once every seven years. It is further added, that if the person who happens to see it could but keep his eyes fixed upon it till he reached it, the city would be restored. It is unnecessary to add further instances to show how extensively credit is given in Ireland to this superstition, which, it has been suggested, may have partly arisen from optical illusion, where the shadow of the mountains and various fantastic features of the landscape are reflected from the calm and unruffled bosom of a lake. Thus, said a peasant to an officer who was quartered in the west of Ireland—'If, on a fine summer evening, when the sun is just sinking behind the mountains, you go to the lough, and get on a little bank that hangs over it on the west side, and stoop down, and look into the water, you'll see the finest sight in the whole world—for you'll see under you in the water, as plain as you see me, a great city, with palaces and churches and long streets and squares in it.'

Passing from Ireland to Wales, tradition says that the well known town of Aberystwith was formerly a long distance inland from the sea, an extensive tract of country, stretching for miles where water now flows, having been once a flourishing and thriving district, cultivated and inhabited by a numerous population, dwelling in villages and towns, cities and castles. One day, however, the sea rose far beyond its usual height, and flooding the country round, formed Cudgyn Bay. This tradition has been preserved in prose and verse, and geologists are of opinion that it is not entirely without foundation. According to another version of this legend, related by Mr Askew Roberts in his *Geological Guides to Wales*, it seems that the steady advance of the waters had caused the inhabitants to erect sea walls, and when the rivers discharged themselves into the ocean, floodgates were constructed,

which were always closed at high water. The keeper of the floodgates, one night, when the people were asleep and the tide unusually high, got drunk, and either neglected to see the gates properly closed, or in his cups opened them himself. Anyhow, the plain was deluged, the people were drowned, towns and cities alike being destroyed.

Putting tradition aside, there can be no doubt that in past centuries the sudden and destructive encroachments of the sea occasionally swept away wide districts of land, and gave an impetus to this kind of legendary lore. This has been especially true of the Norfolk coast, and it is a well established fact that the village of Cromer— which of late years has become a fashionable little watering place—was in years gone by an inland hamlet, another village having originally stood where the sea now comes to and fro Dunwich, again, now a mere village on the Suffolk coast, three miles and a half from South wold was once an important, populous, and commercial city. Here, we are told, were certainly six or eight parish churches, besides three chantries, the Temple Church, which probably belonged to the Templars, and afterwards to the Hospitaliers, the houses of Franciscan and Dominican friars, each with churches. The city, however, being situated on a coast destitute of rock, gradually yielded to the violence of the sea. In the reign of Henry III, it is recorded how the king wrote to the citizens of Suffolk to assist the inhabitants in stopping the destruction. In 1677 the sea reached the market place, and in 1702, St Peter's Church was devastated of its lead, timber, bells, &c., and in the year 1818 Dunwich, it is said, 'consisted of only forty two houses and half a church.'

The ancient Lowestoft is generally considered to have been washed away at an early period by the ocean, for, till the 25th year of Henry VIII, the remains of a blockhouse upon an isolated spot were to be seen at low water about four furlongs east of the present beach. Stow, describing the great tide of 1094, says 'The sea broke in over the banks of the Thames and other rivers drowning many towns and much people, with innumerable numbers of oxen and sheep, at which time the lands in Kent that sometimes belonged to Duke Godwyn, Lord of Kent, were covered with sand and drowned, which are to this day called Goodwin Sands.' Lastly, we find in Cornwall numerous legends relating to lost cities, some of which, it would seem, are founded partly upon fact. Thus, the Scilly Isles, it is said, were once united to the mainland by a tract of country known as the 'Lydnese,' which, according to the Devon Chronicle, was destroyed on the 11th April 1099. Mr Warner, in his *Town through Cornwall*, says that although 'the records of history do not rise so high as the era when this disjunction happened, yet we have documents still remaining which prove that this island must have been considerably widened, and the number of the Scilly Isles greatly increased within the last sixteen or seven hundred years by the waters of the Atlantic, receding probably from the coast of America, passing towards the coast of Britain, and over whelming parts of the western shores of Cornwall. Again, that beautiful and romantic spot, St

Michael's Mount, opposite the little market town of Marazion, and about three miles and a half from Penzance, which is now separated from the mainland at high tide by the sea, is supposed to have been originally surrounded by a dense forest. This idea is strengthened by the fact that the remains of trees have been discovered in its neighbourhood, and also from its Cornish name, which means the 'Gray Rock in the Wood.' Beneath the sands on the coast near Hayle, tradition says, the castle of Theodorik, king of Cornwall, lies buried, and that on certain occasions some of the castle towers can be discerned. Lowestoft is also affirmed by the Cornish peasantry to have been in former ages a city of considerable dimensions, having been swallowed up by an earthquake.

To quote one further instance, recorded by Mr Hunt, in his *Popular Romances of the West of England*. It appears that once there stood on the northern shores of Cornwall a city called Langanaw, which in its best days possessed seven churches, each of which was famous for its size and beauty. The inhabitants were wealthy, deriving their riches from the fertility of the land and from the sea, which yielded them abundance of fish and lead. To this city criminals were sent from various parts of the country, and made to work in the mines. Unhappily, however, their proximity had a bad influence upon the people, who gave way to sinful pursuits and pleasures. Accordingly, the wrath of God eventually descended upon them, and one night a violent tempest arose, raging with unbridled fury for three days and nights. At the end of this time, the city had entirely disappeared, being buried beneath the sandhills which the wind had heaped together on that ill-fated spot.

ONE FALSB, BOTH FAIR,

OR, A HARD ANO!

BY JOHN B. HARWOOD

CHAPTER V—SIR IACOB

'CHEER up, though, Sir Pagan! It comes and goes that way. And if Prince Arthur didn't win the Cup, it was no fault of the dogs, after all.'

'Never thought it was, Wiston,' was the curt reply.

'Nor yet it wasn't the trainer's fault, Sir Pagan, promptly rejoined the first speaker. 'A heavy greyhound on a stancher never started out of ship, and he came in prime condition, fresh to paint, to the post—he did, and with only five to three laid against him at the bet. And if there hadn't been that jockey riding him, it isn't the fool of a judge hadn't asked it against Prince Arthur, the thing was!'

'There, then, Wiston!' broke in the baronet roughly but not unkindly, 'didn't hit up that old story again. I've heard enough of it, and it's always much to the same tune, and ends somehow in leaving my pocket emptier than before. You didn't come up to day merely to tell me why my dog didn't win the York Cup—None of them such as they!' he added hastily and with genuine anxiety.

'No, Sir Pagan, they're all right, the beauties, and fit as'—the speaker hesitated for a moment, in search of an adequate simile, and not finding one at once, opposite and unharmed, ended his phrase meekly with 'fit like'—But that isn't quite all I made bold to run up to-day to ask you for a cheque, Sir Pagan'

'And you couldn't have come at a worse time, I can tell you that,' returned his employer irritably, as he tapped hard with the sun-browned finchfinger of his ungloved right hand on the battened mahogany table by which he stood.

'Now, Sir P,' began the trainer persuasively, 'we must be reasonable, Sir P—mustn't we?—and look at both sides of the thing. I have expenses, heavy expenses, to keep up my place on the Berkshire Downs. Haven't I got widders to pay—ye, and to keep up to them work—besides wanting chips to watch the widders. There's rent and taxes, there's the lads, and the vet, and the travelling, which requires no lads, but expert and good men. I do justice to the dogs—every gentleman owns that, but I've a duty, too, to my own family, and I can't be always paying out and never putting in, can I, Sir Pagan?' A hand died in nothing to you'—

'Isn't it, though?' rapped out the baronet petulantly. 'I tell you, Weston, as I told you before, that it's dead low water with me, and that there isn't a fellow in London under pressed than myself. Lettuna keeps dancing round of me like a Will o' the Wisp, I think, to lure me on through bog and quagmire, and always keeps beyond my reach. I could almost wish, now, that I'd never had a horse of my own, or a dog. I've a mind to cut the whole thing, drop my bronkeys like a hot potato, call myself plain Baronet Carew, and go such, be off to Australia. At any rate, I could die.'

It was evening already, and the gas that had been lighted in the dusky, unglazed dining-room of the grim old house in Bruton Street, threw its yellow gleam upon the two parties to this conversation, such a type after his kind. Mr Weston, the trainer, was a stout man of middle age, whose buff waistcoat, neatly faced cravat of palest blue, and wholesome, clean-shaven face, indicated nothing that we usually associate with a mercenary connection with dogs, horses, and the Turf. His appearance was almost ostentatiously respectable, and his shrewd blue eyes, a trifle restless, perhaps, returned almost a boyish candour when they met those of a customer or patron. Yet Joseph Weston had been a trainer of race horses before he was a trainer of greyhounds, and of his character remained as honest as his looks, he was an astonishing example of how it is possible in any calling, to avoid the pervading contagion of roguery.

Very different was the aspect of Sir Pagan. A young man still—he was in reality thirty and twenty, but looked older by half a dozen years—he showed not the faintest resemblance to his two beautiful sisters. Nay, more, a hasty observer might have failed to class him as a gentleman, but a more patient scrutiny would have revealed that error. Sir Pagan was emphatically a gentle man, and the remembrance of the fact, and that he was a Carew of Carew, steadied him, and supported him somehow in the midst of wild comrades and evil counsellors. The baronet—

it was Charles I who gave the honours of the Ulster Red Hand to his ancestors—had not begun his career under very favourable auspices. His grandfather had been a magnificent local spendthrift, his father a needy but ostentatious imitator of the deeply dived family property. Sir Pagan, half educated, found himself the representative of the grand old name, and the master of the ruinous mansion, with an estate that bore mortgages rather than crops, and a traditional obligation to keep greyhounds, to hunt the county, and to contest elections, as his forefathers had done.

Then the head of the ancient house stood, in his dingy dining-room in Bruton Street, his muscular hand resting, on the graceful head of a noble greyhound of the old-fashioned Yorkshire breed, too tall, now, to win money for the master whose almost insupportable friend he was. Person ally, Sir Pagan was a dark haired man of average height, with a well knit figure, a sun-brown complexion, and hard features. Strangers never liked him. But there was something in Sir Pagan's ugly face, when you came to know him, which pleaded in his behalf—a cautious watchfulness, as if he would be bitter if he could, which we may read in the eyes of more than one specimen of the genus, to which he belonged. His education, as has been said, had been sadly neglected. Beyond a certain narrow practical groove, his general was superficial, but then he had the grace to be aware of it, and to be sorry that it was so. As a hawking, hunting, gentleman, like those only Sir Pagan whose oddly sounding baptismal appellation cropped up so often in his Devonshire pedigree, the baronet would have done very well. He could have charged with Rupert—distantly enough. He would have won credit had he sided with Effingham against the Inevitable Armies. In the nineteenth century he was an mechanism, much as a specimen of the Percepsis, in plumes and war paint, would be in the bustling Massachusetts of to-day. All his life long, he had been painfully short of cash, and he knew no way to redress the waning balance at his bankers' but by winning bet or stake, by a lucky deal in horses, or by cards. He was in evening costume now, being engaged to dine in congenial company at a well known Club, the Chestnutfield, where play ran high, and was therefore in a hurry to be rid of his trainer, the more so as a hand for a ready coin was to him a source of misery.

The rapid driving up of a cab, and the clang and peal of knocker and door-bell, interrupted the colloquy between Mr Weston and his employer, and then followed the tread of feet and the murmur of voices, and stranger still, a sound as of stifled sobs in the narrow entrance hall. Before the baronet could recover from his surprise, the door of the dingy dining-room was hurriedly flung open by a nondescript man in a coat, half groom, half footman, who blurted out the words: 'Lady Louisa's, Sir Pagan—that is to say, Miss Carew—and Mr Pontifex.'

Sir Pagan could hardly believe his ears. He came forward, half mechanically, to receive the girl, in mourning gait, who tottered rather than walked into the room, putting out both her trembling little hands to meet that which

the baronet somewhat awkwardly extended to her, and next, breaking down altogether, sank upon the chair nearest to her and sobbed as if her heart would break.

'No one but you, now, in there—no one but you!' she said, in a low wailing voice that it was very sad to hear.

Sir Pagan winced perceptibly, as though the words, or the tone of heart-broken wretchedness in which they were uttered, came home to him as a reproach. Fraternal affection is not a quality very strongly developed, or very effectively displayed in modern English life, but Sir Pagan, at the sight of his sister's distress, could not but feel that as a brother he had been rough and careless. 'There, there, Clara—don't cry,' he said with clumsy kindness, as he bent over her. 'I'm glad to see you, but it does take a fellow aback, somehow, when he hadn't a notion—Mr—yes, Mr Pontifex—beg your pardon, I'm sure' And he clutched the little lawyer's fleshy hand between his own strong fingers with a force that made the visitor wince. 'Pray, sit down—so very kind of you—thanks!' and Sir Pagan looked round the room in bewilderment, until he espied the trainer, who was now slowly sidling towards the door. 'Another time, Weston. I'll write—or come.'

'Good evening, Sir P,' replied the discreet Weston, as he slipped out and softly relocked the door.

The tall greyhound, with a low whine akin to that of recognition, solemnly advanced and laid his handsome head for a moment on the arm of the slender girl, who remained in a crouching attitude in the chair into which she had fallen, and then gravely returned to his station at his master's feet. That master, sorely puzzled, looked first at his sister, and then at Mr Pontifex. The latter, having cleared his throat, and first wiped and then deliberately readjusted his gold-rimmed glasses, began nervously an explanation, the only immediate object of which was to make his fifty-fold the very natural perplexity of his host.

'By Jupiter, sir!' exclaimed Sir Pagan at last, slapping down his heavy hand upon the dulled and scratched mahogany of the heavy old table, whereon many a scint had smoked under the Georgian reigns, 'I don't wish to be rude, but this will drive me mad, I think. I understand you to say that it was my sister Clara—the Marchioness—that you have brought here with you to-day, and now you hunt that it is Cora—I thought it was from the first—and what? All that about Lady Barbara somebody, and Oswald Vawr, and the painful business, and so forth! What has happened! All I can gather is that there has been a row of some sort.'

'Excuse me, Sir Pagan,' replied the polite little lawyer, 'I did not venture to commit myself to any decided statement as to the identity of the lady who—'

'Do you not know me—brother!' exclaimed the sobbing girl, pushing back her veil, and letting the gaslight stream full upon her agitated face.

'No, upon my honour, I don't, for in truth it's so many years since!'—blundered out the young baronet in his bluff way. 'But don't cry, dear. You're my sister, anyhow, and you

are welcome. I'll do my best.' And again Sir Pagan looked distractedly at the solicitor.

'I am Clara—poor Clara,' she answered, and then, after a pause, went on. 'I have come to seek shelter, come to take refuge with you, Pagan, until I can prove what I say. You are not angry with me, are you, brother dear, because I—because I come to you?'

The last words were so touchingly uttered, that rough Sir Pagan's own voice was a little husky as he replied, patting her gently on the shoulder, as if she had been a child. 'No, no, never think that. You mustn't mind me, you know. I was always a bear, wasn't I? I'll do my best, though—well—and— Mr Pontifex, one word with you—Back in no time, dear.' And with a silent ceremony, Sir Pagan whisked the plump, shrewd attorney out of the room, and into a den which the master of the house called his study, and which, so far as Mr Pontifex could see by the dim light of a candle that his host had snatched up in traversing the narrow hall, was littered with a wild confusion of fishing tackle, whips, boots, spurs, and other paraphernalia of the chase, a pair of great antlers being nailed above the main chimney piece, but which contained never a book. The owner of this dialectable library turned sharply upon the lawyer, glad, as it seemed, to speak his mind to a man, undisturbed by the presence of the hysterical sex.

'Look ye, Mr Pontifex,' he said, 'one thing out of all this muddle is clear, and that is, that you mean well and mean kindly, but all the rest is a riddle to me. I don't take sides myself, in rows between women. And by Jove! sir, I'm no more fit to decide in such a matter than my dog. That is, Clara and Cora were always alike—wonderfully alike—somebody might be sure to spot the right one, but I, anyhow, wouldn't risk anything, on my own judgment. In any case, she is my sister, poor thing.'

'And therefore can I ent on a refuge and friendly sympathy here, Sir Pagan, if I appear hard on you rightly?' said the lawyer.

'Just so,' answered Sir Pagan, kicking at the rusty fender. 'Of course I see that something's dreadfully wrong,—somebody's not playing on the square, but in any case, Cora—or Clara—must stop here till it's put to rights.'

'Then I have only to take my leave, Sir Pagan,' said Mr Pontifex, and with a tolerably good grace submitted his plump and flaccid hand to a second experience of the baronet's vice-like grip. Then Sir Pagan re-conducted his visitor to the street door, where the cab was still in waiting, and when that hired vehicle had gone clattering off, Sir Pagan slowly returned to the room where he had left his sister.

## PLAY

A short time ago, one of our greatest living English musicians received a visit from an intimate friend, who had arrived unexpectedly from the country at a somewhat early hour of the forenoon. When admitted into the house, the visitor at once made his way to the composer's study, and, procuring on the close and cordial nature of their long, standing acquaintance, entered softly unannounced sheets of music-

paper blackly scored, covered the desk and the table, and even overflowed on to the carpet—telling, of a rich brown harvest of harmony reaped by the midnight pen. Bulky manuscript books lay open here and there, and displayed their cabalistic hieroglyphics, prisoned within 'bars,' like so many ink ampers, grotesquely struggling over the pages. The piano was open, and a violin and bow, lying in juxtaposition across their empty case, seemed to indicate that the maestro's ideas had taken visible form and expression but a short time before.

But what was the maestro doing, since his pen lay for the moment idle, with its ebony blood oozing on the blotting paper, and violin and piano mute? Pacing the room with knitted brow and furrowed forehead? Teasing his hair in a fine frenzy of agonised inspiration? Glazing at the newly-risen sun in search of the divine afflatus? Not just then, at any rate. Standing with his face turned a little away from the door, and consequently unaware for several moments of the presence of an intruder, he was tossing three oranges, keeping them all in the air at once, with a dexterity of hand which we are at a professional juggler might have envied, and practice. Now high, considerable amount of now slower, now high, now low, now faster, hand to the other, apparently revolving from one darting in the other in regular rotation, now with a spin and out, backwards and forwards, and with such rapidity that seemed to trace yellow circles and triangles before the bewildered eye, whirled the oranges, and these, as gravely eager and intent upon manœuvre, their motion as though it were the weightiest concern of life, stood the genius who had given opera and oratorio to the world, and who had touched the hearts of thousands by his wondrous invocation of wood and wire with a power such as has been vouchsafed to but few men.

An exclamation from the astonished spectator at length broke the spell: the oranges descended to the floor in an unpremeditated grouping, and the musician turned in some confusion to stammer out a greeting to the witness of his feat of legerdemain. Feeling that an explanation of the scene was expected and to some extent necessary, he presently volunteered it in these terms:

'There is nothing which, once thoroughly learned, is ever entirely forgotten, and nothing is ever learned uselessly, provided that it be not in itself immoral or prejudicial to the individual or the community. Put anything, carefully away, they say of material objects, and you will be sure to find a use for it before seven years are over. It is just the same with every mental acquisition. True, our time may be put out at better interest in some pursuits than in others, and it is very likely that the hours which I devoted to these "monkey tricks," as my parents and other guardians not unjustly termed them, when I was a

boy, might have been more profitably employed; but they have served their turn nevertheless. At school, I was an adept in amateur jugglery; and I believe that it was to the perfect independence yet harmony of the two hands, which such a *tour de force* as the one that you surprised me in the execution of engendered, that I owe the ease with which I mastered, almost at the outset of my musical education, certain compositions which are marked by difficult inequalities of time, and which usually constitute a great stumbling block, not only to beginners, but often to more mature performers—such, for instance, as the concluding, "Vivace" movement of Beethoven's Sonata in G, Op. 79. More than that, it stands me in good stead even now. After a long night's work, as this has been, when I have been writing music for many hours by an artificial light, all earth, sea, and air seem ruffled with five parallel lines, and I behold men, not as trees, but as acrobats—in quaver walking. Then I take up my three oranges for a few minutes, and the rapid and incessant shifting of the eyes from one to the other brings relief and renovation to the vision strained by monotony. Play properly chosen should in its kind be an assistance to, not merely a relaxation from, work.'

And indeed we find this principle exemplified not only in the private recitations of many great men which have been made known to us, but in the teaching of some of the most distinguished forward and outspoken of them. On the first of October several years ago, two eminent surgeons were delivering the introductory address to the students at the opening of the medical schools attached to the respective hospitals in London for the winter session. One advised his hearers to cultivate some mechanical art, such as wood carving or turning, or to habituate themselves to the use of carpenter's tools as much as possible, in order that they might acquire a digital dexterity and pliant readiness of hand—a tactical instinct, as he termed it—which should assist them to become skilful operators. The other bade them devote their leisure moments to the assiduous practice of some musical instrument with the same object. While, by a curious coincidence, a celebrated physician in Scotland was at the same moment counselling his youthful auditors to pursue the study of music, not only as a healthful change from their graver labour, but in order that the ear might be educated to the delicacy of perception which would be of great service to them in auscultation with the stethoscope.

A renowned philosopher not long dead is said to have delighted in conjuring tricks, and to have declared that he could gauge a stranger's character better by the manner in which he took or refused a 'forced' card, than by an hour's conversation with him, and as a sort of corollary, and at the same time a converse to this, it may be noted that prejudicators—who are of necessity close

observers of human nature—certainly seem invariably to select without hesitation those who are best fitted to serve their ends without suspicion, from amongst an audience whom they have never seen before.

There can be no doubt that many of the minor details of work can be acquired or developed in sport, that play may be the forerunner of bettered work. Nor is this to be considered a mere psychic conceit, when we remember that in perfection of minor detail is summed up nine tenths of excellence in art. Genius, or rather what is frequently called genius, is only the result of indefatigable perseverance and attention to the lowest mechanical completeness. What painter could hope to reach the pinnacle of success who did not understand the process of properly mixing his colours?—a process no more artistic in itself than that of a baker who compounds a loaf. What man can he attain to eminence who has not understood the dexterity of the scales, or plodded through the Dryasian mysteries of thorough law and counterpoint? Above all, where is the poet who knows not Lindley Murray? Whatology says that words are pre-requisites of thought, Dr Angus goes further, and affirms that 'the thoughts we cannot express are properly not yet ours.'

Being, then, that in play may be laid the actual foundation of what is more to be relied upon than genius, and without which genius itself is impotent, it behoves us to direct the pursuit of those over whom we have any control into such grooves as will be conducive to the greatest benefit in after years. Some natural bent or aptitude may occasionally be indicated, and taken as a guide, but as a rule, a healthy mind may be trained to success in anything, if followed up in the one direction, just as a healthy body will excel in polo, tennis, pugilism, swimming, wrestling, or acrobatics, according to its education.

## FOR HIMSELF ALONE.

A TALE OF REVERSED IDENTITIES.

BY T. W. BRIDGES.

## CHAPTER V.

The sound of footsteps put an end to Trobriand's musings. He looked up, and next moment a glad light leaped into his eyes. Elma Deane was coming towards him, but she held her umbrella so low that he could not tell whether she had seen him. He rose and went to meet her. 'Truant! where have you been all this time?' he said. 'I have not seen you since!'

'Since half-past seven this morning, and it is now exactly eleven,' answered Mrs Deane demurely. 'Three hours and a half—a long time, truly.'

'It seems like three days and a half to me.'

'You might have seen me at breakfast, had you cared to do so.'

'I was very busy, so took breakfast in my own room. But you look warm, *ma belle*. Have you been chasing a butterfly, or merely robbing the stores of some of your tinks?'

'Captain Dyson and I have been flirting on the croquet lawn. Are you not jealous?'

'Not in the least.'

'That must be, because you are afraid of him. He is a most terrible fellow—by his own account shot no fewer than thirteen tigers, when in India.'

'And all of them with the long bow, I make no doubt.—But what have you in the basket of yours? Something in connection with some charity, I suppose?'

'No. I'm only hemming a couple of dusters for the housekeeper. Getting my hand in, you know.'

'Getting your hand in?'

'Yes, against the time you and I are married. I shall have all this sort of thing to do then, and I may as well begin to practice in time. I went into the kitchen the other day, and the cook taught me how to make an apple dumpling. Are you fond of apple dumplings?'

'Very. At least I should be, if they were made by you.'

'The sole you had at dinner yesterday was fried by me.'

'It was the sweetest sole I ever tasted.'

'I gave the cook five shillings, and she let me fry it all by myself.'

'Very kind of the cook.'

'I study *Soyer* for an hour every morning.'

'You will be quite a little treasure of a housekeeper.'

'I've a great deal to learn. We shall not be able to afford a servant, shall we?'

'Hum—well, only a small one at first, perhaps. Now I come to think of it, I don't there seems something mean and cowardly in designing a girl like you down to the level of my poverty-stricken life.'

'Dick, I won't listen to you, if you talk such nonsense.'

'Your life has been one of ease, of luxury almost. You have never known the want of money. Have you fully weighed the consequences of tying yourself for life to a man who hasn't a ten pound note in the world to call his own?'

'Why, of course I have, you great goose!'

'And the risk does not frighten you?'

'Not the least bit in the world.'

'By marrying without your uncle's consent, you will lose the eight thousand pounds which would otherwise come to you under your grandmother's will. Mr Pabworth will never consent to your marrying me.'

'What then? I love you better—far better than the eight thousand pounds.'

'I can offer you no better home than three or four dingy rooms in a back street in London.'

'No longer as it is our home, I shall be content.'

'No more carriage drives, but the twopenny bus instead, no more servants to wait upon you, no flower shows, no operas, no picnics.'

'Other people live without such things, and are content. Why not I?'

'My brave hearted girl!'

'Think how cosy we shall be, Dick, on winter evenings in our little home! And when we choose to go out, no cats, no responsibility, but just the latchkey in your pocket, and there you

are. And on Saturday nights we shall have to go mark time, you and I, with a big basket and a bulky umbrella, and bring home the butter and the eggs, and the asparagus and the truffles, and I shall have to be very careful that the shopkeepers do not overcharge me!

'Asparagus and truffles on three guineas a week, which will be about the extent of my income! We should be ruined in a month.'

'I should have aul cabbages and turnaps. And then in summer, our window sill shall be as full of flowers as it will hold, and that shall be our garden. And of an evening, when you have done writing, you shall sit by the open window with your slippers and your pipe—I shall allow you to smoke, you know—and read bits of Tannyon to me, or a chapter out of the last novel, while I darn your gloves or sew on your buttons. And when it gets too dark to see to read or sew, but not dark enough to light the lamp—for we must be very economical—I will sing to you one or two of those songs that you say you love so well, and we shall be as happy, Dick, dear, as two robins in a nest.'

Her eyes were glowing, the delicate colour in her cheeks had deepened while she was speaking. Can it be wondered at if Master Frank stooped and kissed the face that was gazing up so confidently into his? In any case his voracity compelled us to state, that is what he did!

'The! Dah, mighty boy! what might have you to take such liberties!' she said with a pretty pout.

'The temptation was too much for me!' 'I hear voices,' exclaimed Miss Deane, 'Clunie and Captain Dyson are coming this way. Let us turn down here.'

They took a winding path through the shrubbery that led to another part of the grounds, and were presently lost to view.

From the foregoing conversation, it will at once be understood that our friend Mr Frobisher had not neglected to make his hay while the sun shone. When he had made up his mind that he was in love with Miss Deane—and it did not take him long to arrive at that conclusion—he at once set to work with his customary ardour to achieve success in a pursuit that was utterly new and strange to him. But his victory had not been a difficult one, for, truth to tell, Lina was quite as deeply in love with him as he was with her. When he had taken her hand one day and whispered certain words in her ear, she hung her head for a few moments, then looking up, her eyes dimmed with tears, and a little half-pathetic smile playing round her lips, she had said simply 'If you value my love as much as you say, it is all yours.'

And thus the affair was settled between them, only for the present the sweet secret was all their own, for a little while no one must know it but themselves.

Scarcely were Frobisher and Miss Deane lost to view, when Captain Dyson and Miss Peabworth appeared on the scene. Clunie was hanging on the little warrior's arm, and appeared to be intensely interested in what he was saying. His shrill piping voice could be heard while he was still some distance away.

'There I was, Miss Peabworth,' he was saying,

'perched in a mangrove tree, on one side of me the tiger, on the other the tigress—waiting!'

'O Captain Dyson, what a frightful predicament!'

'Then instinct told them that in time I must succumb to hunger and fatigue, and then—'

'You quite make me tremble. Let us sit down here in the shade, please.'

'By all means I am flattered by your interest.'

'But why did you not shoot the wretches?' asked Clunie, as Dyson sat down in close proximity to her.

'Mrs Peabworth, I had only one bullet left,' replied the Captain, with his most tragic air.

'I should have died of fright—I know I should.'

'What was to be done? Death—a horrible death—stared me in the face. Suddenly, a happy thought struck me. I was groping absently in my pockets, when all at once my fingers encountered a hard substance. What do you think it was?'

'Gracious me! Another bullet, perhaps?'

'No, Miss Peabworth, it was not a bullet. It was a nutmeg!'

'A nutmeg, Captain Dyson? How very remarkable!'

'It was more than remarkable—it was providential. The moment I felt the nutmeg, I knew I was saved. I loaded my rifle with it, in place of an ordinary bullet, and fired. I am a dead shot, and my usual skill did not fail me. The nutmeg entered the animal's left eye and crashed through his brain. One of my enemies was disposed of.'

'How very brave! How exceedingly clever!'

'I looked again with the cool bullet, and ten seconds later the tigress lay lifeless in the dust. The skins of the two animals are on my library floor at the present moment.'

'What a wonderful exploit! I could listen to you all day long,' said Clunie as she rose and put up her umbrella.

'You do indeed flatter me, Miss Peabworth.'

'You will tell me some more of your remarkable adventures, Captain Dyson, will you not?'

'I shall only be too gratified to do so.'

'For the present, I must leave you. Mamma will be looking for me.' She let him squeeze the tips of her fingers for a couple of seconds, and next moment was slipping lightly across the lawn towards the house.

The Captain followed her with admiring glances. 'A most superior girl,' he muttered to himself, 'and so very appreciative.' Then he lit a cigarette, and strolled back in the direction of the croquet ground.

CHAPTER VI

In a cool morning room which Mr Peabworth had appropriated to his own use, that gentleman and Mr Dick Drummond, whom he still looked upon as his nephew, were closeted together. Mr Peabworth had a little business in hand which he was anxious to bring to an auspicious conclusion. 'Dumpey has agreed to invest a couple of thousands,' he was saying, 'and Dyson fourteen or fifteen hundred. I suppose, my dear Frank, I may put you down for the same amount as our friend the Captain!'

'In matters of this kind, as I have told you before, I am the veriest infant. If you tell me that the speculation is a sound one, I have no objection to invest.

'As sound as a gourd.'

'No fear of its cracking up in a month or two!'

'My dear Frank! As if I should ask you to associate yourself with any speculation that was not absolutely *bona fide*. The Patent Bottled Orange Company offers a magnificent field for enterprising capitalists. Fifteen per cent per annum guaranteed, and a bonus every six months. Think of that! Fifteen per cent and a bonus!'

'Why, I shall be a millionaire before I know where I am. You shall have a cheque in the course of a few days.'

'Bless you—bless you! I suppose I can look up the coupons in my strip of silk along with the other documents I hold belonging to you?'

'Do so. They will be safer in your keeping than in mine.'

'My own idea, exactly.—By the by, my dear Frank, I hope you won't think it impudent on my part, but may I ask whether Mr Drummond's story of Waylands is likely to be a very lengthy one?'

'That depends up on himself. I want him to stay here all the time—to make Waylands his home, in fact. But he is so very independent. He talks about going back to his brush and palette in our old rooms in St. J's.'

'A very sensible young man. He would feel him self too much like a dependant here. In any case, my dear Frank, it seems hardly advisable that the intimacy between yourself and him should be kept up on the same familiar footing as of old.'

'I don't know so much about that, in Dick's case. You see, we were chums together all through those old poverty-stricken days that now seem so hard to believe in. When a man has shared his last suppers with you—when you have dined together off every penny worth of cold meat and a pint of porter, when you have walked the streets together for hours after dark, because your eyes were so sore by you couldn't be seen out by daylight, why, if Fortune ever does turn up the ace of trumps, that man is the first whom one ought to remember. Don't you agree with me, Uncle Peabworth?'

'Certainly, my dear Frank, certainly. Gratitude is always beautiful. I am grateful for many things.'

'So that you see,' continued Drummond, 'Dick and I are almost like brothers, and if he leaves Waylands, I shall miss him more than I could say. He attends to my letters and accounts and all sorts of bothersome things. I never could answer letters, you know.'

'My dear Frank, why not take me for your guide, philosopher, and friend, unworthy as I? Mr Drummond cannot claim to have that experience of the world that I have, he cannot claim to have that interest in your welfare that I, your uncle on your poor dear mother's side, have. No, no. Ask anybody, everybody, they will all say

'Peabworth's heart is in the right place.' That heart, my dear nephew, I need hardly say, is entirely devoted to you and mine.'

'Very kind of you, I must say. Somehow,

nowadays, I seem to have no end of friends. Everybody seems to like me. Once on a time, poor old Dick was the only friend I had in the world.

Mr Peabworth shook his head in grave dissent. 'Your noble heart, Frank, would serve you faithful in whatever position of life you might be placed in.'

At this moment a servant entered with a card on a silver Duck took it and said, 'The Hon. Mrs. Clarkmann. Do not know her name? Never heard the name before,' he added.

'One of the most notorious beggars in these parts,' observed Mr Peabworth automatically.

'A beggar, uncle.'

'I mean for so-called charitable objects. Be ware of her, Frank, or she will whittle your purse out of your pocket before you know what you are about.'

'In any case, I suppose I must go and see the woman, answered Dick, and with that he rose and left the room.

Mr Peabworth looked after him with a sneer. 'A gilded puppet,' he muttered to himself. 'But I must have the pulchre of the thing, not Mr Drummond! A diabolical fellow that. He must be got away from Waylands at any cost. Here he runs his fingers through his hair, tucks his hands deep in his pockets, and begins to peep at the room slowly. "I'll do it again," he said. "This cheque which Frank will give me will just pull me through my difficulties with Starke and Co. He will never ask to see the up me. If I can only contrive to talk over the next three months, I shall be all right. He walked heavily, wiped his hot palms with his handkerchief, and stood for a few minutes gazing absently at the pan in the hall. While he was thus engaged, a robust man came slowly along the terrace. At sight of him, Mr Peabworth started. "Ah! Mr Richard," he called out, "you were the very person who was in my thoughts."

'Kind of you, I'm sure, responded Frank. 'I like people to think about me.'

'If you have a few minutes to spare, I should like to have a little conversation with you.'

'I am entirely at your service, Mr Peabworth.'

The other man led the way into the room, and Robert followed. 'Pray, take a chair, Mr Drummond.'

Frank took one, and Mr Peabworth sat down on the opposite side of the table.

'I have just had a long talk with my nephew, and the latter, among other things, he remarked that it was your intention to leave Waylands in the course of a few days, and resume your old mode of life in London. I quite regret—'

'And did I simply remind I Frank say that?' interrupted the other. 'And did you really believe it?'

'Likewise.'

'My dear sir, I gave you credit for having a higher opinion of me than that.'

'Upon my word, Mr Drummond, I hardly follow you.'

'I appeal to you, Mr Peabworth, as a man of the world. Should I not be a reasonable man to desert my friend at the very moment he has stepped into a hole that is a year! It would be too much to expect of poor human nature, would it not?'



'Poor human nature is weak, very,' answered Peabworth with a melancholy shake of the head, but with his cunning eyes fixed anxiously on Froisher's face.

'And as regards dear old Frank,' went on the other, 'never were the sweet offices of friendship more needed by him than at the present moment.'

'I confess that I fail to apprehend your meaning.'

'When Frank was poor, Frank could take care of himself, now that Frank is rich, Frank must be taken care of. He must be protected from the horde of harpies and bloodsuckers who scent out a rich man as unearingly as though he were a pigeon and they so many kites bent on picking his bones.'

Mr Peabworth moved uneasily on his chair. 'And you have constituted yourself my nephew's protector?' he asked with a half-lidded sneer.

'I have constituted myself his protector, his adviser, and in all business matters his other self, or as we say in Latin, *his alter ego*. For the present, Waylands is my home, and here I mean to stay—as long as it suits me, and no longer.'

'Upon my word, sir, you assume a very independent tone in this matter.'

'And not without reason—Listen to me, Mr Peabworth. My friend informed me not many minutes ago that you had persuaded him to invest heavily in Patent Ozonite.'

Mr Peabworth half started from his chair, and then sat down again.

'Three weeks ago,' continued Froisher impatiently, 'at your suggestion he invested one thousand pounds in Pan Caucasian mining shares, and you have been quietly flogging your way with him as regards the African Sand Utilization Company.'

'And pray, sir, in what way may all this concern you?'

'Whatever concerns my friend—or his pocket, concerns me. Now, I have only to go to Froisher and lay before him a few plain facts—I have only to tell him that the Pan Caucasian shares have been going down slowly but surely for the last seven days—'

'A temporary panic, nothing more.'

'So be it. I have only to tell him that there are some very ugly rumours afloat with regard to the stability of the Patent Ozonite Company—'

'Calumnies, base calumnies, every one!'

'So be it. I have only to tell him that the list of the Directors of the African Sand Company does not contain a name of any standing in the City—I have only to do this, Mr Peabworth, and my friend would come to you five minutes later with instructions to sell out without an hour's delay every shilling's worth of stock you have bought in his name.'

The pallor on Mr Peabworth's face had deepened as Froisher's cold unpassionate tones touched on one point after another, surprise and anger had gradually given place to abject fear, for the time being the man looked ten years older than he had looked ten minutes previously. He took out his pocket-handkerchief furtively and rubbed his damp fingers with it under the table. Once, twice, he essayed to speak; but no sound came

from his lips—Froisher was quietly rolling a cigarette.

'But you are not going to say anything of the kind to my dear Frank, are you, Mr Drummond?' The question had something of the sound of a beggar's whining entreaty.

Froisher looked up with a contemptuous smile. 'Why should I not, Mr Peabworth?—why should I not?' he asked. 'And then, again, why should I?' he added a moment later. 'I only speak of these things to prove to you how desirable it is that you and I should be friends.' He leaned his elbows on the table and looked steadily into the other man's face. 'Don't you think, Mr Peabworth, that you and I had better be friends than enemies?' he asked.

Mr Peabworth's eyes quailed and fell. He drummed nervously for a moment or two with his fingers on the table, then he said, 'I know of no reason, Mr Drummond, why you and I should not be friends—the best of friends.'

'Good,' replied Froisher. Then he finished the preparation of his cigarette before uttering another word. 'Do you know, Mr Peabworth, he resumed, 'that it has often occurred to me how badly you were treated by the late Mr Askew, when he bequeathed every penny he died possessed of to his illegitimate nephew, and left you, his first cousin, entirely out in the cold?'

Mr Peabworth stared, as well he might, but the impressive face opposite told him nothing. After a little pause of hesitation, he said, 'I was badly treated, Mr Drummond—very badly treated. The forgetfulness, the unkindness, of my aged relative, for whom I always cherished a very warm affection, has, I need hardly say, touched me to the quick.'

'If old Askew had only left you a slice of the pudding! If, for instance, he had left you the Marshfield property, in Yorkshire, which brings in something like two thousand a year—how very nice that would have been!'

'Don't, my dear friend—please, don't! Even to hear such a thing hinted at is almost too much for my poor feelings.'

'How many romances one hears and reads about—how many strange freaks of fortune that are in connection with will cases! It would be a curious circumstance, now, wouldn't it, if some fine day a freak will were to turn up showing that Mr Askew had not forgotten you at the last moment?'

'Don't talk in that way, my dear sir, please, don't!'

'Irobisher has given me something like a cart-load of old Mr Askew's papers to wade through. What, if among those papers I should come across a will the existence of which has hitherto been unknown, and in which your name is not forgotten—that would be a remarkable coincidence, wouldn't it?'

Peabworth turned first red and then yellow, and stared at Froisher, as if in doubt whether to take his words seriously or the contrary. 'It would indeed be a remarkable coincidence, Mr Drummond,' he said at last. His voice trembled a little, and his eyes were bent with a furtive and suspicious look on Frank's face.

'Fifteen hundred or two thousand a year derivable from landed property would not be so dusty—eh, Mr Peabworth?'

'Ah' It was a sigh rather than an exclamation, but it was eloquent with a meaning all its own.

For a little while, neither of the men spoke. The fish was playing round the bait. The anglers were waiting patiently.

'Do you think, Mr Drummond, that there is the slightest probability of my such will as you hunt of being in existence?' Mr Pebworth's voice was hardly raised above a whisper, and he had glanced warily round before speaking, to make sure that they were alone.

'At present, I have only waded through about one third of the old gentleman's papers, answered Frank. 'What may be hidden among the remainder, I cannot of course say. But—nothing is impossible.'

'The law would not see anything out of the ordinary in such a document?'

'How could it? You were Mr Ash's first cousin. What more natural than that he should have changed his mind in your favour after making his first will? Irobisher would still have six thousand a year. A man may live very comfortably on six thousand a year.'

'What if my dear Frank were to contest the will?'

'You don't know poor, dear, simple hearted Frank as well as I do, or you would not even hunt at such a thing.'

'The witnesses to such a document would be—'

'Softly, my dear sir—this. No document of any kind has yet been found, and the chances are ten thousand to one that it never will be found. Still—in rare cases things thus do happen every day of our lives.'

Irobisher rose and pushed back his chair. Pebworth was anxious and perturbed, and yet not without an inward feeling of elation. The golden but damp, before his eyes had proved too much for his powers of resistance. He had sneaked at it, and was looked without as yet being aware of the painful fact.

Irobisher had in hand turned to say a few last words. 'In this mercenary age, Mr Pebworth, he said, 'men do not usually care to labour for nothing, and when they do, their work as a rule is worth but little. As a man of business, it must naturally occur to you to ask yourself what object I have in view, what end I wish to gain, in speaking to you as I have spoken this morning.'

Mr Pebworth nodded. The question was one that he had not failed to ask himself.

'I can tell you in a few words the object I have in view, and I wish to give, answered Frank. 'I am in love with your niece, Miss Deane, and I want your consent to our marriage.'

'You want to marry my niece? You?'

'Even I? Why not, Mr Pebworth? It is true that at present I am only Dick Drummond, a poor painter, but I don't want to remain a poor painter all my life. I could marry Miss Deane without your consent, were I so minded, but in that case, she would forfeit the eight thousand pounds which comes to her under her grandmother's will. Now, although I am a Bohemian, I am a very mother of the individual as well, and I should be a fool to miss the chance of netting

eight thousand pounds. Then again, by marrying your niece, I should become your nephew, in which case, don't you see, your interests and mine would be identical.

'You must give me time to think—to think, Mr Drummond,' said Pebworth, who was utterly taken aback by the audacity of Frank's avowal.

'As for that, we are only the morning, you know, and the chances are that our talk this morning will end in nothing but moonshine. But so long as you and I understand each other, that is enough. And I think I may say, Mr Pebworth, that we do understand each other?'

'We do indeed, Mr Drummond.'

'We will talk further of this anon, as they say on the stage. And now for a cigarette on the terrace—listen to that blackbird, Mr Pebworth. How sweet its note, how pure its song! I think that I should like to be a blackbird on a bright morning in summer.' And with a smile, whose meaning Pebworth could not fathom, and a careless nod, Irobisher lunged slowly through the open window and strolled along the terrace.

'What a remarkable young man—what a very remarkable young man!' muttered Irobisher to himself as he gazed after Frank's retreating form. 'He may be a painter of pictures which he cannot sell, but if so, he has certainly made his name in life. He ought to be married, the first of the African Syndicate Company. He is the very man for the post.'

'A MEDICAL GUIDE FOR ANGLO INDIANS'

We have just met with a little book bearing this title, written by Dr Muir, and published by Messrs Paul and Co, London. What would we not have given years ago, when in the wilds of the Indian districts, to have had some such *Guide* to help us! One of our party had been stricken down with malarious fever. We were miles from any English doctor, who, even by hard travelling, could not have reached us under twenty-four hours. We were compelled to fill back upon the nearest native apothecary, whose prescriptions only made matters worse. We were compelled finally to break up camp and carry our invalid into the station.

Turning to the chapter on 'Fever' in Dr Muir's book, we at once put in possession of the varying symptoms and how to meet and master them. Had we had such a *Guide* at the time of which we speak, it is not too much to say that it would have saved us from grave consequences. The prescriptions given can be understood by a child, and the quantities are all written out in plain words, such as, for example, 'Take of Quinine, two capsules, Diluted Sulphuric Acid, one dram (or the juice of one lemon)'. Any one, therefore, furnished, as most Indian travellers are, with a small medicine chest, can make up their own mixtures with the assistance of this excellent help. We further read 'It attacks of ague continue to recur in spite of all treatment, the only course left us for the patient to quit the malarious district—if his health has been much

damaged—for some more salubrious locality, or to take a sea voyage.' But then, Dr Muir knows that many circumstances combine to prevent the Indian civilian or officer from moving about at will, so he adds, 'When this is impracticable, persons exposed to a malarious atmosphere, or who have had an attack of fever, would find it worth their while to attend to the following cautions: First, beware of sudden exposure to cold, and of damp or wet feet. Second, avoid over fatigue and exhaustion, however produced. Third, never sleep in the open air during the night, and never close to the surface of the ground. Fourth, go early to bed, but do not get out of doors too early in the morning. Fifth, never leave the house in the morning with an empty stomach. Sixth, be temperate in habits.'

As much of the Anglo-Indian life is spent under canvas, how necessary is it to have some knowledge of how to treat, and better still of how to avoid the mowths of the climate upon English constitutions. It is quite possible, with care, to enjoy a good health in India as in England, as many who have returned after thirty or even forty years' residence there can testify. As Dr Muir remarks, 'Medicinal men of any experience in India know full well that even at the present day, in a very large, if not in the greater number of cases, men whose constitutions have been so impaired as to necessitate a return to their native country, should assign the cause to their own imprudence and want of self-restraint, rather than to any direct influence of the climate.'

By this Dr Muir does not deny that the climate has no influence on the constitution, for it is a very important factor in undermining health, if people do not take the precaution of having periodical change. Given the case of a man who could not leave the country at all, Dr Muir says, 'his children is a rule would be feeble in mind and body, and the prospects of another generation would be dimmed.'

The object and use of this Guide, therefore, is to help those who are residents, or about to become so, with a usual habit as to how to preserve their health. He recommends that the health should be well established in young people before they are sent out to India, because 'very young men, youths under twenty years of age, are less able to encounter the climate of the plains than those above twenty and under thirty. They are generally less able to resist the influence of the continued high temperature, become during their first hot season predisposed to attacks of fever, dysentery, diarrhoea, cholera, or heat apoplexy, are more likely to fall victims to epidemic disease, and are not infrequently so enervated and debilitated as to be obliged to leave the country before they have completed two or three years' residence.'

This is practically tested every year among the boy soldiers of regiments newly arrived in India,

or the raw recruits who are sent out to fill up vacancies. Men should not be sent out to India until they have passed their twentieth year, and girls their eighteenth. It is equally a risk to go out for the first time after one has passed the age of forty.

Another caution Dr Muir gives is one that cannot be too much insisted upon. Has it not passed into a proverb, 'the one year more' that men return, which often proves their last? Tempted by adding a little more to their fortune or their pension, they remain beyond the time when health can bear, and so lose all. To many, India is a sanatorium rather than otherwise. Those who are consumptive or scrofulous, often enjoy better health out there than in England.

We were speaking just now of imprudence and want of self-restraint being at the root of much ill health in India. This may be accounted for by the style of living, which tempts the appetite with all sorts of rich food. As a rule, people in India eat more than they can digest, and this is the secret of half their liver complaints. 'First of all,' to quote Dr Muir, 'there is the little breakfast, *chota bhari*, at six in the morning, which consists of tea or coffee and bread—with or without eggs—and fruit. Second, breakfast at nine or ten o'clock, composed of curries and rice, chops, cold meat, fresh eggs, with bread, tea, coffee, or claret. Third, tiffin at two p.m., consisting of a joint or fowl, curries and rice pudding, and fruits. Fourth, dinner at seven or eight p.m., consisting of any number of courses, according to your position and your pocket. I will question the fact we have stated, after reading this, that as a rule people in India eat more than they should. Dr Muir enters very judiciously into this question of consumption of food, which those who are interested in the matter would do well to consult. He declares emphatically that 'the newly arrived European in India requires no alcohol whatever, whether, if he comes to India as he ought to do—full of life, vigour, and energy. If he does require stimulants, he has certainly made a mistake in going out to India at all. The idea that beer, wine, brandy, or other alcoholic stimulant, is necessary to counteract, as is fancied, the depressing effects of the climate, is a delusion, and too often a snare. It is the rock on which more lives have been sacrificed than from any other cause.' In this opinion Dr Muir is supported by all the best medical authorities on India.

The questions of food, drink, sleep, exercise, bathing, smoking, and the like, are all fully treated, with sound judgment, and well advised upon. There are most valuable chapters on the management of children in India, which we strongly recommend to mothers. Indeed, we feel sure that any one having children or friends in India, and those whose lives are spent there, will thank us for drawing their attention to this most useful little book, written by one who has from long residence in India proved the truth of all that he has advised. It will help the anxious wife or husband how to act when far from medical assistance. The young mother, ignorant what to do in an emergency, will find its directions ample. Indian complaints of every description,

poisoning, drowning, accidents of all kinds, including snake bites, are treated and prescribed for, with plain directions what to give and how to cure.

### THE CAMORRA

An association of malfactors, organised with grades of promotion for proved valour, like an order of knighthood, and exercising such influence over the minds of its disciples as to raise them to a perverted heroism of crime, a gigantic monopoly of violence and extortion, forming a state within the state, sometimes treated with an equal terms by its legitimate though feebler rival in authority, sometimes persecuted, never extirpated, an organisation of criminals holding formal councils, employing a regular staff of officials, collecting and distributing a vast revenue, exercising a certain amount of relative respectability as a condition of membership, convoking tribunals whose sentences are executed with inexorable rigour—such mysterious and powerful conspiracy against the established order of society is described in M. Masi Monnier's valuable brochure on the Camorra of Naples.

The author, writing in 1862, from investigations carefully made into the records of the police, speaks in the past tense of the constitution of the Camorra, as it flourished during the rule of the Bourbons, and naturally assumes that it must disappear, with the other abuses of that unhappy regime, under the reformed government of united Italy. Twenty years have since then passed away, and the Camorra, energetically attacked by every successive governor and prefect of Naples, is still all powerful in its subterranean machinery, as a few recent instances of its action will show.

The most striking of these was the murder of Carlo Bernelli, less than five years ago, by formal decree of the Camorra, whose agent, Raffaele Esposito, was selected by lot to do the deed. The most dramatic part of the occurrence was the display of popular feeling called forth by the conviction of Esposito the murderer, who received such an ovation on his passage through the Toledo as had not been seen in Naples since the entrance of Garibaldi. Flowers were strewn on his path from balconies and windows, the long streets surged from end to end with an acclaiming populace, disgorged into the daylight from all the windows, and between the Porta Capuana and the Mercato, and the criminal's progress was accompanied by soba of sympathy and admiration from those clumsy dark haired women, whose supernatural aspect of lily and gold hue marks a capacity for tragic fury. But even more significant as an indication of public sentiment was the posthumous vengeance wreaked by the mob on the body of the murdered man, deposited, according to Neapolitan usage, for twenty-four hours previous to interment, in the mortuary chapel of the now cometary, on the beautiful slope of Poggio Reale, overlooking the bay. Even in that sacred spot, consecrated by the mournful memories of the entire city, the executed remains were, during the night, mutilated, defiled, and assailed with every outrage and indignity that the frenzied malignity of a savage rabble could suggest. In that carnival of ribald passion, the

Camorra showed its unshaken hold on the affections of the people, while it gave a signal example of that insatiable vengeance on the traitor which even his death could not appease.

Much about the same period was committed a crime which caused great excitement among the English residents at Naples, as the victim belonged to their community. He was an Italian man, leading a retired life, and his only crime was that, by his cultivation and sale of flowers, he interfered with the monopoly of the market enjoyed by the clients of the Camorra. For this, he was murdered one evening in his own garden, a signal warning to all possessors of the privileges of the society.

The next outrage we shall refer to occurred in the winter of 1872-73, and in this case also the sufferer was an Englishman. He was a doctor in legal practice, and lived, with his wife and a very large family of children, in a handsome place near the Chiaia. One day, by his dinner, he received a letter threatening him with assassination unless he consented to pay the sum of a thousand francs, in legal manducate, and addressed in a particular way, to be called for at the post office. He laid this notice at once before the authorities, who advised him to send the money by direct bill, which sums should be returned in the post office to arrive at the person who claimed it. This course, however, which has often been adopted with success in similar cases, he declined, from timidity, to follow, requesting instead that a personal guard should be assigned to himself. The guard was given, and four men then declared would hold his house while he was within, and attended him through the streets when he walked abroad. But the perseverance of his enemies was not to be so easily balked, and one afternoon, as he was passing through a crowded thoroughfare with two municipal guards before, and two behind him, a man, in disguise, by him, fired into his party, in precautionary uselessness, if we do not take your life, we will kill one of your children.

The terrible suggestion was enough for the poor doctor, who, hastening home, made all preparations for flight, and saving his wife twelve hours to pack, probably saved his life by quitting Naples that night with all his household and belongings.

The systematic and daring character of these outrages prove them to be the acts of the Camorra, and though they are only a few instances gleaned at haphazard among a host of similar cases, they suffice to show that the all powerful society is still rampant in Naples, despite the efforts of government to eradicate it. It is also a fact that stolen property can frequently be recovered by entrusting the agency of the clients of the Camorra (the *lombi* correspondent, writing on September 6, 1880, mentions this state of things with other proofs of the insecurity of property in Naples), and that ruin can be hired by an established trust to inflict any degree of personal injury on an enemy, from a bullet between the ribs to a final thrusting. The extremely low class—only low flames—for the latter form of chastisement makes it a favourite mode of venting minor irritations, for which assumption of permanent disfigurement might even in Naples be deemed too severe a penalty.

What, then, is the nature and history of this mysterious body, so formidable, and yet so dear to the popular imagination of Naples? M. Marc Monnier's pages supply a full and sufficient answer, for while the Camorra has to some extent modified the details of its organization to suit altered circumstances, its mode of operation, though somewhat more disguised, is practically the same as in its primeval days before the Revolution.

Now, as then, the Camorrist remains the personification of power and heroism to the Neapolitan of the lower classes, and the attainment of similar honour and distinction is the utmost goal of the ambition of the rising generation. Indifference to sufferings and dangers has ever been the first requisite for success in the career, and to justify the title of *capo*, our author declares him is subjected to, the young aspirant must often have found the path to glory a thorny one. A duel with the knife was the last of these ordeals, and he was liable to be put through others still more formidable. A five-son piece, for instance, was placed on the ground in the centre of a ring of associates, who all tried to transfix it with their knives, and the novice on trial, in the attempt to snatch the money from amidst the glancing blades, often purchased his promotion at the cost of a pierced and bleeding hand.

Having passed some such trial of valour, he became a *piacere de capo*, which may be freely translated 'bully boy,' *capo* in Italian meaning, 'to brave,' and *piacere*, 'a lieutenant.' The neophyte had then an arduous probation before him, being made over to a sort of figurative apprentice to a full Camorrist, for whom he was expected to perform the most difficult and dangerous tasks. Thus novice he might last for many years, unless the disciple had the much desired opportunity of shortening it, by the performance of some signal act of devotion to the society, such as committing a murder on its behalf, and these occasions of distinction were so anxiously sought for by the juniors, that they had to be disposed of by lot. Or he might gain his step by accepting the responsibility and penalty of a crime committed by a senior member, a form of self-sacrifice called *scollare un debito*, and, strange to say, by no means uncommon in the records of the society. Thus, one of the scold, Filippo Cillo, when in prison, conceived a grudge against the inspector for some trifling contradiction, and desired his death, which an enthusiastic probationer, one Zellosillo, undertook to effect. The Camorrist, who was about to be removed to another prison, bled him wait for twenty-four hours after his departure before carrying out his design. His orders were punctually attended to, and at the time fixed by him, his enemy was slain. Zellosillo arrested, tried, and found guilty of the crime, expiated it on the gallows without ever breathing the name of its real author, thus dying a martyr to his atrocious code of honour.

The *proscritto*, who either by long and faithful service, or by the performance of some striking act of heroism, thought himself entitled to promotion, made a formal application for admission into the inner ranks of the society, where his claims were debated in solemn council. If they

were found sufficient, he was initiated with a theatrical ceremony, in which a dagger, a pistol, and a glass of poisoned beverage played a part, and with his hand dipped in his own blood, the neophyte went through a sort of pantomime, expressing his devotion to the society, even to the extent of committing suicide at its bidding. Presented then by the chief to the assembled brethren with the formula, '*Riconoscete lo uomo*,' the new Camorrist was invested with the full privileges of his order, entitled to take part in all its deliberations, and to share in the division of its spoils.

The twelve districts of Naples had each its separate branch of the society, acting independently of the others, under its local chief. The latter functionary was assisted in his administrative labours by secretary and accountant, or cashier, whose duty was the equitable distribution of the *destretto*, or weekly revenue of the branch, divided every Sunday morning, among the assembled members. This fund, which must have been very considerable, was principally the product of a little regularly assessed on the profits of all forms of traffic, lawful and contraband, honest or dishonest. The gambler's winnings, the priest's fees, the miserable wages of the sempstress, the huckster's pithy gains, were equally mulcted of their tenth by the ubiquitous agents of the Camorra. But it must be admitted that if the society thus usurped the privileges of regularly constituted authority, it also excluded some of its functions, and the people paid its exactions willingly, because it provided efficient protection against those of others. The Camorrist intervened in all transactions, generally in the interests of justice, invoked on our play between the parties to every bargain, enforced a rough-and-ready order, where order besides there was none, and in quarrels often acted as an amateur judge, whose arbitration was preferred by the people, as cheaper, rather, more efficacious, and probably not less impartial than that of the regular tribunals. In the low haunts of obscure gambling, the silent man who looked on a passive spectator, and held out his hand to each winner for his tenth, saved the police the trouble of superintending these resorts of ignoble vice. The great monopoly of crime thus often acted as a check on its commission by proachers in its privileges, and the wolves constituted themselves the guardians of the flock against the depredations of other beasts of prey.

It was in the Neapolitan prisons, where criminals were herded indiscriminately together, that the Camorra had its origin and focus, no trace of its existence without their walls being found farther back than 1830, though an association exactly similar existed in the Vicenza prison as far back as 1673. Honorary gradations of rank were recognised among the respective associations of these dungeons, the prison of Castel Capuano being pre eminent over the others in Naples, but in its turn subordinate to the *Bagno di Ercolano*. The respective Camorras of *prigioni* and *prigione* were, however, invested with co-ordinate authority, and exercised no jurisdiction the one over the other. The convict once within the prison walls, was the absolute slave of the Camorra, whose exactions met him the moment he crossed the threshold with a demand for a

contribution for the 'oil of the Madonna,' a pious tax intended to keep a light burning before her shrine. Then followed a regular system of pillage. All the luxuries of prison life, wine, tobacco, and gaming, were in the hands of the Camorra, which licensed their use, and in order to enjoy these solaces, the wretched prisoner parted with his food, his clothes, his bed, so he would have parted with his own soul, had it been an equally negotiable commodity. Every game of *morra*, every hand at *coppa* or *braccio*, paid its tithe, and while each player lost in succession, the Camorra steadily won. Thus, in the Vicaria prison, its gains from these sources amounted in one week alone to twelve hundred francs.

The maintenance of order within the prisons was almost entirely confided to the society, as deprived of its co-operation, the authorities would have been powerless. A prisoner in Castel Capuano, a noted assassin, committed a serious breach of the prison discipline of . . . the . . .

**A TICKLISH SUBJECT**  
 THOUGHT BLADING AND OTHER PERFORMANCES  
 . . . if not all of us have from time to time  
 . . . spell bound at the recital of a ghost story  
 . . . the shadowy thing has confronted  
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On various occasions we have related 'ghost stories' in these pages which, unexplained, may have impressed our readers with the idea that we or the narrators were believers in what, in this connection, is termed the supernatural. But this is not so. We prefer, indeed, rather to relegue even the most extraordinary occurrences to the laws, more or less occult, which govern everything that transpires in this world.

In the olden time, we confess to have been regarded at many of the talks told to us by nurse or maiden aunt, and we confess to a weird sensation still, whenever we hear of some unusual occurrence the reason of which is included in mystery. The mutation, however, permitted to grow with our life, cannot be led a healthy one, and ought to be reasoned out and calmed down into plausible reason by every means at our disposal. Confess to the mystery, and ask the why and the wherefore. Why let the 'ghost' come and pass about an effort to 'lay' it!

In connection with derangement of the brain, we have in former articles shown how the sufferer may see all sorts of things, and imagine all sorts of things, and we have striven to indicate the immediate and necessary connection that exists between the brain and all our actions.

The whole subject is invested with a weird kind of interest, when he was on his trial for his life, thought he saw a chance of gratifying his hatred,

by volunteering to be his executioner. The course of justice, however, defrauded him of this last hope, for his enemy was acquitted. A dying Camorrist, in the closing stage of lung disease, lurked that in a neighbouring tavern of the Vicaria, a pest had been made at his expense. He seized his knife, rushed to the spot, and slew the author of the insult, then returned home, and died in a few moments, in consequence of the exertion.

The Camorra in its war upon society respects nothing so much as warlike spirit in others, and has been known to reward with honorary membership those who successfully resisted its operations. A Calabrian priest, when introduced into the prison of Castel Capuano, refused, being himself penitence, to pay the usual tax for the Malinno lamp, and on being thus taxed with a stick by the Camorrist collector, he told him he would not be so daring if he too had a weapon. 'That need be no difficulty,' cried the Camorrist, piqued at the taunt, and running to the deposit of arms, which the prisoners do not wear, for fear of being searched, but commit to the care of their chiefs for concealment, he returned with two knives, one of which he presented to his antagonist. A duel ensued, in which the Calabrian killed his man—a result which filled him with terror, as he feared to be it once a mark for the vengeance of the society and the justice of the law. Neither, however, resent his offence, on the contrary, the applause of the Camorra was expressed in the form of a bag of coppers left under his pillow that night, his share of the *barattolo* or revenue of the society, thenceforward paid to him weekly during his imprisonment, in recognition of his prowess.

A similar adventure occurred to another Calabrian, who, on leaving a tavern where he had been winning at billiards, was accosted by a man with a knotty stick, and summoned to

at the same place and hour, he was met by a mysterious individual, again with a stick, which, however, he presented not in menace, but in amity. 'Take this stick, Ecchioni,' said he, 'which I have the honour to offer you, for your gallant bearing yesterday evening.' The Calabrian found it in vain to refuse, he accepted this singular gift, and was then eternally frequently saluted in the streets as a Camorrist by people of whom he had no knowledge.

The most extraordinary phase in the history of the Camorra was its organization as a citizen guard in 1460, by the Prefect of Police, Don Liborio Romano, then at his wife's end to preserve order in the city. The proclamation of a constitution by Francis II on the 25th of June, was followed by the opening of the prison and the enlargement of shoals of malefactors, whose first act was to attack the offices of the commissariat of police, burn the archives, and put to flight all the urban guards of public safety. A frightful state of anarchy ensued, during which the sack of Naples by the mob of *casabianchi* seemed imminent, and warehouses were actually looted by the leaders for the storage of the expected booty. In these desperate circumstances, the extraordinary expedient was resorted to of

confiding the guardianship of order to the Camorra society, formed into a municipal police, in which the *picciotti* formed the rank and file, and the adepts of the sect the officers. The strange experiment succeeded for a time, the rank of the city was averted, and order maintained for some months.

Among the incidents of this interregnum is one recounted by M. Marc Monnier. A commissary of police, recognized by the mob, was protected from their fury by one of the new officers of public safety, and escorted to his home by a noted Camorrist, *Lupo Corvelino*, nicknamed *il Peruvianero*, who indignantly rebuked the private offered him for the service, with the significant query, 'Do you take me for one of the old police?'

After the entrance of Garibaldi on the 8th of September, the evils of this anomalous state of things developed with startling rapidity, and the Camorrist chiefs took to smuggling by land and sea on so vast a scale as almost to annihilate the municipal revenues, twenty five sous covering the entire customs receipts for one day! Energetic measures of repression became necessary, and the arrest of ninety Camorrists in one night of December 1860, was so effectual a remedy, that the duties the following day produced three thousand four hundred francs. But such was the popularity of the sect in Naples, that when Sigismundo Spaventa, Italian Minister of Police, waged a deadly war against it, dissolving the citizen guard, and deporting a hundred of its heroes, the populace rose and expressed their displeasure in serious riots.

Since then, the Camorra has been reduced to operate in a more obscure fashion, interfering occasionally in elections, extorting money from Bourbonnais, under the plea of sheltering them from persecution, and resorting, in fact, to the shabby expedients of ordinary swindling. Still its hold on the minds of the people is little shaken, and the places of hundreds and fifty, are quickly supplied by fresh aspirants, while the wives of those in prison exercise all their husbands' privileges, and then their children, trained from infancy in the use of the knife in secret schools for this accomplishment, as early invested with some of the terror of their fathers' names. But though the Neapolitan Camorra, like all traditional institutions in Italy, dies hard, it must eventually disappear before the advance of civilization.

#### NOTTINGHAM WORMS

In all mining localities, the merits of Nottingham worms for mining purposes are fully recognized, but only a comparatively few people are aware of the trouble that is expended upon them. This industry affords employment to a large number of persons throughout a considerable part of the year, who, every favourable night, collect the worms from their happy hunting grounds in the meadows. Naturally, the supply in wet weather is more abundant than when the atmosphere is dry, although some sort of a harvest can even then be obtained by watering the ground. The wormers are provided with lanterns, and have to exercise some consider-

able agility in catching their prey, as, if disturbed by any noise, they pop back into their holes. As soon as the worms are brought in from the country, they are taken to the 'farmer,' who places them in common field moses, and there they remain until they are as tough as a piece of indiarubber, which is a proof of their being in good order to use as bait, as a freshly-caught worm is extremely tender, and breaks up readily when put on a hook. The worms are generally kept in moses from three or four days to a week, which is the longest period they can be preserved in good order. The worms are frequently picked over, in order to exclude all those that are broken and mucky, and when fit for use, they are usually sold for three halfpence or four shillings per thousand, packed up in canvas bags filled with moss for this purpose, only the plump and healthy worms are selected.

At every Sunday morning among the members of the fund, which must have been considerable, was principally the product of the vigilantly assessed on the profits of all sorts of traffic, lawful and contraband, honest and dishonest. The gambler's winnings, the baker's, the unscrupulous wages of the sempstress, the huckster's pithy gains, were equally fed of their tenth by the ubiquitous grants of the Camorra. But it must be admitted that the society thus usurped the privileges of duly constituted authorities, it also exercised all of its functions, and the people paid its claims willingly, because it provided efficient protection against those of others. The Camorrist even in all transactions, generally in the best of faith, insisted on fair play between prizes to every bazaar, enforced a rough-and-ready order, where order besides there was none, and in general often acted as an arbitrator, whose arbitration was preferred by the plebs, as cheaper, readier, more efficacious, and probably not less impartial than that of the blue tribunals. In the low haunts of obscure gambling, the silent man who looked on a passive spectator, and held out his hand to each winner of his tenth, averted the police the trouble of intimidating those resorts of ignominious vice. The monopoly of crime thus often acted as a check on its commission by poachers on its privileges, and the wolves constituted themselves the shepherds of the flock against the depredations of their beasts of prey.

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Printed and Published by W & E CHAMBERS, 47 Pall Mall, London, and 339 High Street, LONDON.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF  
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

*Fourth Series*

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No 998—Vol. XX

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1853

PRICE 1<sup>1</sup>/<sub>d</sub>

## A TICKLISH SUBJECT

THOUGHT READING AND OTHER PHENOMENA

None, if not all of us have from time to time been spell bound at the recital of a ghost story. Sometimes the shadowy thing has confronted the belated traveller at midnight on some unfrequented road, sometimes the ghost has been encountered in his legitimate outdoor haunt, the churchyard, but more frequently the so-called apparition has been made acquaintance with in the oak panelled chamber of some old baronial mansion.

On various occasions we have related 'ghost stories' in these pages which, unexplained, might have impressed our readers with the idea that we or the narrators were believers in what, in this connection, is termed the supernatural. But this is not so. We prefer, indeed, rather to reject even the most extraordinary occurrences of the kind, more or less occult, which govern everything that transpires in the world.

In the olden time, we confess to have been staggered at many of the tales told to us by nurse or maiden aunt, and we confess to a wild sensation still, whenever we hear of some unusual occurrence the reason of which is shrouded in mystery. The sensation, however, if permitted to grow with one's life, cannot be called a healthy one, and ought to be reasoned with and calmed down into pleasurable reassurance by every means at our disposal. Confront the mystery, and ask the why and the wherefore. Why let the 'ghost' come and pass, without an effort to 'lay' it?

In connection with derangement of the brain, we have in former articles shown how the intellect may see all sorts of things, and imagine all sorts of things, and we have striven to indicate the immediate and necessary connection that exists between the brain and all our actions.

The whole subject is invested with a weird kind of interest because it is not as yet altogether understood. We are as yet only approaching

certain branches of the occult science, if we may so term it, which relates to the 'night side of nature,' and though some of the shams have been unravelled, there yet remain others which it is for further advances of philosophy to deal with.

Without going minutely into the records of so-called spiritualism, clairvoyance, and such like subjects of inquiry and experiment, it is easy to see that a vast amount of trickery and fraud has been connected with them, together with an easy credulity and folly on the part of a certain section of the public. The result of these disclosures has been well nigh forsaken by many earnest and devoted searchers after truth. A not unnatural reaction has set in, and many scientific men of the highest standing, have not been slow to condemn wholesale, results derived from systems and practices which could give rise to such scandals. The general public also—though, as a rule, it is too readily duped—is not carelessly individual to submit to that process on an average more than once, and those who have been discovered in deception are fain to shift their quarters frequently, in order to secure a fresh audience and the accompanying harvest of gain.

It will be apparent, however, on consideration, both to scientists and to less highly trained but intelligent readers, that the custom of rejecting as incredible all unexplained and apparently inexplicable occurrences may be carried too far, and may result in a possible loss in the amount of our required knowledge. To condemn *en bloc* all results, however authenticated by observation and experiment, unless they square exactly with our present scientific knowledge of the laws that govern phenomena, is evidently to regard the results of scientific research in the present day as conclusive and final—a finality which is daily negated by fresh discoveries. At the same time, such phenomena as are set forth professedly with the view of modifying or correcting old or current opinions regarding the spiritual or psychical side of our nature, must be presented,



so to speak, in broad daylight, without trickery or suspicious manoeuvring of any kind—must indeed rest on a basis of well authenticated and unimpeachable evidence. The nature of the evidence hitherto advanced has, as a rule, repelled inquiry on the part of honest scholars, for they have felt that at any moment they might discover themselves to have been the dupes and plyingthings of artful and designing impostors.

In this state of matters, it is of interest to learn that a movement is now afoot for the investigation of phenomena, psychic, mesmeric, and spiritualistic, by men of scientific ability and standing. The inquiries are not formally pledged to any theories, and the phenomena to be investigated. It is intended that those who are sceptical should unite with those who are firm believers in the phenomena in question, and that their researches should be conducted with an unbiased view to their explanation, by evidence and personal observation, and to gather from these collated facts, thus established and confirmed, conclusions—if any—which may be warranted in regard to their real to ascertain whether any practical results can be deduced therefrom.

'The Society for Psychic Research,' as this new organisation is called, has its work before it, and already—constituted in February 1882—the outline of its operations is before the public in the shape of the *Proceedings of the Society*, published in London by Messrs. Trübner. The pamphlet contains in opening address by the President, Henry Sulzwick, Esq., and papers by Professors Balfour Stewart and Barrett. The following is a list of the subjects entrusted to special Committees: (1) An examination of the nature and extent of any influence which may be created by one mind upon another, apart from any generally recognised mode of perception. (2) The study of hypnotism and the forms of so-called mesmeric trance, with its alleged insensibility to pain, clairvoyance, and other allied phenomena. (3) A critical revision of Reichenbach's researches with certain organisations called "sensitives," and an inquiry whether such organisations possess any power of perception beyond a highly exalted sensibility of the recognised sensory organs. (4) A careful investigation of any reports, resting on strong testimony, regarding apparitions at the moment of death, or otherwise, or regarding disturbances in houses reputed to be haunted. (5) An inquiry into the various physical phenomena commonly called spiritualistic, with an attempt to discover their causes and general laws. (6) The collection and collation of existing materials bearing on the history of these subjects.

This is comprehensive enough, and—with the instructive reservation, that, personally, we would rather not scruple on the 'Committee on Apparitions and Haunted Houses'—we think the

programme embraces many interesting lines of inquiry. Mr Sidgwick's Presidential Address is candid and thoughtful in tone, and in the course of it referring to what the members have most to guard against—namely, fraud—he said: 'I think that even educated and scientific spiritualists were not quite prepared for the amount of fraud which has recently come to light, nor for the obstinacy with which the mediums against whom fraud has been proved have been afterwards defended, and have in fact been able to go on with what I may, without offence, call their trade, after exposure no less than before.' With such experience in the past, the members will require to exercise especial caution, as the very prominence of the Society as a body will be a temptation to a certain class of impostors to exercise their perverted ingenuity upon it.

The *Proceedings* contain among other things a very neat Report on 'Thought-reading' submitted by W. P. Barrett, Professor of Physics in the Royal College of Science for Ireland, Edmund Gurnoy, M.A., Late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and W. H. Myers, M.A., Late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. The Report is one on which we would not wish to express a hasty opinion, we can only remark that it will afford some interesting reading to those desirous of investigating the subject. Professor Balfour Stewart, of Owens' College, Manchester, in commenting on the Report, says that the facts therein narrated have been put in such a manner, that 'the only possible way of disputing the evidence is by limiting as the untrustworthiness of those gentlemen who have given it, and consequently their claims must be regarded as successful.' This is an honest statement of the Professor's opinion, but is a conclusion which we hope is not to be taken as significant of the quality of reasoning power that this young Society is to develop. Because we believe that the reporters are trustworthy, we are not necessarily to accept their facts as indisputable. We may not disbelieve their words, but we may doubt the accuracy of their impressions. They may be far from wishing to deceive us, but they may be themselves deceived.

Thought-reading—known also by the name of 'Will-impresion'—is not wholly a new thing. The evidence printed in this Report is, briefly speaking, an instalment of evidence towards an answer to the question with which it commences: 'Is there, or is there not, any existing or attainable evidence that can stand fair physiological criticism, to support a belief that a vivid impression or a distinct idea in one mind can be communicated to another mind without the intervening help of the recognised organs of sensation? And if such evidence be found, is the impression derived from a rare or partially developed, and hitherto unrecognised sensory organ, or has the mental percept been evoked without any antecedent sense-percept?'



would have produced a Committee more earnest minded and upright than the present, but we might have had one more heterogeneous in opinion and less likely to work in a groove

ONE FALSE, BOTH FAIR,  
OR, A HARD KNOT

CHAPTER VI.—BACHELOR QUARTERS

SIR PAGAN, as with hesitating steps he recrossed his cramped entrance hall, and even as he had a reluctant grasp up in the handle of his dining room door, pondered—for him at least, to whom continuous thinking was in no wise an onerous labour, to be shrank if practicable heavily enough. His was by no means an enviable frame of mind. His own cares, his own thinly gilded mediocrity of means, occupied him quite sufficiently, without his having to lighten himself with the additional load of another's troubles. As he muttered beneath his breath, it was "handicapping a man a bit more above his proper weight." And he really did feel as if Fortune had dealt with him unfully in this matter. Between himself and his sister there had been mutually little sympathy. His habits were not in tune. He had been seldom in their company, as to be counted almost a stranger, and when with them, the conversation had been cut and sent and the reverse of confidential. It is wonderful, in country house life, how very little brothers and sisters are thrown together when there is a difference in age and a divergence as to taste. Seldom did the stately, swarthy lad, whose ill-hall hours were spent in the stable yard or in sweet converse with the tough, lit-eyed old game-keeper Dick Sprunge, address a word beyond some careless greeting to the timid girls who were his nearest kin. He was still more inattentive as they grew up to womanhood, and had begun to visit at select English country mansions, the wealthy owners of some of which were proud to claim kinship with the impetuous, unmemorial family of La Fontaine.

It was on the occasion of one of these visits that Clara had been wooed and won by the Marquis de Lorraine, and it had been thought fit that the long-deceased bride should be married from the old house of Crew, where her forefathers had dwelt in splendor. What that sumptuous wedding ceremony had cost old Sir Fulford Crew, Sir Pagan still, in recollection, groaned over. For the old baronet had died shortly after the marriage, and when his son, now Sir Pagan, who had been on the continent for some years—perhaps self-exiled for retrenchment's sake—was suddenly recalled home, it was not only to succeed to the estate and honours of his father, but to his debts as well. No small portion of these debts had been accumulated on the head of that sumptuous wedding, and even at the moment when we introduce Sir Pagan to the reader, part of these bridal festivities

remained unpaid. There were London milliners, pasticcaries, decorative upholsterers, in fact tailorsmen of every caste, who still phoned the broken down baronet with periodical dunning letters on the subject of unpaid accounts and balances uncleared. But, as to the festival itself, the late Sir Fulford had done his best, and for a week or two the tumble-down old mansion of Crew had been radiant in the brief sunshine of a mock prosperity. There had been the traditional merry-making—the oven roasted white, the dinner, on the green—a clumsy, sheep-faced performance on the part of washed and self-conscious rustic amateurs, in their Sunday church-going clothes, before the eyes of the guests—the fireworks, the triumphal arches, the fireworks set off at a high, the flower-strewed paths for ball-festivals, the triple bed majestically clanging, from the tall of some unfortunates, that had furnished two columns and a half of florid, jocund, enthusiastic eloquence to *Deborah's Herald*, *The Joke* and *West in Town*.

Sir Pagan Crew really did feel himself an ill-used fellow. There was his sister Clara, reared like himself in shifty and precarious poverty, but who by the good luck had made a magnificent marriage. She was a widow now, poor thing, but very rich, very young, more than pretty. She was in a position to afford her sister Court advantages which few good-looking girls, born to no better lot, had a vulgar distaste, in the Devil, are likely to possess. And that was about all. 'The girls—such had been Sir Pagan's mutual colloquy many a time—had all the luck. He himself had had very little luck. And now there was some mystery, some dispute, a nice life and death struggle, between these sisters, of whom he always retained, in that muddled memory of his, a vague but kindly remembrance. Such a quarrel implied ten, wordy talk, a nice partnership, and Sir Pagan was English and undramatic to the backbone. It was not with the best of grace that he opened the door, but still he could not shut out a pleading sister. At the sound of his heavy tread, she started from her crouching attitude, and turned her face, on which the tear-stains glistened, towards him as he entered.

'If you will not quite believe me, will you at least take care of me, Pagan?' she said, weakly but pleadingly.

'Of course I will,' answered the baronet, much relieved. 'Never doubt me! I'll send Mrs Tucker. She'll make you comfortable, and get your rooms ready, and you must try to put up with bachelor quarters, and a seedy, shabby, old town house. This is not exactly what I might call a home. I never go into a room except this and where I sleep, and the study where the whips and sticks are. And I'm not much in the house—scarcely dined in it twice this twelve-month. That reminds me that I'm expected now to dine with a party of

men at our Club, the Chestfield, and, by Jove! I am late already, and must go—There, there, don't say—poor Cora—Clara— Well, will! We'll have another chat when you have rested, not to night, though, for you are tired, and I shall be late—Good night! I'll send Tucker' And the buxom maid his way.

He was as good as his word, and Mrs. Tucker the housekeeper, having hastily arrayed herself in her robe of state—composed of stiff black silk, with metallic creases in its folds, and with a ghastly rustling about its sweeping draperies—came to tap softly at the door. She had a crumpled countenance, had this Dame Tucker, as though the many lines in her old face needed to have been ironed out by some experienced clew-stitcher, and her age was as indefinite as that of the shiny gown which, having been worn on high days and holidays for who knows how long, had just been snatched from its retirement in the recesses of a lavender-scented chest.

The old housekeeper made her way to where the new arrival, in her mourning gait, sat, with drooping head and disordered hair. She was as kindly and as deferential as her old and warped nature would permit. 'Beg your pardon, miss—my lady—but your ladyship must be tired after such a journey, and I have Sir Pagan's orders to— O my darling, my dear young lady, don't be so wretched, at your first coming back—home!' For the new comer—some of those hidden springs that lurk deep down in the nature of us all, being touched, smothered by the old servants' balble—in to which willily, personally, as though her heart would indeed break. 'O deary, deary, what you trust all Tucker!' exclaimed the housekeeper, tears unbidden at her time of life moistening her wrinkled eyes, as she looked down upon her young charge in that abatement of her dignity.

Now, with all Mrs. Tucker's kindness, one thing was lacking, and that one thing was the very path and essence of our dealings with our another—confidence. Sir Pagan had told the housekeeper very little, but her quick imagination, stimulated by the list of wonders and of mystery, which she shared with all her tribe, had suggested more. 'I trust Clara Curw, shamefully wronged, or Clara Curw, bullied in an unbecoming effort at imposture, was a victim beneath her master's roof. In either case, there had been a fraud, and there was a breach of the bonds of matrimony. What a grand mistake it had been! And how proud, with an unworldly pride, had been the long-suffering servant of the bankrupt Devon baronet! Mrs. Tucker herself, how had she dragged to London, bathed, anxy and unpaid, how had she concluded a belaboured process, and overthrown upon servants of solvent but untitled families, on the strength of that great marriage of Miss Clara's! It may be that Sir Pagan's modest household had obtained a certain amount of extra credit through the reflection of this alliance. It is certainly the duty of no bridegroom—not even of a rich Marquis—to settle his brother-in-law's bills, but yet there had grown up a hazy notion

that the impoverished parent would somehow be set on his feet again by the distinguished husband of his beautiful young sister.

But Tucker only knew that a thing was wrong, and had not the slightest idea to which side the balance of Justice should incline. There was, somewhere, a heart's blood in unblinking effrontery of self-assertion. But it was difficult for poor Mrs. Tucker, even after her long experience of the ways of gentility, to distinguish between brazen guilt and stricken innocence. Her own class would have behaved so differently! She could neither have dealt nor sustained the wrong without hysterics, eager recitation, voluble wrath, and vehement appeals to earth and heaven. This calm, shrinking sorrow was to her an enigma.

'If I might show you—your ladyship—your rooms—and it is late, and nothing will,' exclaimed Mrs. Tucker, thankful to leave the battlefield of disputed identity and take refuge in safe conciliations. 'It hasn't been kept up, this house, is ought to be, added the worthy woman apologetically, 'none but them careless London cut-throats to look to it, and shatters up, and the sooth getting into cushions and curtains till they might walk down Sir Pagan, it be sure—but he's an excellent gentleman—well, miss, there is the morning room, that was, I am told, My Lady your mother's, and then I was thinking of the pretty blue room close by for a sleeping apartment. The drawing rooms, front and back, they're all to ruin with neglect and damp and moth and mildew. But the morning room—I'll tell Jenny the maid to get a fire thimble, and anther in your room, miss, unless a young ladyship has other commands to give.'

'Thank you!' That was all the girl said, as she rose, wearily and almost mechanically, from her chair. Her sad blue eyes had unconsciously avoided meeting the gaze of those restful eyes which once belonged to Mrs. Tucker. She went up stairs 'like a lamb,' as the housekeeper afterwards said, but perhaps as wearily as a tired lamb goes, uncomplaining, through the list and stages of its journey to the stables. Whichever she might be, whether scheming Cora or ill-used Clara, the plottor or the victim, assuredly she did not do the best for her young self that might have been done. With very little trouble, she might have gained the hearty loyalty of all her brother's household—might have made sincere partisans of every one of them, from the derided housekeeper to the humble helper in the stables round the corner of the adjacent new. But she did no such thing, and when the hour of repose arrived, the verdict of the domestic Chamberlain that she in judgment on us all was still, like that of a Scottish jury in doubtful but suspicious cases, 'Not proven.'

Very meekly did Sir Pagan's lonely sister accept the services of his brother's housekeeper, the hot tea, that she was glad of, the supper, that she scarcely tasted, the crackling fire, grateful in the chill of a foggy London evening, the closed curtains, the neatly arranged room. When at length her head was on the pillow, she could not sleep for long, long hours, not until Sir Pagan himself, with flushed cheeks and tread unusually careful as he mounted the stairs, had come back

from his dinner and his card play. And when at last she sank into slumber, more than once her sleeping lips murmured softly 'Ill-fated you are—unlucky—oh, how I wish—'

### A B E D

LADY BETTY GERMAIN scolded Swift for finding fault with her friend the Duchess of Dorset for the bad example she set the sex in Dublin, saying 'If she sees company in a morning, you need not grumble at the hour, it must be purely out of great complaisance, for that never was her taste here, though she is as early a riser as the generality of ladies are, and I believe there are not many dressing rooms in London but somewhere the early idle come.' Lovely Lady Betty evidently saw no impropriety in receiving visitors at her toilet, and probably laughed heartily at Addison's condemnation of the folly of fashion who received gentlemen callers while still between the sheets, and, 'though willing to appear undressed, had put on her best locks, and painted herself for their reception. Her hair appeared in very nice disorder, as the night-gown which was thrown upon her shoulders was ruffled with great care.'

She carefully got up, and thought herself well worth locking up, which was more than Madame de Munkton did when she gave audience to Peter the Great in her little room at St Cyr, for she writes 'The Czar came after seven in the evening. He sat down by the head of the bed, and asked me if I would answer "Yes." He inquired what my quality was. I replied "La femme d'un roi." His answer to be at a loss to answer. His visit was brief. He drew the curtains at the foot of my bed to see me, you may be sure he was well satisfied.'

As a matter of fact, the ladies of Queen Anne's time could cut plenty of precedents for turning dining rooms and bedrooms into reception chambers. 'Till your sweet babe Charles,' wrote Buckingham to King James, 'I will wait at your bed before many hours past, and by the grace of God, be at the death of a stag with you.' Had Stearns delayed waiting on his dear dad and gossip until much later in the day, he might have had to seek him in the same place, it being his Majesty's custom to go to bed in the afternoon. The king's mother, Queen Mary, at one period of her life, stayed in bed for days together, chatting with her ladies, discussing business matters with her councillors, or receiving ambassadors, as inclination prompted, or circumstances required. Anne of Austria always received company of a morning, and often of an evening too, in bed. The custom, however, had its inconveniences. When the Marchioness de Senecey returned from exile, so many persons visited her, that her elbows were called by long leaning upon them, as she sat in bed, giving and receiving salutations. Poppys very emphatically expresses his dissent with the lounging of the court, but that modest little gentleman himself kept unconsciously curly hours, thinking nothing of being out and about by moonshine, making calls upon lazier folk, who,

like Sir Philip Howard, received their disturber 'very civilly in bed,' or, like Sir William Coventry, and that pretty subtle man Lord Blassy, discoursed of official matters, while my Lord Sandwich would talk with him on state affairs for a couple of hours together in his night-gown and shirt. That gallant commander, whether on land or at sea, was need to sign official papers without rising from his bed.

A Spanish minister signified his accession to power by going straightway to bed and staying there till he should be expected to do something. No English minister ever adopted that ignoble expedient to escape performing his duties, but Walpole relates that William Pitt and the Duke of Newcastle once held counsel together in bed. Pitt had the advantage, as was his custom when so afflicted, by under a pile of bed clothes in a stucco room. The Duke, who was terribly afraid of catching cold, first sat down upon another bed, as the warmest place available, drew his legs into it, and then got up, and at length fully lodged himself under the bed clothes, so completely coming in with the bed that the two ministers in bed at the two ends of the room, while Pitt's legs were in the Duke's bed, unshaved for some time, attended to the grotesque nature of the scene. The Great Chamberlain was asked and asked when Wyndham and others of his colleagues burst into his room and shook their chief out of his slumber to tell him there was nothing in the fleet, that the Admiral was a person who could be trusted, and in danger of death. Sitting up in bed, Pitt scribbled a pen, ink, and paper, and wrote 'If the Admiral is not allowed to go upon the ship from the batteries,' turned over on his pillow, and was asleep again before his disturbers were well out of the room.

The shadow of death was upon Fox when General Jackson came for instructions before setting out for Germany, and followed so quickly on the heels of the servant announcing him, that Mrs Fox had only time to slip from her husband's side and take refuge in a closet. The interview proved longer than she expected or desired, and finding her signals of distress in the shape of sun-bly little coughs, all unheeded, the poor soul truly had no resource but to tap on the closet panels and ask of the young gentle man was gone, as she was perishing with cold. Looking at him with a smile, Lady Jackson farewell for ever, and kissed his forehead with from her unpleasant situation.

When, in 1814, the military affairs of the allies looked somewhat unpromising, it was round the bed of General Kautsch, at Bar-sur-Aube, that the Emperors of Russia and Austria, the King of Prussia, Hindenburg, Von Koenigs, Schwarzenberg, Metternich, Radetzky, Diebitzsch, Neuchâtel, and Castlereagh held their council of war, and the issue of the campaign culminating in the occupation of Paris was virtually decided by Castlereagh insisting upon the immediate transferral of wavering Bernadotte's battalions to Blücher's command, and taking the responsibility upon his own shoulders. It was in bed, at the little inn at Waterloo, that Wellington received the terrible casualty list of the memorable 18th of June, and as usual after such tall from his illness, lips,

throw himself back on the pillow and groaned out 'What victory is not too dearly purchased at such a cost?' Wellington, who possessed the faculty of sleeping at will, held that when it was time to turn, it was time to turn out Napoleon, a man of another temperament, provided for wakefulness by keeping the returns of his army under his pillow, to be conned and considered when tural nature's sweet restorer refused to share his 'bed mysterious' With some men, the mind will be busy out of proper working hours It is not only you

Wakened and weepers  
Who turn and turn and turn again,  
But turn and turn, and I turn in vain,  
With an anxious brain,  
And thou, his in a train,  
That dost not run upon sleepers

There is no telling for how much of its literary wealth the world stands indebted to the quietude of the bedchamber Shakespeare were his imagination would not let him slumber when he should

Wet my with food I have me to my bed  
The dear repose for limbs with travail tired,  
I at that time a journey in my head  
To work my mind when my body's work is ended

And we may be sure the poet did not waste the seasons of sweet silent thought upon the remembrance of things past Denouncing the wretched poetaster, who, like in Drury Lane, lulled by soft replies through the broken pane, rhymed ere he woke, Pope boasts that he could sleep without a poem in his head, yet, of white confessions,

I wake at midnight  
I look come into my head and so I write

When in our heroes, instead of modern fool, were his theme, he was in the habit of composing forty or fifty verses of a morning, before rising from his bed Gray's *Ode to Music* was born beneath the sheets He had volunteered to write it for the Institution of the Duke of Grafton as Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, on the ground that Gratwick should not sit silent, and leave Expectation to sing, but was in no hurry to set about the self-imposed task One morning, after breakfast, Mr Nicholls, calling upon Gray, roused him by knocking so loudly at his room door, that the startled poet, jumping out of bed, threw open the door, and hailed the visitor with 'Hercules, avast, 'his holy ground' Nicholls was inclined to think Gray had taken leave of his senses, until the latter set his mind at ease by repeating several verses quite new to him, and the recitation ended, saying, 'Well, I have begun the Ode, and now I shall finish it'

One of the best known lines in English poetry came into its author's head when he was actually asleep While visiting at Minto, Campbell one evening went to bed early, his thoughts full of a new poem About two in the morning he suddenly awakened, repeating, 'Events to come cast their shadows before' Ringing the bell sharply, a servant obeyed the summons, to find the summoner with one foot in bed and one on the floor 'Are you ill, sir?' inquired he - 'Ill' cried Campbell 'Never better in my life'

Leave me the candle, and oblige me with a cup of tea' Scaring his pen, he set down the happy thought, changing 'events to come' into 'coming events', and over the non-inebriating cup completed the first draft of *Lochiel's Warning* The pillow's *Wrack of the Hesperus* came into his mind as he was smoking his pipe, the night after a violent storm He went to bed, but could not sleep, the *Hesperus* would not be denied, and as he lay, the verses flowed on with unletting hindrance until the poem was completed Wordsworth used to go to bed on returning from his morning walk, and while breakfasting there, dictate the lines he had put together on the march

One of Johnson's earliest ventures in book making was the translation of *Lobo's Voyage to Abyssinia*, which put six guineas into his pocket Lying in bed, he dictated sheet after sheet to his friend Hector, who carried them off to the printer without staying for Johnson to peruse them When the hit was on him, Rowson remained in bed, carefully drawing his curtains to keep out the daylight, and wrote himself up to the delights of composition Scores of pieces great and small, hundreds of letters grave and gay, came from Voltaire's bed at Ferney In bed, I believe composed his *Barbare à la rage* and *La Molinere* One at least of Rowson's operas was composed under the same conditions It was in the days when he was young, poor, and unknown, and lived in wretched quarters After writing a duct, the manuscript slipped off the sheets and I find a recess place under the bed Rowson was too warm and comfortable to get out of bed to recover it, and moreover believed it would be unlucky to pick it up, so went to work to rewrite it To his disgust, he could not remember it sufficiently, so he set about writing a new one, and had just finished when a friend came into the room 'Try that over,' said he, 'and tell me what you think of it' The piece was pronounced to be very good 'Now,' said Rowson, 'put your hand under the bed, you'll find another duct there, try that' His instructions were obeyed, and the original composition deduced much the better of the two Then they sang it to me, Rowson in bed, his friend sitting on its edge, and arrived at the same conclusion 'What will you do with the worst one,' asked the visitor 'Oh, I shall turn that into a tarantle,' answered Rowson, and he did

Said, and as he was lying in bed of a morning thinking of wit for the day, wrote to his friend Sheridan 'Pray, do not employ your time in lolling about till noon to read Homer's Iliad, perhaps, do that than imitate George IV, and lie in bed devouring newspapers the best part of the day. Many very clever people, however, have scouted the idea of health, wealth, and wisdom coming of early rising I usually read much in bed and anxious to keep up in German, imposed upon himself the task of perusing twenty pages of Schiller every day before getting up Mable won his senior wrangle hip by studying hard, long after ordinary folk were up and about, cozily ensconced under the blankets John Foster thought his sermons cut in bed, methodical Anthony Trollope usually read for an hour before rising, and Mary Somerville made it a

rule not to sit up before twelve or one, although she began work at eight, reading, writing and calculating hard—with her pet sparrow resting upon her arm—four or five hours every day, but those four or five hours were spent abed

FOR HIMSELF ALONE  
A TALE OF REVERSED IDENTITIES  
CHAPTER VII

A WEEK had passed since the memorial interview between Froh: her and Mr Peabworth, without being productive of any event worth recording here. No other will of the late Mr Askew had yet come to light, and Peabworth, whose imagination had been so unduly influenced at first, was not merely becoming more anxious at each days delay, but was evidently not without suspicion that he was being made the victim of some deception, the drift of which he could not fathom.

Froshier, too, was beginning to tire of the part he was playing, and was considering within himself how most effectively to bring his little comedy to a climax, never dreaming that that very afternoon it would be brought to a climax for him in a mode totally unexpected by himself and every one concerned.

That day a little party from Wylwinds had decided upon a picnic in Pilberry Wood, and to Pilberry Wood they had accordingly come. Luncheon was now over, and Miss Deane, who had volunteered for the post—all the others having strolled away out of sight—had been left to look after the tinks, chairs, and other accessories, till the rest of the party should arrive, some half hour later, and relieve her.

Froshier was somewhat singular that Mr Frank Peabworth, who had pleaded letters to write as an excuse for not coming with the others, should have found his way on foot to the glade within a few minutes of the time Miss Deane was left alone, and it was still more singular that that young lady should have betrayed no surprise at his sudden appearance. He at once began to assist her in the self-imposed duties of picking up forks and knives, and folding tablecloths.

'That won't do at all,' said Miss Deane. 'Your corners are not even. Tidy again—That's better. A little scolding does you good, you see.'

'That altogether depends upon a who the person is that scolds me,' replied her companion.

'How do you like a picnic without the assistance of servants?'

'That also depends. In the present case it is very jolly, and I wouldn't mind being head waiter and bottle-wisher in chief at all the picnics of the season, provided I could always have a certain young person for my assistant.'

'And I could go on folding tablecloths for ever, if I could always have you to help me.—Dick, dear, what was it that first attracted you to poor insignificant me?'

'Don't know. Couldn't help myself, I suppose. With me it was a case of spoons at first sight.'

'And with me also.'

'I had not been five minutes in your company before I felt that my time was come.'

'My own feeling, exactly.'

'All which goes to prove that we are made for each other.'

Any one who dared to say we are not, would be a wicked story teller.'

'This may be your last picnic, Elms. Are you not sorry?'

'Why should I be sorry when I am going to have a home of my own?'

'A home of your own—yes—but what a home.'

It went he too small, Dick, for Happiness to dwell there.'

Miss Deane's delightful *été à la* with her weather was destined not to be of long duration. She and Frank were stooping over an open hamper with their heads in close proximity, when they were attracted by the appearance of Miss Peabworth, escorted by Dick Diamond with a shawl over his arm.

'Come along, aunt,' said Dick. 'Better late than never. But why didn't you come in the first place?'

'It was the jillies this time that kept me. That new cook of yours doesn't seem to know how to manage them. But when I heard there was a return fly coming back to the village, I thought I would follow you.'

'I'm very glad you have come,' said Frank warmly.

'And so am I,' responded Elms. 'Here is a nice new money old bank for you to sit on, aunt. It's the best seat we can offer you.'

'It's quite good enough for me, my dear Dick spread down a shawl, and Miss Peabworth sat down in it in the usual her bonnet strings.

'Bless me, what a colour the girl has got!' she added a moment or two afterwards, with her eyes bent on Elms. 'When I was young, if a girl had a colour like that, people used to say that her swainheart had been kissing her.'

Miss Deane's cheeks took a still deeper tint. She turned away, and pretended to be looking for something in the hamper. 'The prettiest you speak of, aunt, she said, 'is obsolete nowadays—at least in society. It went out with cord's little bonnets, short skirts, and sandals.'

'Go along with you! As soon as one of these things that never go out of fashion it comes is natural to young folks as the measles or the whooping-cough, and it's just as catch-

Froshier came to the rescue. 'Miss Peabworth,' he said, 'as head waiter of this establishment, what shall I have the pleasure of offering you? What do you say to a slice of St. Hubert's pie and a glass of dry sherry?'

'Thank you, Mr Diamond, but I had my dinner long ago. You would call it luncheon, but I call it dinner. When Alarion and me were first married, we used to have dinner regular at one o'clock to the minute, and I like my dinner at that hour now.'

'But you will take a little refreshment of some kind?'

'Well, if I must, I should like about half a glass of bottled stout. It's both neat and drink, as one may say.' Then turning to Dick, she added, 'I always like a drop of stout of a morning about eleven, or else I feel sinking and no how all day.'

'Fine institution, stout at eleven. Always go in for it myself,' responded Dick.

'But where is the rest of the party—Algernon and Clive and the others?'

'Gone in search of the picturesque. To be long before long.'

'As if any of them cared twopence about the picturesque! Then turning to Frank and Edna, she asked 'But why haven't you two gone to look for the picturesque?'

'If you please, aunt, this person is the waiter, and I am his assistant,' answered Edna demurely. Mrs. Peabworth shook her head. 'Take care, he doesn't press you to become his partner,' she said.

'I have already,' said Froisher gravely, 'asked Miss Deane to accept of that position.'

'The liabilities being exceedingly limited, and the assets uncommonly small, unprosperous Dick'

Mrs. Peabworth was stilled. 'Is that true, Edna, dear?' she asked, with a little quaver in her voice.

'Yes, aunt. Mr. Drummond has asked me to set up in business with him.'

'And you have said?—'

'I haven't said No.'

'Come and kiss me, child. You have made me very happy.'

Edna kissed her—more than once, and Mrs. Peabworth cried a little, it was but natural under the circumstances.

'My I ask you, Mrs. Peabworth, to kindly keep this little affair secret for a few days!' said Froisher.

'I'll keep it secret as long as you like, but whatever Algernon will say when he comes to hear of it, I for one don't know.'

'We are prepared for the worst—we have made up our minds to rough it.'

'Yes, aunt—to bid a long farewell to the pumps and vanities of this wicked world, put in thin!'

'I like to hear you say that. I like to see two young people who love each other so well that a little poverty doesn't frighten them,' said Mrs. Peabworth heartily.

'And now Nephew Frank,' she added, turning to Drummond, 'suppose you and I go in search of the picturesque!'

'With all my heart, aunt, I am quite at your service,' answered Dick.

'They will like to be left to themselves a bit,' said Mrs. Peabworth in a stage whisper. 'Most young people do at such times.'

'Soon fire of that affair marriage,' responded worldly-wise Richard. 'With that he offered Mrs. Peabworth his arm, and they strolled off down one of the paths, between the trees.'

Miss Deane produced her embroidery and sat down on the same mossy bank formerly occupied by her aunt. Frank flung himself on the turf at her feet.

'I wish all the rest of the world would love themselves in a wood and not be found in it even so long,' remarked Edna.

'So do I wish all my heart.'

'Mr. Dempsey is going to propose to me to-day—I know he is.'

'The deuce he is! But how do you know?'

'I've a presentiment which tells me that he will.'

'You won't be jealous, will you?'

'I? Not a bit jealous—of Mr. Dempsey.'

'He is very rich.'

'He is very old and very ugly.'

'So much the better. I am, and handsome husbands are as plentiful as blackberries—but a deuce, cross-grained, snuffy old darning! And one need never be jealous of him.'

'Mr. Dempsey goes a long way towards fulfilling your requirements.'

'Yes, but I shall be obliged to refuse him.'

'Why?'

'Because I have promised myself to you—Heaven ho!'

'Why do you sigh, Miss Deane?'

'Can't one sigh without being called upon for an explanation?'

'I thought that perhaps you were sighing because you had lost the chance of marrying Mr. Dempsey.'

'You are a great goose, and you thought nothing of the kind. Besides, Mr. Clever, if I wanted to marry Mr. Dempsey, what is there to hinder me from doing so?'

'A thin.'

'Then behave yourself properly—I see Mr. Dempsey coming this way. O dear! what shall I say to him?'

Frank sprang to his feet. 'So long as I am here, the old gentleman will hardly venture on his confidence.'

'But I don't want you here, I want you to go away.'

'You do, do you?' said Frank, opening wide his eyes.

'Of course I do. I shall probably never have another offer of marriage as long as I live.'

'And you don't want to give this one?'

'Of course I don't. What could I do?'

'In that case I will say as well as I can.'

'You will not be long as it is?'

'Not more than half an hour.'

'That so! Now, is that? I shall put Mr. Dempsey out of his misery very quickly.'

Frank sprang to his feet, and disappeared behind a clump of trees. Edna resumed her seat and her embroidery.

Mr. Dempsey, picking his way carefully, and wearing his hat a little more on one side than usual, came slowly forward. His eye-sight was defective, and he had not seen Froisher. He took off his hat with an elaborate flourish. Edna looked up with a heightened colour, but with a mischievous smile playing round her lips.

'I am fortunate in finding you alone, Miss Deane,' said the elderly be man with a smile.

'Why fortunate, Mr. Dempsey?'

'Because I have something to say to you that concerns ourselves alone.'

'A secret! That will be delightful. Go on, please.'

'Miss Deane, I am a plain man.'

'Hum—well—you ought to know best, perhaps?'

'A plain spoken man, Miss Deane. I cannot indulge in any of those sentimental rhapsodies proper enough at twenty, I discuss but which are slightly ridiculous at—hum—at fifty. I must come to the point at once. I respect you—I admire you—I love you, if you will allow me to say so, and I am here to ask you to become my wife.'

'O Mr. Dempsey!'

'I am not a poor man. A liberal allowance would be yours. You would have a handsome'



attainment, diamonds, your own carriage, every comfort, in fact. Such an offer is not to be had every day. What say you, Miss Deane, what say you?

'I say with you, Mr Dempsey, that such an offer is not to be had every day. Were I a knight, or an owl, or a lion, I would say Yes to it; but being only a woman, I must say No.'

'I should do my best to make you happy.'  
'I do not doubt that, as you do your best to make your birds and animals happy, you keep them warm, and you feed them well, but—you shut them up in cages. Now, I don't want to be shut up in a cage, even though it were a gilded one.'

'You are frankness itself, Miss Deane, but I hope I am not to take this decision as a final one.'

'It is finally with you to look upon it as such.'  
'Well, well. I ought to have been in the field a couple of years ago. Young ladies of twenty nowadays can generally pick the cream of a prior attachment.'

'A prior attachment, Mr Dempsey? Why, I had been the victim of half a dozen prior attachments before I was sixteen.'

'Oh?'

'When I was six years old, there was a little boy with curly hair whom I distinctly loved. He wore red shoes, and I think that was the reason why I loved him. He must be grown up by this time. I wonder whether he wears red shoes now. Then, when I was at school, I thought my dunces, master the most delightful of men. He was a Scotchman, and very tall, and oh! so fat, but I loved him. He spoiled the most charming looking English, and I fancy that was the reason why I was so fond of him. These are touching reminiscences, Mr Dempsey.'

'To you, doubtless, Miss Deane,' answered the old man stiffly. 'I leave you sadder, if not a wiser man.'

'And I have been doing my best to unwise you! O dear!'

'Is there absolutely no hope?'

'Absolutely none.'

Mr Dempsey lifted his hat and bowed ceremoniously. Miss Deane rose and dropped an elaborate courtesy.

Mr Dempsey turned to go, but had not proceeded half a dozen yards before he came to a stand.

'Miss Deane!'

'Yes, Mr Dempsey.'

'I have some good news for you. I had a telegram this morning, and the post is a better—much better.'

'I'm so very glad to hear it.'

'He can now take his usual allowance of fish for breakfast.'

'How nice! I should like his photograph. I am particularly fond of pelicans.'

'No, really? You shall have a photograph next week without fail. As regards our offer—'

'An offer of marriage, even from a Dempsey, is calculated to fluster one's nerves a little,' said Elma to herself. 'Crewel work seems very tame after it. I wonder what Clame would say if she knew. She would say I was a fool for refusing him, and she would believe it too.'

Trobisher, when he left Miss Deane, took the first footpath through the trees that presented itself, without caring whether it might lead him, his thoughts being far away. He had gone no great distance, when a sudden turn brought him face to face with Mr Pelworth, who had discreetly lingered behind Mr Dempsey, being probably quite aware what object that gentleman had in view in seeking a tête à tête with Miss Deane.

'Ah, my dear Mr Richard, a word with you, if you please,' he said with a sickly smile, the moment his eyes fell on Trobisher.

'A hundred, if you wish it, Mr Pelworth.'

Mr Pelworth laid a hand on Trobisher's arm, and then glanced suspiciously round. 'Any news of the second will yet?' he whispered.

'Not yet, Mr Pelworth. But I am busy, very busy, going through Mr Ashwa's papers, and I should not be surprised in the least—not in the least, Mr Pelworth, I assure you—if I were to come across some such document before this present week is over.'

The two men looked meaningly at each other for a moment, and then Mr Pelworth's eyes fell. He was wondering what he should say next, when Trobisher spoke.

'I am right in assuming that Miss Deane's fortune is eight thousand pounds?'

'That is the amount to a penny—dependent entirely on my consent to her marriage.'

'Precisely so. That is clearly understood.'

Another pause, then Pelworth said, 'I am going in a week of a sherry and claret. Will you not go back and join me?'

'Thank—you. They tell me there is a chum view from the high ground over you? I am going in search of it.'

'Then you will probably meet my daughter and Captain Dy on They wait that way half an hour.'

'Richard Drummond, I hate you as I never hate a man before,' was Mr Pelworth's unspoken thought as the two men turned their backs on each other and went each his own way. But presently his conscience assumed a more reasonable hue. 'With two thousand a year derivable from a limited property, what may I not expect to be? I must get it to himself. And the method of obtaining the price so safe and simple! Before I'm ten years older, the two thousand a year will have more than doubled itself, unless I'm a miser as thin I believe myself to be. And then, why not a seat in the House? I must begin to define my political principles more clearly. At present, I hardly know whether I am a Liberal (conservative, or a Conservative Liberal, or both.'

TO THE STAGE STRUCK

IT IS sometimes to take a retrospective view of the past, to think of bygone scenes and places, to glance over the notes in my commonplace book, to dwell on the memory of old friends, and read then thoughts. The other day I came across an old family correspondence which I had carefully preserved. It carried me back to twenty-five years ago, and I could not help contrasting my present feelings with those which actuated me at that time.

The following extracts may be applicable to some young friends just entering life, and may induce them to think twice before they run counter to the wishes of their relatives, or hazard their future prospects in order that they may gratify present desires. The following is a letter which my mother wrote to my late uncle regarding me

"I am somewhat perplexed as to Harry's future. He was anxious to follow his father's profession, and wished to prepare himself for Woolwich, especially as his companion Murray, who joined the Military Academy there last year, assured him that he would have no difficulty in passing the requisite examination. He felt bitterly disappointed when I explained to him that I had not sufficient means to enable me to meet the necessary expense, but happily an old friend came to my rescue, and procured for him a nomination in a highly respectable public office. My friend tells me that Harry passed an excellent examination, and was immediately appointed to a clerkship at a salary of a hundred pounds a year. He has been in this situation for the last eighteen months, but, I am sorry to say, is getting very unsettled, and dissatisfied with his occupation and prospects. I have told him to consult you, and I feel sure that you will give him wise counsel."

This communication prepared my uncle for a letter from the youth himself, which he received a few days afterwards. The young fellow wrote in a somewhat jaunty and slangy style, informing him that he intended joining the Amateur Dramatic Club and taking lessons in elocution from some actor, leaving by such means to ascertain whether he was likely to succeed if he adopted the stage as a profession. Should he meet with one objection from his tutor, he thought of relinquishing his present position and prospects, and of becoming an actor. "Will you, he wrote, look at the matter impartially, and let me know what view you take of the plan I purpose adopting."

Now, probably one of the most responsible duties of a parent or guardian is to offer advice to a youth, the adoption or rejection of which must necessarily affect not only his present position, but his future career.

Fearing, wrote my uncle, that an inexperienced country bred lad on his first visit to London, or any other great city, would naturally be dazzled by the various temptations he encountered—amongst which dramatic entertainments would probably be the most attractive—I could not help making charitable allowance for the enthusiasm of a youth young with rapturous eury at the artist whose finished representation—perhaps of some sublime creation of the poet—struck a chord which vibrated in every breast of that crowded audience of which he formed one. I could picture him listening with breathless attention to the impassioned language which so persuasively appealed to all the feelings, and emotions of the human heart, and joining in according the demonstrative meed of well-merited applause, and becoming fired with the ambition to win for himself similar renown.

He little dreamed of the long and severe course of study which has been undergone for even

genius to attain such a position, nor does he realize the difficulties which have been overcome. He only sees and admires the finished picture, that great art which conceals its art, deceiving himself into the belief that his capabilities are equal to his admiration. But he wants to know my views, and I must give them. It is far better to walk frankly to him myself, than allow him to learn my opinions from a third person—Having arrived at this resolution, my uncle wrote to the youth as follows.

"In answer to your request for advice, I must say that under ordinary circumstances I should simply decline offering my opinion, because experience has taught me that it is only gratifying the curiosity of an individual to give an opinion on a subject upon which he has already made up his mind, and I hold it to be the reverse of complimentary to ask my mind to take the trouble of so thoughtfully considering a subject that he may give advice upon it, if such advice is not to be followed. In making an exception in your favour, I do so because you have no other living teacher, and it is a critical period of your life, and I feel it a duty to the love I have for your father's memory, and to your best interests, to now advise with you, I do not, therefore, think me discursive or unkind if I write plainly.

"The course you have mapped out for yourself, to use your own terms, will, in my opinion, lead to no good in the future. Although some members of your family and some of your old friends may always acknowledge you, you will, by your own act, so entirely remove yourself from their circle, from such new ties, and move amidst people with many of whom they can have no sympathy, that you will practically wear yourself from their influence. They and you will have little in common. Your friends will probably be inattentive to them, and so inattentive to you you will be committing a kind of moral suicide, which your friends will necessarily deplore.

"I am well aware of the sanguine nature of youth, and can comprehend that you believe yourself to be actuated by an enthusiastic love of art, and, deluded by Hope, fancy that you may command success and develop into a dramatic artist of celebrity. Of the thousands who indulge in such aspirations, how many realize them!

"Does your ambition satisfy itself with the idea of becoming an ordinary comedian? I can scarcely think so. Do you, then, aspire to become an artist of world-wide reputation? If so, have you resolved the immense amount of hard work and severe study you must undergo to attain your object? or how, in the earlier stages of your career, you will live.

With bated breath and whispering humbleness,

to seek the patronage of some theatrical manager, in order to get an engagement on some provincial stage, and be contented with some few shillings a week to enable you to support existence, and continue those studies so absolutely essential if you desire to succeed in the calling? Have you thought of the jealous competition amongst those whom you would have to contend with for engagements? and—metaphorically speaking—the dirt

that you would have to cut, this critic to be pitiful, that manager to be consulted, those actors to become popular with?

'You may say that genius rises superior to these obstacles, and regards them as necessities rather than impediments to success. Very true, and I believe that a man who happens to be endowed with great genius, superior ability, and mental culture, and possessed of an immense influence to enable him to live decently while he is poor, through the three or four years of his novitiate, might—assuming that he had a strong predilection for the stage—develop into an actor of great reputation, especially if he had a strong physique, high spirits, and untold courage, and great self-confidence. Such a man might indeed become great in his art, or indeed in any calling he selected. But have you these qualifications? I think not. You have far average abilities, but are certainly not well read in general knowledge. Except the salary you earn, you have no income. You have not a strong physique, a natural flow of animal spirits, or self-reliance. On the contrary, your constitution is not strong, you are naturally of a retiring disposition, and so far from being self-reliant and confident, you are particularly sensitive and thin-skinned. These constitutional characteristics, in my opinion, indicate that you do not possess the qualifications requisite to insure success in such a calling.'

'That you might overcome what is known as "stage shyness," and be able to take out a livelihood somehow, I doubt not, but would this satisfy you? If it would, I cannot sympathise with your wishes. Having once taken to the stage, should you become dissatisfied with your progress and prospects, what opening could you look forward to? You would have lost so much time, and thrown overboard whatever interest you have, in such a manner that you could not hope to turn your attention to any other occupation, and must forever remain in the position of a second-rate actor.'

'Now, let us analyse this desire to go up in the stage. What does it betoken? A love of approbation, a vain glorious desire for notoriety—in a word, vanity—a vanity which requires applause for sustenance, and withers under the faintest smile of ridicule. Could you stand the latter? Would you be able to laugh it off? Would it not rather render you morose, chagrined, and disabandoned, and make you consider yourself a martyr to the love of it, and a victim of prejudice?

'You seem to have fostered but one idea, the object being to gratify a morbid vanity in the shape of an intense love of approbation. Take care that such weakness does not so increase in growth as to become a species of monomania.'

'I would warn you against being influenced by mere self-gratification. You must remember that "life is real, life is earnest," and that each man should be influenced by a sense of duty. Having been placed in a good position, with opportunities of advancing yourself by your own industry, is it not your duty, as it should be your pride and pleasure, to endeavour to repay in some measure the debt of gratitude you owe to that loving and widowed mother who has devoted herself with

so much affection and self-denial to promote your welfare and happiness? to strive to render her future happy, and as the eldest son, to act in example to your younger brothers? Will you be fulfilling these duties by giving up your present occupation and prospects, regardless of any consideration for the feelings of those who live so great a claim upon you?

'You have now a fair start in life, and can by ordinary diligence materially improve your position, and qualify yourself for other and more remunerative appointments. You have also an opportunity of cultivating your literary and artistic tastes, and of turning such accomplishments to good account. By adopting such a course, you would insure the love and affection of your home circle, and retain the respect and confidence of all your friends and relations—thus gaining a far more solid reward than the vainglorious plaudits of the most sympathising audience, for in all the troubles and disappointments you might meet with in life, you would be comforted by an approving conscience, and sustained by a feeling of self-respect.'

Such an answer to the youth's query was unwelcome to it was disagreeing to him, and for some months longer he remained unsettled in his mind, wavering between inclination and duty. His latter nature at length prevailed, and he at last manfully determined to follow the advice of his friends. He soon became as cheerful and contented with his position, as he had before been dissatisfied. He rapidly mastered all the technicalities of his business, and devoting some hours each day to study, he found himself gradually but surely ascending the steep path which led to success.

He is now a middle-aged gentleman, possessing a fair competence, and but for an occasional twinge of gout, enjoys excellent health. It forms a pleasing picture to see him surrounded by his wife and family, who all vie with one another in their care and attention to his dear old mother, who lives with him, and when his younger brothers come to pay him a visit, as they often do, he sometimes alludes to his youthful aspirations, and speaks with gratitude of those who dissuaded him from risking what might have turned out to be a disastrous future.

But he has not altogether lost his love of the drama. Occasionally, a strolling company of actors announces their arrival in the neighbouring town, and so regularly does he patronise such performances, that the bookseller always reserves certain seats for him and his party. He not infrequently pays a visit to a brother, who resides in London, who very considerably proposes during at six o'clock, and going to the theatre afterwards, a suggestion he is only too delighted to fall in with.

I have known him on more than one occasion smile at the efforts of some poor actor, whom he confessed he once thought a genius to be envied and admired. Now he whispers to his brother 'Charlie, I no longer envy him, or think him a hero, but I feel for the disappointments he and many others must have suffered, and rejoice that I can afford to give an annual subscription to the Actors' Benevolent Fund.'

How very many ladies there are who have tastes

## MELITA, THE BOHEMIAN GIRL

simila to those this young man once fondly indulged in. If any such should happen to read these lines, it may interest them to know that the water is not too old to sympathize with the aspirations of youth, or to make every charitable allowance for its weakness. They will the more readily believe this, when he assures them that he has been giving them a rough sketch of his own life, and that he has lived long enough to appreciate the wise counsels of wisdom and experience.

### MELITA, THE BOHEMIAN GIRL

I

TOWARDS the close of a sultry summer day, a young Stockholman alighted from a travelling carriage at a small inn in the village of Monterosa, in Italy. In reply to the obsequious landlord, with whom guests of the *maior* class were 'like angels' visits, few and far between, he announced his intention of remaining for a couple of days, desiring to be shown to his room, and ordered coffee to be served in the parlour. In a few minutes he descended to the public room of the inn, and with much relish sipped the cup of refreshing coffee which the landlord had brought him, and deeming the cigars proffered by the latter, proceeded to fill and light a few *meerschaum*, and blowing clouds of fragrant smoke towards the low ceiling, was soon immersed in a brown study.

The traveller, whose name was Frank Melville was about twenty-eight years of age, and a specimen of manly beauty. 'Fascinated' in his stockings, his figure was so well proportioned that you did not give him credit for more than the average height. His short, curly, light brown hair fitted his countenance ruddy with health and sparkling with good humour, while the deep blue eyes shone with intelligence. He was an artist, and had seized the first opportunity to put into execution a long cherished intention of making a tour in Italy, and the desire of beholding fresh scenes had induced him to turn aside considerably from the well beaten route pursued by the ordinary tourist.

He had hitherto experienced great pleasure in his tour. But nevertheless, when the shades of evening began to fall, he generally felt somewhat solitary, and longed for some companion with whom to compare notes and exchange ideas. On the particular evening on which our story opens, he felt more than usually restless and low spirited. A craving for some excitement took possession of him. But in the quiet secluded village of Monterosa, what excitement, mental or physical, could be found?

There being no other way open to him of passing the time, he decided to try a stroll. The narrow, irregular street of the village was almost deserted, nothing was to be seen except some children playing in the sand, and geese walking in long procession, cackling as they went

Standing rapidly on our side, Melville soon came to the outskirts of the village, and plunged into the adjoining forest. The luxuriant foliage of the stately trees, which were in the full vigour of their growth, naturally obtained his chief admiration. The air was scented with the odour of fresh resin and mosses, while a perfect stillness, as of a sanctuary, prevailed, more fit, however, to increase his depression, than to afford him the mental stimulus for which he craved. He had walked at a snail pace for some thirty minutes, when the sudden sinking of the sun and the deepening twilight warned him that it was time to retrace his steps. Turning back, he was soon conscious that he had lost his way, and began to lament his imprudence in venturing so far into an unknown and apparently trackless forest without having taken some bearings by which to shape his course.

Just as he was beginning to retrace himself to a night unless the trees, he discerned the smoke of a fire at no great distance, and heard in the still evening air the notes of a violin. A walk of a few minutes brought him to the scene. In the shelter of the walls of an old ruined castle were seated some twenty or thirty persons, grouped in every variety of picturesque attitude round the customary *trunk*, in which hung a large pot over a willow. The men wore red waistcoats, ornamented with large silver buttons, which glittered in the firelight, the women—at least the younger ones—wore red bodices and chemisettes trimmed with gold embroidery, and round their necks rows of glass beads. A few withered old women, yellow and toothless, who served as waitresses to their younger companions, completed the band. As the fire gleamed and flicked on the picturesque group, so bright with colour, Melville longed for the pencil of a *Salvator Rosa*, that he might preserve the scene for ever on canvas.

The piper who had been performing on the violin ceased playing at the approach of Melville, and speaking in excellent Tuscan, invited him to be seated and join their primitive repast. Melville accepted the invitation as frankly as it was given. From boyhood, the Zingari, their origin, strange customs, and wanderings, had been a favourite subject of study with him. He had read many of the books describing these wonderful people, Borrows' *Zingari* among the rest, and was familiar with a considerable portion of the vocabulary of the Italian gypsies, indeed, the manners and habits of this roving race had always possessed for him a peculiar and fascinating interest.

In a few minutes Frank was discussing a portion of a hedgehog, which, rubbed with garlic and stuffed with walnuts, had been roasted on a spit over a quick fire.

'Where is Melita?' exclaimed the violin-player, whose name was Orlando. 'What has become of her?'

Our tourist was in the act of raising a cup of some very good Sicilian wine to his lips, when his look fell upon a vision of feminine loveliness such as he had never before seen in all his travels. Through the opening of a tent came a young girl, apparently not more than eighteen years of age, slightly above the middle height, her slender supple figure moved across the grassy carpet with lowling grace. Large oriental eyes, full of liquid lustre, softly gleamed from beneath eyebrows black as night. The features were perfect in their contour. The finely chiselled nose, the lips, 'like Cupid's bow,' the softly rounded chin, might have served as models to a modern Phidias. The abundant hair was of a lighter tint than the eyebrows, and of a rich warm brown. The complexion was also some what lighter in colour than the ordinary gipsy type, but still sufficiently dark to show that she came of Bohemian stock.

Gallantly springing to his feet, and extending his hand, Melville offered to conduct her to a place at the evening meal with an air as respectful as if he had been waiting in English drawing-rooms. But the gipsy girl refused the proffered hand, and seating herself by the side of her brother, grazed with some little curiosity at the stranger's guest, and declined to partake of the repast.

Supper over, the artist shared the contents of his large pouch with his host—there is no man so prompt to the heat of a gipsy than to make him a present of tobacco—and then sat down with unalloyed pleasure to the musical efforts of Orlando on the violin, at the same time that he observed the effect of the wondrous instrumentation on the eloquent features of the Bohemian girl, which seemed to reflect all the various emotions of the player.

Suddenly, it occurred to him that the lovely Melita in her natural costume would form an admirable subject for a water-colour sketch. Turning to Orlando, he inquired if he might come on the following morning to the camp and take a sketch of his sister. Melita evinced the wisest and request, and her dusky cheek for a moment deepened with gratified civility as she smilingly assented to the inquiring glance of her brother. When about to depart, Frank heard with some surprise that he was only a couple of miles from Menton, so confused had been his attempts to find his way through the labyrinth of laces. Orlando volunteered to conduct him to the outskirts of the wood, and, accepting the offer, he bade adieu to the lovely Melita. During Orlando's brief escort, Melville spoke little, for before his mind's eye was the eloquent glance of the gipsy girl. Just during the fitful watches of the night and in his disturbed dreams, Melita's face appeared again and again; and it was with unrenewed sensations that the artist beheld the morning sun shining through the windows of the inn.

## II

'This is your last sitting, Melita! It was on the morning of the seventh day after Frank Melville had first met the Zingari that these words were spoken. The young bootmaker was putting the finishing touches to a large water-colour drawing

representing Melita as a gipsy queen. The progress of the work had been watched by the tribe with mingled feelings of wonder and delight, and the girl's dark eyes had shone with pleasure and pride as she looked upon the life-like portrait of her wondrous beauty.

The knowledge which the young artist possessed of gipsy manners and customs had placed him on a special footing with Melita and the other members of the band, so that they almost regarded him as one of themselves, and referred to matters in his presence which they would have carefully shunned in the case of any other 'house dweller.' Melita would sometimes speak of the pleasures of her nomadic life, its liberty and freedom in nature, its health giving character, its opportunity for the study of the changing seasons, the animals and birds abounding in the fields and woods, on which occasion Frank would feel his pulse beat faster, until he almost yearned to resign the peaceful and tumultuous life of cities, and to exist in his lot with those who dwell in tents, never more to turn to the walks of ordinary life.

In reply to his observation that this was her last sitting, the Zingari cast down his eyes, and murmured, 'I am very sorry.'

'Sorry, Melita! I can assure you that, as a general rule, the last sitting is always a day of rejoicing,—at least to the artist.'

'But you will go away, now that the picture is finished?'

He was not certain, but he rather feared that he saw a peculiar gleam in the gipsy's eyes. 'Well,' he answered, 'my stay here is coming to an end, I must admit, but I can afford a few more days. Come let us have a stroll.' Slowly the pair walked in the direction of a running stream near the gipsy encampment. 'Melita, I must make you some return for your good nature in sitting to me. What shall I give you?'

The girl's dark eyes flashed indignantly as she raised them to those of the speaker, and Melville beheld an expression on those lovely features which he had never seen before—an expression which warned him to beware of the passionate Italian like a which coursed in the gipsy's veins. He then hastened to explain.

'Not money, Melita, I do not mean that—of course not. But what is there that you would like to have for your picture?'

Melita grasped both his hands within her soft warm palms, and looking sweetly at him, whispered, 'Give me your picture, in return for mine. Then, when you are far away beyond the sea in your own country, that will remind me of these happy days and of the stranger who was so kind to me.'

'I am glad that I can comply with your request at once,' Melville answered, 'but I wish that you had chosen something else. I am afraid my photograph is a poor recompense for all your patience and kindness in sitting to me. See, I have some with me in my pocket book.' With these words, Frank took a card from the book and handed it to her.

Melita gazed earnestly several moments at the young bootmaker's handsome lineaments—it was a capital likeness—and as she did so, her cheek became pale, and the hand which held the picture

trembled visibly. Then placing the picture in her bosom, the Bohemian murmured: "It shall never leave my heart!" Addressing her in pause: "Come, let us return to the camp."

Retrieving their steps, they walked on for some moments in silence. Melville was by no means a vain man, but of course he was not ignorant of the fact that he was handsome. An unpleasant suspicion crossed his mind: "Can it be," he asked himself, "that this young girl has fallen in love with me?" Then, as he remembered her warm, sensuous nature and the violence of her passions, he shuddered. But on the other hand, he had only known her seven days. However, he decided that it would be best for him to depart at once, before any tender impression he had unwittingly made should sink too deeply for her peace of mind.

Melita was the first to break the silence. "Do you know why I asked you to return to the camp?" Then, without waiting for a reply, she continued: "I felt that I could not remain in safety near the water."

"In safety near the water! What in the world do you mean?" was her companion's astonished exclamation.

Smiling slyly, Melita answered: "Have you never felt an almost uncontrollable impulse—in impulse you could not account for—to do some rash act—to throw yourself from some dizzy height, or plunge into some rapid stream, and thus end at once and for ever all the cares and sorrows of life?"

"My youthful Melita," he said, "can I really have had troubles sufficient to cause her to seek relief from them in a sudden and violent death?"

Again, the Zingari shook her head slyly. "I know not," she said. "But had I been it just now, I should have sought death in that running stream." Then, observing her companion's anxious look, a bright smile irradiated her expressive features as she said: "Put do not be concerned, that moment is past."

"For ever, I trust?" Melville gravely asked.

"Yes, for ever!"

They had now arrived at the camp. The startling confession to which he had listened during the last few minutes had strengthened Melville's resolve to leave the place without delay, before further unpleasant incidents occurred. He would return to the inn in the village, and dispatch a hasty note to Melita, saying that he was unexpectedly compelled to leave immediately for Bologna. In this way he hoped to avoid the awkwardness of a personal farewell.

Although he felt that such conduct might be termed shabby after the hospitality he had received from the gypsies, and Melita's kindness and good nature in attending by the hour as the model for his picture, he felt also that anything was better than a scene. It was both an act of kindness and a duty to nip in the bud an attachment he could not return. The first thing to be done, however, was to get possession of the picture. Turning to his companion, he said: "Melita, I am going to remove the picture to the village to-day."

A suspicious glance shot from her lustrous eyes. "You are going away—I feel it! I shall never see you again!"

The artist laid his hand on hers, and as he did so he felt the hand he held tremble. An irresistible temptation seized him, and he kissed her. He felt that he was taking a long, an everlasting farewell, and thus they parted, with not another word being spoken between them.

After he had proceeded some little distance, he turned and waved his hand to the girl, who still remained where he had left her, as in motionless as a statue.

I think Melita was a woman of prompt action. Within an hour of his return to the inn, he had left the village of Montecorvo, first dispatching a brief note to Melita, telling her that urgent business called him away, and regretting the necessity of his sudden departure. He then took up his quarters at a small village about twenty miles from his former halting place, and determined to remain there for a day or two, until he had decided on his future plans. He felt more depressed than he had thought possible, in consequence of parting, from the charming Zingari. In vain did he endeavor by writing, reading, and sketching, to turn his imagination on his thoughts. Wherever he went or whatever he did, the gypsy girl's face was always before him.

On the evening of the third day after he had left Montecorvo, he was staid in the little pulquer of the village inn. He had hired two rooms, his bedroom in one, immediately behind the sitting-room, and both on the ground floor. The landlady called, and said a visitor wished to see him. While Frank was wondering who it could be, a step was heard in the passage, and a young gypsy entered just the landlady and continued her guest. "It was Orlando!" His swartly countenance wore in expression of bitter vindictiveness.

Melville held out his hand, and uttered a welcome in gypsy language. But Orlando took no notice of the outstretched hand or the young Bohemian's salutation. His left hand played nervously with a long bright knife which was stuck loosely in his belt. "Where is Melita?"

The words were uttered in an intense whisper, the while his coal-black eyes, lined with some hidden emotion, were fixed on Melville as if he would read his inmost thoughts.

"Melita! Is she not with you? I have not seen her since I left the camp."

The gypsy paused. Then he asked: "Is that the truth?"

Melville springing to his feet, his face aflame with anger, said: "If you were not Melita's brother, I would throw you out of the window!" was his passionate exclamation.

Again the gypsy passed, perfectly unmoved by the angry reply. He had never felt his piercing eyes from Melville's face during the interview. Apparently satisfied, he now extended his hand, and said: "I believe you."

"But stay, Orlando," Melville replied. "Tell me, what has happened? Where is Melita?"

"I only know that she left the camp directly she received your letter."

"And where are you returning now?"

"To find her, if I can," sullenly replied Orlando, as he strode rapidly from the room, leaving

found a prey to the most torturing suspense and anxiety. But this was not of long duration. As he sat by the window musing on the strange news of the girl's sudden disappearance, the shadow of a human figure was projected upon the newspaper which lay unheeded at his feet. Looking up, he beheld Melita. Hastening to the door, he opened it, and led her into the room.

'Have you seen your brother Orlando?' he asked.

'Orlando here?' came in accents tremulous with fear from the girl's white lips, as she slowly sank into Melville's arms in a half-fainting condition. Scarcely recovering herself, however, she darted an apprehensive glance towards the door, and said 'If he finds me here he will kill you!'

'Calm yourself—don't be alarmed, Melita, no harm shall happen.'

'Ah you know not Orlando's nature! Forget me for coming to you, but I longed so much to see you! I felt that I must see you, or die! You know you promised to come again to the camp.'

'I know I did, Melita, but I acted as I thought for the best. I wished to spare us both the pain of parting.'

A faint, grateful smile broke over the wan features of the gypsy as Melville uttered the word 'both.'

'But you appear fatigued,' he continued. 'I fear you are ill. You can tell me another time—to-morrow—how you found me. Meanwhile, I will ring the bell for the servant, she will conduct you to a room where you can get some rest, of which you must be much in need. I have no fear of your brother. He is hardly likely to come again to the same place. He is doubtless miles away by this time, searching for you.'

The Zingari turned a pensive and tender look on Melville. 'You are not unkind with me? I did so wish to see you.' The next instant an almost angry flush spread over her beautiful face. 'Oh, why did you come to the camp? I was happy till you came! A passionate flood of tears, the violence of which she took her slender frame like a wind-torn willow, served somewhat to relieve her excited feelings. Then, as a deep blush suffused her face and neck, she exclaimed eagerly 'Could I not go with you as your servant—your slave—anything rather than remain here? I dare not return to the tribe.'

Suddenly, as she spoke, her watchful eye detected the sound of cautious footsteps on the gravel path beneath the window, and in another moment a man had entered the room.

It was Orlando! With a look of furtive hate upon his grim and pallid visage, he dashed himself upon Melville, and the dagger which glitters in his right hand has come down with deadly effect—and in another moment the assassin is gone.

A merciful shriek rang through the house, and as the frightened inmates enter the chamber, they behold the lifeless body of the hapless gypsy girl in the arms of Melville. She had cast herself between her brother and his victim, and had received the fatal blow. Her last dying

gaze was fixed on the countenance of the man she had loved, and whom she died to save!

Frank Melville is now a prominent artist. He has never married, and is likely to remain a bachelor until the end. His adventure with the gypsies is engraven on his heart and mind in characters which death only can obliterate. The place of honour in his studio is occupied by a large picture, painted by himself, of a beautiful brunette of eighteen summers in the costume of a gypsy. When any one inquires as to the name and origin of the subject, he replies in a tone which discourages further questions 'She was an Italian gypsy.'

#### A RAINY EVENING

The twilight shadows had long fall  
O memory! bear me, until thy thrill  
My heart strives, ill in vain  
Yet when of old I think against my mood?  
I cannot silence if I would,  
The softly falling rain

At such an hour on such an eve,  
Think it best, that yet I only grieve,  
Yet as I go to fate and weep  
Ah! never more hand clasped in love,  
Shall we within the doorway stand,  
And watch the falling rain

Yet still the sweetness of that hour  
Returns with all its wonted power  
Of mingled joy and pain,  
When, drooping down from winnow eaves,  
Or softly falling on the leaves,  
I hear the summer rain

O cruel Memory! thus to bring  
That glad brief hour, with better sting,  
Back to my heart again,  
Thou, patient, words of fond regret  
With glad pretext, love hinging yet,  
Unmindful of the rain

Ah! brief, indeed! poor aching heart,  
The joy those folk's hopes impart,  
Grief follows in their train  
Nay, nay my heart, take up with wing  
O cruel Memory! thy sting  
Shall vanish with the rain

Though milder seem the songs I tell,  
Yet sorrow, with its plaintive thrill,  
Adds sweetness to the strain,  
As fragrant perfumes softly flow  
From hawthorn blossoms bending low,  
Beaten down by wind and rain

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF  
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

*Sixth Series*

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No 999—Vol. XX

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1883

PRICE 1<sup>1</sup>/<sub>d</sub>

## A PUBLIC BENEFIT

In a former paper (*A Safe Investment*, July 8, 1882) on the subject of Life Assurance, we drew attention to the inestimable blessing of being able to make adequate provision for future possibilities, and to the increased comfort and happiness of the man who has thus secured those dear to him from want and misery when deprived of his support. So far, we have dealt with this question of Assurance from a purely personal point of view. We now propose to enlarge our range of vision, and see what effect a more general appreciation of the benefits of Life Assurance would have upon a Community.

Much of the wealth of any nation will depend upon the amount of productive industry it possesses, and this productive industry needs stimulus for the development of its capabilities. As long as a people contents itself, as in uncivilised countries, with merely providing the necessaries of life, so long will that people remain poor and helpless, but in proportion as men see and feel the advantages attached to industry, will be their efforts to secure those advantages for themselves.

The advantages we are now dealing with is one which can only be attained, by a large majority, as the result of thought and industry. The man who wishes to secure himself or his family from want in the future, will need to put forth his best energies in the present. Were this happy state of things in any sense a rule in our midst, there need be no fear of falling behind our neighbours, even where their natural advantages would seem to be greater than our own. But however patriotic we may be, there is little chance of our doing our best for the good of the nation alone, and one of the highest inducements to the thinking man to make the most of himself should be the reflection, that if he fail to put his shoulder to the wheel in good earnest, it may mean innumerable suffering to those he loves best, when he is taken from them. Unhappily, the tendency

of most men is not to do the largest possible amount of work without some very decided and powerful motive, and such a motive, to the man worthy of the name, will be found in the hope of securing a comfortable future, as well as a happy present, for those whose welfare depends so greatly on his exertions. Thus stimulated, he will be more than willing, even anxious to make the most of his time, and in proportion, trade will flourish.

Another national benefit derivable from Assurance, as affecting our habits of prudence, forethought, and industry, will be the lessening of taxation whilst giving increased power to pay. Is there any man who at some time or other does not feel as a heavy burden the weight of those terrible 'rates and taxes' which add so seriously to the year's outgoings? And yet, were the practice of Life Assurance, for which we contend, more generally diffused, there would be a vast reduction in two very important items to be found on our present rate papers, namely, poor rates and the cost of repression of crime. As to poor rates, no one who has come into personal contact with the poverty-stricken, or who has taken the trouble to investigate the causes which bring so many applicants for parish relief, can doubt the fact that the vast majority of suffering of this order arises from preventable causes—causes, moreover, to which, in the main, forethought would have dealt a death blow. Overcrowding of dwellings is one of the fruitful sources of illness, with its consequent train of poverty and wretchedness. But if evil habits grow and increase, mainly determination has a leaven of its own, and has a distinct tendency not to be content with doing its work in one direction only, but progresses from improvement to improvement. So, in the present instance, a man who has secured an Assurance policy on his life, and finds he is able to keep up his annual payments by the exercise of economy and thrift, will soon be discontented at finding himself cramped and inconvenienced for want of better house-room, and the chances are that he will set to



work to improve his surroundings by a further increase of foresight and industry

The question of intoxicating drink was touched upon in our former article on this subject, but it is really impossible to get anything like a approximate estimate of the amount of poverty as well as of crime, induced by its over indulgence. Many a man, and, alas that it should be so many an able bodied man, has been, under its influence, reduced from comfort and respectability to utter degradation and misery, and many a broken hearted wife has wept tears of agony, one after another of the things she brought with such pride to furnish her home, has gone to feed the degraded appetite of him who promised to 'love and cherish' her. Then, perhaps she makes desperate efforts to keep up the home and to find bread for hungry little ones, but more than this she cannot do, for anything the pawnbroker will take is sent to go to feed the fit of the drunkard's thirst. At, in course of time, when bodily health fails, she and hers may be found seeking for admission into that workhouse, at the idea of which she used to shiver, and wonder how people ever came down to needing such help. She understands now only too well how the love of drink has power to drag its victims down to almost infinite depths of sorrow and shame.

Now, all this cruel suffering and final course upon this parish might have been prevented, had the head of the household grasped the idea of his responsibilities, and by due exercise of his power, made provision for all his dependents. If instead of his being the bell for the servant, she will instruct you to a woman's duties of duty, rest, of her and children. Had he given the house anything approaching proper consideration, he could not have failed to see that to waste in self indulgence the money that, wisely used, would secure a comfortable future for his dependents, could scarcely be called by a lighter name than that of deliberate villainy.

That the above sketch of the life of a drunkard's wife is no fancy picture, thousands could testify, and even where the family does not go into 'the house,' there are many ways in which the parish is made to give relief, while, with only ordinary prudence and industry, no such help would be needed. As an instance of the unchristian way in which parish relief is exhausted, take the following case, well known to the writer. A strong, able bodied man, the father of three or four children, could work only two or three days a week, and spent the rest of his time between drinking and sleeping, his delicate wife being left to feed and clothe herself and the children. One of the little ones sickened and died, and when the question of burial arose, the father absented himself for a time, in order that the wife might go before the Board and declare herself deserted. Of course, the child had to be buried, and the funeral added one more item to the long list of that sort of parish relief which would neither be asked nor given but for the indulgence of evil habits.

It is not un frequently urged that sobriety is desirable were it for nothing else than the relief to poor rate and the diminished cost of repressing crime that would ensue. And yet, another side to this argument has recently been brought into prominent notice. At present there are

thirty-one millions sterling of our national income derived from excisable liquors, being more than one third of the whole national revenue. Of course, any reduction in the revenue from excisable liquors, would, even under the most advantageous conditions, require to be made up by increased taxation in other directions. The first argument for sobriety, therefore, does not bear so much upon any slight saving to the ratepayers that might ensue, as upon the increased purity and happiness of the people that would follow from it. It is the moral results that should be kept most prominently in view.

Putting aside the question of drink, there is frequently amongst the poor a lamentable want of anything like proper provision for the future. It is not unusual to find that the future has not been looked at in any way, or even when it has, that the provision made will little more than cover the expenses of burial, and in consequence of this, the number of widows and orphans who annually claim parish help is very great. Yet there is no real reason why matters should stand thus, the poor man in regular work should be as well able to provide for wife and children as the richer man for his. Of course, then, what will be in proportion to that previous manner of life, and in this proportion it would be well if each labouring man could be compelled to make the all important provision so compellingly perceptible would be the difference in our poor rates?

But in so writing of the poor man's improvidence, we do not lay any imputation to lay a burden of blame on his shoulders alone. His mind is so much taken up with bodily care, as a rule, that he has no time to spare to give him the leisure for the reflection which falls naturally to the share of well-to-do men. It should, therefore, be the care of the man who has time and brain at his command to seek to instruct his less privileged brethren as to how to make the most of what he has, and to do this in such a way as to be able to provide for the future. But in order to teach, it is absolutely necessary that practice shall accompany precept, for it will be little use to tell the poor man to cure his wife and children, if the instructor's own family has not first been secured from possibilities of preventable evil in the future.

And sad as is the heavy burden caused by avoidable expenses in regard to the poor, still sadder is that other heavy item of 'prisons, reformatories, and police force.' A very little reflection will show that all causes which affect the one affect the other, and, in fact, the root of the matter in both cases lies in the greater providence, within certain lines, of bad and evil habits. The most patriotic of Englishmen can hardly claim for his countrymen the merit of being a provident people, and unhappily we are in the main content with our improvidence, and do not trouble ourselves to consider to what very serious evils it may and does lead. We venture to say that not a tithe of those who shake their heads over our gigantic prison and our huge prison system have any idea of how closely these acknowledged evils are associated with that want of frugality and foresight, which, though perhaps equally acknowledged, is, as a rule, passed over with the slightest possible notice. Yet, take

the case of a man of right principle working his way best at whatever labour falls to his share, making the most of his earnings, and at the same time securing comfortable provision for the future. It is impossible to picture such a one applying for help from the parish. And it is quite certain that as far as he is concerned, there will be no need of taxation on the score of exigencies of circumstance.

Now, what is true of the individual is equally true of the community at large, and nothing will permanently diminish the annals of crime but the wider spread of good habits and right principles. It need hardly be said that a man is not living up to this ideal whose thoughts go no further into the future than the provision for daily wants, and who fails to reflect on the fact that he, the luck winner, may at any moment be removed, to the grievous suffering, of a family left destitute.

Looking at the many advantages we have thus commended to us, both to the individual and to the community, from the practice of Life Assurance, there is no room for wonder at the way in which it spreads when its value is correctly felt, but, on the contrary, the mind is filled with astonishment that this boon is refused or neglected by so many. And we venture to hope that the more the subject is discussed and brought before the notice of the public, the more will men be found willing and anxious to avail themselves of what may well be designated as a Public Benefit.

## ONE FALSE, BOTH FAIR.

OR, A HARD KNOT

CHAPTER VII.—THOSE WHO WERE LEFT BEHIND

THE carriage having rolled away on swift wheels from before the portico of Castel Vaux, the two ladies who were left behind looked somewhat wistfully into one another's faces, the younger timidly, the elder with a pining tenderness that perhaps had never full that day and hour softened the proud eyes of Lady Barbara Montomery. There lay, deep down, and undreamed of by strangers, in the hearts of most women, even the coldest and the haughtiest, a well spring of motherly kindness that waits for the touch of the misadvent to let loose its waters.

'I am very sorry, my dear—very sorry, Clue, for you,' said Lady Barbara in a low voice.

'Thank you, dear aunt, your kindness—all'—And then the voice of the youthful speaker was choked in her emotion.

The majestic aunt of the late Marquis looked almost apprehensively around her, as she saw what stillly extended her strong, bony hand, to give support to the slight delicate form of the half-fainting girl that nestled by her side. 'The servants! There were several, only too many, of them present, and it is a golden rule and canon of conduct with members of that higher aristocracy to which Lady Barbara belonged, that all unbecoming manifestations of emotion must be concealed from those who eat our bread and wear our livery. Lady Barbara's own idea of the proper demeanour of a grand gentleman, and still more of a great lady, such as a Marchioness

of Leominster, was probably very much akin to the stern sternness of those Red Indian warriors who bear the bitterest torments which their captors can inflict with a scornful composure that laughs at pain. But all of us are not of the same heroic mould, and Lady Barbara felt sincere compassion for her fallen companion.

'Clue—my poor, dear Clue—come with me—come to your own room.' They have a ready for you, rely and waiting for days past, said Lady Barbara, with a wonderful gentleness, for her, and she who was addressed thus permitted herself to be led away. Of course the servants did not start, nor did they whisper to one another, is the well-timed jubilation in the great marble hall of Castel Vaux broke up, like so many willows when the breeze has scudded the water. All dismissed, and footmen, butlers, gentlemen of the chamber, dispersed. But servants have tolerably sharp eyes where their employers are concerned, and Lady Barbara had not the slightest doubt that the young Wilmot, the strange companion of her arrival, the sudden dispute between the sister, the abrupt departure of one of them, the agitation of the one who remained, would be discussed, and discussed, and, as usual, weighed, and criticised in servants' hall and still room, until the subject was worn threadbare. It vexed her, she who was a stickler for prerogative, and who could always avail herself of her superior title concerning peccant members of her own order, because it gave occasion for her worldly inferiors to speak evil of dignities. At times—there was one comfort in that—even Honour, painted full of tongue, as in the days of the old Elizabethan drama, could not, for very death of accurate or minute information, find anything positive to say that would detract from the credit of the great House of Montomery Leominster, of which the headquarters were at Castel Vaux.

The rooms that had been set ready for the widowed Marchioness were sumptuous and spacious, and did credit to the famous firm of decorative upholsterers who had sent in the rich furniture, and done all that could be done, in a tasteful way, to make a bower worthy of Wilfred's beautiful young wife. There were the very appointments that had been prepared, but a few short months ago, so it seemed, for the reception of the bride, and now—

'I feel more wretched than before!' exclaimed Lady Barbara's youthful companion. 'Poor Wilfred—it seems but yesterday, and now, it is gone, and—and—' But you will think me foolish!' she exclaimed, while the delectable house-keeper who stood there looked extremely embarrassed, and Lady Barbara, abrupt, and Fennett the travelling maid, threw sidelong glances at each other.

'Not foolish, dear Clue,' replied the childlike of Castel Vaux, very gently, and then turned her eagle beak and bushy eyebrows towards the servants—'Lady Leominster is told after her journey. I will stay with her, Mrs Blow. When I see her maid, the Marchioness's maid, can come.'

Mrs Blow the house-keeper made her reverential courtesy as she and Fennett retired.

'I am so sorry—cut to the heart—for you, my poor, poor child!' said Lady Barbara, when those two were left alone together, as she folded the young girl in her arms.

Very prettily, very gracefully, did the slender girl submit to that caress. 'I shall do very well, dear, good, kind Aunt Barbara,' she said, in a voice that was almost steady. 'Your great kindness, your noble strength of principle and purpose, seem to give me strength—to me, who need it so much,' she added plaintively. 'At first, just at first, the memories that these dear rooms called up—the recollection of my darling Wilfred—were almost too much for my poor powers of endurance. But it is Cora—my own, loved, unguarded sister, that'—

Lady Barbara drummed indignantly with her large well-shaped foot upon the soft carpet. 'It was a wicked, wicked attempt!' she said, 'almost as a soliloquist might speak.'

But her voice was audible to the quick ears of her fair companion, who exclaimed eagerly 'No, no, dearest, good Lady Barbara! Do not call Cora wicked, for my sake. I know her—my twin sister—and indeed, indeed she is good, and I love her, and grieve over her sin, and— Am I wrong and harsh in calling what has happened a sin, when I speak of my own sister?' she asked pitiously, and with an appealing, hand half uplifted.

Lady Barbara, who was a hand the taller of the two, lent stiffly and kissed her. 'You are a noble girl—too good for this world, with its hollow shams and base deceptions,' said Lady Barbara, whose eyes were dimmed by actual tears. 'Yes, it was a sin, yes, it was mean, vile, unchristian—what I never thought possible on the part of any one who, like Miss Carew, although a commoner, was'—

'Oh! no,' interrupted the girl, 'between my poor Cora and myself there has been more reticence, less frankness in our intercourse. My sister has seemed to me to be always preoccupied, always on her guard. I have feared—'

— Dear Lady Barbara, may I speak my mind to you?'

Lady Barbara signified her cordial assent. Even a normal share of feminine curiosity would have insured her as a willing listener on such a theme. But the root principle of her life was loyalty to the great House from which she sprang, and nothing which affected the honour or the prosperity of the ancient Montgomery race could fail to interest her. She may have thought, nay, had thought—that her late nephew, the Marquis, had been carried too far by his admiration for a pretty face. Falcons, so held Lady Barbara, should mate with falcons, and a mere baronet's daughter, and—for nobody is quite content where cash is concerned—the daughter of a quasi bankrupt baronet, was scarcely a fitting Lady Paramount of Castel Vaux and the great estate that the old lords marshals, her own forefathers, had held from the Crown by tenure of lance thrust and sword stroke, as became their wardenship of the wild Welsh border. If Clara Carew had but been a Lady Clara, sprung from one of those pushing families that our English Elizabeth loved to promote from the fat civic cap to the Earl's coronet, then indeed would Lady Barbara have been satisfied, but as it was,

she had to make the best of the situation. And yet, the widowed bride was beautiful, gentle, and winning while there was something pitifully even in her helpless need for protection.

'My poor sister,' resumed the girl, in a filtering voice, 'seemed changed, strangely so, from what she had been when we embarked on board the *Cyprus* for our sad voyage home. Among our fellow passengers was a person—a lady—a foreign lady of title, whom we had known, when far up the Nile, before my dear husband's death. I do not like to say that Madame de Lalouve—Comtesse Louise de Lalouve, she called herself—forced her acquaintance upon us. But she rendered us some little service. She had special privileges from the Egyptian authorities, knew the country and the languages well, and was a bold, experienced traveller, quite unlike us two timid English girls, and hence was almost an authority. There was something fascinating, I confess, about her manner, and her conversation was very amusing, for she seemed to have been everywhere and to know every body.'

'I discuss the did,' responded Lady Barbara, with an expressive tightening of her firm lips and an expressive arching of her black eyebrows. Lady Barbara had never been far travelled. She had been shown Paris and the Rhine and the lakes of Kissingen, in her gouty father's lifetime, and she had not approved of Paris, had considered the Rhine a lug, overrated river, and regarded the baths of Kissingen as a penal settlement. She had a very contemptuous estimate of foreign countesses in general, and was by no means prepossessed in favour of Louise de Lalouve.

'I shrank myself, perhaps instinctively, from our foreign friend's society, went on the other, 'but Cora, my poor sister, seemed to find some fatal attraction in the woman's pernicious company. She—Comtesse Louise, I mean—had a perplexing way of talking, half in jest, so as to make wrong appear right, and to confuse good and evil, and this, with her sudden appearances and disappearances, and the fact that her very nationality was a puzzle, combined to earn for her, in Egypt, the nickname of the Sphinx. Somehow, Cora was always talking to her, and used to quote her opinions and sayings as though she had been an oracle indeed. During the passage to Southampton the conversations between Cora and the stranger were very frequent, and—I hope I am not uncharitable in saying, that to the connoisseurs of this dangerous adviser may be perhaps attributed the diabolical result which at last urged Cora—dear young Cora—to—'

Here she hid her face.

And Lady Barbara, with honest indignation, struck in. 'Of course it was! The miserable girl has let her weak head be turned by the vile promptings of this wicked adventuress—French-woman, Russian—which did you say?—Yes, I see it now. It was no madness, no caprice, but a plot, a base, cowardly plot, to rob a sister of her rank and her inheritance, of all she owed to her dear dead husband!'

'Not all, Lady Barbara,' sobbed the girl. 'The memory of his love, the recollection of his tender kindness—of those, no substitute could—ever—have deprived me.'

Then Lady Barbara took the young girl in her arms, and kissed her, quite in a motherly way, and henceforth reconciled herself to the choice that her noble nephew had made. 'You are one out of a million, my dear, and my poor Wilfred was quite right to love you as he did—quite right!' she said, in her energetic way. 'You have been shamefully dealt with—shamefully! Luckily, when your sister made her audacious statement, Mr Pontifax himself, who has so long managed the law business of the family, was here, and I too, who have seen too much of the world to be very easily deceived. But you will be ill, dear child, with this excitement, and indeed you have had neither rest nor refreshment since you came among us—a sorry welcome to Cistal Vaux. Let us avoid exciting topics, such as we have been discussing, for the remainder of the day, and—'

'I must win her back. I will write—I will plead with her not to reject my love. I must write, Aunt Barbara.'

Lady Barbara looked grim. She was one of those who very much prefer that a sinner should suffer for his sin—that the taste of ashes, so to speak, should be hot and bitter to the mouth of those who wilfully prefer Dual Sea apples to wholesome fruits. But she made a concession. 'Well, (lure,' she made answer, 'you shall write, of course, if you please, and I will write too, to the brother and natural protector of this young lady. No doubt, if she repents her offence, can be forgiven her, and no doubt, too, in such a case, you will make provision for her comfort, so that she should not be a mere pensioner on the too scanty income of your brother Sir Philip. But you will see yourself afterwards, when you have time to reflect calmly on what has occurred, that Mrs Carew can scarcely be a safe or an appropriate companion for the Marchioness of Leominster.'

'I want to win her back,' was the plaintive rejoinder. And for the time being, the subject dropped.

Then the bell was rung and the servants summoned. There was much to be done. A Marchioness of Leominster, a mistress of so magnificent a house as Cistal Vaux, is among the great ones of the earth, and as such, does not quite belong to herself, but is a necessary and imposing portion of the social machinery which befits her rank and station. Trunks had to be unpacked, and wardrobes arranged by deft fingers, but this was a mere matter of detail easily, if slowly, got through. Then tea was prepared in the Parlor Room, so called—(a marvel of Parisian wit and taste, and soft subdued mixture of cream and pink and gold. Of rare cost, too, were the enlaid trays on which were the pretty, costly toys of the tea-service, every cup of which had been a living study for a painter worthy of more celebrity than the dullest taxicab can afford. Presently there was the ceremony of dressing for dinner, wherein Phœbe had the assistance of a new, younger, and perhaps over-zealous maid, whose highest sphere of service had been the mansion of a beklimbed alderman, and who had come to learn the difference between Sir Peter Pringle's daughters and a real Marchioness, and was therefore anxious to justify her promotion.

Lastly, there was dinner—a meal which, under the circumstances, was about as cheerful as a funeral feast in ancient Egypt. There was something almost portentous in the appearance of that vast solemn dining room, with the grim array of historical portraits on the walls, long dead ancestors and ancestors, in armour or in cloth of gold (ribbons of state, in ruff and fatlingale, in hoop and satin masque, frowning or smiling from the canvases on the present occupants of the great gloomy banquet hall. There was but little talk. The most pertinent of raconteurs would have felt his spirits damped by the surroundings, and Lady Barbara chafed little beyond monosyllables from her companion, who indeed seemed somewhat awed by the sombre splendour that surrounded her.

'I am so tired,' said the fair inmate of Cistal Vaux, rather timidly, after dinner, and it was not very long before she wished Lady Barbara good night, and retired to her own apartments, dismissing as early as she could the attendance of her maid. One by one, the lighted windows in the great Burder castle grew dark, and only the clear pure moonlight shone upon the grey masonry and the many chimneys, and all was hushed. Perhaps the last watcher in Cistal Vaux was the newly returned traveller herself, who, while others slept, stood long, unwearying, at a window of her room which commanded a glorious prospect of mountain, stream, and wood. 'A great prize, she murmured unconsciously, as her eyes bade adieu for the night to the moonlit landscape—' prize worth keeping.'

### THE SOLAR CORONA

WHEN a moderately magnified image of the sun, suitably darkened, is thrown upon a sheet of white paper, the centre of the disc is seen to be brighter than the edges. Thus fact, strange to relate, was not early recognised. Galileo distinctly says that the image appears 'equally bright in all its parts.' Lambert also held the same view, adding that 'there is no person who does not admit this fact.' Bouguer, the inventor of the heliometer, was the first to dispute it. He found that the eye might be incapable of detecting the real difference in the luminosity of the sun's surface, owing to its insensible gradation from the centre to the edges, and in order to put his idea to the test of direct experiment, he isolated the centre of the solar image, and also a portion of equal extent near the border, and compared them. The intermediate degrees of brightness being thus got rid of, the relative dimness of the border region became at once apparent. The conclusion arrived at by Bouguer was, that 'the brightness of the central portion of the sun is to the brightness of a portion situated at three-fourths of the radius, measured from the centre, as forty-eight to thirty-five.' With slight modification, this conclusion has been adopted by Laplace, Sir John Herschel, Airy, and other modern astro-

But if ocular evidence other than that obtainable by photometric methods be wanted, it is to be found in the results of photography. Photographic pictures of the sun unmistakably show a shading off towards the border of the solar disc.

Now, this circumstance is not without its important significance. Of course, the centre of the sun's disc is slightly nearer to us than the edges, but any difference of brightness due to this cause must be totally unappreciable. The fact of the human intensity diminishing, as it does, can only be due to the absorption of some of the rays by an imperceptibly transparent envelope. The reason of this is obvious enough. The rays of the moon, when overhead, have to pass through a smaller extent of our atmosphere to reach the eye of an observer, than when they are near the horizon, and conversely, the eye of the observer has to penetrate a thinner layer of air in the former case than in the latter. So with the sun. A solar beam emanating from the centre of his apparent disc (supposing it to be of a moon that is right overhead) and a beam from his extreme edge, to a moon on the horizon, and if we suppose the curved path which surrounds him to be identical, the beam in the latter instance runs a far greater chance of being absorbed than in the former, having to much further to travel through the absorbing medium. An observation shows that more rays are absorbed near the borders of the disc than in the centre, producing a corresponding diminution of light, it is not unreasonably inferred that an invisible but real envelope, or atmosphere, does exist, and that its nature, whatever it be, is such as to make it an absorbent of light.

As every day shows, a solar eclipse is produced by the dark body of the moon coming between us and the sun, and so intercepting his beams. When a total eclipse takes place, the moon entirely covers the sun's disc. Hence, on such occasions, we should expect the sun to be blotted out of the sky for the time being. But as a matter of fact, he is not so. The black moon is seen superimposed upon what we ordinarily regard as the sun, but all around the solar disc, a brilliant glory of light is visible, extending far out from the edge, and this wings into our relief the body of our self-luminous satellite. What is this light? It may be one of two things. It may be a lunar atmosphere brilliantly illuminated by the sun behind, or it may be a solar atmosphere, of inferior brightness to the sun himself, which only becomes visible when the superior light is withdrawn or concealed.

That it is not the first, we have abundant proof. Leaving out of consideration the many evidences that the moon has not an atmosphere of appreciable height or density, we have the circumstance that the glory in question, when the lunar and solar discs do not exactly coincide, forms a pretty uniform fringe around the latter disc, quite irrespective of the position of the former. The inference is unquestionable. The fringe of light belongs to the sun, not to the moon. It is, in fact, the corona, or coronal atmosphere, whose existence we have already been led to infer from the appearance of the sun's surface.

Respecting the nature of this solar appendage, we know but little. From its shading effect upon the solar disc, we gather that it has the power of absorbing light, but anything more than that we are not warranted in assuming from the phenomenon. Then its luminosity is so faint—compared with that of the sun—that it is only visible during the totality of an eclipse, and eclipses are so rare, and of such exceedingly short duration when they do occur, that knowledge obtainable only while they last must necessarily be of a slight and partial kind. On this ground, the approaching eclipse of May 6, 1883, is being looked forward to with unusual interest. Whilst on ordinary occasions the duration of totality is not more than one or two minutes, it happens that the conditions in May next are such as to favour a totality of no less than six minutes. The opportunity will be eagerly seized to put this view to the test.

But even while astronomers are impatiently waiting for this happy chance, the startling announcement is made, that a method has been discovered by which the corona may be studied independently of eclipses—from day to day instead of for a minute or two on rare occasions. The author of this important discovery is Dr William Huggins, the eminent observer, who has been so successful in his application of the spectroscopic method to the problems of celestial physics.

During the total eclipse of May 1st, which was observed by an English expedition in Egypt, Professor Huggins succeeded in obtaining a photograph of the corona's spectrum. The spectrum, it will be remembered, is the colored band obtained by passing the rays of light through a glass prism. An examination of this photograph showed that the different colours into which the light of the corona was resolved by the spectroscopic process were not equally strong—the violet end of the spectrum being considerably stronger than the rest. Now, violet light has a more powerful chemical action than either red or yellow. It is indeed chiefly to the violet rays in sunlight that the process of photography is due. It occurred, therefore, to Dr Huggins that this abnormal strength of what we may call the "photographic" rays in the case of the corona—this point of difference between the light of the sun and the light of the corona—might be utilised to render the latter visible.

We have already said that the corona, except during an eclipse, is quite invisible to the eye because its feeble light is overpowered by the glare of the sun. Yellow rays are the ones which have the greatest luminous effect, and the yellow rays emanating from the sun are of the same relative degree of intensity as those emanating from the corona. Hence it follows that, so far as direct vision is concerned, it is impossible for the one to be distinguished from the other. Throw the image upon a photographic plate, and we have no better result. The light of the two is so nearly identical that the difference is not apparent. But keep back all but the violet rays, and then we find the corona comes out in our picture, for, as we have seen, the violet rays are relatively stronger in the light of the corona, and these rays are the most effective in photography. That is Dr Huggins's discovery. He splits the light of the sun and a

portion of the sky near it of the less photographic eye, receives the image on a vitreous plate, and so gets a picture of the whole scene.

Great improvements in the process will doubtless be made ere long, and with them, our knowledge of the wonderful luminary will increase, not by occasional fits and starts, as heretofore, but steadily and progressively.

### PICTURE STEALING

WARRIOR of Fri Angeles beautiful altar piece in the Louvre, Mrs. Tanson says 'It was painted for the church of St. Dominic at Poissy, where it remained till the beginning of the present century. How obtained, it does not appear, but it was purchased by the French government in 1812.' If the seller was a Frenchman, in all probability the picture had been stolen from the original owner, Napoleon the Great, believed in the old maxim that all is fair in love and war, and had no compunctions about despoiling his foes and enriching Paris at their expense, and although the capture of that city by the allies rigorously entailed no little plundering of the treasures of the Louvre, its galleries yet held masterpieces of art which would not decorate their walls if everybody had his own.

What the Emperor did for France's profit, his generals did for their own. Deschamps carried off one of Murillo's many paintings of 'Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception' from the Palace of Madrid, which was afterwards sold by his daughter, and eventually found a home at the Hotel Sebastian provided upon the Duke of Alanda to present him with a St. Thomas, but the Duke had himself stolen 'The Martyrdom of St. Peter the Dominican'—now at St. Petersburg—from the church of the Inquisition at Seville, leaving in its place a copy by Joaquin Cortes. These were but petty transactions compared with those effected by Marshal Soult in the carrying off of pictures. Lucky was the Spanish church or convent that escaped having its walls stripped at the instance of this military connoisseur, who transferred the French War Office into a picture gallery, a gallery that would have been filled to repletion, had not the Duke of Dalmatia hurried departure from Spain, under pressure from Wellington, compelled him to leave behind him some hundred pictures of value for convenience to France. As it was, Soult's collection reached no less than sixty thousand pounds when brought to the hammer in 1852, a sufficient proof of his industry and judgment.

On one of his fifty-two Murillos, the Marshal told Colonel Gurwood his special value, because it had saved the lives of two very estimable persons. 'He threatened to shoot them if they refused to give up the picture' was an adequate and private explanation of his chief's remark. This may have been the 'Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception,' purchased at the sale by the French government. While following Sir John Moore's retreating army, Soult captured two Capuchin monks, and instead of executing them as spies, ordered them to show the way to their convent. There he saw the Murillo, and asking what sum would buy it, was informed

by the Prior that a hundred thousand francs had been offered for the painting. 'I will give you as much again,' said Soult, and seeing there was no help for it, the Prior agreed to sell at that price. 'You will give me up my two brethren?' said he. 'Certainly,' replied the Marshal. 'If you desire to ransom them, it will give me great pleasure to comply with your wish, the price of their lives is two hundred thousand francs.' Thus it was that the lives of two estimable persons were saved by the Murillo, and a masterpiece bought without the buyer's purse being a penny the poorer by the transaction.

Another of the Marshal's notable acquisitions was a Murillo belonging to a Spanish church, from which some person unknown had cut away the figures of the Melons and Child. The missing portions were replaced by the work of a modern hand, and in this state the mutilated picture hung in the South Gallery until the dispersion of the collection, and then found a purchaser, who, by an extraordinary piece of good fortune, came some years later into possession of the long-absent Virgin and Child, and was able to make the picture perfect again. Where he obtained them, we are not told. In Mr. Stirling's *Annals of the Artists of Spain*, published in 1848, a Murillo belonging to an English gentleman is thus described: 'Our Lady standing, with the Infant Saviour in her Arms. This picture is supposed to be the upper half of a composition representing the Virgin standing on clouds, and supported by cherubs, of which Marshal Soult is said to possess the remainder, and to call it *La Virgen Coupée*.' If this was not the welcome 'find' of the *Virgen Coupée* owner, there must be another Murillo somewhere wanting the latter half.

To steal a picture is bad, to steal part of one is a thousand times worse. Seville owns many great paintings, but none on which its citizens set such store as their cathedral's colossal representation of 'The Appearance of the Infant Jesus to St. Anthony,' a *chef d'œuvre* bringing the artist ten thousand reals, and for which Spaniards over the Duke of Wellington vainly offered as many ounces of gold as would cover it, equal, it has been calculated, to the sum of forty-two thousand five hundred and twenty pounds. On the fifth of November 1874, the custodians of the cathedral had the mortification of discovering that some sacrilegious ruffian had cut away nearly a quarter of the famous masterpiece, the figure of the saint having vanished from its accustomed place. A large reward was offered for its recovery, but the thief had not dared to attempt disposing of his acquisition in Europe. He went farther afield. One day, a Spaniard, calling himself Fernando Garcia, waited upon Mr. Schaus, a well-known picture dealer in New York, and announced his anxiety to sell a treasure of art that had been in the possession of his family for many years. The precious heirloom proved to be an oval painting about seven feet high, tacked to a stretch of indubitable American manufacture. Mr. Schaus asked his visitor to put a pane upon it, and obtained the missing St. Anthony for two hundred and fifty dollars; for which sum he transferred it to the Spanish consul. Upon being arrested for the theft, Garcia

protested his innocence, and declared he was ready to return to Spain, to clear himself, a bold offer, considering the story he had told Mr Schaus. He would seem to have known what he was about, for, being sent to Spain by the same ship as the recovered runt, he was set at liberty by the authorities, and never was heard of more.

England has never suffered the humiliation of seeing her museums and galleries rifled by a foreign soldiery, her own people are answerable for any art losses she has sustained. When Charles II came home to enjoy his own, he found much that was his own by right of accession had departed. Some of the Whitehall pictures had found new quarters in the Palace of Madrid, others had been purchased by noble collectors at home, and, at Christopher Clapham did not let to Secretary Nicholas, Lady Temple helped herself to one of the queen's pictures. Years afterwards, thus kleptomane that was betrayed by Catharine of Braganza, who, returning to her native land, cruised off with her several pictures that had taken her fancy, stopping the Lord Chamberlain's mouth by giving him one he especially desired to possess.

We do not find another case of picture stealing in England until the middle of the present century, when a number of paintings mysteriously disappeared from the Earl of Suffolk's residence at Charlton Park. This was in 1806. Writing of the event, the present Earl says: 'The stolen canvases were hidden away in London—one, the gem of the collection, behind a piece in the War Office, where the thief, who had formerly been valet to my father, held a situation as clerk. The pictures were eventually recovered by advertisement, which chanced to catch the eye of a dealer who had purchased one of them, and was in treaty for another. When the thief arrived with the second commitment, he was promptly given into custody, and was ultimately awarded seven years' penal servitude. He said at the trial, that whilst in service at Charlton he had heard much talk of the immense value of these pictures, and he expressed astonishment and regret at the want of appreciation displayed by the traitor, when such works of art were submitted to them. The one he had sold—a small Leonardo—had realised only eight pounds.'

One of the trade showed he could appreciate a notable picture by paying ten thousand guineas for a Gainsborough, as to the genuineness of which artists and connoisseurs were alike divided in opinion. The painting so well sold in 1876 was a nearly whole-length portrait of the famous Duchess of Devonshire, said to have been purchased by a picture dealer for fifty pounds, and sold again by him to Mr Wynn Ellis at a profit of ten pounds. Mr Agnew had good reason to repent his bargain. It had been in his possession less than a month, when it was cut out of its frame while on exhibition in Messrs Agnew's Gallery in Old Bond Street. The picture was safe when the Gallery was closed for the night, but next morning the frame was hanging empty in its place, with the stretcher, denuded of canvas, lying in front of it, and the fate of 'The Duchess' is a mystery to this day.

Imitated possibly by this successful though profitless theft, a workman employed at Lancaster Gate served Cooper's 'Monarch of the Meadows,'

in Mr Alleroff's collection there, in the same unscrupulous fashion. Cooper's picture, however, was ultimately restored to its owner, and the purloiner punished as he deserved. A rascal, too, robbed the collection of a Vietnamese connoisseur of a sixteenth century portrait of a Dutch Admiral, much valued by its possessor. He offered a reward for its recovery, and was waked upon by a stranger, who, after some bargaining, agreed to see that the picture was restored, upon the reward being paid and no questions asked. Once more the Boiesone graced the happy man's wall, but, his friend, on making a close examination of the restored picture, discovered it to be but a clever copy—for which the owner of the original had paid a hundred and twenty pounds.

Agnew and Agnew have picture thieves proved too cunning for the guardians of the Dresden Museum. In 1747, three pictures disappeared simultaneously from its walls, one of which, by Marie, the painter who valued his labour at a ducat an hour, was subsequently restored. Forty-one years later, the authorities were under the necessity of offering a thousand ducats to whomsoever should bring back a portrait by Raphael, Correggio's 'Riding Man,' and Van der Wulf's 'Judgment of Paris'—a painting less than two feet square, valued in Smith's *Catalogue Raisonné* at five hundred guineas. In due acknowledgment, a box was found, near the Zwinger, containing the missing pictures by Raphael and Van der Wulf, a discovery followed by the apprehension of the thief, a man of bad reputation, named Woaz, and the fulfilment of the promise of a byeloff, of the sum of 100,000 ducats, which had been removed for the sake of the gold and precious stones with which it was decorated. In 1810, the Gallery was robbed once more—this time, of a small picture in the style of Holbein, which has not been seen since. In the hope of baffling such depredators for the future, an alteration was made in the method of hanging the smaller pictures, an alteration apparently unnecessary, its purpose, for no more thefts occurred until 1849, when Sophia von Langensfeld carried off a little gem of Matsus in broad daylight. She had the temerity to offer her prize for sale at Leipzig, but the work being recognised, she was sent to durme vile, the Mitten of course going back to its old quarters.

The famous picture stolen by her evil work unaided from within this could scarcely have been the case with the bold thief or thieves who within the last two years entered the Royal Palace at Brussels and not only carried off a quantity of jewellery from the queen's apartments, but had sufficient time at their disposal to visit three salons in turn, and cut out of their frames Madou's 'Quarrel in a Pothouse,' Van Regemont's sketch of an old man and a young girl holding a parrot, and Robic's 'Coffin in Egypt,' and 'View of Assouan,' getting off with their spoil, apart of lockers within and soldiers without. The pictures so cleverly abstracted are familiar to thousands, and could not be bought by any one with safety. What will the thieves do with them? Are they destined to be lost for ever? or will they some day come again to light, like Raphael's 'Holy Family?'

found, in 1876, by a peasant of Lavagnola in a loft, and used by him to keep the wind from blowing through a broken window, to be rescued by an observant connoisseur, who, on examining his acquisition, found that the frame bore the arms of the Rovere family, and rightly inferred therefrom that the picture had at one time or another been stolen from its proper owners.

## FOR HIMSELF ALONE

A TALE OF REVISED IDENTITY

## CHAPTER VIII

CLUMBY and Captain Dyson were quite content to find themselves out of sight and hearing of the rest of the party. Never before had the Captain had a listener at once so attentive and so appreciative. Really, Miss Fulworth was a most superior young woman, with intelligence and tastes far beyond the ordinary run of her sex.

They had been scrambling up hill, and conversation had been an impossibility for the last few minutes, but now, having reached the summit, they sat down to rest on some large boulders, and the Captain resumed the thread of his discourse.

"When I again came to my senses," he said, "I found that the natives had bound me fast to the trunk of a large tree about a dozen yards from their encampment. I knew but too well the fate in store for me. On the morrow I should be tortured, at sunset, I should be killed outright, and after that, I should be roasted and mixed up hot for supper."

"O Captain Dyson, how dreadful was your predicament!"

"Shall I defer the rest of my narrative till another day?"

"Please, no. I am dying to know how you escaped, for you did escape, of course, or else you could not be here to tell me."

"I did escape, Miss Fulworth, but you would never guess by what means."

"Do not keep me in suspense, Captain Dyson."

"The sun set, the camp fires were lighted, and still I remained fast bound to the tree. I thought of many things—men do think of many things at such times. I thought with a pang that I should never again see my native land, my dear old England. And as I thought thus, my patriotic feelings awoke within me, and would not be controlled, and I began to sing *God Save Britannia* at the top of my voice. In these days I was considered to have rather a fine tenor voice. I lost it subsequently, when laid up with ague among the African swamps."

"I should dearly love to have heard you singing on that memorable night."

"Before I had reached the end of the first verse, there was a general movement among the savages. They sprang to their feet, and with loud guttural cries they came swooping towards me—men, women, and children. They surrounded me, and as I went on singing, there was the deepest silence among them. Even the babes in arms hushed their prattle. They had never heard anything like my singing before."

"Ah, no, I can quite believe that."

"By the time I had reached the end of the second verse, they were all in tears."

"Your sweet tones were indeed admirable!"

"I was in the middle of the third verse, when the old chief came up to me. He was sobbing. He seized me by the shoulders, and rubbed his nose violently against mine, which is their way of making friends. Then his two lieutenants came and rubbed noses with me. I was released, and carried in triumph to the chief's hut. I sang to him all that night and all next day, then he said that he had had enough for a little while, and ordered me his daughter in marriage."

"O Captain Dyson! But you did not marry her!"

"Could you believe in the possibility of an English gentleman marrying the daughter of an African king?"

"Suddenly Clumby started to her feet. "I declare if there isn't that odious Mr Drummond coming this way!" she exclaimed in a tone of vexation. "It looks as if he had followed us on purpose."

To return to Miss Dorne. Mr Drumby had not been gone more than a couple of minutes, when she was startled by seeing a stranger coming towards her through the trees. As he drew nearer, she saw that he was a built, middle-aged man with curly features, that were set in a furrowed brow of grief, a beard and moustache. He was dressed in a suit of grey tweed that had evidently seen better days, he wore a soft shag-bud hat, his thick-soled shoes were white with the dust of country roads, and he carried a stout walking-stick in his hand. He came up to Clumby, lifted his hat for a moment, and said, "Pardon me, but am I right in assuming that there is a picnic here to-day, and that my friends Mr Drummond and Mr Froisher form part of the company?"

His voice was a very pleasant one, and so was his smile, as Clumby had an opportunity of proving a little later on. Despite the stranger's homely looks and somewhat shabby attire, something whispered to Miss Dorne that she was in the presence of no ordinary man.

"There has certainly been a picnic here to-day," she replied, "at which both Mr Froisher and Mr Drummond were present. They will neither of them be very long before they are back. Perhaps if you wish to see them, you will not mind waiting." She spoke with a somewhat heightened colour, and the stranger's dark eyes rested on her face with a look of unobtrusive admiration.

"Thank you very much, he said. "If you will allow me, I will wait until their return. I am staying to-night at an inn in the village, and it was my intention to walk over to Waylands—to I think Mr Froisher's house is called—in the course of to-morrow. He is, however, that my friends were so near me to-day, I could not resist the opportunity of coming in a week of them."

"I have no doubt that they will be pleased to see you," answered Clumby, not knowing what else to say.

"By the by, I ought to apologise for not introducing myself before. My name is Benzo Leyland."



'Mr Leyland!' cried the Alma with a start of surprise. 'I have heard both Mr Frohisher and Mr Drummond speak of you many times.'

'Ah! Then they have not forgotten me. I am glad of that.'

'Did you think, Mr Leyland, that either of them was likely to forget you?'

'Well, no—they are hardly the sort of men to do that,' he answered with a little laugh. 'But may I ask to whom I have the pleasure of speaking?'

'My name is Elma Deane. Mr Frohisher and I are coming to see you.'

Mr Leyland went to the door and let out with two servants from Wylands drove up. They had come to fetch away the trunks and other effects pertaining to the party.

'Would you not like some refreshment, Mr Leyland?' asked Elma.

'Thank you. I should like a bottle of lemonade, if it is not too much trouble,' answered the painter.

He sat down on a fallen tree, and found himself with his hat while one of the servants opened the lemonade.

'With what lovely bits of genuine English scenery this neighbourhood abounds, and Leyland a few moments later. 'They are it sure a joy and a delight to a man like myself. We painters go on drawing canvas after canvas from youth till age, and the older we grow, the more we feel how futile are our efforts, and how few of our secrets Nature has deigned to reveal to us.'

'There was one landscape in the Academy this year,' answered Elma, fixing her eyes gravely on him, 'that to my mind seemed instructive with some of Nature's sweetest secrets. The breeze that stirred the tops of the larches on the hill seemed to fan my cheek as I looked. The cloud shadows that chased each other over the corn fields in the valley were the very shadows that I have watched a hundred times in a child. Those secret peepers in the foreground were the same that I gathered in my youth.' And yet, Mr Leyland, you know none of Nature's secrets.'

Bene Leyland rose abruptly. 'Let us walk a little way, Miss Deane,' he said, 'and find some thing else to talk about.'

Elma picked up her sunshade, and the two strolled slowly way side by side down one of the pleasantest walks in the park.

'Can you guess, Miss Deane,' asked Leyland presently, 'why I am more glad to die than I have been for a long time?'

Elma shook her head. 'It is impossible for me to guess, Mr Leyland.'

'I am glad to see I am the bearer of good news for my dear friend, Dick Drummond.'

'Oh!'

Not a word more could she say. Her heart fluttered, her colour rose, the painter regarded her with anxious eyes.

'Dear old Dick!' he went on presently, almost as if speaking to himself. 'How pleased I shall be to see him again!—And Frohisher too. Noble-hearted fellows both. What smoke we have had together, what talks we have had together, how we have argued and disputed, and in the end agreed to differ! "Oh! golden hours that never can return." No *Jamais, jamais!* He

spoke the last words almost in a whisper. The two walked on in silence.

Like a certain noble poet, Bene Leyland awoke one morning and found himself famous. He had been a struggling man for twenty years, trying his hardest to win fame and fortune, but not succeeding in his pursuit of either. Now and then he sold a picture, but in order to make ends meet, he was compelled to pawn more than he could sell. Now and then, a note of praise would be sounded by some critic more discerning than the rest of his tribe, but such notes were few and far between to materially affect the fortunes of the artist. One day, however, a trumpet note rang through England. A certain London paper pointed by Leyland, into which he had thrown his whole heart and soul, came, by a happy coincidence of circumstances, under the eye of Mr Jackson the world-renowned critic. The ringing forth the criticism noted. 'Those towering heights of grey lightning-iron rock, bones of a world of clay,' wrote the great critic, 'that curving sweep of black, melancholy, wind-smiten hutch, the lime of Solihull for ten thousand years, that far away finge of low lying horizon, where the mountain sweeps down to the sea, land with stannic light, pregnant with the unmet of coming storm, those brittlemated, sun-washed masses of cloud, hurrying up the sky as if bound for some great meeting place of the winds—all these, I say, could only have been depicted for us with so much reverence and fidelity, with such power and vigour of conception, by the hand of undoubted genius. The man who would hit out this picture will one day stand in the foremost rank of England's great landscape painters.'

When Bene Leyland read these words, he cried, and he had not cried since he was a boy at his mother's knee. From that day, fame and fortune were at his feet. More commissions poured in upon him than he could execute, for he was a slow, painstaking, almost plodding worker, and would not be hurried by any man. Although his pictures now commanded more pounds than they had been deemed worth when a little time previously, this change in his circumstances in no wise altered Leyland's mode of life. He was a bachelor, and he still went on living in the same rooms in which he had now lived for so many years that they had come to be the only home he knew. He still frequented the same Berkeleyan club, he was still as indifferent to the ministrations of his tailor as of yore. Some of his old cronies asked each other why he did not migrate to St John's Wood, or to the still more fashionable art district of Kensington, as they would have done, had his good fortune been theirs, and there were even one or two who whispered that Leyland was growing miserly in his old age, and that he thought more of a shilling now than he used to do when he was not always sure where his next day's dinner was to come from.

Many a struggling painter, to whom a saving hand had been held out just as the waters of oblivion seemed about to sweep over his head, could have told a tale that would have confounded such croakers, although the chief reason which induced Bene Leyland to look so carefully after the 'bawbees' was known to a few

only of his most intimate friends. His only sister had died, leaving behind her four orphan children to whom he was the nearest living relative. Those children had grown on him as dear to him as if they were his own, and it was for the sake of them and their future career in life that Leyland hoarded his money in a way that he would never have thought of doing for himself alone.

After Frobisher had left him, Mr Polworth wandered on, busy with his own thoughts, and of a very complex nature they were. Looking up at the point where two forty-five mile intervals each other, he saw coming towards him his daughter, Mrs Polworth, Drummond, and Captain Dyson. As soon as Clume perceived her father, she hurried forward to meet him. Taking him by the arm, and keeping him well out of the net of the others, she said: 'I've a surprise in store for you, papa.'

'Youth, my dear, abounds with surprises, but at my time of life—'

'Now, don't be in to morbid, papa. Captain Dyson has proposed to me.'

'My darling Clume! my sweet daughter! Come to my heart!'

'That!'

'This is indeed a happy moment—a moment that compensates for—'

'Papa, you are getting old and tired!'

'I, ha, my Clume!'

'I wish Captain Dyson his proposal, but he wishes to have a runaway marriage, without your knowledge or sanction.'

'A runaway marriage! Hum. Why run away?'

'Oh, some silly notion he has got into his head at its being so romantic, and all that. And then he is afraid, or pretends to be afraid, that you will not give your consent.'

Mr Polworth laughed softly, and patted the hand that rested on his arm. 'I'll have cherish the delusion, my dear Clume. The more difficult he finds it to win you, the greater the value he will set upon you afterwards.'

'We must give him no time to change his mind!'

'Not a day—not an hour. Let the matter be a runaway match, by all means. He wants his little romance, let him have it—and pay for it!'

'I would much rather have had half a dozen bad matches, and have been married by a Dutchman!'

'But, but! Don't be foolish. Who can have all they wish for in this world? In any case, you may depend upon my secrecy in the matter. You will leave a little note for me on my departure—something slightly inconspicuous—proving for my forgiveness, or others. I shall be thunder-struck, grieved, indignant—a distracted father, in fact. I shall tear my hair—metaphorically—and call Captain Dyson the destroyer of my child. But by the time the honeymoon is over, I shall be prepared to forgive you both and to receive you with open arms.'

'Yes, papa.'

'Believe you see, you may as well look up for me that passage in *Kitty Lear* about an ungrateful daughter and a serpent's tooth. The quotation

will sound effective in the first strong burst of my grief and indignation.'

'Yes, papa. But will it be safe to marry without settlements?'

'But catch you husband! After that, my Clume, it will be very strange if you will not manipulate a stipulation like Captain Dyson in a way that will be eminently advantageous to both of us. Only, put a curb on your temper for a little while. You must on no account allow him to think you anything lower than a sultry angel till all pecuniary matters are satisfactorily arranged. Honour has every whim, allow him still to believe himself the most fascinating, of uncorrupted, keep on listening to his stories with the same breathless interest that you listen to them now.'

'O papa, to what a fate you are dooming me! The selfish man, how I hate them!'

'After a time, you can have your revenge by refusing to listen to anything as long as you live. You will take your life with you, of course. But you will probably die, and will look after your comfort.'

'Yes, papa.'

'Have as many wishes to the contrary as possible—pew operators, sextons, anybody, not for nothing. Lecher the inviolable!'

'Yes, papa.'

'My Clume will go with you, Clume. It is indeed a conduct to a parent's heart to see the excellent things he so carefully accumulated in the days of youth—the moral principles he so conscientiously inculcated—blown into an idle, barren fruit. Would that all parents were equally blest!'

'Of course all the arrangements have still to be made. But I shall be in a position to tell you more to-morrow.'

## MR STEPHEN BOHM IN SIBERIA

Ever within the last few years, the immense territory between the Russian Empire lying east of the Ural Mountains, and known as Siberia, and of which we give some account last year in this *Journal* (No. 93), has been for the first time put unexplored, and a source of considerable speculation among geographers. Various travellers during the last three centuries have partially penetrated into the country, but those journeys in most cases have been singularly fruitless results. In the work now before us (*Siberia in our London John Murray*) the author, Mr Stephen Bohm, after giving a brief description of all the late expeditions into Siberia made by Sir Hugh Wilkes, thirty-three hundred years ago during the reign of Itim the Terrible, and also touching upon the recent discoveries and efforts of Pichon and Nikolski to re-establish a trade with Siberia and the Kara Sea, explains how, after meeting Captain Williams of Sunderland, who had previously had much experience in arctic travelling, he resolved to make a scientific expedition to the north of Siberia on his own account. It may be well here to state that the author had previously, in 1875, visited the delta of the Petchora, in north-east

Russia, accompanied by Mr Harris Brown, the results of which expedition were afterwards published in an interesting companion volume to the present, entitled *Siberia in Europe*.

Mr Seeböhm left London on the 1st of March 1877, and passing through St Petersburg, reached Nischni Novgorod on the 10th inst. Here, after trying in stores, the travellers commenced the long sledge journey that was to convey them more than half way to their ultimate destination. Having visited various large Siberian towns on the route, they reached Yenesei, on the Yenesei, on the 5th of April, at which place Mr Seeböhm engaged a servant for the purpose of skinning and preserving his ornithological collections, and also purchased a sledge, which he arranged should follow him up the river. Travelling north through the valley of the Yenesei, and visiting the decayed town of Tomskinsk, the author and his companions reached the Kootayika, an offshoot of the larger river, and the winter quarters of Captain Wiggins, the ship of the *Thames*, on the 23d of April, delighted again to hear English voices, and having sledged three thousand two hundred and forty English miles from Nischni Novgorod.

While waiting for the breaking up of the ice and the approach of summer, Mr Seeböhm took the opportunity of studying the natives of these little known regions. The principal tribe he found to be the Ostyaks of the Yenesei, who are evidently very pure. They appear to have migrated southwards into the present region, and now obtain their living on the banks of the mighty river, fishing in summer and hunting in winter. The author consulted them to be a race of Samoyeds, but found it difficult to obtain accurate information, as the various tribes inhabiting the Yenesei district are now mixed with the Bashkirs. The Ostyaks dress consists of a short jacket of ornamental reindeer skin, long deerskin boots coming up to the thighs, and a 'sore'-shaped head-dress, tied under the chin, and edged with foxes tails, one down over the brow and the other round the neck.

On the first of June, the ice on the Yenesei began to break up, and in a fortnight had entirely disappeared. The author describes this sudden change from midwinter to midsummer as a revolution of nature, on a scale so imposing, that the most profuse of observations cannot witness it without feeling its sublimity. The improvement in the weather enabled Mr Seeböhm to prosecute to a much greater extent his favourite ornithological researches, which had hitherto been without any important results. A general arrival of migratory birds set in, including many species well known in this country and throughout Europe. The first great rush of migration seems to take place as soon as the ice and snow melt. Indeed, many birds are in too great a hurry to reach their breeding grounds, overshoot the mark, and finding no food, are obliged to turn back. Among the specimens procured at this time were two rare species of thrush, namely, the Dusky Ouzel (*Mercula fusca*) and the Dark Ouzel (*Mercula obscura*), both of which breed in Siberia, but whose eggs have hitherto been unknown, also

the Ruby-throated Warbler (*Erithacus collurio*), which likewise breeds in the far north, and the song of which is described as little inferior to that of the nightingale.

Shortly after the break in the weather, the schooner previously purchased at Yenesei arrived, and Captain Wiggins's vessel taking her in tow, the whole party proceeded down the river. By a most unfortunate accident, however, the steamer ran hopelessly aground, and the remainder of the voyage had to be made in the smaller vessel. This accident completely frustrated Captain Wiggins's plans, and prevented Mr Seeböhm reaching the Tundra in time for what he hoped would be the best part of his work. And thus delay is also no doubt the reason of his not discovering the eggs of such birds as the emilek swan, plover, knot, and sandpiper, the nesting haunts of which birds are as yet unknown to naturalists.

On the 8th of July, having abandoned the ill-fated *Thames*, Captain Wiggins, with his own crew and the author on board, sailed north in the *Hera*, and after passing several native villages, arrived at Dredolka on the 11th. From this point, we are told, commences the true Siberian Tundra, brilliant with flowers, swarming with mosquitoes, and full of larks. In sheltered places, dwarf willows and weeping birch were grown, and we were only some fifty miles from the forest here, and there a few stunted larches. Winding through the Tundra is the track of what had once been the bed of a river, nothing now but a small deep valley forming a chain of rounded lakes and pools. In this region Mr Seeböhm filled his collection many species of birds which hitherto have been but little known to naturalists, and having thoroughly exhausted the ornithology of the district, he sailed north for Glichukha, which is situated on an island, and from which point he again visited the Tundra.

The history of animal and vegetable life on the Tundra says our author, is a very curious one. For eight months out of the twelve, every trace of vegetable life is completely hidden under a blanket six feet thick of snow, which effectually covers every plant and bush—trees there are none to hide. During six months of this time at least, animal life is only traceable by the footprints of a reindeer or a fox on the snow, or by the occasional appearance of a raven or snow owl, wandering above the limits of forest growth, where it has retired for the winter. For two months in midwinter the sun never rises above the horizon, and the white snow reflects only the fitful light of the moon, the stars, or the aurora borealis. Early in February the sun just peeps upon the scene for a few minutes at noon, and then retires. Day by day he peeps his way more and more, until February, March, April, and May have passed, and continuous night has become continuous day. Early in June, the sun only just touches the horizon at midnight, but does not set any more for some time. At midday the sun's rays are hot enough to blister the skin, but they glance harmlessly from the snow, and for a few days you have the anomaly of unbroken day in midwinter.

Then comes the south wind, and often rain, and the great event of the year takes place—the ice on the great rivers breaks up, and the blanket of snow melts away. The black earth above is

the heat of the never setting sun, quietly but swiftly, vegetable life awakes from its long sleep, and for three months a hot summer produces a brilliant Alpine flora, like an English flower garden run wild, and a profusion of Alpine fruit, diversified only by storms from the north, which sometimes for a day or two bring cold and rain down from the arctic ice.

But wonderful as is the transformation in the aspect of the vegetable world in these regions, the change in animal life is far more sudden and more striking. The breaking up of the ice on the great rivers, of course the sensational event of the season. It is probably the grandest exhibition of stupendous power to be seen in the world. Storms of ice and hummocks on land are frequent enough in their way, but the power displayed seems to be an entirely new, which has to work itself into a position to display its greatness. The silent upheaval of a gigantic river four miles wide, and the smash up of the six feet thick ice upon it at the rate of twenty square miles an hour, is to my mind a more gigantic display of power, but for all that, the arrival of migratory birds, so suddenly and in such countless numbers, appals more forcibly the imagination, perhaps because it is more mysterious.

Shortly after his arrival at Golcheeka, Mr Seebohm found it necessary to abandon his previous intention of crossing the Kara Sea, and engaged a passage on board a steamer that was about to sail down the river as far as Yentusk, intending to finish the journey home overland. After remaining for twenty-two days down the Lena, Yentusk was reached on the 14th of August, whence the author shortly afterwards proceeded to Krasnoyarsk, and thence to Tomsk. Finding a steamer at Tomsk about to leave for Tyumen, he arrived at the latter town after a nine days' voyage, and then striking his previous route, and again visiting Moscow and St. Petersburg, he arrived in London on the 20th of October, having covered altogether a distance of fifteen thousand one hundred and fifty-four miles. His chief regret was his inability to visit Irkutsk, which, although situated in the heart of Siberia, is considered to be the most European town of all the Russias, and where is found the highest and higher civilization generally than in any other portion of that vast country.

The reader obtains a very clear idea of the dishonest practices by certain Russian merchants who have obtained a monopoly of almost the entire trade in Siberia. Such a thing as commercial integrity seems quite unknown on the Yenesei and other outlying districts, and intercourse with the Russians is rapidly reducing the people to the lowest stages of poverty and degradation. The corruption existing among officials is also described as being past belief.

Although Mr Seebohm did not succeed in one of the principal objects of his expedition, namely, the discovery of the breeding haunts of the curlew sandpiper, knot, and other birds, he was nevertheless enabled to study the nesting habits, and also found the eggs of many other little known species. Among these may be mentioned the little bunting, Asiatic golden plover, and dusky snail, the eggs of all of which had previously been unknown to naturalists. The author also solved a hitherto uncertain question, namely, that the curlew and

hooded crows interbreed freely, and also that the hybrids are fertile. He collected a large number of specimens in all stages of plumage, showing the relationship in different proportions to both parents.

The general results of this journey may be considered highly satisfactory, and Mr Seebohm is to be congratulated on having given his readers such an entertaining account of his experiences in a comparatively unknown country.

## WHIMSICAL NOTICES AND INSCRIPTIONS

FEW are who have heard the story of the Pawley thread spinner who, having received a scratch up in his nose, made use of one of his liban libals in lieu of skin plaster, and went about his business quite unconscious of the fact that he was claiming the possession of a much longer proboscis than ever Jumbo can hope to own. The improvised skin plaster met the startling announcement—'Wanted three hundred yards.' Although this tale may be a fiction, genuine public notices of a like humorous or ridiculous nature are by no means rare. Alun Drake relates that he was exhibited outside an inn in Sweden thus furnishing notice to the weary traveller 'You will find excellent bread, meat, and wine within, provided you bring them yourself.'

Turning over a file of the *Calderian Mercury* for 1789, we came upon the following curious inscription, which it was stated was to be seen over a cobbler's stall at Burnet. 'John Nuss, Operator in Ordinary and Extracurricular, Mender of Soles, Uniter of the Disunited, Restorer of Union and Harmony though of ever so long and with a separation. H—Gives advice gratis in the most desperate cases, and never pockets his fee till he has performed a cure.' This figurative cobbler was perhaps educated at the Yorkshire village school which in 1774 exhibited on a sign the following specimen of the learning to be had within 'Wrighten and Radden and Trew Spilun and also Muchants Accounts with double Entry Post Skript Gerils and Bousy Boarded and good Ycritch for Childern. If the 'Forth' the children received at this Dutchboys Hall was on a level with the spelling, we pity them.

Dean Alford relates that the following peripatetic notice to engine drivers was exhibited—for a short time only, let us hope—at one of our railway stations. 'Hereafter, when trains moving in an opposite direction are approaching each other on separate lines, conductors and engineers will be requested to bring their respective trains to a dead halt before the point of meeting, and be very careful not to proceed till each train has passed the other.' Equally lucky was the placard announcing a pleasure trip to Warkworth one day during the summer of 1881, in which was the following passage, which implies that the crew adopted the light and airy costume of our primitive ancestors. 'The *Gleaner* is one of the finest and fastest boats on the Tyne, her accommodation is in every respect good and comfortable,

her crew skilful, steady, and obliging, being newly painted and decorated for pleasure trips.

We can easily imagine that a notice like the next one we give was quite as likely to have the effect desired, as one couched in the usual stern tone, and concluding with the inevitable threat of prosecution. It is said to have been posted up at North Shields. 'Whereas several ill and disorderly persons have lately made a practice of riding on an ass belonging to Mr. —, the head of the Ropery stairs, now, lest any accident should happen, he takes this method of informing the public that he has determined to shoot the said ass, and entreats any person that may be riding on it at the same time to take care of himself, lest by some mischance he should shoot the wren, —'

Every one knows how quickly a 'rest and be thankful' seat becomes disfigured by initials. Rather a good attempt to put a stop to the objectionable practice was made by the late Mr. Stirling, so well known as the Chairman of the North British Railway Company. His granite, extending from Dalmeil to Leith, of Allan, were open to the public on several days of the week, and on some of the seats placed for the benefit of the women there was fastened a cast-iron plate with this legend thereon: 'Not cut a friend. Could any one destroy such a touching appeal—at once a pun and an aphorism?'

Writing names on window panes is still more objectionable, but we do not find to even the water which he scribbles such lines as the following, which an eighteenth century magazine assures us was scrawled on the window of a shop at Abingdon.

Whence comes that in a Glass face  
That only has a place?  
Is it because the absent loss  
Has gone to adorn his hand in loss?

Of the various forms of scribbling marks which attack the budding and sometimes also the full-blown poet, resulting in these engravings on wood and glass we have referred to, perhaps the most curious type of the disease is developed when the poet adorns the back of a bank note with verse. Wordsworth, Swift, Burns, and many others, have scribbled scraps on stones, window panes, and other odd places, but the last mentioned poet is, we believe, the only one of the three who ever indulged in the luxury of scrawling forth a poem on the back of a bank note. But the following effusion, we fear, was not the work of any poet known to fame. The lines appeared, if we remember right, on the back of a Union Bank of Scotland note, which passed through our hands many years ago, and note and poem have no doubt long since been included in the banker's Index Expurgatorius, and committed to the flames. The lines were entitled 'Ode on an Old Note,' and were as follow:

I marked the 'tallest talker in the land,  
A note he flourished in his hand—  
A note whose rare effluence shed  
A halo round about his head.  
He threw it—I caught it in my hand,  
And was the happiest mortal in the land.  
But now, alas! a claim has come,  
And I throughout the world must run  
Without my long-loved Old Pound Note  
A tailor claimant has my arch,  
With face unwashed and beard unpared,

Who says 'That note must pay your coat'  
With many sighs, with many tears,  
It goes now to the man of all us  
'I sit well, farewell, thou gem of notes'  
Gives pleasure to the man of notes  
And may he learn to lose too late to mend,  
'The duty of money is not to amend,  
But I watch like the roaring gale,  
As Shakespeare says: 'I now conclude  
To all, my peace good will and gratitude,  
And to all notes I say, 'All hail!'

From the many quaint rhymes that have been written beneath portraits, we select one which was to be seen under that of an old hound at the *House and Crown* in St. John's Street, Clerkenwell, a hundred and fifty years ago.

This is the honest hostler of great estate,  
Who never robbed a sorrowful of a spot  
(could horses speak, they'd grant his name)  
But says, they can't—John Knight a his name.

Thomas Hood, Charles Dickens, and others have exercised their wits in framing humorous titles for false or dummy book titles, to be placed so as to hide a door or blank space in a library. Such the reader will remember was the character of the Anophthalmon, in sixteen volumes, which excited the curiosity of the 'Bustled Man,' whose misadventures at a friend's house Henry Mackenzie has so graphically described. Laying his hand on the first volume, and pulling it forcibly, exclaims the Bustled Man, he was horrified to find that instead of books, 'a board which by leather and gilding had been made to look like sixteen volumes, came tumbling down, and upon kingly pitched up on a Waterwood chest on the table under it.' He certainly did not make the calamity less ludicrous when he attempted to stop the current of ink that trickled to the floor by means of his ramboze handkerchief.

Hood's list of dummy books included the following: On the Affinity of the Death Witch and the Sheep Trick, Milton's Attack of Infatigability, John Knox on Death, Doon, Debit on Chum Piers, Chimney Ramblers on Swimming, Hoyle on the Game Laws, and Pity Vert, in forty volumes.

Among others, Dickens had the following dummy books in his study at Tavistock House: Jonah's Account of the Whale, The Gunpowder Magazine (four volumes), On the Use of Mercury by the Ancient Poets, The Books of Moses and Sons (two volumes), Buick (of Edinburgh) on the Sublime and Beautiful, and Lady Godiva on the Horse.

A public library is not the place where one would expect to meet with sham book titles; but a book met the gaze of the late Professor de Morgan of Cambridge, on his first visit to the reading room of the Museum, which might have been mistaken for a 'dummy.' He began his inspection, he says, at the ladies' end, where the Bibles and theological works are placed, and the very first book he looked at the back of had in flaming gold letters the startling and proud title, 'Blast The Antinomians.' Thus did the binder apostrophise the poet whose history had been written by Dr. Blast, by omitting the separating line between the first two words.

We are assured of the genuineness of the following curious notice, addressed, quite recently, to the members of a Friendly Society, which need

not fix a 'run' upon it, if the procedure therein described be rigidly adhered to. In the event of your death, you are requested to bring your book policy and certificate at once to the agent, Mr —, when your claims will have immediate attention.

Those who write public notices, however, sometimes have the tables turned upon them by some witty reader, who appends or detaches a few words or letters, which has the effect of making the intimation set forth a different meaning from the one intended by the original notifier. We will conclude with two such anecdotes, and in the last it will be seen that the letter was hit. Recently, a shopkeeper of Stratford had his feelings outraged by an addition made by a passing merchant to a notice he had affixed to his shop door. The aggrieved man thus tells his melancholy tale to the editor of the *Local Weekly News*: "I had to attend at Rockford last Thursday as prosecutor in a Fifth of November case, therefore I wrote over my shop door 'Closed for a few hours,' and when I returned, I found some one had written 'I'm in bed, can't get up.' As this would injure me in my business, I lig to state that I am not here in an absolute for more than two years."

A few days previous to the beginning of a session, this brief and serious enough looking notice was affixed to the notice board at the entrance of one of the classrooms of Edinburgh University. "Professor — will meet his class on the 4th inst." On the opening day, a student, who had probably attended the class during the previous session, and had imbibed some of the well known humour of his witty preceptor, eyed the letter of the word 'class'. A group of youths remained in the vicinity of the entrance to observe how the Professor would receive the intimation, which now set forth that he would 'meet his class on the 4th inst.' As the Professor approached, he observed the change that had been made, and quietly taking out his pencil, made some further modification and passed on, a quiet smile over his face, his features. The notice now finally stood: "Professor — will meet his class on the 4th inst."

## THE MONGOOSE

ENORMOUS notoriety is not limited to the canine race, and every animal has its day. The prominence accorded to the Colorado beetle was eclipsed by the clum of Junco, who in his turn gave way to the ants, bees, and wasps, as introduced to public notice by Sir John Lubbock. Now the mongoose, or munguse, as it is sometimes spelled, by no means an obscure representative of creation previously, as well to the fox, and has become the theme of burning controversies in connection with its recent acclimatisation in Jamaica, and proposed establishment as an addition to the fauna of Australia and New Zealand.

When one speaks of the mongoose, the common Indian species may usually be understood as indicated by the title. People who visit zoological gardens and collections are often surprised to find no mongoose there, the fact being that it

is better known to naturalists as the Ichneumon—an animal of the wasp tribe—and is usually so labelled in menageries and museums. There are no less than twenty one different species besides the mongoose (*Hesperomys*), or gray ichneumon, which forms the subject of the discussions going on at the present time, and several of these are found in India.

So widespread is the reputation which the mongoose has acquired as a destroyer of serpents, that the mere mention of it invariably presents it to the imagination in that character, and dealers, in selling one to a hesitating customer who is seeking a new pet, are often asked: "How shall I get snakes to feed it on?" The inevitable mystery which seems inseparable from a reptile seems to infect everything with which it is brought into contact, and the little ichneumon is enveloped in a cloud of fables relative to its 'antipathy' to serpents, the purely disinterested motives which lead it to seek them out, and its immunity from the effects of the venom, when bitten by poisonous kinds, owing to its knowledge of an antidote in a certain herb, leaf, or root, which it runs and cuts directly at, and ingests. Such tales were discredited long ago by scientific, though they still hold ground in vulgar reception. The mongoose undoubtedly kills snakes when it gets the chance, but it does so for the proper purpose of eating them, and not from any venereal antipathy. It would be hard to believe that it could cut into the scheme of creation to place any animal upon the earth for the express reason of its being wantonly destroyed by any other, independently of any useful object. The mongoose devours serpents, as it devours birds, rats, and many other things, and certainly believes no preference for in opinion that when it has a chance it food. When well fed, it will not kill them, but prefers often lower than itself in the estimation of their owners by refusing to exhibit their vaunted propensity and skill in the presence, or remembrance, or even anticipation of their customary plate of meat.

Some years ago, when the ravages of the cane-cutting locusts so serious in Jamaica as really to affect the prospects of the colony, the Great Lord (*Jyfo aqua*), a monster batrachian, which attains the size of a chicken in the swamps of Guiana and Central America, was introduced into the island, and did much good by devouring the young rodents. It proved ineffectual, however, to cope with the pest thoroughly, and the gray ichneumon has now been acclimatised there, with such benefit to the plantation, that it is said that over a hundred thousand pounds a year are saved by it in the districts where it has multiplied.

Are we to infer from its success in Jamaica that it will prove an equal blessing to the untamed, if permanently quarantined on the rabbit-ridden countries, as is proposed? Obviously their cry for help is not without cause, when we hear of a quarter of a million acres being abandoned by one owner, after he had spent no less than three thousand pounds in futile efforts at extermination, of half a million rabbits being killed in a few months on the property of another, and of seven million skins being forthcoming in a single year, the furry trophies representing

only a portion of the number of bunnies actually destroyed. In Australia, will the mongoose effect what the savage and rapacious dingoes seem possible to accomplish, and rid the country of her terrible death-adder, as well? And supposing it does effect such a clearance, what will be the after considerations?

The acclimatisation of an animal in any country, except in a domestic state, is always, to say the least of it, a perilous experiment. Nature has apportioned to every region its due share of animal and vegetable life, in the forms best adapted to neutralise excess, and this balance has been disturbed in New Zealand by the introduction of the rabbit. We have seen what the rabbit can do in a quarter of a century, we have seen in many instances what small lads—hunted with sentimental delight by fox off-cades as winged tokens of home, or imported, as in the States, to quell some insect plague—can bring down upon their patrons in foreign lands, in short, it may be said that nearly every climatic creature has proved to be more or less a nuisance—a hatch and snipe-sint-truth.

Let us look for a moment at the probabilities, which the mongoose offers by its establishment in these colonies. Most likely the climate of New Zealand would not be favourable to its increase—the common mongoose is already suggested as a substitute for it there, but there is no doubt it would do well in Australia. The rabbit, enormously prolific, and very considerably greater in bulk than a rat, would be much more slowly reduced in numbers than the latter animal, for, be it remembered, the mongoose kills for food, and not for killing's sake, and a creature almost, if not quite equal in size to its own body would furnish itsarder for some time. Before the rabbits can be exterminated, therefore, or even appreciably diminished, the destroyer must have enormously multiplied, and when their legitimate prey is exhausted, what are the citizens going to do? Starve, or eat each other? Certainly not, as long as poultry farms exist. Eggs constitute a favourite food of the mongoose at all times, whether snakes and rabbits ate to be had or not. In short, it is as much to be dreaded as a fox in the hen-roost. Furthermore, though gentle and tame enough when domesticated, in its wild state it is fierce and gluttonous, it will resist when it is preyed upon by hunger, and would not hesitate to attack even sheep when rendered desperate by famine.

The ultimate result of the experiment in Jamaica remains to be seen, but there is less danger to be anticipated in a country which swarms with the smaller forms of animal life, as that island does. Horrified protestations were raised the other day when somebody named the jackal as a suitable antidote to the rabbits in Australia, nevertheless, it may be doubted whether such a creature, or some cat, like the puma or ocelot, would not prove a safer introduction in the end, doing greater execution by smaller numbers, and being more readily hunted off when no longer required.

Better to bear those ills we have—especially when we have incurred them by our own act and deed—than fly to others that we know not of, but as it is proverbially an ill wind that blows nobody good, and every cloud has a silver lining, so the rabbit affliction already presents a bright

side. Messrs M'Call and Sons, of Papanua Otago, are setting up factories in various parts of Australia, New Zealand, and Tasmania, for the purpose of exporting cooked rabbits in tins, and if the utilisation of the baneful 'varmints' in this or any way can only be made a recognised industry and source of profit, the little mongoose may be left to do battle with cobras and other pests, undisturbed in his happy Indian hunting grounds.

#### ILLISLAND

Thou wast in its prime for June  
Was treating on the heels of May,  
The sun was climbing to high noon  
The breeze faint and sportive lay,  
When by the wending Nith we stray'd  
With yulema feet, that we might stray  
Where 'neath the humble roof-trees shall  
Oft sung the Bard of Illisland!

We saw the lark's nest  
The bonnie lark's nest  
And heard the spouting lambs' first  
Among the yellow linn's  
The ploughman whistling at the plough,  
He gaug'd the water  
Where the lark's nest  
The festive house of Illisland!

We gazed a loon Dalmon's plun,  
Across her glowing woods  
And lit the crag's  
The lark which he chanted forth  
We watch'd the shadows come  
Where lark's hills in green  
And deep clouds were drifting slow  
Aro the lark's nest of Illisland.

We listened from leafy dell  
The fath'ers' chorus rang  
And from the sky their warbling fell  
The thrill of lark upon our ear  
And as we heard the mingling strain,  
We wished that some magic wand  
Might yet be wove to bring again  
The poet soul to Illisland!

We marked the daisy loved so dear,  
The thistle sprang among the corn,  
The opening rambled on the brier,  
The lingering primrose 'neath the thorn,  
We marked them all with loving eye,  
Yet plucked them not with ruthless hand,  
But left them there, to bloom and die,  
Upon the holms of Illisland!

Whole down its dale the Nith shall go,  
'Where Comras once held high command,'  
While Solway's tide shall ebb and flow,  
And lap its shores of yulema sand,  
While, like a guardian sentinel,  
High Criffell still shall proudly stand;  
While love in loving hearts shall dwell,  
With thou be loved, dear Illisland!

A P

Printed and Published by W & R CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 209 High Street, GLASGOW.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF  
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

*Fourth Series*

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS

No 1000—Vol XX

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1883

PRICE 1 1/2

## CONVICT LABOUR AND HARBOURS OF REFUGE

THE distribution of convict labour in England, Scotland, and Ireland is just now attracting great attention. In October 1881, a Committee was appointed to consider this question, and they have lately completed and published their Report. The rapidly accumulating completion of some of those large public works on which convicts have for many years been employed, necessitated a speedy consideration of the subject of their future employment. The Committee were chiefly concerned to examine into and decide between the merit of no fewer than six or seven schemes, of which that of harbour construction was at once decided upon as the most important and the most practicable, and it only remained for them to consider what locality was the most suitable for the object in view.

The practice of employing convicts in executing large public works has long been regarded as a necessary element in our penal system, and Dover has been chosen as the first convict depot in consequence of the authorities having determined to construct a pier and breakwater, to form, with the existing Admiralty pier, a national harbour at that port. The abolition of transportation, which was at first a temporary expedient, but ultimately became permanent, first rendered it necessary to provide occupation for convicts at home, the immediate result of which was the establishment of Portland Prison in 1848, and, subsequently, the alteration of the old prison of war at Dartmoor in 1850, the opening of the prison at Portsmouth in 1862, and at Chatham in 1866. The experiment proved to be very successful. The construction of the magnificent breakwater and fortifications at Portland, now all but completed, is in itself a substantial proof of the utility of employing convicts in this way, and goes to show that it is quite possible to make them repay to the public a considerable proportion of the cost of their maintenance. Similarly, the dockyard catwalks at Portsmouth and

Chatham, and the reclamation and cultivation of waste upland at Dartmoor are satisfactory indications that the work in the treadmill has been wisely placed in hand, and lead us to hope that convict labour will no longer be merely an expensive and fruitless part of the punishment of prisoners.

The necessary conditions for the satisfactory employment of convict labour are, that the works on which they are engaged should be capable of absorbing a capital to a large number of convicts simultaneously and for a considerable period. The expense and difficulty of finding suitable sites for prisons, and of creating proper buildings, render it difficult to house small parties of convicts, as we all have to lead us if the work upon which they were employed were small, and such as could be completed in a short time. Thus, the erection of walls along the coast of the Leicestershire in England, to keep out the sea, has often been suggested as a suitable occupation, but the difficulties which the employment of prisoners in small scattered parties, the interruption and uncertainty which would be caused by the tides, and the prospective disadvantages in connection with sanitary considerations, are such that schemes of this kind have had to be finally negatived.

The formation of harbours is admittedly the most important of all suggested projects. Whether as harbours of refuge, or for commercial purposes, or for the purposes of national defence, from all parts of the coast-line of Great Britain a numerous appeal is increased accommodation. In connection with convict labour, however, the paramount consideration is the suitability of any proposed locality in situation and otherwise for such a purpose. It is only after this crucial question has been decided that it is necessary to consider whether a fug, commercial, or defensive purposes should have the preference. It seems from the action of the authorities in selecting Dover, that national defence should be our first care, for it is admitted that so far as refuge is concerned the proposed harbour at Dover is



of secondary importance. Tiley, which was also suggested, is, on the other hand, one of the places where a harbour of refuge is greatly needed, and it is reasonably contended that its position with reference to the Dogger Bank would make such a harbour of the utmost importance to the North Sea fishing fleet. It is at the same time admitted that its suitability for the employment of convicts is even greater than that of Dover, and that it is no less capable of becoming a most important harbour for national and strategic purposes. In view of the circumstances, it is difficult to understand upon what considerations, other than those that are purely defensive, Dover has been selected in preference to Tiley.

It is easy to find in any other localities where harbour works are now or are about to be carried out, although, of course, in any of these an ill adapted convict prison. Thus, at Penlee Point, in Cornwall, is much wanted, but not the heavy sea is from Plymouth Sound and to render the wharves more secure. Again, at Brixton Harbour, London, were improved, it would be of the greatest use. In heavy weather the ships lying up and down Channal Alderney breakwater needs repairing and freshening. Harbours of refuge are required at Portow, St Helens, Dunoon, &c., and at a great number of other places on the coast, for the protection, more especially, of human life and stock, vessels while, on the Scotch coast, Dunbar, Greenburgh, and Peterhead are named as in pressing want of similar works.

The proposed harbour at Peterhead is especially important, both on account of the peculiarly urgent necessity for its construction, and because it is an eminently suitable locality for the employment of Scotch convicts. Under present arrangements, male convicts sentenced in Scotland are, as soon as possible thereafter, transferred under the Secretary of State's warrant to one of the English convict prisons, where they pass a probationary period of nine months. They are then divided into one of the public works prisons in England, where they pass the remainder of their sentence of penal servitude. It has long been reasonably argued that Scotch convicts might be more advantageously employed on public works designed for the benefit of Scotland. In May 1882—the latest date for which figures are available—there were in the different English convict prisons seven hundred and seventy-one male convicts who had been sentenced in Scotland, and, of these, five or six hundred could be fully employed at Peterhead. If the project is considered in the first place only so far as the employment of convicts is concerned, it should be noticed that an old ropery, situated between the prison and south breakwater and the town, is calculated to be capable of accommodating one hundred convicts, and in an unused storeroom near the end of the north breakwater is capable of holding two hundred more. The facilities for isolating the prisoners from the neighbouring population, and housing them close to the works, with an abundant water supply, and in a healthy situation, are indeed so considerable, that the suitability of the locality for a Scotch convict prison is proved beyond a doubt, and could certainly not be surpassed.

It only remains to consider the urgency of the need for this contemplated harbour of

refuge—a question which can be conclusively answered. The north coast coast of Scotland is almost entirely bounded by rocky cliffs, and the strong easterly gales which are so prevalent there, render it peculiarly dangerous to shipping and especially to fishing boats. Although the most important of the Scottish fishery stations are situated here, it is a not unwise fact that there is not a single port along the whole coast, from the mouth of Forth to Cromarty Firth, in which vessels and boats can run with safety during hazardous weather. Peterhead was recommended by a Royal Commission so long ago as 1859 as the most eligible bay on the east coast of Scotland for refuge purposes, but owing to the local authorities being unable to raise the necessary funds, nothing has yet been done to remedy this dangerous state of things. As an instance of the interests involved in this undertaking, we may state that the number of fishing boats and stations on the coast from Montrose on the south to Banchhead on the north, of which Peterhead is the centre, amounted in 1881 to two thousand eight hundred and ninety-four, manned by about eighteen thousand and eighty-seven men and boys. The value of this property was put at six hundred and fifty thousand pounds, and no fewer than fifteen thousand persons were employed in this industry on the coast. It has also been admitted that the annual loss in the Scotch fishing trade in consequence of the want of a public accommodation, such as it is proposed to offer at Peterhead, amounts to upwards of sixty thousand pounds. These figures are enough to indicate that, apart from humanitarian considerations, the commercial interests involved in this question are of some magnitude. It is certainly to be hoped that the authorities will find the presence of such facts as these. The evidence is indeed so overwhelmingly in favour of the practicality and desirability of the project, that it may be confidently hoped it will not be long before something is actually done. Now that it is necessary to revise the arrangements for the disposal of convicts, the opportunity of successfully making the claims of Peterhead is too good to be lost.

It has never been the policy of the British Government to assist the fishing industry from the public funds. It has been left to itself to provide harbours, in exactly the same way as the commercial marine. But the case are not parallel. Fishermen, who have been aptly described as 'the peasant farmers of the sea', are, of course, mostly poor men. The fishing industry is not sufficiently large in any one locality to enable it to provide harbours constructed on any but a small scale, and one limited to trade purposes only. It is hopeless to expect that the moneyed classes interested in the fish trade will construct works of public utility and national importance, though facilities are offered for local authorities borrowing funds for such a purpose from the Government at low rates of interest. But few local authorities would be justified in borrowing money which it is exceedingly unlikely they would ever be able to pay back, and the interest of which could only be paid by charging heavy dues, which would go far to minimise the advantages offered by a harbour of refuge. In many localities,

needed—and it would be difficult to find a better illustration of this than Petrolol, where there are practically no local funds available for such a purpose, but ours of any but the most meagre description must be constructed out of public funds, or not at all.

It will not perhaps be readily credited, but there is too much reason to be that shipowners and persons having an interest in shipping are opposed to harbours of refuge. They are content to pay tolls for lighthouses, to use their facilities rapidly and certainly of passage, but harbours of refuge are regarded as offering distinct inducements to captains to waste time. According to Sir John Cook, C.B., the sailors examined before the Harbour of Refuge Commission in 1859 represented that the shipowners did not seem to mind whether the ship sunk or not, and that all they appeared to care about was a quick passage. Doubtless, there are many shipowners who are sincerely interested in the preservation of life at sea, but it is greatly to be feared that many others are most culpably selfish in their views concerning questions of this kind. It is, therefore, quite hopeless to expect that owners interested in keeping their vessels at sea and fully insured, will contribute to any great extent towards the construction of ports better adapted for safety than for trade, and it seems obvious that the interests of humanity demand that the state place upon this question should undergo some modification to meet the necessities of the times, and to protect the toilers of the sea, who are in such matters wholly unable to protect themselves.

ONE FALSE, BOTH FAIR,  
OR, A HARD KNOLL.

VII.—THE CASE OF THE NOBIL  
WILLIARD.

'FAIR to earth, dust to dust'—S. lemm words are those which have been repeated millions of times on the bank of the great Sicily du. But there is a difference in earth, and the value of dust varies. The dust of the late Marquis of Leominster was of the most precious variety—gold dust or diamond dust, so to speak in it was to be laid to rest with becoming pomp and costly decorum. The yacht with the remains of her late noble owner on board, had made an exceptionally good passage from Alexandria to Cardiff, thanks to propitious breezes and the vigorous aid of a relay of useful, well-served, steam tugs, and a great London firm of fashionable undertakers had done the rest with an air of love with them, to whom such titling chant was an excellent advertisement. Very elaborate, and it need not be said very expensive were the preparations for the interment. Officials of the Earl Marshall's official College had not declined to earn exorbitant fees by giving their best attention to the nice adjustment of the numerous quarterings in the gorgeous hatchment. Almost from the hour when electricity had flashed the news of the late lord's death on distant Nile, the dismal purveyors for the last and luxury that surrounds the rich, had set their mummifying sprinkles to work, and with very good and suffi-

cient results, removed a Castel Vaux to from London.

They gave the late Marquis of Leominster a very fine funeral. Wales is a country where gently, and resident aristocracy, and not over-populated in many cases among their humbler neighbours, whose park it is to be seen, and their squares as there, and to use the Welsh speech wherever considerations of money make do not interfere with Celtic sentiment. But even from the stony roads of Wales came many carriages to reinforce the muster, three or four from the little English border shires. There were local dignitaries in numbers, who desired to pay a tribute of respect to the deceased chief of so great a House as that of Montgomery Leominster. There were tenants, too, and miners and field hands, who were moved by some touch of feeling, or instinct of propriety, or consultation of expediency, to be there, and then there were inquisitive people who went to see the show as they would have gone to see any show, so that altogether the procession was commonly swollen by contingents of half a dozen and up to ten. But all wore black, or that partial fall of mourning which with the woful regrets the common suits of our common living in times, and all possessed a serious bearing, such a due courtesy demanded.

As to the amount paid for the death toll, there could be little of that expected from any such a young widow. The late Marquis had not acquired long enough to have his mark for good or ill on the vast land property that he had inherited, and his estate had but a vague recollection of him as a child, pillaged by stocks, gentle jokers, and some, on land with good intentions, but a kind word—credited also with being cruel hats and whimsical. He was known to have the means and projects that he never had health and time to do, much less to carry out in the teeth of the inevitable opposition that waits at our projects, and all our theories. Perhaps the late Marquis was not rich enough to have earned out his schemes for the public welfare, generous as they no doubt were, fearful as they may have been. It was not a good deal of virtue, force, or dogged pertinacity, to reform anything, even an estate in a village, or in a turnpike trust, or a Board of Guardians. But somehow the people around Castel Vaux had in an involuntary feeling towards the young lord who had had so little enjoyment of the splendid prize he had drawn in the lottery of birth, and was willing, to do honour to him, as well as to the mortality race from which he sprung.

Yes, it was a fine funeral. Messrs Toll and Muffin, the fashionable undertakers above mentioned had paid Castel Vaux the sum of payment of lifting this exceptional payment, like some towns, perfectly conducted. On Mr Muffin himself, the real head of the firm, was present, and notes and pail be near and a kitchen, the whole black array of work, left as it were, than the noble's eye upon them, and snuffed them selves in solemn discipline and accurate attention to detail. The noble black horses had never looked stiffer or powder, with their glossy necks well arched, and their heavy silken manes as carefully adjusted as the hair of a court

beauty. The new church planned, in their silver gilt standards, modelled in unison with the flapping sails of the embossed carriages. There were the gilded shields on the huddles and on the coffin—or casket, as the Americans are pleased to call it—with its costly materials and delicate workmanship. The flag on the topmost turret of Castel Vaux floated half mast high in the Welsh mountain breeze. It was a long line of carriages, followed by a long line of riders and foot people, that wound along the upland road through the park to that remote spot where stood the mansion, hued by the ruins of an ancient abbey, neglected since the Reformation, where so many Montgomeries slept beneath massive stonework and behind railings of parcel gilt iron. The weather was propitious, without so much as a shower to mar the brilliancy of the show. And London newspapers gave a fair hill column, and country journals a liberal portion of their space, to the chronicle of the event, much to the future benefit in a business sense, of Messrs Toll and Whittell, of Killybeg Street, S.W.

The saddest mourners are not those who take rank in the procession that follows the body to the grave. They are the women who sit at home with aching hearts, and eyes that are blurred and dimmed by tears, thinking over and o'ers of the lost, and believing—as women do in the single hearted unselfish passion of the moment—that gnawing grief and eaking eye and vain regret must be the tribute of his homeforth that the world will never be so pleasant the sun never shine so brightly again, now that the old one is gone and the loved voice hush'd in ever. Surely it must have been hard to bear, that trying morning, for the fair mourner as she sat in her duked room, listening to the deep notes of the bell tolling in the valley below, and the wailen roan of the cannon as the minute guns were fired during the march from the castle to the main deum for the eminent undertakers had neglected nothing that could enhance the impressiveness of the occasion. The young Lady Penmont of the place had no kinswoman of her own, no old friend, to bear her company, only, for consolation, the brief visits of Lady Barbara, whose nature was not over sympathetic, and whose mind was engrossed by the ceremonial itself, and the evidence which it afforded that the House of Montgomery was yet a power in the land.

There were old friends of the family whom it behoved Lady Barbara to see in the gathering broke up. And then she had to speak a civil word or two to the new Marquis of Leominster, who had been so long known, and perhaps laugh'd at, in Pall Mall regions as Adolphus or 'Dolly' Montgomery, and who had come down out of pure politeness, and because the undertakers seemed to expect it, and the lawyers hinted that it was right to be chief mourner at the obsequies of his cousin—his cousin, who was truly an acquaintance.

'But I hardly knew him to speak to, the new peer had said deprecatingly to his own impetuous solicitor, Mr Tape (Tape and Farret, Lincoln's Inn).

'There are duties, I must point out, incumbent on your new position, my lord,' rejoined inexor-

ably Mr Tape, 'and I can assure you, Pounce and Pontifex, who set in for the late Marquis, take it as a matter of course that you should attend.'

So, in a shy, almost apologetic manner the present peer did attend, and allowed himself to be shuffled by the managers, so to speak, of the funeral enticement into the post of honour, and then confronted the oriel, from which he flinched, of a short conversation with Lady Barbara, who stiffly thanked him for coming there, but let him see pretty plainly that she resented his promotion, based as it was on the extinction of her own branch of the family. And the new Marquis, as he was speeding back by rail to London, felt himself a little injured, and but half a lord of Leominster, since he had seen lately a real Vaux, that was left for life to a man out of a girl, and would probably never pass under the mistletoe of that mature beholder whom his friends knew as 'Dolly.'

There was a good deal of sickly eating and drinking at the castle, of course, in that respectable district, with luncheon for all, wine for the chief guests, and for the men and the post-boys, and then the crowd dispersed as silently as a thing which, and beating horse-hoofs would permit, and the sad day at length came to a finish. On the next, the flag that had floated half mast high on the lofty flag-mast of the castle in the morning, was to be hauled down altogether, for their young mistress and Lady Barbara were bound for London. They had written, according to their previously expressed intentions, to Sir Philip Curry, and to the sister of his who had found shelter, in the hour of doubt and distress, beneath his roof in Prater Street. And the young lady in her widow's weeds almost weened Lady Barbara by the frequency of her allusions to this change of silence, as involving a prospect of relinquishing the front.

'I shall win her back to me.' 'Do you not believe, Lady Barbara, that our will come back?' he would say, and the haughty chivalrous of Castel Vaux, looking as unbendingly severe as that Queen Elizabeth to whom she was thought to bear some resemblance, duly said that she hoped Miss Carew would awake to a sense of duty.

Next day, both ladies, with servants, baggage, carriages, all the impediments to easy motions in that surround the great, left Castel Vaux for Leominster House, London, W.

(To be continued)

LADY'S SHARE OF POETRY

'What! the poetical aspect of the baby—poetry among the sermons of the nursery!' exclaims the wick and rick, jumping to his own conclusions. 'Alas! There is nothing of the sort in all his bottles and rattles, wet mouth and bald head, teething and tumbling, squeals and squalls—that's your poetical baby for you, when you see it next enough—and hear it!' And so it may be. But would my poetry be left in the world if we watched only the meagre details of life, and narrowly scanned poor humanity? Even the heart sung by ten thousand poets, would be called by your keen watcher only a natural pump

for supplying the system with blood, while the poet calls it the centre of the power of loving, that most divine of all human powers, with whose pulse of affection the outer world keeps unison, transformed in a glorious vision. So, Heinrich Heine in that song, translated by Longfellow, sang to the 'little youthful maiden, that the heart has its love, as the sea has its pearls and the heaven its stars, and that the heart is greater than sea or heaven.

For all that, the heart is a blood pump, and a man's magnetic prospects do not affect the atmosphere of the laws of meteorology. Yet look beyond—beyond the mortal walls of flesh, and into the souls passing imperceptibly of this world that joy can light up, or grief darken like a winter's blight, and lo! the poets are alight only they see all things with a noble vision of their worth, nor is their poetry like what is wrapped in homely stuff, slinging and splashing, through the thin poor wool of common daily life. So, just as there are poetic things to be said about the heart, or anything else under the sun, there are poetic things to be said about the baby. Yet we claim the poetry of babyhood is one of the gems that sparkle through the wear and work of ordinary life.

Many poets have written verses to the welcome little stranger. They have even addressed the small dimpled thing, with a leonine and a plover's virtues. They have by a stretch of imagination hung over the cradle, with a sign of promise of charms and music, and made it a channel to classical lore and names that fit so a veritable would be long enough to choke the child. 'To a Sleeping Infant' and 'Lullaby to an Infant' are often dull reading, though the author's name may have been great in its day. The very title hints the inapplicable staidness. Among the poems of George Meredith there are a few lines that amply *The Lullaby*. They are short enough to quote, and as beautiful as sweet.

What did you come from I'd like to see?  
 Out of the everywhere into here?  
 Where did you get your eyes so blue?  
 Out of the skies is I came through  
 What in the year is lost beyond sun and light?  
 As it bled to red it so I want to  
 What in the year is like a warm white rose?  
 I saw something, better than any one can say,  
 Whereof that the corner's smile of bliss?  
 Three angels gave me at once a life  
 Where did you get that coat of air?  
 Go I like, and it came out to be  
 Where did you get those arms and hands?  
 Love made itself into bones and hands?  
 Whereof came you of that little thing?  
 From the same love as the oboe's wings?  
 How did they all first come to be you?  
 Get them, but let me see and so I get  
 But how do I you come to be, you dem?  
 God thought about you, and so I am in it

In 1890, when the Poet laureate published a new volume of *Ballads and Lyrics*, it was dedicated to his baby grandson—golden haired Ally, cradled with laughter and babble.

Now that the flowers of a year and a half is thine,  
 O little blossom O mine and mine of mine,  
 Glorious poet who never had written a line,  
 I laugh, for the name at the head of my verse is thine,  
 Mayst thou never be wronged by the name that is mine

The words about the glorious poet who never has written a line, reminds us that this is a frequent allusion when child loving poets speak of the little ones. Merely rightly observed—while noting that singular power in children by which, in their play, for instance, they can imagine themselves kings or queens, angels or fauns, personae or phantoms, and act as if they really were so—that 'children are your only poets'. Longfellow has said of older children that they are better than all ballads ever said or sung, for they 'are living poems—and all the rest are dead'. And of a very little child—where rattle and bell had suggested the romance of the regions of coral and silver—in exclamation.

What! tired already? with those suppliant looks,  
 And voice more beautiful than a poet's book,  
 Or murmuring sound of water as it flows

In the same poem there are some exquisite interpretations of baby manners and customs. Let us mention, that in it in which we should rather call the innocent absence of manner, the calm rising, unanswerable stare of the little stranger in our world.

Like one who in a foreign land  
 Beholds on every hand  
 Some source of wonder and surprise

While he takes note thus of the quick and questioning eyes, he gives to the head a more figurative work, when describing of the fame to come, he loses sight of palpable calculation in seeing the no less is it measure, of life.

Here is the world that adest stand,  
 And with thy little hand  
 Thou openest the mystic's gate  
 Into the future's undimmed land  
 I see its values every one  
 As at the touch of fate

In all we have quoted we should believe, if it were not clearly be at whole work. There is no poetry unless the heart speaks. Many have been the verses to infants—and to anything and any one else—in which there was not an atom of poetry, because there was no truth of feeling. If poetry is the outpouring of the most beautiful of human thoughts, doubtless there is more of it in the loving heart of a mother than in half the volumes of stereotyped verse ever written. More than that—at the greatest of poets are only those who have written with most sympathetic description of the highest and purest of human feelings, is not there something better than all the volumes of written poetry, in the hearts of those who see the beautiful side of homely loves, and who at sight of common things can feel their human, and dream kindly dreams over their true worth? All mothers have this power in their hearts, it is part of the love and admiration of their helpless children, when as yet the offspring have but the instinct of affection, and are helpless, speechless, uncomprehending, blankly unreturning, except to loving eyes. There are infinite possibilities in the future of the most commonplace baby, who it dreams are dreamed over its softly shut eyes—what visions of the preciousness of its love and its life! The dreamer of these dreams is unconsciously revealing in most delicious poetry, in half shaped fancies, and in purest affection, that clude all firm in the transition to words, just as our deepest feelings are

always untranslatable into the same language of the lips. Yet the happy mortal round whose thoughts encircle this halo of poetry, may be a poor woman in a cotton gown, whose roughened hands are puzzled to darn the little socks—socks particular in age compared with the sleeping baby that owns them. To the lowliest lot that child hood touches, there is a bright mile of warm feeling and happy thought, if it could but be realised, that bright mile in its thousand forms, is the poetry of common life.

In the little hands and feet alone, these rich hints for a world of wondering. What weary journeys have those little feet to go, to cross the wide wide world perhaps—those quaint quiet little feet that curl their pink toes so complacently, throned on some one's lap at twilight bedtime, before the flash-light of the nursery! And those little hands, so small and dimpled and sweetly useless, now spread open like a fan, now tightly closed up like a round shell in a trade to open at all what questions of awe and wonder make up our dreams of baby hands! The growth of the mighty feet out of the infant is not such a marvellous mystery as the future of those soft wee hands. Think for a moment that, not in any years hence, this little hand of the baby girl may be talked of among men, clumped, fought for, somewhat feverish desire, as if it were more than kin, to us, it will be kissed by some great strong man with trembling delight, and the sound of the feet upon a staircase or across the hall, common—coming to him will be heard in those days with a bound and a thrill of the heart. Oh! it is a great mystery, that the hand of a baby and the little feet have a vast part to play in many lives, that the hand and under standing will expand and live, and become a centre of new worlds and of desire, and joy, and grief.

And still more wonderful it is that this most helpless of creatures, whose very helplessness makes half its claim upon us, may yet grow up in all the strength and splendour of a noble human life, and, whether man or woman, may face life's little braves, rallying point for the weak, and the guiding power of other lives. Of the genu and habit that may hide behind the so insidiously cunning, yet, in the end of eyes, we must say nothing, nor do more than hint how the world may be changed at will by some puny nursing that in that moment born, lulled to sleep with the most cautious warning, of helplessness little be.

## TEMPERANCE BEVERAGES

### BY A GOVERNMENT ANALYST

It is quite a common thing for the manufacturer of temperance beverages to declare them absolutely free from alcohol, without in the first place ascertaining whether this is so or not. We do not think that this in all cases can be the result of ignorance, for many persons know well that such a declaration increases the consumption of the article they produce. On the other hand, it is undoubtedly from ignorance that consumers of temperance beverages containing an appreciable quantity of alcohol partake so freely of them. It is a well known fact that many of the so-called temperance beverages contain a large percentage of alcohol, sometimes as large as that of

beer, and sometimes even as large as that of certain kinds of wine, and upholders of temperance principles should insist, before adopting any beverage for their use, that an analysis should be made by a competent person, and his report appended to the vessel containing the liquid, before sending it into consumption. Such a provision would materially lessen the number of so-called temperance beverages, while at the same time it would secure to the abstinence a 'non-alcoholic' beverage.

There are a number of persons who make these beverages for private use, and who, ignorant of the changes produced in certain liquids by the methods they employ, believe their beverages are non-alcoholic. The writer has known many such instances. A certain lady once made an infusion of milk, added yeast to it, and allowed it to stand for some days in a warm place, and yet was not aware that it then contained alcohol. She flavoured it sweetly, and distributed it among a circle of temperance friends as a non-alcoholic drink. A gentleman—a clergyman, and an apostle of temperance—made a solution of sugar, added some yeast and hops, and allowed the liquid to ferment for several days, and then supplied the solution to his flock with it, ignorant that it could contain even a trace of alcohol. Many such instances are known, and on behalf of temperance we will remind all such that any infusion of milk or solution of sugar is almost certain to change a portion of its substance into alcohol when subjected to the daily fermentation.

There are many difficulties in the way of the manufacture of purely non-alcoholic drinks. It is desirable that they should be wholesome, but they frequently are positively injurious to health, from the use of flavonoids of a deleterious nature. It is desirable that they should keep for some time, but beverages made in imitation of beer, and of some at least of the mixtures of which beer is made, cannot keep under ordinary circumstances in the absence of alcohol. It is unfortunately at the present time the tendency of temperance beverage manufacturers to endeavour to give their products the appearance and even the flavour of beer. The course is for many reasons to be deprecated, and in the absence of healthy non-alcoholic beverages, the water would stoutly recommend the use of such drinks as milk, &c., &c., and would respectfully draw the attention of temperance reformers to the comparatively small number of houses where the same can be had. An increase in the number of these houses would probably do as much for the spread of temperance as any other means now adopted.

## FOR HIMSELF ALONE

### A TALE OF REVERSED IDENTITIES

#### CHAPTER IX. CONCLUSION

SCARBETH had Miss Pembworth finished giving her father an account of Captain Dyson's proposal, and of the intended runaway marriage, when they reached the glade in which the picnic had been held. Here, a few moments later, they were joined by Mrs Pembworth, Dick, Mr Dempsey, Probusel, and Captain Dyson.

Mr Leyland and Elma, who had, as already

narrated, set out for a short stroll in the wood, did not go far before they turned. Elma was afraid that the others would be waiting for her, besides which, she had a woman's curiosity to know the nature of the good news which Leyland had brought her friend. They saw the others before they themselves were seen.

"There are Mr Froisher and Mr Drummond," said Elma.

"By Jove!" exclaimed the painter, in genuine surprise, "what swells they have blossomed into! I should hardly have known these again. O Richard, Richard! whether have they come to be named?"

Miss Deane began to think her companion something of an idiot.

Leyland emerged from the trees, and stepping, quietly up to Drummond, who was only a few yards away, he slapped him on the shoulder. Dick turned quickly, and stood like a dumfounded man at the sight of his friend.

"Why, Dick, dear old Dick, how are you after all this long time?" said Leyland heartily, as he grasped the other by the hand. "It seems as if since I saw you last—Hark ye, my boy, a word in your ear; he had in a lower tone. "Your picture in the Standard has found a purchaser. A Manchester merchant has taken a fancy to it, and he talks about commissioning you to paint another."

Dick's freckled face changed first to white and then to red. He gaped forth a few incoherent words, but he could never remember afterwards what they were.

At the sound of Leyland's voice, Froisher, who was standing a little apart talking to Dyson, turned. His face, too, changed for a moment. "The crisis has come sooner than I expected," he murmured to himself. "Never! Perhaps I shall later on, perhaps." He went forward with a pleasant smile and held out his hand. "Don't forget that there are two old friends here, he said to Leyland.

"I ought! Not likely! But I had some good news for Dick which I was in a hurry to tell him—And now, my dear Frank, how are you?—Better—better! I can see that before you answer me. Not like the same man, I suppose. I must congratulate you on your good fortune." He paused for a moment, holding the other's hand in his and giving a little sally into his face. "Ah, Froisher, I don't know whether to feel glad or sorry that you have come into all this money," he said. "Many a fine spirit has been spoiled by coming into a fortune."

Every one present heard Leyland's words. They all stared, as well they might. Was this stranger in the shabby tweed suit drunk or crazy? Of a surety he must be either one or the other.

Mr Plowth's penurious cheeks turned the colour of saffron. Striding forward a step or two, he touched Froisher lightly on the arm. "May I ask who this person is, Mr Drummond?" he said in a hoarse whisper. "He seems to be confounding your identity with that of my nephew most strangely."

"This gentleman is Mr Bruce Leyland, a very dear friend of mine, and I am not aware that he is confounding anything."

"But he called you Frank Froisher!"

"He called me by my proper name."

"But—but you are not—"

"In fact, but I am, Mr Plowth. I am Frank Froisher, and you unworthy nephew."

An exclamation of surprise could only burst from the lips of all present except Leyland and Dick.

For a moment or two, Plowth stared blankly into the stern gaze of his nephew. Then, as with a lightning flash, the truth burst upon him. "Great heaven!" he cried, unaccountably dumb. "He exclaims, dropping out the syllable as if they would choke him. With one hand pressed to his forehead, he sat, not rather than walked to a tall tree, and there sat down. His wife and daughter were by his side in a moment, but he waved them impatiently, even fiercely away in silent stings, with blank eyes and a very peculiar habit of looking a bunble of papers from his pocket, until with tremulous fingers the red tape that bound them, and he began to turn them over in an unobtrusive sort of way. Now and then he repeated under his breath the words "Lucked!" "Lucked!" It was a pitiful sight.

"Mr Froisher changed into Mr Drummond," exclaimed Dempsey.

"Mr Drummond changed into Mr Froisher," cried Dyson.

"My Dick changed into my cousin Frank!" murmured Elma, who was as much bewildered

as the others, who could have believed such a thing," said Dyson and Dempsey in a helpless sort of way. The situation was so novel, so utterly unaccountable, that they were evidently at a loss what to say or do next. Clum said nothing, but he looked at all her eyes at the little Captain. Might not this be some surprising turn of affairs he pursued to some extent her newly discovered matrimonial project?

Drummond drew Leyland aside, and explained to him the state of affairs.

"So you are really my nephew Frank after all!" said Mrs Plowth with a look that said to Froisher. "I felt sure from the first that none of our family had any right to have it like this."

"Yes, I am your nephew Frank. There's no mistake on that point this time, aunt."

"Well, I always did like you, as I've said many a time, when others were maybe running you down."

"Yes, we always did like you," said Clum, tapping him playfully with the point of her sun shade.

"Always, except Dempsey and Dyson, who had never closed up."

"I don't know that I can like you a bit better than I did before," continued Mrs Plowth. "And as for your friend—what a nice young man he is! I'm sure I shan't like him a bit less than I did half an hour since, because he happens to be poor and in consequence of the family."

"Mamma, dear!" said Clum emphatically, with a tug at her mother's sleeve.

"Aunt, you have one of the kindest hearts in the world," said Frank, and with that he stooped and kissed her.

Dempsey and Dyson looked straight over each other's shoulder, and seemed to be gazing into futurity.

Clunie turned to Frank with what she would have called one of her 'arch' glances. 'You naughty, naughty man to play us all such a trick! But I was never really deceived!'

'No, we were never really deceived,' chimed in the Chorus.

'Any one could see that the real Mr Drummond was no gentleman!' This from Clunie.

'Always had the air of a pious man!' This from Dempsey, whose father had been a successful bacon contractor.

'Something extremely plebeian about him, piped Dyson.

'We could tell that you most sincerely,' continued Clunie.

'Yes, we congratulate you most sincerely,' echoed the Chorus.

'My dear, kind friends, how heartily I thank you, none but myself can ever tell!' responded Froisher with a ring of unmistakable scorn in his voice.

Clunie turned to her mother with a pout. Mr Dempsey's purple face became still more purple, he coughed behind his hand and stalked away. Captain Dyson let his eyes fall drop, then he pulled up his collar and pulled down his cuffs and tried to look cool. He was about to follow Dempsey, but Clunie detained him. 'After all that has happened, do you still love your little Clunie as much as I do?' she whispered. (Little Clunie indeed! She was a head taller than the Captain.)

'As much as ever, my dearest pet. And that reminds me that when I was at Burslem you—'

She put her hand within his arm, giving it a little squeeze as she did so. 'Let us sit it down these days,' she said, 'where we shall be quite alone.'

Froisher was crossing towards Miss Deane, when Mr Peabworth intercepted him. The gentleman had to come out at an awkward hour by this time. Perhaps, after all, he reflected, things might not turn out quite so desperate as he had at first believed they would. In any case, his best plan was to put a bold front on the affair.

'You must permit me to congratulate you, my dear Frank,' he said with a slyly smile, 'on the really admirable style in which you played your character of the poor musician. It was a marvellous piece of acting, and you must allow that I did my best to second your efforts. Of course, I saw through the little deception from the first—but, ha!—from the very first. Admirably acted! So true to life!'

Froisher made no effort to hide the scorn and loathing which these words excited in him. 'Mr Peabworth,' he said, 'if there is one man in the world whom I hold in more utter contempt than I do another, you are that man.'

'For her own sake, not for mine! My wife and daughter are close by.'

'I changed places with my friend in order to try you. You know the result. I believe you to be an ingrate, a hypocrite from top to toe. I know you to be a knave—fishy, cunning, and utterly unscrupulous.'

'Not so loud, I implore you!'

'You have spoken of your wife. Were it not for her, I would expose you to the world in your

true colours. My aunt is a good woman, whom I respect and love—you, I loathe. For her sake, I choose to remember the relationship between us, and to keep silence with regard to the past. You know my opinion of you, it is one which nothing can alter, and the less you and I see of each other in time to come, the better it will be for both of us.'

'If my gratitude—'

'Your gratitude, Mr Peabworth! The word is profaned when it proceeds from the lips of such as you!' With these words, Froisher turned on his heel and crossed to where the three ladies were standing, wondering and bewildered spectators of all that had happened during the last few minutes.

Never in his life had Mr Peabworth felt so crestfallen and humiliated. Yet even in those hours of his extremity the bacon husbandhood of the man did not quite desert him. Taking out his pocket book and pencil, he said in a voice which was purposely loud enough for all present to hear: 'I quite agree with you, my dear Frank—quite. I will make a memorandum of the matter at once, and consult you with reference to it another day.' With that he went back to his seat on the sofa, took, and made a picture of being busy with his pocket book and pencil.

Till now, Mrs Deane had not spoken a word—she had, in fact, moved a little apart from the others. Froisher now went up to her and took her hand. 'Lina!' he said, and there was a wild of tenderness in the way he spoke that one little word.

'Well, sir!' and with a wince, her hand, she looked up into his eyes with a sort of cold surprise.

'You will, I trust, forgive my little deception for the sake of the valuable lesson it has taught me!'

'And pray, Mr Deane, Tom Harvey or whatever your name may be, what is the particularly valuable lesson it has taught you?'

'It has taught me that your love has been given me for my well-doing. If his taught me that there is one true heart in the world who, believing me poor, would have given up every thing for my sake, but who, now that she knows I am rich, will not love me one whit the less for the fact to which I have put her?'

'You make yourself fit too sure on that point. You have treated me shamefully, sir—yes, shamefully!'

'In what way have I treated you shamefully, Ethel?' asked Frank with wide-eyed wonder.

'You bid me to expect that I was going to marry a dear, delightful, poor young man, with whom I should live a happy, struggling, Bohemian sort of existence, in two or three rooms, on a pound or two a week, doing my own marketing and mending my own clothes. Instead of this, I find myself tied to a commonplace, vulgarly rich individual—just the kind of person that every girl is expected to marry. I call it shameful, shameful!'

Froisher looked at her as if he scarcely knew whether to be amused or annoyed. At this moment Mrs Peabworth came up. 'What's the matter now?' she asked, seeing that something was amiss.

'Lina has been making use of bad language

because she finds that I'm no longer a poor man!

'More fool she,' answered Mrs Peabworth with a touch of esprit. 'If she hasn't sense enough to keep a swarth at which she's got one, whether he's rich or poor, she'll soon find somebody else in her place.' Why, half the girls in the county will be setting their caps at the owner of Wavlands before three months are over.'

'Miss Deane patted up her ears.' 'The aunt! What a character you give your sex,' she said. 'It's no more than our sex deserve, my dear. There will be quite a competition for Mr Frobisher, I can tell you.'

'In that case,' said Eliza whimsically, 'I may as well keep him for myself. Not, you know, because I really care very much for him—but just to spite the other girls.'

'There's an artful minx!' quizzed Mr Peabworth.

'Then your Serene Highness will condescend to accept me—but not *pro tem*, I hope?' said Frobisher.

'No, not *pro tem*—but for ever and ever, in wedded Elms, placing both her hands in his, while the love light of happiness sprang to his eyes.

What little remains to be told may be told after a very brief fashion.

Clive got the great desire of his life—a rich husband, who may thwart her in nothing. Captain Dyson valued one of the pleasures of his life—a runaway wedding. Mr Peabworth was distracted at first, but extended a magnanimous forgiveness to the newly married couple on their return from their honeymoon. Captain Dyson came down handsomely in the way of settlements, but to this day he cannot understand why his wife, who had hitherto been one of the most complaisant of listeners, changed so suddenly and unaccountably, and refused point blank to listen to any more of his narratives, even going so far on one occasion as to impugn the accuracy of his memory and to make use of the words 'stuff and rubbish.' The little man spends much of his time at his club but Melancholy has marked him for her own. He has the look of a man habitually cheerful and depressed. Now and then, a gleam of happiness visits him—when he can button hole a stranger good natured enough to listen to him while he narrates some of the surprising adventures of his early life. Young Tom McMurdo, whose state of chronic insouciance is no secret, catches him a good dinner at the Captain's expense, and bestows many a sovereign as well—which he takes particular care never to repay—and all because he is the best of listeners, and never even hints the shadow of a doubt as to the truth of what is being told him. It has never dawned on the consciousness of Captain Dyson, and probably never will, that in him Nature created a bore of the first magnitude.

One morning very soon after the picnic Mr Peabworth intimated that business of importance would take him to Liverpool. He had not been many hours in Liverpool before he telegraphed that the business which had taken him to that city would take him still farther—as far even as to America. Mrs Peabworth

was delighted, the voyage would be quite a holiday for Alington, and the sea breezes could not fail to benefit his health. But Mr Peabworth's business, whatever the nature of it might be, evidently required a long time to bring it to a conclusion. Month after month passed away, and Mr Peabworth with him home that he still found it impossible to return. At length, at the end of a year and a half, and disgusted with the whole affair, he died, so that in all probability the business which took him so far will remain unsettled till Doomsday. His widow mourned for him in all sincerity. To her he had ever seemed the best of husbands and the best of men, and nobody has been cruel enough to try to deceive her.

Within a week of the picnic, Dick Drummond was back in his old rooms in Soho, which had found no tenant during his absence. At first he felt wretchedly dull and lonely without Frobisher, it seemed as if he had lost a part of himself, which nothing could replace, but England looked in every other evening or so to cheer him up, on which occasions they studied innumerable papers together and discussed on every subject under the sun. A few other Bohemians would drop in occasionally, for Dick could now afford to keep open house, and many a song was sung and many a merry story told at such times in the dingy old room. But neither to Dick nor Frobisher would the whirls of life have seemed to run pleasantly unless they had been able to see each other often.

It was but an hour's journey from Wavlands, and Frobisher was frequently in town. His old easy chair, his old moor-hamm, and a hearty grip of the hand, always waited him in Soho. Occasionally, Eliza would call with him, at which times Dick would put down his brush and palette for the day, comb out his golden locks, don another coat, and go in hurriedly for high jinks.

But Wavlands did not fail to see Dick a frequent visitor. It was understood that he should spend ten Saturdays till Monday there—or longer, for the matter of that—is often as he should feel so inclined, and summer or winter, few week ends passed without seeing Dick, catching the smoke of London or the pleasant breezes of the Surrey hills. He seemed nearly as much a part of Wavlands as Frobisher himself.

As a painter, success came to him in such measure as he deserved. He had a happy faculty of seeing and of being able to reproduce in others to see, some little trait or incident of everyday life with its touch of humour or pathos, or both combined—some commonplace episode of the great *comédie humaine*—which most people would pass by with unobtrusive eyes. One such picture of humble life it was that brought him to the front. A certain well known patron saw it, bought it, and caused it to be engraved. The engraving became popular, and had a large sale among that humble class of art lovers who cannot afford to buy pictures, but who like to see their walls hung with a few good prints or engravings which tend, in one of them or other, to illustrate that one touch of nature which is said to make the whole world kin.

Dick had found his groove at last. There was a demand for his pictures for engraving purposes.



No one could have been more surprised than the artist himself was.

'You have hit the right nail on the head, and no mistake,' said Hence Leyland to him one day. 'Now listen to the advice of an old un Paint slowly, try to make every picture an advance on your last one, and above all, don't stonk the market with your works. It is far better to paint one good picture a year, than half a dozen indif ferent ones.'

Dick has not failed to profit by this advice, and the world prospers with him. But to this day he believes in his secret heart that Nature intended him for a delineator of mythological subjects on a grand scale, and he never gives on his *Ande meda* and other kindred creduitas which still adhere the wills of his studio, without a half regretful shrink of the head.

Of his higher and finer, what remains to be said? To no man is it given to withstand the drifts of Fate, but with youth, health, and a love that knew no winning or changing, than chances of happiness were greater than are granted to most mortals. More than that could not be expected for them.

Frobisher's pen is by no means idle, and, in the silent days, he still suffers in the alternate pleasures and pains, disappointments and delights, incident to a literary career. There is a me prospect of his pet comedy, *Seen in England*, written five years ago, and rejected by several London managers, being at length produced at the Royal Theatre. What was an impossibility in the case of an obscure literary hack, may have become a possibility in the case of the well-to-do owner of Westminster. In matters of the kind, it is so many other affairs of life, there are continually wheels within wheels.

BOOK GOSSIP

THE theory of Evolution, as propounded by Darwin, and enforced by such scientists as Wallace, Huxley, Lyell, and Lubbock, is one which few people who would wish to be abreast of the intelligence of the time, can afford to be ignorant of. That theory is as yet far from being outside the range of controversial questions, hence it is all the more important that persons who have not the leisure or the desire to study biology for themselves, should have the means placed within their reach of forming an intelligent opinion on a subject which is constantly presenting itself before them in one aspect or another. A volume from the pen of Dr Andrew Wilson—(*Chapters on Evolution* (London: Chatto and Windus)—will, we venture to think, go far to supply this want. The author palpates in giving so much prominence to the arguments in favour of, and so little notice to the objections that have been and are still urged against, the theory of Evolution, but there is to be accounted for by his evident conviction that that theory is already proved to be true. Darwin himself, with his wide range of mental vision, and his comprehensive knowledge of natural development, was able to perceive and always ready to acknowledge that the doctrine he advanced was not free from serious objections—he did not indeed put it forward as a fact, but as a hypothesis, which he supported not as

absolutely proved, but as being able to account for more of the phenomena of living things, than any other theory that had as yet been advanced. Dr Wilson, however, as the result of his study and observation, is prepared to take the question out of the region of the hypothetical, and to place it in that of the actual—in short, to assume, to use his own words, 'the reality of the process.' In this view, therefore, he has endeavoured to marshal the more prominent facts of zoology and botany in order to prove that evolution is an actual factor in the life work of the universe.

Darwin's theory rests upon a few apparently simple propositions: (1) Every species of animal and plant has a tendency to vary from its original type, each individual offspring having a certain likeness and a certain unlikeness to the parent. (2) These variations are transmissible to offspring. (3) More animals and plants are produced than can possibly survive, hence (4) there ensues a 'struggle for existence' among the living individuals, those which are the best adapted to their surroundings, or environment, overcoming the weaker, which result gives us the doctrine of the 'survival of the fittest.' (5) The various different species of diverse groups of organisms in their original type is to constitute new species, there being, in this view, no definite barrier between one species and another, and full wing which order of development, it is assumed (6) that all the forms of living things which we have now a knowledge of, may have been evolved by natural selection from a few primitive and simple forms of life—possibly from one which is identical. These propositions, thus roughly stated, form the basis of the great theory or hypothesis of Evolution, as worked out and illustrated by Charles Darwin. In Dr Wilson's book, those who wish to see the proof set forth in detail, will find an intelligent and easily comprehended guide, and if they are not, by its perusal, convinced as firmly as Dr Wilson is, of the truth of the doctrine therein set forth, they will at least be in a position to discuss the subject apart from the absurdities and crudities which have so frequently by unthinking opponents been attributed to it.

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A second volume of the series of books on *How to Learn* (London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge) has recently been issued. It deals with astronomy, and is written by J. J. C. Morton, B.A., of St Johns College, Cambridge. It is a volume of very great interest. Not only will the reader gain from it a knowledge of the lives of leading astronomers—Copernicus, Tycho Brahe, Kepler, Galileo, Newton, Lagrange, Laplace, and Herschel—but he will derive a clear and vivid conception of the science of astronomy itself, rendered specially intelligible by its being presented to him in historical sequence, thus enabling him not only to mark its progress from stage to stage, but also to comprehend more fully the value of the discoveries which the several great men whom we have named contributed towards our knowledge of the starry world. If the other volumes of the series are as thorough in conception and as attractive in style as those already issued, the whole

will form a very valuable addition to our stock of works on popularised science.

The comparative study of languages may be directed to other than strictly philological purposes, and here we have a volume by Mr John Cameron, Sunderland, on the *Guinea Names of Plants* (Edinburgh and London: W Blackwood & Sons), in which the above line of study has been followed for scientific purposes. The immense department of science dealt with is so tiny, and the object of the author is to identify the names given by the Guinean speaking people with the plants which they were intended to designate. In his ordinary walk over the difficulty of the business, when he has obtained a particular plant, is to find the proper name for it but in the work undertaken by our author, the difficulty was reversed, for he had the name, but required to find the plant to which the name applied. This necessarily required not only an almost exhaustive knowledge of Guinean spoken and written language, but the prosecution of numerous journeys on the Guinean peninsula, in order if possible, to settle disputed names, and to get out to which the name was applicable, and to collect others previously uncollected.

We are told by Mr Cameron that the Guinean named plants from (1) their uses, (2) their appearance, (3) their habit and (4) their geographical associations, and the like. The silverweed or white tansy, for instance, is called *the golden needle*, sweet bread, because it succulent part was not infrequently used by the poor people in some parts of the Highlands for bread. The rowan tree or mountain ash is *the drink*, the Elminders formerly distributed every second joint from its fruit. It was also known in the Highlands throughout Scotland, generally that in part of this tree called upon the rowan was a sovereign charm against enchantment or witchcraft, hence it was also called by the Gael *faimeas coid*, the wood enchantment. The yellow Indian bedstraw was called by a name meaning, red the apparent inconsistency between the name and the natural colour of the flower being explained by the fact that the Highlanders used the roots to dye red colour. In the same line of nomenclature, the field scabious is known as *the crow-ban*, the crow-ban plant, and that the plant crouches, but because it is good for a disease which attacks the hinds of cow, and which in fact the attitude to which the name applies. It is unnecessary to multiply illustrations further, those interested in the subject must have recourse to the book itself, which is one that cannot fail to reflect creditably upon the learning and industry of its author.

THE MONTH SCIENCE AND ARTS

THE Report, recently published, of the York Chamber of Agriculture, brings little comfort to the farmer. The Council record how the hives raved at the beginning of last year from the mild winter and genial spring which disappointed by the effects of a wet and cold July. They state their opinion that the cold dry land farms, which cost so much to bring them into a

productive state, must go out of cultivation. They also point to the need of agricultural education, and trust that its spread may be promoted by Chambers of Agriculture and other public bodies.

It would seem that while the British farmer has been bemoaning the nakedness of the land, his powerful rivals in America have not contented with the abundance which their soil gives them—been killing the goose which lays the golden egg, in other words, the wheat growing districts in many parts of Iowa, Wisconsin, and Minnesota have been exhausted by the practice of growing crop after crop of wheat without rest and without manuring. The farmers have not realised the value of rotation of crops. It may be that they need a little acquaintance with agricultural chemistry to tell them that one crop will absorb certain constituents of the soil, and that another crop of a different kind will select quite another kind of food from another earth. Thus, while crop number two is taking its fill, the earth is recovering from the cold made upon it by crop number one. It would be to the advantage of the country if some of our clever farmers were to emigrate, and show the Americans the advantages to be obtained from a better system of agriculture.

In connection with the storage of green fodder which is newly invented, &c., the question of drainage and the cost of building drains is still interesting our farmers at home. It would seem in fact, that the expense of creating a concrete or brick tank in which to compress and preserve green fodder could not amount to very much. But a limit is obtained in one direction, how that the sum asked is one which farmers in the present state of affairs could not afford, unless they had definite proof that the experiment would be successful. There is, however, one way of trying the method in which the expense is almost nil, for the work can be accomplished by ordinary labourers when other work is not pressing. We allude to the Dutch silo, which has already been tried with success. It consists of a trench six feet deep, and of any diameter required. The green stuff is placed in the pit, covered with a layer of rousing felt, and then with earth, so as to force the mass down with the necessary pressure. If each farmer who has the opportunity were to construct an experimental silo of this kind, and were in due time to report the result, it would soon be ascertained whether the system has the value attributed to it that many persons seem to think.

At the invitation of Mr H. Howe, a number of gentlemen farmers and others interested in agriculture recently visited Pagehouse Farm, about a mile and a half from Stophouse Station, to witness the opening of a silo, and to examine the fodder prepared and stored under this system. The crop consisted of a mixture of tall grass, the produce of about three acres. It was estimated that the crop would have yielded about eight tons of hay, whereas ensiled it yielded ten tons of fodder. A number of questions were asked by those present, and the replies of Mr Howe and his numerous farm staff may be briefly summarised thus. The little lake to the food at once, they threw upon it, and the yield

of milk is larger and better than upon the food formerly given to them. With the addition of some oilcake, varying from five to six per cent per dry per head, their condition improved very materially. The cost of fattening in the crop and marketing it was about equal to that of marketing it into hay under favourable conditions, but those present who understood fattening thought that this cost could be very much diminished. Great stress was laid upon the fact, that under this system, whether was no object, as the crops can be stored green, wet, or dry. Some butter was shown to and tasted by those present, and the preference all round was for that milk from the cows fed on the ensiled fodder. The top layer of fodder in the silo was slightly mouldy, and it showed signs of fermentation—in evidence of insufficient covering and pressure, but the deeper the cut into the body of the bed thus stored, the better was the food.

As an example of the curious property of plants in selecting from a soil only those materials proper for their nourishment, we may cite the case of a plant, which is found abundantly on the Mediterranean coast. It has lately formed the subject of some experiments by M. Mignon, who has cultivated it for many years. Its popular name is derived from the little vesicles filled with water which cover its stem, and have much the appearance of frozen dewdrops. Analysis shows that it sucks up from the soil a large quantity of soda, potash, and other alkaline salts, indeed, it may be said that the plant represents a solution of alkaline salts held together by a gelatinous tissue only weighing two per cent of its mass. M. Mignon believes that the plant, if its mass is planted on unproductive soil, can be useful if plucked in excess, thereby enriching the ground suitable for ordinary cultivation.

The Honourable Secretary of the Govt Society has recently given some interesting particulars as to those animals, which have long been valued for the nutritious and curative properties of the milk they yield. Twelve years ago, he tells us, few goats could be found which would give more than a quart of milk a day, but now, owing to the care which has been expended upon their breeding, specimens are produced which will yield three or even four times that quantity. Such animals command prices ranging between five and ten pounds, and when once acquired, are found so valuable, that they are not readily parted with. He asserts—and his conclusions are based upon many years' experience—that goats in this country do best when housed by the day and night during the autumn and winter seasons. The quality of the milk is in no way affected by such confinement, and if properly treated, the still-fed animal will yield a far better return than one not having the benefit of shelter and warmth.

The Zoological Society have just lost by death from mania an old age female hippopotamus which was presented to them by the Viceroy of Egypt thirty years ago. She has survived her mate—which lived twenty-seven years in the Society's Gardens—by about six years. It would thus seem that the span of life allotted to the hippopotamus is about thirty years, probably a good deal less when exposed to the vicissitudes of a roaming existence.

The splendid collection of living animals in

Regents Park now numbers between two and three thousand. One tenth of these are reptiles, and from a want of proper accommodation, they have hitherto been lodged in different parts of the Gardens, much to the inconvenience of those who wished to study them. There is now, however, being built a new Reptile house, in which the various members of this large family will be brought together. The difficulty of planning such a scheme will be understood when we remember that reptiles from all quarters of the world have to be considered, and that a temperature necessary for the life of one species would be quite inadequate for the requirements of another. Bearing this in mind, the cages, or rather glass cases, used to contain the specimens will be each heated to a proper temperature by special arrangements of the hot water pipes employed for the purpose. At the same time, spectators will breathe a normal atmosphere. The new building is expected to be ready for occupation by next autumn.

Those kindly disposed and well-meaning persons who showed such friendly feelings towards poor Jumbo, and credited the Council of the Zoological Society with such cordial motives in seeking him across the Atlantic, will perhaps acknowledge that the Council were right in believing that the huge creature was becoming dangerous. News reaches us from America that Jumbo has turned his keepers' box into a natchwood, and has shown other signs of obstreperous behaviour.

A paper has been read before the Electric Telegraph Society of Berlin giving some interesting particulars relative to birds and telegraph wires. In several districts, the smaller birds in Germany are very fond of roosting in telegraph poles and wires. As all we frequently build under the eaves where wires run into telegraph offices, and actually stop work by causing contact between the wire and some neighbouring body which will carry the electric current to earth. Contacts with a like result are often caused by large birds alighting on the wires and causing them to swing to, and touch woodpeckers frequently peck holes through the telegraph posts, and no kind of preparation of the wood seems to stop them from doing so. Sulphate of copper, corrosive sublimate, chloride of zinc, and other poisons have been applied to the wood as preservatives against it, but the birds pick away at them all the same. At the recent Electrical Exhibition at the Crystal Palace, a part of one of these pecked poles was shown. The theory was then broached that the woodpecker mistook the vibration of the attached wires for the hum of insects, and attacked the post with the notion of getting at them. This theory is now combated on the ground that dry poles are frequently infested with insects. But wood saturated with the poisons named above must certainly be excepted. The woodpeckers have evidently not yet found this out.

The curious little gull about seven years of age who has been for some time put exhibited as 'the man-of-war' hawk at the Westminster Aquarium is worthy of a few passing words. According to Mr. Linné, who exhibits her, she was brought from India to England by Mr. Gull Book, the energetic Norwegian traveller, whose

movements we have more than once noted in these columns. Mr Bock having heard of a race of hairy-tailed men in Siam, offered a reward for the capture of a specimen. In the result, a man, woman, and child, all covered with hair, were obtained. After some difficulty, Mr Bock brought the child to Bangkok, and obtained permission of the king of Siam to bring her to Europe. The little girl, who is called Krio—which represents the plaintive cry addressed to her by her parents when she attempted to wander from them—is intelligent looking, with large dark eyes, flattened nose, and pouch-like cheeks. The hair on the head is thick and straight, and is continued down the cheeks like whiskers, the face, arms, and shoulders being covered with hairs from an inch to an inch and a half long. There is said to be a prolongation of the lower vertebrae suggestive of a tail. This curious and interesting little creature will no doubt give rise to much discussion among certain of our learned Societies.

A very curious application of photography has just been brought before the Photographic Society of Great Britain by Mr W. M. M. On several occasions that for some years our continental neighbours have been teaching deaf and dumb persons to speak by training them to watch the movements of the lips when any one is talking to them. This method of reading sounds by sight has been highly successful, and has long ago been introduced with similar results into this country. The idea has occurred to a foreign teacher of the dumb to photograph the movements of the lip when articulating the different sounds which go to make up ordinary speech. It will easily be imagined that the model chosen for the pictures must be some one whose lips will give expressive action. But once photographed, the pictures can be multiplied by the thousand, and can be used as alphabets for our afflicted fellows all the world over. It is said that the pictures are so well adapted to their purpose, that any one can see at a glance what sound is indicated by each lip-movement portrayed.

Another useful application of the same art is fore-shadowed by Dr Gill, who is in charge of the Observatory of the City of Good Hope. He suggests that star maps could be made by aid of the camera, which would be far more valuable than those of the ordinary kind drawn by hand. That the light from the stellar depths is powerful enough to impress a modern photographic film, we know by the results of Dr Huggins, who has photographed the spectra of a great many of these distant orbs, as well as the corona of the sun itself. The light available when dealing with the objects direct would, of course, be far greater than when their spectra are concerned. We may mention that Dr Gill was most successful in the photographs which he obtained of the recent comet, one picture showing more than fifty stars through the luminous tail. Although the most sensitive process is used for this class of work, an exposure of more than two hours was required for some of these pictures. The camera is attached to a telescope, which latter is so beautifully regulated by clockwork, that the image of the object photographed is kept steadily in one spot, regardless of the movement of the earth in its ceaseless rotation.

The National Health Society, London (44 Bevis Street, Oxford Street) have been exhibiting a fever-proof dress, intended for the use of those whose duties bring them into contact with infectious maladies. It consists of a kind of overall made of mackintosh, which is glazed inside and outside, with a hood attached, so that the body, with the exception of the face and hands, is wholly enveloped in its folds. If necessary, a respirator is also used, through which no germs can pass. The fit of the face and hands being exposed is not considered a material disadvantage, for those parts can be readily washed with a disinfectant. The object sought is to enable the wearer of the dress to go into fever-stricken rooms without the necessity of changing clothes afterwards. The dress can be readily changed with disinfectants at the end of the day and is then again ready for use.

Mr Lunt's paper in the Sanitary Inspection of Houses, published in the *Society of Arts Journal*, was full of valuable hints, which, if adopted, would go far to remove all chances of one kind of fever at least from our dwellings. It will be remembered that Professor Huggins' recent suggestions were that houses should be subject to inspection by experienced men, and that a Society should be formed for the purpose. This paper of Mr Lunt is in account of the work actually done, and of the very deplorable state in which some of the best houses in London were found to be from a sanitary point of view. He summarises the objects aimed at in careful house-dimensions as follows:—(1) All matter placed in any of the sanitary appliances in the house must be carried with the greatest possible expedition clear of the premises, leaving behind it as little deposit as possible. (2) All sewer must be prevented entering the houses by the channels, which serve to carry away the sewage. (3) Since it is impossible to have house drains absolutely clean—that is, devoid of all decomposing material air from house drains, and even from sink, bath, and other waste pipes, must be kept out of the dwelling rooms.

On the 9th of January, Mr James Brunel, delivered his inaugural address as President of the Institution of Civil Engineers. He showed that the arts of construction had made but small progress until a very recent period, and that the ancient undertook works of a stupendous character in the shape of canals and tunnels which were not surpassed for many centuries. A review of the large engineering undertakings now completed or in progress throughout the world next followed. The bridges over the Tay and Forth, the St Gothard Tunnel, the Severn Tunnel, various harbours, projected railways, the Panama and other ocean canals, the application of different kinds of illumination to lighthouses, each claimed a share of careful attention and interesting remarks. Mr Brunel pointed out that the trained engineer was quite a modern creation. Little more than a century ago there were no engineering works in Britain which were worthy of notice—hardly a canal or a possible high-road, and two centuries ago, it was necessary to send to Holland for an engineer to build a sea-wall.

By the combined action of cold and pressure, carbonic acid gas can with comparative ease be

reduced to the liquid state, and a strong iron bottle containing such liquid may be looked upon as so much stored up energy ready for use. A great many plans have been devised for working engines with this gas instead of steam, but they have been found impracticable and expensive. A useful application of the principle has lately been tried with success by Major Witt, head of the Berlin Fire Brigade. The steam fire engines supplied with reservoirs holding liquid carbonic acid, which can be applied to the pumps at a minute's notice. The advantage of being able to pump water on a fire without the delay of getting up steam, is very great, when we consider how important the first few minutes are in a case of fire. Of course the gas is merely considered as a useful ally, until the boiler is sufficiently heated to supply steam.

Carbonic acid gas has long been used in the very serviceable little fire engines called the *Katzenpauze*, and its force is sufficient to propel a stream of water a great distance without the aid of any pump whatever. Another modern application of the gas is in that novel engine of war used called the *Lay Torpedo*. This is a fish-shaped steel construction twenty six feet in length, and when loaded with its terrible charge of ninety pounds of dynamite, weighing one ton and a half. The little engine which propels it on its mission of destruction is worked by carbonic acid gas. Its course can be regulated by wires from its steering point, and it will go for a mile and a half before its motor becomes exhausted.

An interesting account of the Bihama sponge trade is given in a Report by the American Consul at Nassau. The trade employs several thousand people, and about a hundred vessels to fish for the sponges. Of these there are several varieties, which have different values, and names which seem to be given them according to their resemblance in texture to other things. Thus, one description of sponge is known as *Sheepswool*, another is called *Velvet*, and so on. Each vessel employed has a crew of from six to twelve men, and their work is carried on in waters so shallow and pellucid that the sponges can be seen on the bottom, and run from their beds by hooked poles. Sometimes diving is resorted to. The sponge as it rises our hands is but the skeleton of the animal colony it once represented. When raised from the sea, it is covered with a soft gelatinous substance full of organic life. Sprung out to dry, this matter putrefies and emits a horrible odour. Afterwards, the sponges are packed up in a kind of cage on the shore, so that at every tide the water will cleanse them. They are then sorted, treated with lime, and dried, when they are ready for exportation.

At a meeting recently held at Manchester to discuss the advisability of an increased supply of esparto grass for paper making, it was stated that a Company had been formed to develop a concession by the Bey of Tunis, giving rights to collect esparto grass grown in certain districts. It was stated that thirty thousand tons of the material were available annually from one territory alone—that of Bouhedma. Such grass, with modern appliances for compression, transport, and shipment, could be delivered in Liverpool for little more than half the price per ton which *Sfax* grass commanded last year.

The Council of the Institute of Painters in Water colours desire it to be known that they are about to carry out a scheme which has been long under consideration, but which want of space has compelled them hitherto to forgo. Firstly, their galleries in Piccadilly, London, will be thrown open to all exhibitors in water-colours. Secondly, they will open schools for the free education of students in the same branch of art. Intending students will be required to send in drawings as a test of their efficiency, as elementary instruction is not contemplated in the scheme. The British School of Painting in Water colours is a distinct and very beautiful branch of art, and the generous action of this Institute—now more than half a century old—will give it renewed life, by attracting numbers of young students to its portals.

We have more than once referred to the new method of blasting coal by the heat and expansion caused by setting cartridges of compressed lime. A German brewer of Nevada having, says a contemporary, heard of the lime process for mining coal, proposes to use yeast as an agent for setting rocks. He has in his experiments blown strongly hooped corks to pieces, and forced out one end of his brewery. He desires to make experiments in the Cornstock mine, the head of which will set up fermentation at the moment the yeast charge is laid, which fermentation will soon become so active as to overcome every resistance.

The American Consul in Paris has done good service in calling the attention of his government to the wholesale adulteration and falsification of wines, which has now assumed an alarming aspect in France. Although imported wines are subject to analysis at the Customs before delivery to owners, and if found adulterated, can be stopped, no such supervision is exercised over the wines which leave the country, and which, it would seem, in more cases than one, leave it for that country's good. In 1881 some three thousand samples of these exported wines were analysed. Our tenth of these were pronounced to be good; three tenths were passable, and the rest were bad, some of these last being positively injurious. We have neither space nor inclination to give a list of the various substances employed to imitate the juice of the grape, but as a specimen of what can be done by the dishonest trader, we may mention the constituents of a liquid which is largely exported as wine. It consists of water, vinegar, and logwood, with one tenth part of common wine to give it a flavour. The time is fast approaching, when analytical chemistry must form a part of everybody's education.

Another pest, but of a vegetable character, forms the subject of a bill recently introduced into the New South Wales Legislative Assembly. This bill is to empower the government to devote a sum towards eradicating the wild *caetur* or 'pickly pear'. This plant has grown so rapidly over the country that it threatens to choke out of existence its more useful but weaker brethren. One projector is stated to have spent one thousand pounds in endeavouring to purge his land from the intruder, and it is estimated that the government if they delay long will have to devote at least one million sterling to the same purpose. Thirty years ago, fifty pounds would have been

almost sufficient to rid the country of this mischievous plant.

According to a pamphlet published by Mr Ellwood Cooper, the cultivation of the olive in California has in his hands proved a remarkable success. The trees begin to pay for their cultivation in three years, and continue to give larger and larger profits until they attain a great age. In Asia Minor, we are told there are olive trees which, still in full bearing, are known to be twelve hundred years old. Mr Cooper's best trees are eight years old, and yield two thousand gallons of berries to the acre. The oil obtainable from this quantity represents a value of two hundred and fifty pounds.

### A WATERING-PLACE ROMANCE

MANY readers of *Chambers's Journal* have probably visited a well-known watering-place in the Highlands of Scotland. The watering-place referred to is, by reason of its surroundings, picturesque and romantic looking, the rugged grandeur of the hills giving it harmonious beauty with the gently curving slopes and wooded declivities of the valley below. There are many charming walks, and nothing can be finer than a morning walk when, from the heights, we see the sunlight diffused itself, dispersing the mist that hangs like a veil of gauze over the scene, warming every object into new beauty, and making the rough and rugged boulders shine like jewelled thrones of gold.

In the summer of 1880, among the gay and well-dressed crowds who every day thronged the Pavilion, or sat on the seats ranged round the veranda of the spa, or 'Wells,' as it is commonly called, might be seen a tall, dark-haired, and comely woman of about forty years of age. At a glance one saw she was poor, for her wincey dress was worn, and had been spun and dyed by her own hands. Her head was bare, and her checked neckerchief and apron were rough but clean. She was a humble peasant, who had travelled on foot from Sutherland to 'the Wells,' receiving what kindly lodging or fare she might get on the way with hearty gratitude. She was constantly occupied in knitting, and never for a moment did her busy fingers appear to be idle. Her open countenance and pleasant manner, coupled with her industry and apparent need, attracted the attention of several ladies, who became so interested in her that they soon got numerous orders for stockings, and became quite a protégée of her more favoured sisters.

But other eyes than those of the ladies were attracted by the blithe knitter, and here the romantic part of our story begins. A man from Skye, also a patient at 'the Wells,' and also in lowly circumstances, began to make various attempts to enter into conversation with Mary Kennedy. He, poor fellow, had come to this spa a rheumatic patient, and had been almost decrepit, but had improved considerably. He was middle-aged and unmarried, therefore, 'a lad,' as a single man is dubbed in the Highlands.

Whether he and Mary fell in love by comparing notes regarding their convalescence or country, is not known, but, at all events, the Skye man ultimately drifted into that interesting subject which finds expression and forms a happy theme all the world over. By degrees John Macrae the Skye man and Mary Kennedy were well known apart, until at length Mary, with more full ring and blush than one would have expected from her forty years, told the ladies 'that John Macrae the tutor from Skye had said he would put her back one step to Skye without her.'

The ladies, after their first surprise, became enthusiastic about the matter, and there and then determined that a marriage, and a marriage outfit, must ensue. With a foresight which reflected credit, they enlisted the sympathies of the gentlemen, who in turn became enthusiastic also, and now the result follows.

The marriage was arranged, and he became enthusiastic too, and doubly so after having written to the respective ministers of the bride and bridegroom, and receiving therefrom satisfactory answers.

The ladies and gentlemen would fain have seen the ceremony performed *ad fresco* in the pleasure grounds of the spa, but the worthy divine declined to permit such a proceeding, indicating that the holy ordinance must not be looked upon lightly. It was therefore arranged to take place in presence of a few privileged persons in the meeting-house where religious services were held.

On the bridal day, behold the bride drive slowly down from her lodgings, on the heights! She sat on clean white straw, in a cart drawn by a white horse, whose head was decked with a knot of wall-flowers. She was dressed in a well-made cloth dress, shawl, and white straw bonnet, while her face was concealed by a long white veil.

After the interesting ceremony had been performed, the happy pair ascended a dog-cart which was in waiting, and drove slowly into the enclosed space in front of the spa or pump-room. The hundreds of delighted and amused spectators cheered to the echo, and when that music-titan of pleasure had ceased, a deputa-tion of ladies came forward and presented the bride with several good and useful presents, to help the plenching of the new home. A deputa-tion of gentlemen also presented the bride, in with a suit of clothing, a hat, and some other things.

The wily couple seemed overwhelmed with the kindness which had been showered on them, and after expressing their utmost thanks, drove away, amid deafening cheers, this time in the direction of the bridegroom's lodgings.

But the affair did not end here. At night a dance was held in the ballroom of the spa, the admission tickets being one shilling. To that gay scene our bride and bridegroom drove in state again. It was a grand success. The demand for tickets was enormous, and, truth to tell, had our heroine been a vain woman, her head might fairly have been turned, so beset was she by suitors for her hand in every dance. The bridegroom was snatched in demand, and received great attentions from the ladies, and the total amount collected at the door and by

tickets was handed over to him, a sufficient sum to take both himself and his worthy mate home to 'the Isle of Mist,' and also help to make their humble abode more comfortable than in other circumstances it could have been.

### OCCASIONAL NOTES

#### BOARD OF TRADE SUGGESTIONS REGARDING SEA DIRT

On a subject of so much importance to the health and well-being of our sailors as that at sea, the following instructions to superintendents, issued by the Marine Department of the Board of Trade, are deserving of careful observance. 'Dietary Scales.—The attention of the Board of Trade having been drawn to the mortality of scurvy on board British ships since 1873, a Report on the whole subject—"Sea Scurvy, Food scales, Anti-scurvics"—has been recently prepared and forwarded to the local Marine Boards for their observations. The conclusions arrived at in this Report were as follows: (1) That scurvy has been on the increase in British ships since 1873; (2) That lime juice, of itself, will not prevent scurvy, and that too much reliance is placed on it to the neglect of varied food-stuff; (3) That lime juice, in connection with fresh preserved meat and vegetables, may prevent scurvy; (4) That the dietary scale of ships should therefore include a fair proportion of fresh and preserved meats, as distinguished from salted meats; (5) That more fresh vegetables should be carried, notably raw potatoes. No satisfactory reason is given why fresh potatoes cannot be carried on board British ships. The allegation that they will not keep good on board ship is clearly disproved by the fact that they do keep on board United States' ships, and will keep for a fair time anywhere else; (6) That it is not at present desirable to insert a statutory scale of diet in the articles of agreement with crews sailing on long voyages, though it may possibly be necessary hereafter, unless the shipowners themselves move in the matter. The replies received from the local Marine Boards have confirmed these views, especially as regards the articles of diet referred to therein, and superintendents are therefore requested to take every opportunity of urging upon owners of vessels sailing on long voyages the necessity of supplying their crews with fresh potatoes, molasses, &c., and a larger supply of fresh or preserved meats, in lieu of salt beef or pork.'

#### STRANGE FRIENDS

On account of his unsocial disposition, the greyhound is so troublesome as to be excluded from many kennels. A gamekeeper in the North having one of these animals given into his charge, was for a while tormented by its noise and misconduct, and at last became obliged to turn him out to wander wherever he pleased. Now, there happened to be a pig on the same premises which also enjoyed freedom. To the astonishment of everybody, these two formed a fast friendship, so close that they fed together, slept together, and kept constantly in company, without the one ever showing the slightest hostility towards the other. The dog that had formally kept up a perpetual quarrel among

his own race, now seemed anxious to accommodate himself to the ways of his new friend, while the pig in his turn seemed equally willing to stand by him in the favour of the hound. After this state of things had gone on for some time, they came to understand something of the natural gifts of one another. Living on the confines of a moor where hares and rabbits abounded, they soon began to do a little quiet hunting on their own account. The hound being guided by sight more than by scent, found most difficulty in starting his prey, and here the pig, which appears to be endowed with an excellent scent, came to his assistance. Knowing what was required of him, the pig would track the hare or rabbit to its lair, and then wait for his companion to do the rest. Thus, and so, the hound would sometimes take the prey with one bound, or if he failed in that, he gave pursuit, and when the hare or rabbit was captured, returned with it to the pig, which immediately tore it to pieces, to be amicably devoured between them. The keeper, obliged to put a stop to this poaching, confined the pig, but the hound showed his constancy by following his friend to the sty, where he lived with him afterwards on the best of terms. Although the hound could leap over the sty rails with the greatest ease, he never attempted to supply the meagre with more hares or rabbits.

#### INCOMPLETE

It is well when Spring delves our sweet blossoming

Mid joy on joy hills Nature with delight,

That it is thought when on our lips is sounding

'Should I no longer, though we read and write,

At premises of May, and kiss the shy scumbling.'

It is well in the season of the new year,

And the children of the New Year

That all our summer should be one and story,

And all our morn'g should be out of tune

Although we sang of Spring when woods were hoary!

It is well when meadow-larks are hummed with heather,

Or yellow with the wealth of Autumn gold,

That we should wander not again together,

To reap the harvest of a hope once told

When life had blue skies and fairer weather!

It is well when slow-lane by the side of the wares,

And joys of home in Winter comes again,

That we should meet, in counting of our treasures,

One tender link—the brightest in the chain!

Enough! it is the Hand of God that measures

HARRIS APPEAL

The Conductors of CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL beg to direct the attention of CONTRIBUTORS to the following notice.

1st All communications should be addressed to the Editor, 330 High Street, Edinburgh.

2d To insure return in case of ineligibility, postage stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3d MANUSCRIPTS should bear the author's full Christian name, SURNAME, and ADDRESS legibly written, and should be written on white (not blue) paper, and on one side of the leaf only.

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Printed and Published by W & R CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 330 High Street, EDINBURGH.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF  
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Fourth Series

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS

No 1001—Vol. XX.

SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1883

PRICE 1<sup>d</sup>

## ATHLETES

IN TWO PARTS—PART I

WITHIN the past few years, public interest has been manifested from time to time in fitful outbreaks concerning the welfare of those who follow the calling of acrobats or gymnasts, and a storm of natural indignation was evoked not long ago by some shocking disclosures of barbarous ill-treatment revealed by four or five English boys who were rescued from the custody of a brutal old Arab trainer of contortionists in Constantinople, to whose tender mercies they had been consigned under the guise of apprenticeship—to put it plainly, sold by their parents. That such agitation is wholesome and desirable from every point of view, no one could wish to deny. Nevertheless, much popular misconception seems to exist with regard to this subject, more especially as to the condition of the children, the wretched little 'white slaves' of sensational newspaper articles, who are brought up to the acrobatic business, the existence of this misconception being borne out by the tenor of certain proposed legislative enactments which, if carried, will affect the members of this profession to no inconsiderable extent. Some details of the education and routine of this curious class, both before and behind the scenes, gleaned by diligent inquiry amongst the representatives of its different departments, may therefore not be out of place just now.

Since it was only reasonable to suppose that, in their replies, the performers themselves might be tempted to present a one-sided aspect of the case, others—such as their agents and employers—who, while intimately connected with them in all matters of technique, possess somewhat antagonistic interests, were questioned as to the accuracy of the statements made, in order to obtain a corroboration, and the results herein epitomised may be accepted as the average of both sources of information, though in reality there were but few discrepancies. He who has taken

the liberty of constituting himself a special commissioner on behalf of the readers of this Journal is a medical man, and can report from personal examination on the physical state of nearly two score juveniles, engaged in acrobatic performance on the stage at this time, or in course of training preparatory to exhibition.

It is a fact not generally known that the 'profession' is divided into two distinct branches, each comprising many 'lines' and specialties—*gymnasts*, those who display feats in mid-air, as trapeze flying, ceiling walking, and exercises on lofty bars or rings, and *acrobats*, who practise tumbling upon or in closer proximity to mother earth. Having mentioned this to avoid ambiguity in after description, let us now proceed to trace the athletes' career from its very beginning. An acrobat or gymnast wants a pupil, either to assist in his own trials, or to educate and farm with an eye to profit in the future. Whatever the object may be, and whatever the line of business into which the young man is destined to shoot, the trainer looks about him for a boy of seven years old. Seven or eight appears to be the age which all unanimously agree upon as the most suitable for commencement, older children are not considered unfit for the purpose—indeed, some who are now before the public have begun to learn at double that age—but younger are as a rule refused, 'because their muscles are not properly fixed yet.' If cases of training under seven years exist, they are undoubtedly very rare. Nor is there any scientific discrimination required in the selection of a fitting subject. The trainer does not seek for special points of natural aptitude in making his choice of an embryo athlete. Any youth of the appropriate age, provided he be free from bodily ailment or deformity, is regarded as capable of being developed into a Laetzel, Blondin, or Grimaldi. If two boys, equal in other respects, were to present themselves as candidates, the smaller or better-looking of the two might receive preference, but I could hear of no healthy boy ever proving absolutely unfit for the work.



But where is the pupil to be obtained? The trainer may, of course, have sons of his own, or the children of other entertainers may be submitted to him; and it occasionally happens that the work-people about a theatre or music-hall bring their boys to be tauht, but in the great majority of cases he has to pick up some poor little shooles, ruffians in the streets. Some vague formality of apprenticeship—not legally worth the paper on which it is written—was generally gone through with the relatives, whereby the master undertakes to feed and clothe the boy for seven years in return for the exclusive control of his services during that period, and the neophyte enters upon his course of study forthwith. The trainer's first and chief endeavour is to work up the muscular strength to as great a pitch as possible. With this end in view, the boy is fed well on an abundant and nourishing diet, and it may here be mentioned that scrupulous attention is paid to the rejection of special articles of food, either for themselves or their pupils, according to the practice that one usually associates with the idea of athletic training. They do not, as might be expected, perform entirely fasting, nor immediately after a heavy meal, but they have much to suffer from indigestion, being, perhaps, of circumstances, exceedingly temperate in their use of alcohol and tobacco. The boy is made to take long walks, cold baths, to use the dumb-bells, and to go through many other, but not excessive, exercises on an ordinary gymnasium of rollers, ropes, and bars, such as any schoolboy might despise himself upon. An extraordinary belief prevails that it is customary to rub oil into the joints and to sleep in greasy blankets, in order to insure pliancy of the limbs—a most groundless fallacy, since oil, though it may soften the skin, can never reach the tissues beneath.

This kind of treatment is pursued for two or three months without any attempt at 'tying the body into knots' or other thing left in it, but the practice of certain attitudes dependent upon flexibility of the articulations is encouraged out of school hours, so to speak, by the promise of small rewards—not as part of the regular course. A famous 'Italey' performer, who is noted as a skilful educator of boys for the business, has a regular fund of these rewards, and always leaves the means by which they are given to the pupils themselves—so much for a certain feature of the trick, so much for the first kind of training. 'Prepence for the splits,' he told me—'during the splits' is the only share inclination for separating the legs until they extend at right angles to the body, which is thus lowered to the ground—'prepence for the splits, and I never knew any boy yet who didn't get the money in three weeks from the day he began to try.' The little fellows like the fun of the thing; and the spirit of rivalry, when several train together, is very conducive to their rapid acquirement of tricks. They measure their progress inch by inch day by day, and every one is eager to preclaim his own as the 'biggest on record,' when comparisons are made. It is frequently found, therefore, at the end of three months that they are already fit to be taken before an audience, though their practice of regular feats has really not yet commenced. For instance, if a boy could do nothing but the splits,

that in itself would be something, but by tying it and clasping the extended feet with his hands, he becomes a 'pancake,' and without any further effort on his own part might be tossed and twirled about by a man in half a dozen different tricks. The first thing the master teaches him is how to fall—how to save himself from injury if he 'misses his top,' and as the dexterity displayed in the evolutions is mostly an exaggeration of natural suppleness and agility, and does not depend on morbid dislocations, so this marvellous skill in falling without injury is only a high development of that instinct of self-preservation which makes us all put out our hands when we trip headlong, or throw them up mechanically to ward off a threatened blow. You may stand upon a chair and take a little acrobat up in your arms, and pitch him down on the floor in any position you please, without warning, and he will always, with no apparent effort, contrive that the brunt of the collision shall be borne by his hands or feet.

It is alleged that great cruelty and harshness are systematically exercised towards the children by their trainers, and in the case of the Arab Ben Muhammed is no exceptional one. To get definite evidence on a point like this is obviously difficult matter. No doubt there are bad as well as good masters, and, it must be remembered, bad as well as good pupils. No doubt the boys are often virtually sold for money by their natural guardians, and they may sometimes be punished over their heads, with or without cause. But, looking at the source from which they are usually derived, and the absence of any influence of moral obligation which the bringing up of a street-vandal argues, it seems certain that if they were not well treated and did not like the business, they would simply run away again.

As to what may be called severity of professional discipline—bodily pain inflicted in the course of training—I cannot believe that one can obtain as a rule. All these gymnasts and acrobats whose opinion concerning Ben Muhammed was asked, merely said that he could not have understood his business, to attempt to force the unprepared bodies of his apprentices into attitudes attained by finished artists, and, speaking from a surgical point of view, I must say that I am disposed to fully agree with them. If you overstrain a tendon or sprain a joint, what is the consequence? Swelling, inflammation, loss of power, and acute tenderness. Suppose, instead of giving the put the practice and prolonged rest which it will probably require for its complete recovery, you renew the action which caused the injury, most likely you will set up mischief which will impair the ability of the member for life, and possibly endanger life itself, for joints are bits of vital apparatus not to be trifled with. Under the most favourable circumstances, the strength and flexibility of the put will certainly not be increased, even after all pain and symptoms of injury have passed away. What, then, can be the rationale of endeavouring to establish such a condition by these means? Two or three years ago, a celebrated ballet-dancer ruptured a tiny muscular fibre in the region of the ankle while performing some complicated step or prouette; inflammation ensued; she was obliged to forego her engagement, and certificates from the surgeons in

attendance on her were posted in the theatre, for the satisfaction of the public. The ankle joint became permanently stiffened, and she will never be able to dance again. No child or adult whom I examined showed any trace whatever of injury, nor could I discover any diseases incidental to their mode of life. If an accident ever occurred to a child in the process of training, I was not likely to be informed of it, but I am bound to believe that serious accidents are extremely rare, from the precautions taken and the judicious gradation of instruction.

An acrobat is one who unites the muscularity of a powerful man with the suppleness of a lady. When we see how lightly they jump over each others' shoulders, we are apt to forget that the same amount of force is required to propel their bodies to that height as would be necessary to enable anybody else of similar weight to take such a leap, and that in the seeming ease and lightness lies the whole art of the thing. No greater error can be imagined than that of the notion which assumes a professional tumbler to be a nameless, senseless individual, kindled in any direction by reason of his very pliability. Without exceptional strength, the acrobat or gymnast is nothing. I can say without hesitation that all those who have come under my observation are men or boys physically fitted, according to their age, for any occupation under the sun. The flexibility is literally retained rather than acquired. Look how a child reels and falls about with its limbs bent under it in all sorts of positions, any approach to which would fracture and dislocate the grown-up bones. Its ligaments are more elastic, and the capsules of its joints more extensible, than ours, and it is thus and analogous conditions which the acrobat maintains by constant usage. He, like the poet, is loam, not marble, but there is this great difference—that while the advent of a poet is the most infrequent of mundane affairs, we are all born acrobats. If you give and courteous will, and I had only taken the trouble to preserve the pliability with which we were endowed years ago, we might now 'come out' in a great Aerial Act as the 'sprunged Sprites of Spitzbergen.' In fact, as my 'kinky' friend pointed out to me, we none of us know, even at this date, what we can do in that way until we try, or are forced to do without trying, and many a man has found himself much nearer 'down the spits' on the ice or skating rink than he would have believed possible.

To return to our youthful athlete, whom we left still in his apprenticeship to the art. By the time he reaches the age of twelve or thirteen, the trainer often deems it advisable to give him a salary, though his term of years as an apprentice may not have expired. Naturally, the master contrives, if possible, to teach him only such business as can be performed with his sole operation, but a well practised boy of twelve or fourteen, especially if he be small and strong, would be very useful to a performer or troupe in any branch of the profession, so that his mentor finds it policy to make sure of his services by the payment of wages in addition to his maintenance—perhaps a pound a week, or even more in some cases. When the time is up, a regular legal compact of engagement may be entered into—

either for the duration of a tour, or for a certain number of years, or a contract of partnership, or the following may start on his own account, and Professor Fo and so falls back on his reserve stock of 'sons,' who, to the public, never grow any older. Although most likely accustomed to exhibit in one line of performance only, the boy will by this time have learned many other feats for himself, through being constantly brought into contact with other specialists and having opportunities of using their apparatus on his friends, in after life, therefore, he may adopt an entirely different branch from that in which he was educated, according to the demands of the market. Once thoroughly grounded in the alphabet of his business—the forward lunge, swings, backward lunge, swings, and hoops off of the gymnast, and the lion's leap, flip flap, spread eagle, somersault, front, back, and hand springs of the acrobat—he is like one well established in the three kingdoms, and may take up anything with a prospect of success.

Very few quit this mode of life until compelled to do so by age, and it is impossible to lay down any limit for this. Until quite recently, three famous pantomimists, representing three generations—grandfather, father, and son—were in the habit of appearing together at a London theatre, and were noted for the marvellous quality of their 'Phantom' effects, many times making the very name of both the acrobat and gymnast. My 'kinky' informant, who was a man of sixty-two, and although he declared that he had 'had nearly enough' of it, he had just signed a contract of an engagement for himself and his two pupils for the winter season at St. Petersburg, and was in treaty with a circus proprietor about a trip to India and Australia afterwards.

This Rinsley performance is so called, I was given to understand, after one Richard of that ilk, 'old Dick Rinsley,' who first introduced it. It seems to be very popular just now, being of what is termed a drawing-room character, and since it involves no elaborate mechanism is suitable for private fires or entertainments. The absence of danger, as well as the dexterity and confidence of the children who take part in it, make it a more pleasing exhibition than many displays of fancy athletics. The adult performer has on his back, and elevating his legs in the air, tossed about his boys—generally two in number—on the soles of his feet. To him, obviously, an experienced boy of light weight and good muscle is of the greatest use, but he has the advantage of being able to do a great deal with a perfect novice, as soon as the child loses its fear, and can trust him sufficiently to be like a log while it is spun and twirled about, and made to turn somersaults and go through all manner of antics apparently by its own activity. The precision at which these people arrive is something wonderful.

There is a trio of 'brothers' who have been before the public in all parts of the world for some years, the eldest being a pantomime, as to speak, and the two little ones, of course, variable, these are extremely clever exponents of the Rinsley specialty, and have introduced some startling novelties into it. Their 'Column of Truth' illustrations, perhaps better than any other feat which can be quoted, the exaltitude with which their

movements are timed and the amount of practice necessary to attain such a degree. One of the boys stands upon the upturned feet of the man. A tub, or circular box, is then interposed, upon which he climbs, a second tub is then inserted beneath this, and a third beneath that, and so on, until the man balances a pile of twenty upon his feet, and the youngster on the topmost one almost touches the upper border of the procession. When the column is complete, and the boy has stood upon his head or hands, and turned himself inside out a few times in that elevated situation, at a given signal he springs into the air, the man kicks away the pile of tubs, sending them over the street with a deafening crash and clatter, and the boy, tumbling over and over in his descent, alights standing on the feet which are ready to receive him, sole to sole! They use a team to prevent the feet from slipping, as tight-rope-walkers usually make with four large wheels in each shoe, that act as a support in the form of a spur—do for their hands.

The latter performers also display marvellous precision in aiming their arrows to strike a mark with one another. One will swim, from his perch, fly up and seize a tin, turn round and round upon it a given number of times, holding by the legs alone, perform the 'hoops' and catch just in time to grasp another tin, which has been released by his fellow performer, who has been going through a similar series of movements on the opposite side, and finally arrive, by means of the impetus thus obtained, at a certain point in the art of his swing at the same moment that the other, dropping from above, reaches it to be caught, hand to hand. At no stage of this complex operation can either of the performers hurry or retard his progress, their meeting in mid air a managed entirely by the eye on the instant at which each shall start on his train of manœuvre. Each practices these things, with the amount of rapidity, neither more nor less, to which he intends to adhere, so that he will hardly vary a second in the duration of time which they occupy in a thousand repetitions of them. This individual accuracy being attained, the co-ordination becomes simple enough.

After all, it is not more wonderful than many actions which we perform in daily life without any conscious practice at all, such as stepping, or jumping across a narrow space with the exact impetus requisite to land us on the opposite side, and no more. What a calculation that would be to walk out on paper—the weight to be lifted or propelled, the distance, the muscular powers employed, and the modifications of their mode of action! So we toss a ball up to within a few inches of the ceiling, purposely avoiding it, and place our hand to receive it without hesitation, almost unconsciously, in a spot which is traversed by the line of its descent to the ground. It may be remembered, too, that the trajectory has more latitude than at first sight appears to be the case. He does not keep his arms stiff and extended, and trust to the bar coming within the scope of his fingers to an inch. If he be closely watched during his passage through the air, his hands will be seen to be pivoted, palms forward, just in front of the shoulders, the elbows being flexed and pressed against the sides. He can thus raise or

lower the arms, extend them or return them in the bent position, according to the relation which he perceives he will occupy towards the bar on reaching that point in his flight which will bring him nearest to it, and can therefore make sure of grasping the bar whether that point brings it against his waist or carries him a foot below it.

ONE FALSE, BOTH FAIR;

OR, A HARD ANNOT

BY JOHN B. HARRIS

CHAPTER IX.—TWO LETTERS.

BREAKFAST at Sir Pagan's dilapidated town-house in Bruton Street was not a very cheerful meal. The breakfast was not a domestic one. His custom was to eat his devilled kidney or his moral of broiled chicken hastily, if with a good appetite, such as few London men retain, then to send a reply to such letters as imperatively needed one, and then to start for the business of the day—the stables to visit, the horses to cheeren, the legs, the cards, the game at pool. Truly, some of us of bluest blood, and who know the inside of a counting-house only by hearsay, are men of business yet, and keenly eager to make both ends meet somehow. And of such was Sir Pagan Curlew. His sister, who sat opposite to him, presented a marked contrast to him, pale, beautiful, and slender as the way, in her manner. She had all at once and was very silent, and so indeed was he, and sullen wailed. Only two letters lay on the table, letters in sealed envelopes, and both addressed to Sir Pagan, who seemed in no hurry to open them, but eyed them skam, as he bent his swarthy face over his plate, as though each of them had contained a writ of the Common Law division of the Supreme Court of Justice against his imperiousness.

'Will you mind your letters, Pagan?' asked the girl at last, as she pushed from her her almost unopened bundle, and spoke eagerly, but with a half-frown, and a flush of rising pink in her pale cheek. 'I think that may be something—something about—me!' she added plaintively, as her great blue eyes turned towards her brother's face.

'Oh, bother it, my dear—wont they keep!' was the brother's brief rejoinder, as he fidgeted uneasily in his chair. He was one of those men who have a genuine dislike to pen and ink, and who ought to have been born when a layman's hand was more familiar with the sword hilt than with goose-quill or pen-holder, and clearly had the prerogative of the cloister. In very truth, though Sir Pagan's correspondence was a tolerably extensive one, the conducting of it cost him far more pain than pleasure. There were some epistles that for weeks and months he never dared to open it all, so hateful is the persistence of a dunning tradesman. There were telegrams that he too open in fervent haste, only to find that his reliable intelligence was worthless, his racing 'tant a fait', and he himself a poorer man, because one thorough-bred horse had entered in an easy winner, and another had left ignominiously in the rear of the flying squadron at Newmarket or Chesham.

'No—Pagan, it is for me—for my sake,' filtered the sweet low voice. 'I see my sister's handwriting on one of the letters, and I cannot rest until— Ah, how I wish, I wish!—'

'Wah, what?' bluntly demanded Sir Pagan, setting down his knife and fork.

Pale, sad, and lovely, but with a set and determined expression about the well-shaped mouth that almost contradicted the timid look from those blue eyes, his sister confronted him. 'There is nothing strange, Pagan dear,' she said, 'in my wishing that all should be again as in the dear old days, and that this horror had never arisen to divide us. It was all owing to that artful Frenchwoman—all Her craft and daring effrontery alone— But you scarcely catch my meaning, Pagan, and besides, it is too late now— too late.' Open your letters, though, I beg. If I finish not, why should you shrink, brother, from what they may contain? Yes, read, read! and tell me quickly what they say of me.'

Thus adjured, Sir Pagan, with an impatient exclamation, half suppressed, tore open the letter nearest him—a letter in a clear, delicate feminine handwriting. He skimmed hurriedly its contents, drumming on the table with one muscular forefinger as he did so. Then, making a wry face, as a willful child might do when called upon to swallow some exceptionally nauseous medicament, he opened the second and brief of the two documents, the penmanship of which, stiff, cramped, and slightly tremulous, was unmistakably that of an elderly lady. He read a few lines, and a scowl darkened his brow, and a flush of angry red coloured the pale taw of his swarthy cheek.

'Confound the old cat! Why should she try her claws on me? He muttered ruefully. 'I, for one, like being letted, even by, very truly mine, or sincerely, is it? My Lady Fulcrum Montgomery, at Castel Vaux! Ah! I don't envy your sister her grand house, if she has got to take that studded old piece of anatomy as one of the fixtures of it. I've seen her twice—three times, perhaps, and she assumes the privilege of her age and station to rub me like a groom "cracked," as the servants call it, for misconduct. Seems to think it's my fault that there is a row in the family—Take the letters, my girl, they are more in your line than mine, and see what you can make of them.' And as the baronet spoke, he pushed over the two letters towards his sister and rose abruptly from his chair. On the battered old sideboard stood an open case, whence peeped forth sundry silver-stopped bottles. A nip—or a draught—of cherry brandy, or of some kindred liqueur, has been from time immemorial regarded as an indispensable adjunct of a hunting breakfast. Sir Pagan, a keen sportsman in his boyhood, never went hunting now, but he had preserved the practice of his forefathers without intermission for it, and on this occasion he tossed off a couple of glasses of the potent spirit deftly enough. Its immediate effect was to soften his heart, hardening, but not hard as yet, and to render him more sensitive for another's grief. After all, she was his sister. She was weeping now, and had lately broken down, from the forced composure of her former attitude, and her sobs touched him

even more than they would him, for he was English to the backbone, and scenes and sentiments were painful to his undramatic nature.

'There, there, little one, don't fret,' he said, from the depths of his pure, stupid good-nature. 'Take my advice, and let bygones be bygones. Make it square with her—a word would do it—and, rely on it, she'll get you as well married as she was, before a year's out, and meanwhile, think what it is to have the run of two such places as Locumeter House and Castel Vaux, with such an income to pull upon! See how kindly your sister writes, after all the kick up! She asks you—begs you—to come to her, not in Wake, but at her big London house, next week, and—'

Sir Pagan was interrupted here. The girl to whom he spoke had been listening, as with a dulled anger, thrusting back the golden hair from her temples, and looking at him with eyes that dilated slowly. Then she sprang to her feet, and the blue eyes flashed, as the baronet had never seen the eyes of either sister flash, throughout all the years that he had known them. But it is wonderful how I see, unexceptional natures, brought into contact by the bonds of kindred, can dwell side by side without much insight into one another. Thus was it with a revelation of character such as sometimes comes to enlighten us respecting those of whose mental or moral calibre we had formed our own humdrum and perhaps depreciatory estimate.

'Never!' she cried out. 'I enter her house—I cross her threshold—no, no, Pagan! You think that I am weak and silly, and frightened and young, and shall be bribed or scared into giving this up? Never! I tell you, brother—never! It is a part of myself—it is myself! I shall die, or I shall win!'

Sir Pagan, in fit and I will need perhaps unnumbered every violence of doing his brass-mounted liquor case, which he locked with care, for the dependents of a country gentleman may emulate their masters in a taste for strong and costly stimulants, and the Bruton Street baronet was not rich enough to leave temptation in the way of his uncles. Then he turned towards his guest, and with rough kindness, said 'Fight it out, my dear, as you two like, and choose. I'm sorry to say,' he added hurriedly, as he caught sight of the ten-stoned young face, so beautiful, so delicate 'but you are a home with me, remember, as long as there's a crust—I'm going out now, and I don't suppose you'll see much of me till dinner time. I'm not engaged, and shall be luck by then. And, and—if you want anything—of course there's old Tucker.'

So he made his escape, and his sister was left alone. There before her lay the letters, and she read them carefully. One of them began thus:

MY DEAR BROTHER—You will know how delicate and sad I feel, and how much my grief for the loss of my kind husband was renewed by my return to the home that once was his. I did not think any other sorrow could have touched me then, but a pain almost as bitter has come to sting my heart. As well as a dear husband, I have lost a darling sister. But only for a time, as I hope, and that I will live, only for a time. I know, of course, that I can't, poor, dear, misguided

Cora, has taken refuge with you, and I wait to beg you to persuade my wilful, dearly loved sister to give up the wild scheme which she has rashly adopted, at the instigation, as I firmly believe, of an intriguing Frenchwoman. I hope, dear brother, you will use your influence with her, and tell her to come back to me. We shall be in London next week, as Leominster House. Say that I pry her to come back, and live with me as before, and be, as she has always been, my loving sister as of old. Tell her she need fear no reproach from me, that time shall pass away like the memory of an evil dream, and she and I be, as we always were, together. I leave this in your hands, dear brother.—Your loving sister,

(LARRY LEOMINSTER)

The other letter was to this effect:

DEAR SIR PAGAN—A strong sense of duty alone induces me to pen the few lines to you. The outrage to the memory of my dear nephew, the late Murray, and I may say to the family of which he was the chief, is one which I should have preferred to have consigned to oblivion, if possible. But the hearty and, in my opinion, mistaken indulgence with which my niece the Marchioness persists in regarding her carrying letters renders it incumbent on me also to urge upon you the propriety of convincing this most unhappy young lady of the error of her ways. I am sure that you must yourself feel that this is necessary for the avoidance of any scandal which might, even indirectly, reflect upon the honour of my family, with which your sister has by marriage become connected. Trusting that you will see the necessity of this, and that your authority may be used to cause the return of your sister to her duty, I remain, dear Sir Pagan, very truly yours,

BARBARA MONTGOMERY

She who read these lines remained long, as in a state of intellectual torpor, with her eyes resting on the letters that lay before her on the table, although her thoughts were far away. She was disturbed from this reverie at length by the entrance of the servant who came to remove the breakfast things, and then, snatching up the two letters and refolding them, she went upstairs to the apartments that had been allotted to her. As soon as the door of her own room was shut behind her, she exclaimed, with clenched hand and glittering eyes: "They do not know me! No, I will go through with it to the last!"

### REVERSED WAYS

THAT different manners and customs prevail in different parts of the world is, of course, known to us all. In some parts of the world, the lips are brought together in token of love and affection, in others, the tips of the noses. In some places, to uncover the head is the mark of respect, in others, to keep it covered. In some places, black clothes are worn as a sign of mourning, in others, white. In some places, the dead are buried horizontally, in others, they are, or have been buried upright. In fact, if we take any of the great events of life, such as death or marriage, we find the ceremonies connected with them differing most curiously in different lands. Buckle

laid down the theory that the whole course of life was almost wholly and absolutely determined by local food and climate.

Great is the power of local custom, but very great also is the power of what we may call the dominant fashion of dress and manners among the higher classes in a nation, and among the leading nations in the world. Thus we find Oriental peoples eagerly adopting Western habits. The European dress is being adopted by degrees in Japan. We find the same in India. The young Bengalee looks on patent leather boots, a tall hat, and frock coat, as marks of progress and civilization. He likes to dress like an Englishman.

To what extent the two powers, local food and climate, will act and react on each other, it is difficult to say. It is better for the Bengalee gentleman to wear stockings and well made boots, than to go barefoot, or wear the hard, ill made shoes of his forefathers. It is better for him to eat with knife and fork than with his fingers. But is it better for him to follow the English fashion in eating much meat and drinking much wine? Has it been for good or evil that the Saxon races who have peopled North America have curbed with them the wine drinking habits that belong to the colder and drier climates when they came? Would the natives of India be the better for eating the coarse and drinking the beer of the English labourer? Would it be good for the English labourer to live on rice and fruit? Are imported manners and customs, modes of thought and action, better than ones locally grown? That at the first importation there may be harm as well as good, is a point too much to be asked. But this is a theme worthy and capable of wide treatment, as it cannot be given to it in our small space.

These reflections have been suggested by recalling to mind the curious differences between the habits and customs of the people in India and those of our own. It is when you get to the East that you find not merely differences in these matters, but an utter change and complete reversal. There you find that the primitive, the old world manners and customs still prevail.

It would not be possible to give all the differences to be met with in a big city like Bombay with its heterogeneous population, we will therefore undertake the smaller task of carrying the reader up with us to our bungalow in a small station in Northern India, between Ganges and Jumna, and noting down the differences that strike us, not by elaborate search, but by simply looking around us as we sit in the open veranda. There is the Monhee or Persian writer doing his work at one end of the veranda. He writes squatted on the floor, with the paper held in his left hand, and resting on his right knee. Here is the first of the direct reversals of our way of doing things; for it will be noticed that the characters run from right to left. Look at

the tailor, your own private tailor, who is sitting at the other end of the veranda sewing. You see that he uses his toes as well as his fingers, his feet are bare of course, holding out the cloth with his toes, while his fingers are engaged in the work of sewing.

Look at the people at work about that house that is just being built. They work in a manner quite different from that of our workmen. They do not dig with a spade like ours. They could not put the spade into the ground as does an English workman, for their feet are bare. Nor could they throw up the clod from the end of the spade, for their arms are not strong enough. They use a spade shaped something like a hoe, with the blade set at an angle to the handle, which is very short, and they dig with a stroke from above the head, the body well bent down, and bring up the clod, or mass of earth on the blade, by straightening the body again. You see that women are chiefly employed in carrying up the bricks and mortar, and they carry every thing on the head. You see that cattle are used for all purposes of draught, to pull the carts and draw the plough. Thus you may see in part if I might say. But this difference of the animal used has a most important bearing on agriculture in India. English farmers have been frustrated in their efforts to improve the wretched Indian plough by the seemingly absurd and odious reason that the cattle can only be driven by twisting their tails! Hence the tails must not be cut or reach of the driver's hand.

That light open cart, with its one square seat, on which the driver, who has just been called, on me, sits cross-legged, wrapped up in his shawl, is going rapidly down the road, and you see that the driver sits on a small square board fixed on to the pole, with his legs dangling down on each side, close behind the bull cart, and pressing his feet against them from behind.

When the banker called, you observed that he did not uncover his head, but put off his shoes before coming into the room. This is neither of the reversals of things. To remove the covering of the feet and not of the head is the mark of respect in the East. It is easy enough to see how the putting off the shoes on entering a house came to be a social observance very early in the East. The Orientals sit and recline on carpets placed on the floor or on a dais. Thus takes the place of our couches and chairs. To a Mohammedan gentleman, the dais, covered with its carpet and with its pillows and bolsters, represents house and home. Here he passes the greater part of his time, here he does his work, and here he receives his friends. This dais is his drawing room, dining room, bedroom. To come on to the carpet with shoes on after walking in the mud and dusty ways of the East, would soon soil and dirty it. This is the main reason for the observance. But another doubtless is that it would be very uncomfortable to squat down with your feet under you with hard shoes on, besides, it would soil your garments. It may be conjectured that one reason for not removing the head covering is, that most Eastern nations have the

top of the head only, that is, the lower hair hangs down long. Thus the hair is kept or worn in a manner suitable only to the head being covered. To appear without this covering is like a bald man appearing without his wig. Even in his own home, when a native removes his turban, he puts on a small light skull cap. It would be a great mark of disrespect for one of your native servants to come before you without his turban and with only his skull cap on, and without his ~~remains~~ round his waist, it would be like a footman coming in without his coat. This difference of custom is no mere trifling matter, but has been a grave political question in India.

The 'shoe question' is one that has led to trouble between what are called the more enlightened natives and the English for many years past. The former claimed that when they wore shoes after the English fashion, they should not be called upon to take them off on occasions of ceremonial visits or on public occasions. On the other hand, natives in colleges would not let students enter their rooms, judges (English) would not let native gentlemen enter their court houses, without their first taking their shoes off. This was not from any personal arrogance, but from regard to their official dignity. To enter a place with shoes on is a strong mark of disrespect in the East, and they did not wish to submit to this. They claimed that one mark of respect on the other should be adhered to—that the men should either take off their shoes or uncover the head. Lord Lawrence, when viceroy, had to issue a state injunction on the subject.

It is strange to see the old Eastern custom still surviving among the Jews. The English Jew, who in all these places has accepted the English views and practices in the matter, keeps his modern tall hat on in the synagogue.

Locking, round at the domestic arrangements in the bungalow, you see how many things are the reverse of what they are 'at home.' There is a 'washerman' instead of a washerwoman. The cook is invariably a man. The great object in a house in England is to prevent draughts, Anglo-Indians strive to promote draughts. You see we have doors and windows in every wall of every room, in most rooms four, and in some six doors. You see that as a rule everything is on one floor, there are no stairs, no cellars, no kitchen, the cooking room is away from the house.

Let us now stroll into this small neighbouring 'baraz'! Here is complete dissimilitude from any street in any town or village in Europe. There is no point of resemblance. However much eating houses may differ in England and France and Spain, they in the main resemble one another. The food is the same in kind, though not in form, there are chairs and tables, knives and forks, spoons and cups and glasses, in them all. In this eating house in the baraz before which we stop there are none of these things, the food is entirely different. French bread, and Vienna bread, and English bread, but they are all made with heaven, here you have nothing but unleavened cakes. The food is utterly different in character.

You see the attendants in the various little shops

all work in a manner different from English workmen. They never work standing or seated in a bench, but always squatted on the ground. No Englishman, except a circus clown perhaps, could sit as those men do with their legs doubled under them. Here is the shop of an Indian banker, his shop and office. How different from an English one. No chairs, no desks, simply a single open room with the floor covered with druggal, on which lie the up-to-long books of coarse paper, and a pen-wal, with its reed pens and inkpot full of rags! What would the English clerk think of books kept without a single ruled line in them? There is not a pencil or a ruler in the place. And yet this man carries on a large business, has transactions over thousands of miles. There he sits cross-legged in one corner, and a heap of cushions, these are the books squatted down—their legs invisible—bending over the books.

Look round, and you see that brackets, logs of wood and grass, and balls of wool, are all carried on the head. We look into a school. Master and pupils are all seated on the floor. The copy books are bits of board smeared over with a white unctuous earth. Here is a barber with his little stool, shaving the head of a customer, both squatted of course on the bare ground. The barber has a razor, but he uses only water, and has no soap. He brings the eyebrows of his customer to a fine point at each end, by shaving them, and then cuts his finger nails and toe nails for him—with the razor!

Here is a dunel from the country buying, or rather having made for her, trinkets at the silversmith's shop. The silversmith is squatted on the bare earthen floor, a boy of charcoal, a pair of pinces, a flint, and a little hammer, and sand, his whole apparatus. The young woman belongs to the peasant class, and so is not obliged to hide her face in public, as would a native woman of the better class. She does not wrap herself up, shroud herself in her long ample 'sheet', but lets it hang from the back of her head. Yet we see, therefore, that her hair is well plastered down with oil on each side, that the line of the parting is filled and matted out with a red pigment, that in the middle of her forehead she wears a small metal ornament stuck on like a wafel or patch, that she wears a big ring in her nose, that her ears have not merely the one hole through the lobe, as with us, but that there are two or three other holes in the cartilage above it, each having in it a ring or a stud. Her dress consists simply of a petticoat coming down to a little below the knee, the long skirt, and a small close fitting, bodice without sleeves. The feet and ankles are bare. Round the ankles are the ornaments of brass, the colour of which well suits the brown skin. On each toe and between the toes are also many brass and pewter rings and other ornaments, some with bells, so that she makes 'music' wherever she goes. She has 'rings on her fingers too, plenty of them, and those on the thumbs have little round mirrors fixed on to them. On her wrist and arm are many bright rings of a shiny wax and glass, and on the upper arm below the shoulder is bound an armlet, and the whole arm is tattooed. The pattern of the cloth on her skirt and petticoat is such as you have never seen in Europe. It

has been made of the same coarse texture, stamped with the same quaint patterns, and manufactured and sold within the same narrow radius of country, for thousands of years back.

Look at the dress of that group of men—neat, decent, comfortable, picturesque, yet quite unlike our own. The pluck of our ironing is taken by the *dhotee*, which consists simply of a long piece of linen bound round the waist and tucked in between the legs. It requires training to put it on, or rather fix it properly, and it forms a very neat, decent, practical garment. Above this is a small jacket or long coat bound round the waist with the *cammasuband* or loin cloth, an essential and sufficient part of the dress, the loins are guided when going abroad, for need in the freedom of domestic privacy. On the head is the *pagree* or turban, also a very significant part of the dress, for its shape, size, colour, and form vary with the race, occupation, and caste of the wearer. But in all the garments of that big crowd of men and women, you will not find a single hook or eye or button!

On our way back to the bungalow from the bazaar we pass by a village. Here, too, every thing is different from what it is in an English village. There is nothing here that you would find in the latter, not the roughest kind of table or chair, not the roughest kind of knife or fork, not the commonest kind of jug or cup or tumbler. The remainder is a wealthy man, and has a big house and many retainers. But in all the house you will not find a single piece of what we call furniture, not a table, chair, bookcase, sofa, chest of drawers, or anything of that sort. There is not a single article of crockery or glass in it. There are plenty of vessels to eat and drink out of, but they are all of copper or brass. The form of these, as of the earthenware water jars and buckets and pots, is utterly different from the forms our artists take. You see the man cut the corn not standing up, but sitting down, with a small sickle, and not with a scythe. The corn is trodden out by bullocks at the thrashing floor, and is winnowed by simply throwing it up in the air and letting the chaff blow away. The women carry their heavy water jars on their heads.

As we walk by the village, we note the difference between an English herd of cattle and that herd of thin, lean, ragged, dirty cows and bullocks. What a difference between that instrument called a plough and an English plough! There is the son of the remainder riding into the town. A very different sight that from the son of an English Squire riding out! How different the gear, how different the horse, how different the mode of riding! How different the heavy clumsy cloth saddle from the neat pig skin one! How different the head-gear! This horse is fattened up until he is in 'soft' condition. That he should have 'a belly on' is not held a defect here, but a beauty. His legs and tail are coloured, his mane plaited. Four white legs are considered good points. A wall eye is considered ornamental. A white face and pink nose are much prized. The horse's head is well tied down to his chest by means of a thick cloth martingale. He moves along at a slow, shuffling, half dancing amble, throwing the right leg well up into the air

with a sort of convulsive jerk, which he has been taught to do after long training. The young man sits back proud and happy. Behind him come two footmen, one holding his hookah, the other his drinking water. A native never trots, and rarely gallops his horse, but generally goes along at an amble. How different is that small village hackery from an English village cart! There is not a nail in it, it is made chiefly of bamboo, and put together with leather thongs and string, the wheels do not revolve on the axle, but with it.

Look at the natives about us as we sit in the veranda, and the chief things that strike us, apart from the difference in dress, are the large legs and feet, the brown and black skin, the squatting on the ground, the eating with the fingers. Look out at the prospect, and we are likewise struck by the brownness of the land where uncovered with crops, the scantiness of the patches of green grass, the brown stems of the trees, the clouds of dust raised by every puff of wind, the absence of colour in distant objects, and the bright, clear, dazzling sunshine. We long for the sight of a bit of green grass and the shadow of a passing cloud. Here is the great reversal. Instead of too little sunshine, we have too much.

## THE MAN IN POSSESSION

### IN FIVE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I

THERE are many ups and downs in some lives, far more than are usually dreamed of by the few who, 'born with a silver spoon in their mouth,' pursue the even tenor of their path, untroubled by the cares and afflictions which crowd upon, and too often overwhelm the less fortunate. Had as it is to grapple with and bear the troubles which are inevitable to us in the ordinary course of nature, those we induce by our own indolence and folly are still more galling. I am afraid my case must rank among the latter, as you shall presently hear.

I will not inflict upon you my antecedents, sufficient to state that I am the son of a gentleman in good, though not opulent circumstances. My father gave me an excellent education, and afterwards a fair start in life by attaching me to a neighbouring solicitor. I might have done well, for I liked the profession, and was an apt pupil, but, unfortunately—as is the case with too many intellectual young men—I fell into evil company. It is unnecessary to enumerate the steps, from bad to worse, which gradually led to my undoing; eventually, I so far disgraced myself that my indentures were cancelled. Ashamed to meet my father, I went out into the world on my own, with scarcely a shilling in my pocket. Facing other employment, I was at last compelled—though bitterly repentant to my feelings—to accept the humble occupation of a common bailiff, and here my narrative begins.

Meredith, said my chief to me one bright May morning, when I waited upon him for instructions, 'I wish you to run down to Brittleigh in the matter of Wasley against Wintock, and take possession in the usual manner. You will be more than ordinarily careful, as we have to do with a very subtle customer. Jones has

already been down in the neighbourhood, but has returned unsuccessful and quite disheartened. I hope, however, you will have better luck. When once within the premises, you had better sleep with one eye open, or not at all, if you can so manage it.'

Now, I rather prided myself upon my professional dexterity, and this my employer knew, but it would have been childish to lose before him. I therefore smiled, but said nothing. Some other directions followed, of no importance to my tale, and after picking a few necessaries in a couple of days, I started for Brittleigh. It was the dusk of evening, when I arrived at my destination, and I forthwith proceeded to reconnoitre the premises in which I was for a time to domicile as the humble representative of the 'majesty of the law,' and take under my surveillance the goods, chattels, &c. of Arthur Wintock, Esq., until either the just claims of Wasley Wintock, Esq. of Witley Hall should be fully and duly satisfied, together with all legal expenses incurred, or the said goods, chattels, &c. should be publicly brought to the hammer.

On my arrival at the village of Brittleigh, I went at once to have a sight of the house intrusted to me. Brittleigh Hall was a large, gloomy, old-fashioned building of the preceding century, and stood at some distance from the high road, and in the centre of a park of considerable extent. The original edifice seemed to have been added to in different periods, for the superstructure rose in an irregular succession of triangular gables from the entablature to the principal roof, which, surrounded by a parapet, and crowned with enormous stacks of tall chimney pots, capped the whole. It struck me at the first glance, that however strongly bolted and barred below it would be easy for my burglar to scale the height and effect an entrance by one of the numerous quiet casements which fronted the parapet, unless the same were strongly secured. However, as I had no thought of entering the house by this way myself, and as it was too late to hope to effect an entrance at all that evening, I returned to the village, and walked into the *Three Nags*, a comfortable roadside inn, about a hundred yards from the park-gates. I entered the snug bar parlour and seated myself. It was occupied only by the landlord and two other persons, tradesmen of the village. The three were quietly sipping their glasses and having a friendly chat.

'Fine evening, sir,' said mine host, as, noticing that I was a stranger, he saluted me respectfully. 'What will you please to take?'

'Oh, a little rum and water, if you please—Can I have a bed here to-night, I enquire?'

'By all means, sir—second floor back—Going to stay long?'

'Hum! That depends upon circumstances. At any rate, I may require it for three or four nights at least.'

I felt disposed to secure a night lodging for a short time, for in our line we are by no means sure when or how we shall be able to obtain access to the premises of which we are to take temporary possession. Besides, my own expenses would be returned, a few extra shillings were therefore of no consequence.

My entrance and the bustle of the landlord



had interrupted the talk for a while, but after a few commonplace remarks, such as usually pass between strangers, I settled down quietly to my rum and water, and the conversation was resumed.

'They do say he used her most cruelly, poor young lady,' said the stout of the tradesmen, who sat nearest the fireplace, and who appeared to be indignant about some point which had been mooted.

'Cruelly! I should think he did,' replied the other. 'Ah! it was a sad affair for her when her poor papa died. How he could leave her in the guardianship of such an old curmudgeon beats my understanding.'

'Well,' replied the other, 'he didn't show the black father so much while the old man was alive, and they say he was greatly disappointed that his brother did not leave him a good share of the property. It appears he bequeathed nearly all to Mrs. Maria, his only daughter, allowing, however, a handsome sum per annum to her guardian, to meet the expenses of bringing her up. It is said that the latter tried to force her into a marriage with her cousin, his son George, as unprincipled as himself, and as reckless, envious and gambler as ever handled the dice.'

'Ah! well, I suppose that was before I came into the village then, neighbour. You know I only left the north last Christmas twelve months.—But where is the young lady now?'

'That's a question neither I nor any one else in Britleugh can satisfactorily answer. All we know is, that she was at the Hall. The squire gave out about a twelvemonth ago that she had gone to Paris to complete her education, but no one ever saw her go, or has ever seen her since. There are never any letters in a female hand received at the Hall, either from France or elsewhere—at least so asserts Simmons the grocer, who keeps the post office.'

'But the servants—do they never speak of her? Surely they must know.'

'He keeps none that are allowed to enter the house, except a big bully of an Italian fellow, whom he brought from abroad—for he was formerly a resident in Italy, and had only returned to England a year or two before his brother's decease—and a cross, rained old woman, who is as unpeppercorn as adamant, for no one can ever get anything out of her. Neither the gardener, nor the odd man who jobs about the premises and looks after the horses, is allowed to intrude. A great part of the house is shut up as closely as if the whole were uninhabited. However, it is supposed to be full of real good furniture, for old Mr. Wintock lived in great style, and none has ever been known to be disposed of.'

Hitherto, I had taken but little interest in the conversation, for I was busily employed in ruminating upon my plans for the morrow. Though they had spoken of the Hall, it had not fixed my attention. But when the name of Wintock was mentioned, it roused me at once, and I immediately asked, 'Are you speaking of Mr. Wintock—up the way?' pointing with my thumb in the direction of his mansion.

'The very same, sir,' replied the stout man,

glad to have another interested auditor. 'Ah!' he continued, 'there's something exceedingly mysterious about the disappearance of that young lady. Some even go so far as to hint foul play. I, for one, don't quite believe that. But certain it is, you wouldn't catch one of the village people crossing the park after dark.'

'Indeed! Why not?'

'Why, sir, you see I don't like any head of such superstitious nonsense myself, but it is whispered among the poorer folk that a white face is sometimes seen at the windows at unearthly hours, and that fearful shrieks have occasionally been heard at midnight. You know what a country village is, and how easily a place obtains the repute of being haunted. Once upon a time, some of our fellows would steal up there after dark to catch a rabbit or two, for there is a watten on the far side of the house, but I'd venture a five pound note that not one of them would be hardy enough to lay now for all the rabbits in the county. There are reports, too, that old Wintock, or he and his son together, have outwitted the constable.'

'Oh! Is it true, thank you?'

'I believe it to be so. They do say that the life Mr. Georg and his father lead has involved both very deeply in liabilities which neither can meet. Drinking, horse-racing, gambling, and, if people are to be credited, swindling, are to be numbered among their accomplishments. The last delight was a driver, though a rascally one.'

'Hum! What might that be?'

'Well, it seems that old Wintock had run matters so close that he was daily threatened by the creditors, and on one occasion he owed largely, he betroubled himself that if this was once sufficient to take effect, the rest of his creditors would be after him immediately. To save matters, he goes to a Mr. Warkley of Warkley Hall, in Devonshire, of whom he had some knowledge, and says that he is staying in his neighbourhood for a short time, and that, in consequence of expense which young Wintock has incurred at college, he has occasion for a few hundred, and so in brief the old gentleman advances him the money on a bill of three months at 6 per cent interest. When the time expired, the bill was dishonoured—not a rap to meet it, at least at the bank's office.'

'Then young Wintock was not at college?'

'Not he. It was all a scheme to rid them of present difficulties. But I suppose old Warkley is down upon them at last rather sharp.'

All this I knew before, but was not aware that it was also known at Britleugh. The old proverb says, 'All news travels apace.' It is not surprising how rapidly the misfortunes or crimes of even the most wily get round abroad, in spite of the most strenuous efforts to keep them concealed. I did not, however, enlighten my friend as to my foreknowledge, though I could not help thinking that he partly guessed the import of my visit to the village. But I did not deem it expedient to satisfy his evident curiosity, lest in some way it might embarrass my movements. I accordingly took an early opportunity of changing the subject, and after spending a very comfortable evening in social chat, retired to rest.

I rose early next morning, and sauntered carelessly into the park, making a circuit, to examine

the house more thoroughly. If possible, it appeared more somber and uninviting by daylight than on the previous evening. Not that I attached much importance to the tale of my informant about its being haunted, but its heavy closed windows and its general dilapidated look gave it already a chilling appearance, which jarred distastefully with the fresh spring scenery around. I cautiously neared the house and made a careful reconnaissance. Apparently, no one was stirring. The front door I found was fastened. I went quickly round to the yard at the back and tried the latch of the kitchen door. It was fastened also.

'Hallo, guv'ner, what do 'ee want?'

I furly stated, and looked up, for I had thought myself unperceived. I could for the moment see no one.

'Wants to rob the house, do 'ee?' the voice continued. 'Want till I call the master to 'ee. Thavee, thavee!'

At the same moment the barking of a large dog broke forth within the house. I grasped my heavy walking stick more tightly, it had a logical handle. I did not feel altogether comfortable. The voice was that of the gardener. He came into the yard through a small gateway which I had not observed, and which led into the garden. He held a long sharp three-pronged fork in his hand. I saw it a glimpse that night the first was deflected. Supposing the rascals to be ignorant of my arrival, my plan had been to cower quietly by the door until opened for entrance, which I had calculated would be early in the morning, by one of the domestics—either for water, as there was a pump in the yard, or for some other purpose—and then slip in with a dash. On this, I did not depend of holding my ground, for I had on me a couple of very pretty 'jazz-bucks,' in case of attempted violence—a pair of pocket pistols.

'Thavee! I said quietly, 'st'p that confound 'll noise. You know better than that. Is Mr Wintock in?'

The man grinned. 'Can't hardly say. Dunno when he 'em?'

'The elder Mister Wintock. I want to see him on particular business.'

'Do 'ee?'

'Here, come this way a minute,' I whispered, at the same time holding up a sovereign between my finger and thumb and stepping under cover of the eaves of an outhouse. 'Now, don't you think you can get me speech with Mr Wintock this morning for this little bit of yellow stuff? You don't peck up sovereigns every day, I dare say.'

I had hastily determined to secure the fellow as an ally if possible, and felt that a bribe was the only means of doing so.

He scratched his head, grinned, and looked wistfully at the coin. 'O' dars to say I could—out of doors!' and he struck dead out his hand for it.

'Not so fast, my man. You must eun it first. It must be inside. You see not such a flat but that you guess my business here. Let me only put one foot within the doorway, and it is yours.'

The gardener gave me a peculiar look, and burst into a loud haw haw! as he turned away. 'No use, meester! T'other chap tried that little game'

I saw my scheme was frustrated, and that there was no help for it. Nevertheless, I hung about the premises for some time, but to no purpose. I went away for a while, and returned again as stealthily as I could. I watched the house for days, and from every available corner that I could use as a hiding place. The inmates were too much upon their guard. It appeared there was a pump in the scullery as well as in the yard, and plenty of coal in the cellar. The place seemed well fortified for a siege. Not a soul ever passed or repeated the door, at least with my concurrence. What orders were issued, were given to Hodgkin in an upper window, inaccessible by me. At last I determined to give up waiting, and try if I could not accomplish my purpose in some other way. I withdrew, fortified, but not defeated.

Thus matters remained for some time, until I began to think I should fare no better than my predecessor, and to grow impatient, when a lucky accident turned up, which aided me not a little.

One afternoon, distressed with my ill success, I had taken a walk round the park, and had nearly reached the side ramparts from the Hill, when I was startled by hearing sounds of altercation and loud screams for help. I did not hesitate an instant, but in two minutes had scaled the park palings and leapt into the lonely by road which bounded them on that side. It was well that I did so, for I was just in time to render efficient aid to an elderly female vainly attempting to hold her own against two villainous-looking rascals. The old dame was a currier from Birkbeigh to a neighbouring town, whether she went three times a week with her cart and blind pony, to fetch and carry for the villagers, packages and parcels of all descriptions, from a lady's dress to half a pound of tea. The rascals attempted to help themselves to some of the numerous provisions in the vehicle, and being resisted by her, were put on the point of using violence when I rushed upon them to the rescue, and I caused the fellows to retreat hastily.

The dame was profuse in her thanks for my timely assistance, and insisted in her way to make me some recompense. The poor old creature had been terribly alarmed, and shook like an aspen in assisting her to retrieve her things, and in trying to reassure her, I very naturally inquired where she was going.

'D'ee, an' I be 'om' on to the Hill.'

The mention of the Hill arrested my attention, and an idea immediately occurred to me. This time, however, I determined to experimentally, without taking my ally into my confidence.

'Going to the Hill, mother, are you?' I said carelessly. 'Ah! I suppose you take parcels there very often, of course?'

'Why, yes, I do, and I don't now. I go every fortnight for the linen. The family don't wash at home, they send it all to Mrs. Briggs at the village. Them clothes baskets you see there, she added, nodding to them, 'are for the Wintocks; I'm gon' to leave 'em as I go along.'

'Well, dame, I said, 'I'm only out for a stroll. Perhaps those scamps may be lurking about somewhere, to give you another turn as soon as I am fairly out of sight. Suppose I ride a little way with you for protection. What say you?'

The dame willingly assented; and I mounted

the cart beside her. It was pretty closely packed with sundry parcels, besides the baskets in question, and well secured behind with a coverlet, tied down to the hinder part of the cart. The blind pony started at a shuffling trot. Mrs. Stokes and I got into conversation.

'How do you contrive to get these great baskets out of the cart and into the house?'

'Oh, that's easily done. I untie the cloth behind; and Martha—that's the old woman at the Hall—or else the Italian servant, helps me in with 'em.'

And so we jogged on, chattering round the exterior of the park, until within a few dozen yards of its gate.

'Damsel!' I said suddenly, 'I did you a good turn a little while back, now I want you to do one for me in return.'

Mrs. Stokes was taken at a dreadful sight, and looked at me with a perplexed expression upon her countenance. She clearly did not know what to make of my observation.

'I see that your cart is well filled behind,' I continued, 'so as to screen any one in front from observation, while you are unloading the baskets, if he crouches in this spare place by the seat. Now, I have a fancy just to ride up close to the Hall, so as to get a peep at it unperceived, and which I can easily do through this small hole in the side of the cart. I have heard a great deal of talk about the oil place during the short time I have been in this part of the country, and feel a little curious, but for a certain reason of my own, I don't wish to be seen by the man's.'

'Mercy me!' man! ejaculated the old lady, with a pull at the reins which brought the blind pony to a sudden stand, almost flinging him upon his haunches, 'what can you want such a thing as that for? I hope you mean no harm. Surely your face is too honest for it.'

'Bungler!' said I, finishing the sentence for her. 'Now, that's very complimentary indeed, after the sentence I gave you just now. I never heard of a thief interfering to prevent a robbery.' I spoke as if offended, and could see the poor old creature's feelings were hurt.

'Na, na!' I didn't mean that. But it seems such an odd thing like.'

'Junc!' I suppose they pay you pretty regularly up there?'

'Humph!' Wish I could say they did. Owe me a nutter of a dozen shillings. Always behind. Promise to pay. Get a little by dribs and drabs. It's hard lines, though, for an old body like me.'

'Ah, now! let me do as I sit, and here's a sovereign for you, that will clear the debt and leave you a little balance besides.'

The old lady looked at me hard in the face, and then at the coin. 'I understand,' she said, 'a friend of the family—wants to see without being seen, before making yourself known. Just come from abroad, perhaps, eh? No! young man, put up your money. One good turn deserves another. It shall never be said that old Sally Stokes was too greedy to return a favour without being paid for it, so you may just do as you please.'

'Thank ee, mother. I knew you'd oblige me. If ever I have the chance, I'll repay you with interest, but I shall insist upon your accepting this at least, at the same time slipping a crown

into her palm. 'Now, don't speak to me, or take any more notice of me than if I was a young sucking pig for the Squire's table.' So saying, I crouched down in the coveted corner, and disposed a few of the parcels so as to effectually screen me from observation. In a few seconds more we had entered the park. Jogging up the long avenue, through the wicket gate, and up to the back door. The dame alighted, rang the bell, and commenced unfastening the coverlet behind. An upper window was opened. 'Oh, it's only Mrs. Stokes with the ladies,' said a female voice. 'Wait till I chum up the dog,' and the window was immediately closed again.

I began to feel nervous for the success of my plan. Soon the door was opened, and with a passing observation, the female servant of Mr. Winton commenced rearing Mrs. Stokes with the first and largest basket of linen. I waited till I saw them enter the house and turn up a long passage, then, hastily dismounting from the cart, I slipped in quietly after them.

### SAVED BY OIL

FROM an officer in the service of a South of England Shipping Company, we have received the following narrative of his experiences of the use of oil in a tempestuous sea.

In April 1869, I sailed from Cardiff as chief mate of a barque called the *Glamorganshire*, whose dimensions were—length, one hundred and forty-eight feet, breadth, 27.5 feet, depth, 17.5 feet, and register tonnage, 457 tons, built of greenheart, with iron beams, and classed at Lloyd's A1, fourteen years. As may be inferred from our port of departure, our cargo was coal, of which there were upwards of seven hundred tons on board. And I remember remarking as we left the docks, that our draught at the sternpost was equal to the depth of the hold, but the draught forward was some twenty inches less. But be that as it may, although I did not measure our forehold, I know that it was very small, and I felt sure that in heavy weather our ship would be a wet one. Encountering a south-west gale as we left the docks, we had an opportunity of testing the capabilities of the crew, which consisted of two able-bodied seamen, two ordinary seamen, one cook and steward, three mates, a carpenter, the captain, and six apprentices, two or three of whom had made one voyage to sea, the others being quite inexperienced.

When we dismissed the tug off Lundy Island, we made sail, and before many hours passed, had to reef the topsails, but our apprentices would not go aloft, as they were afraid to leave the deck. Nevertheless, by dint of a little encouragement, they were induced to ascend to the fore-topmast yard, and assist to the best of their ability in reefing the sail, and before we had got south of the roaring forches, they could all hand reef and steer in a very creditable manner. Unfortunately, our carpenter died before we reached Madena, and as the ship was on her first voyage, there were lots of carpentering jobs to do, which devolved chiefly upon myself and the captain. So, while we were running through the trade-

winds, we had managed to get the ship pretty square, and ready for heavy weather.

Reaching the Cape in July—which is there the depth of winter—we edged away southward until the parallel of from thirty eight to thirty nine degrees south was reached, and upon which parallel it was determined that we would run down the easting. There we began to encounter stormy weather. Well do I remember that a few nights after crossing the meridian of the Cape, we had a fresh north west wind, and were under topsails and courses when, about half past seven p.m., a heavy head sea sprung up from the eastward, causing the ship to dive and plunge violently. We happened to be pumping the ship at the time when she took a heavy dive, stove in the fore end of the foremast—which was a horse built about the form it carried away all the trusses and cross of the fore topmast, the third mate on to his head, and caused my chest to turn a somewhat, and run on bottom up while the decks were flooded with water, the ship having buried herself as far as the foremast. Here was the beginning of our troubles, for next day the wind hailed to the westward, and rapidly increased to a gale, accompanied by a rain sea. The wind then veered a little to the southward, when the weather became clear. We were now running before the heavy west winds, and thus, accompanied as they were by the stupendous seas which they raised, drove our ship at a speed of something like twelve knots an hour. These magnificent seas are a splendid sight, rolling as they do with such steady majesty, changing from dark blue at the base to green, and then to a beautiful semi-transparent green, as the crest, that curls over with an accompanying run, breaking into froth and foam, and capping these miniature water mountains with snow. Yet grand in aspect as these waves are, they appear to a vessel's stern in a way which is sometimes far from pleasant, for they come on us with an angry rush, rapidly increasing in velocity, and if they do not come on board, they break around with a disappointed roar.

After standing for several days before these gales, and being pooped and quartered by many heavy seas, our vessel was becoming the worse of the building. Some of the boats had been stove in, the cabin and fore-castle several times washed out, while the deck houses themselves were as leaky as sieves. One afternoon, the captain and myself were employed caulking the top of the cabin house, when a heavy sea boarded the ship, washing us both off the house, and dashing us into the main rigging, where we grasped the shrouds, and were saved from going overboard. Had we been at work a few feet farther aft at the time, we would have gone clear off the rigging and perished. Our caulking men, and masts were swept overboard.

These gales continuing to blow day after day, our poor league was suffering much, nearly all the bilwinks having been washed away, while the long boat, which was stowed in the chocks on the main hatch, and contained the pinnace, stowed bottom up inside, was split into two by the pinnace being driven right through

her, and both lay a mass of wreck on the deck, only prevented from being washed away by the lashings and gromes which still held on. The spare spars were even washed away, dragging with them, out of the deck, the ring bolts to which they were lashed. The after or booby-hatch was covered with a network of lashings, so persistent did the sea seem in its endeavours to wash it away.

Our time was now employed in repairing damage, and no sooner was one thing secured than something else was washed aloft, or the crew was so repeatedly washed away from their work, that it had sometimes to be abandoned altogether. The captain began to regret that he had not lightened the ship, by having cargo overboard, when he had the opportunity. But it was now too late for so much could have been obtained without swamping the ship.

During the night, while the vessel was steered by the two able seamen, of whom there was one in each watch, the captain and myself for night after night taking our shift of four hours at the wheel, which he required two hands to manage it. These men's feet still rolled after us, or passed us with their feet on our feet, while others would break over the side and dash on board, when we left we were aware of what was coming behind us, would be knocked down, washed under the wheel, and on some occasions far forward from the wheel. The cabins would be filled, so that the watch was almost continuously employed during the night in being out the hounds and calm.

It was one middle watch while at the wheel, watched by one of the able seamen, that the wind was blowing with unusual fury, accompanied by hard squalls and a tremendous sea, which broke in board with such frequency, knocking about and bruising us at the wheel, that we began to wonder if it were possible for the vessel to survive till daylight. At about four a.m. a great breaker came rolling in its destructive and irresistible fury, over the taffrail, followed almost immediately by another, which washed us away from the wheel, burst in the cabin doors, filled it, and also the ship's deck up to the level of the topgallant rail. Our little vessel staggered and trembled under the pressure, for she was now completely submerged. Half a third comb of a sea followed the second, I think she would have certainly foundered. As it was, she seemed to hesitate for a moment as to whether she would float or sink, and just as we were thinking she was going down, she seemed to shudder and shake herself, and began to rise and recover her way. She had lain heavily at a standstill during this dire ordeal.

After regaining the wheel, which was done almost immediately after the second sea broke on board, and in much less time than it has taken me to think what happened, we found the vessel within two or three points of her course, and quickly got her straight again. When conversing with my companion, he informed me that he had served several years in schooners employed in carrying furs from the Western Islands to England, and that when running before a heavy gale and high sea, it was the custom to have two canvas bags filled with oil and hung one over each quarter, whence the oil dripped into the

sea, and diffusing itself over the surface, smoothed the waves. This statement I repeated to the captain, who without any hesitation gave his sanction to the experiment, and as soon as it was daylight, I sent this man to make two bags such as he had seen used on board the frigate schooners. When flattened out, these bags were of a triangular shape, with the apex cut off, and when filled with any liquid, assumed a conical form. In fact, they were none other than the sailors' duff bags. These bags might contain each about half a gallon of oil, but into each was poured only about a quart, for we had not much to spare, the mouths were securely tied, and then they were hung one over each quarter. The oil now began to drip slowly into the sea, and after a few minutes, the effect produced seemed the work of magic. Although the wind was still blowing a fierce gale, the sea seemed to be comparatively hushed, and, in the wake of the vessel, calm, in instead of the angry roar which we had been so accustomed to hear at our backs while steering, the vessel, all was quiet, save occasionally a hurried and more furious wave would lap a little of its subdued crest over the aft and quarters with a hoarse and defiant noise. What was before a great combing sea, was now reduced to a high, mountainous swell, which rolled harmlessly up to us and passed us with a smooth and almost combed crest. But on each side of our track, and where the oil had not diffused itself, the waves still broke and roared with unabated fury.

For many days we ran before these noble gales and seas, but not another ever came on board. At times the canvas bags became clogged with the oil, and then they were picked with a large roping needle, which was attached to one of them by a lanyard for that purpose. The quantity of oil used, so far as I remember, did not exceed half a gallon in the twenty-four hours. Compared with such a small quantity of oil, the effect of it upon the sea was almost incredible.

Relating the above facts to some friends in Nassau, among whom was an Irishman, the latter remarked that it was no wonder the sea was smoothed with the oil, since the latter was so slippery that the wind could not take hold of it. Now, I have since learned from your *Journal* that this really is the reason, though I was perhaps disposed to think at the time that the Irishman was only quizzing me.

### SPONGE CULTIVATION.

It not unfrequently happens that nature's most useful and consequently most valuable products are those which are 'hid as the hoards and an of heaven' to all. It is a pity that it is necessary we should add that these are the things also which are most frequently and unwarrantably abused. Cupidity, carelessness, waste, and a wanton disregard of the future, is the return often made for all the lavish bounty of nature. Need we wonder that nature retaliates, and that diminution, dearth, and ultimate extinction are the results of this ruthless disregard of her laws and operations. We might give many examples of this waste—a waste which in many cases would most certainly have ended in extinction of the product, had not the legislature interfered in some way with its protecting power. If such a recal-

however, is fitted to teach us a lesson, the lesson is certainly not complete with out a reference also to the reverse side of the picture, in which man's ingenuity and industry in assisting nature to increase her stores have redeemed to a great extent the darker side to which we have just referred. Here also we might take examples from every department of nature, and show what

not only increased and cheapened her commodities, but frequently laid the foundation of new industries.

Something, approaching to what we have thus shortly mentioned is apparently taking place in the sponge fishery industry, and we mention it at present to show what has recently been accomplished in artificially propagating this useful article. The sponges of commerce are almost entirely obtained from tropical or sub-tropical seas, the Mediterranean and Red Seas in the one hemisphere, and the Caribbean Islands, Bahama, Antigua, and the southern and western coasts of Florida, in the other. In those regions sponges attain their greatest development both in form and size. It is in the last named localities that the experiments which we are about to mention were conducted, and which were undertaken from the fact that the sponge fisheries on all the surrounding coasts were being rapidly exhausted.

The natural process of reproduction in the sponge, as we may state, effected by gemination or budding off the gemmules or buds in the first instance are minute globular particles of gelatinous matter sprouting forth from the interior of the animal as small protuberances, the foot stalks of which gradually becoming narrower, they ultimately detach themselves from the parent body, and float about until they again settle down—in distant localities—where they fix themselves, and form the foundation of new growths. It has, however, been long known that they might also be propagated by division, but not until the success of experiment lately conducted at Pine Key, Florida, has it been practically demonstrated that their artificial cultivation might be commercially successful.

Towards the end of last year, a sponge of 'fine texture and in every respect perfect' in every seven inches by eight, was exhibited, which had been grown from a 'planting' some months previously. The planting was conducted in the following manner: From a parent sponge, a series of triangular cuttings were made, through which a stick was inserted, and then stuck in the sand on the sponge bed near to the shore. All this part of the process was carefully conducted under water, so that the cuttings were never removed from their natural element. In a later series of experiments, equally successful, the cuttings were planted on a rocky bottom, secured by wires, and covered with several inches of mud. Apparently the first operation of nature after the planting is to heal over the fresh cut surfaces, and thus it takes between three and four months to accomplish, after which the growth of the sponge begins, and so rapidly does it grow, that

within other three months, a cutting of about the size of a peach will increase to four and even six inches in diameter. At this rate, a good marketable sponge can be produced within the year. This growth, we may add, contrasts very favourably with those reared naturally, as even under the most favourable circumstances a period of two years at least is required to renew the crop that has been laid bare by the sponge divers.

We have used the expression here, 'under favourable circumstances,' on purpose, as there are many factors to be considered in the cultivation of the sponge. Aristotle, for example, who was probably the first to subject the sponge to scientific investigation, remarked the differences in their texture, and tried to account for it by stating that 'in general, those which grow in deep and still waters are the softest, for the wind and waves harden sponges, as they do other things that grow, and check their growth.' Aristotle was right in his observation, all the softest and finest sponges being undoubtedly obtained at a depth of from eight to thirty fathoms, but he was probably wrong in deduction, for the tides and waves, as carrying that on which the sponges feed, are necessary for their speedy growth and perfection. In this respect, the experiments at Pine Key were unfortunate, as they had to be performed in shallow water, and in a position where the tides and waves had probably their minimum influence upon them. The disadvantage, however, is one which altogether kills in favour of the experiment, as, with winds and waves and tides favourable, the artificial propagation might be expected to be more rapidly developed still.

Whether the artificial propagation can be conducted in deep waters in which the finer texture sponges are obtained, remains to be seen, but even a limiting failure in this direction, much may be done to compensate for it in the care bestowed upon the cuttings, &c., from which the future sponges are to be reared. Every one knows what can be done by careful selection in the propagating of plants and flowers, and we have no reason whatever to doubt that, with experience, much will also be accomplished with sponges, and that both shape and quality may be developed to a considerable extent. We wish the enterprise every success, not only because there is a prospect of its opening up a new industry, but also because it will likely cheapen a household necessity, which of late has tended to increase greatly in price.

### A WONDERFUL INDEX

About thirty five years ago, Mr William F. Poole (now Dr Poole), the present librarian of the Chicago Public Library, took the trouble to prepare an index of the subjects contained in such reviews and periodicals as were accessible in the library of Yale College at that time. This manuscript index proved so useful to the students and readers at Yale, and was so constantly referred to, that, to prevent its being destroyed, it was printed at New York in 1818, as in *Library Subjects Treated on the 2<sup>nd</sup> of us and other Periodicals*. Another edition, containing about six times the matter, appeared in 1863, under the title of *Index to Periodical Literature*. Thus much being accomplished, the editor very

naturally thought his labours were completed in this department, although the succeeding twenty-five years brought repeated requests for a new and full edition. At length, in 1870, at the first meeting of the American Library Association, the project for a new edition took definite shape, and Dr Poole assumed the responsibilities of editor, being assisted in his work by Mr Fletcher, of Watkinson Library, Harford. The scheme was carried out with the further assistance of fifty cooperating librarians, only eight of which were British, the rest being American. The result is a handsome and wonderful volume of over fourteen hundred pages, as big as Webster's Dictionary, and entitled *An Index to Periodical Literature* (Boston: James H. Osgood & Co., 1882). To show its value, we may say in a word that it is an index to the contents of over two hundred periodicals printed in the English language, from 1808 to 1881 inclusive, and that it gives a key to the contents of over six thousand separate volumes. Such, in brief, is the story of Poole's 'Index to Periodical Literature,' a book which will henceforward be indispensable to every reference library, and save a world of trouble to editors and journalists in hunting up what has already been written upon specific subjects.

Such a work is a splendid testimony to the immense literary activity of the past century, and affords a key to quite an encyclopaedia of knowledge. The entries in the Index are the titles of the articles in the various periodicals, volumes of magazines are numbered in their start and peevish issues, but by referring to the 'Chronology of Computus' at the beginning, we find the years in which the respective volumes were issued. Purely professional and scientific articles do not appear, while a real well known London weekly we know not in, owing to a break down in the arrangements for doing so. But as a hint of the wealth of subjects indexed, we may say that under Women the references to articles fill a closely printed page, Bible has fifteen pages, Great Britain and France have each over eight pages, Education has about the same space, while the list of articles under Religion occupies about five pages. We notice with satisfaction that *Chambers's Journal* is very well indexed by Dr Poole himself, from 1841 to 1881 inclusive.

The old index network of Henry Dunant must be a very paying branch of literary labour, for he says 'Persons who look for a summary journal, should never engage in this kind of work. Up to this time, all the pecuniary reward I have ever had for indexing duties, these many years can be represented by the American copy loan which will cover one's thumb nail, and yet I have been well paid.' We trust the return from the present edition will be more satisfactory.

A glance at Poole's Index makes plain the necessity for some measure of internationality. It is in the list of subjects, where we find a good article appearing in a British magazine, the entries in the Index plainly show the same article transferred to the pages of one or more American magazines, without having benefited the British author or publisher one whit. Dr Poole throws out the suggestion in his preface for an index to books other than periodicals. Whether or not this should ever be

carried out, he has at least laid all those engaged in the business of literature under an immense debt of gratitude, by what he has already accom-  
plished

#### RECESSION OF THE FALLS OF NIAGARA

An interesting bit of information comes to hand regarding the wearing away or recession of these Falls. It will be known to many that, in conformity with recognised geological law, the rocks over which Niagara pours its immense volume are gradually giving way to the pressure and force of the torrent—i.e. being worn down, or broken away in large detached fragments, and thus to such a degree that the gradual recession of the cliff forming the fall is distinctly observable by those who periodically take measurements of it. A correspondent, writing to *Nature*, has supplied some information which goes to increase the interest of the subject. He calls attention to the rapidity with which the Canadian side of the fall is deepening its horse shoe. An immense mass, he says, broke off near the middle of the curve in October 1874, many windows in the adjacent museum being broken by the concussion. Altogether, he finds that in ten years the fall has receded twenty feet.

Some interesting calculations might be based on this observation. The gorge below the Falls through which the river passes, extends for several miles, and the whole of this gorge is believed by geologists to be due to the erosive action by which the Falls have retroceded. Sir Charles Lyell calculated that the rate of recession might be about one foot each year, the rate, however, is probably far from uniform. The upper beds of rock which form the cliff as a horizontal line, extending downwards to about half the depth of the fall. Under this, and extending to the foot of the fall, are soft shaly layers belonging to the same formation, and these soft layers of shale and mail, constantly acted upon by the morstus and spray of the descending waters, are gradually hollowed out, leaving the thick shell of limestone overhanging. In course of time the edge of the cliff, thus deprived of support, gives way, and on each occasion when this happens, the Falls will be found to have receded so much from their former position. In this way the work of erosion has gone on from year to year, the result being that the river now falls over the rocks at a point seven miles higher up on its course than it must have done at one time. Taking Lyell's estimate of the rate of erosion—one foot a year—we find that a period of nearly thirty-seven thousand years has been required for this cutting out of the gorge. And supposing further that the Falls shall continue to recede—to cut their way backward—at the same rate in the future, then the seventeen miles which lie between them and Lake Erie may be disposed of in other twenty thousand years. If that event should happen in this—to us mortals—very distant future, the level of the lake would be lowered, so that its whole contents would flow down the Niagara river into Lake Ontario, but so large is the body of water which Lake Erie contains, that seven or eight years would, it is calculated, be required in this way to drain it.

#### FROM MY WINDOW

An ivy covered gateway and beyond  
A wilderness of woods,  
Sweet roses droop, and lilies tall descend,  
And no one heeds.

The gullies close in silence drops its snow,  
Its purity unsmear,  
Till hollyhocks and sun flowers bloom and blow  
The banks between

The celandines untended climb and cling  
In fanciful wild ways,  
While warning, terrific purple flowers sing  
Through silent days

An old stone dial stands and tangled ferns  
In solitude creep in—  
No mortal heeds or fits in its shadow learn  
Old Time's great theme

A distant pool I see where tall reeds grow,  
And I water lilies smile—  
As someone I see rise and sit and drown  
Unweary the while

I hear the nightingale pour forth at eve  
His liquid note, and at mid day  
Till dawn appears, when other songsters weave  
A rich melody

But never sound beyond the birds and bees  
This wilderness doth own  
Except the softing whisper in the trees,  
To wild wind a moan

No joyful ebbes in this lonely place,  
No rippling laughter gleam,  
No voice reminds no eager smiling face  
Comes ever near

I gazing from my window high above  
This vast low sea fan  
I daily but only long, that some I love  
About me under heaven

I people it with childlike faces bright,  
And I laughter loving eyes,  
I see them, ever pluck the daisies white,  
In glad surprise

While oft in dreams I see one Woman sweet,  
Through gladsome summer days,  
Glebe fresh in sunshine all the flowers to greet  
With love and praise

I close my eyes yet feel her dainty feet  
The butterfly down press—  
I almost hear the maddening daisies beat  
Against her dress

And once, methought, I saw my tender dear—  
So mournfully alone—  
Whisper soft pleadings in the dial ear,  
To melt its stone

Ah, loving heart, I too would stay Time's hand  
The while we work—and pray—  
But what is Time when in God's better hand  
Love lives for aye!

FRODOBA DALL

Printed and Published by W & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Princes-  
street Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF  
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

*Fourth Series*

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS

No 1002—Vol. XX

SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1883

PRICE 1½d

## A GRAIN OF STARCH

BY AN ANALYST

THERE may not seem much in a grain of starch, and in point of bulk there is very little, but we shall endeavour to show that there is a good deal of interesting and valuable information to be derived from a careful study of the little granule.

We are all familiar with such commodities as flour, potatoes, Indian corn, sago, peas, and arrowroot, and are consequently to some extent acquainted with what starch is, for all these substances consist essentially of starch, along with water and some minor admixtures. If we take a slice of a potato, for instance, and rub it on a grater of any sort in a basin of cold water, the water will soon become turbid, and a drop of it examined with a microscope will be found to contain a number of minute oval granules, which would in time sink to the bottom of the basin, forming a white deposit. These are grains of starch, and so minute are some varieties, that three thousand of them laid end to end would barely make an inch.

The starch of every plant differs from its neighbours both in size and shape, and this has a considerable influence on the character of the vegetable organ in which it is stored up, the hardness of rice, for instance, being due to the fact that rice granules are extremely minute, with angular corners which fit closely and firmly to gether, whereas potato starch is large and round, with considerable interspaces filled with water, and so forms a comparatively soft mass. But, notwithstanding their outward points of difference, in chemical composition the starches are all identical, consisting of carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen—exactly the same materials as sugar is composed of, and better known as the component elements of coal and water. Leaving the many varieties of starch in the meanwhile, let us consider one species—namely, that of wheat, because it is the most important in this country, forming the basis of our daily bread.

An ordinary grain of wheat if sliced through the middle and examined as to its structure, will be found to consist of several layers, the outer a hard coating, which contains mineral salts, lime, sand, &c. Beneath this is a zone of matter very rich in gluten, the flesh forming, constituent of the wheat, while the central portion of the grain is occupied by a white powdery mass, which is nearly pure starch. In manufacturing flour, the two outer layers, which together form the bran, are usually removed, leaving the white starchy flour of the central portion.

Let us now briefly consider the chief points in the chemistry of bread making. If flour be worked up with water, it forms a sodden, unspiced, indigestible mass, but if heated to the temperature of boiling water, the starch granules burst and it is thereby rendered a little more digestible, although still forming a close, stiff, and not very palatable cake. Such is the character of unleavened bread, and of sea biscuits, a slightly different form of the same thing. To be fit for digestion, starch must be dissolved or softened by boiling or baking, hence the reason why raw nuts are so indigestible as compared with the favourite roasted chestnuts, and hence one reason for cooking food, which mankind has been taught by experience, ages before chemistry could give a scientific explanation of the reason why. Cooking is, in fact, a partial digestion, and the same is the case with baking, both being preliminary aids to the changes which take place in the mouth and stomach before the food is in a fit state for the preparation of the blood. Accordingly, we bake our bread, and we bake it in the way we do because a soft spongy loaf is more readily moistened and acted on by the saliva and the juices of the stomach.

There is a good deal in the chemistry of bread making, and our bread might be much improved if bakers had a more intelligent understanding of the science involved in their business, for although several improvements have been introduced of late years, the most of our bread



is still prepared in the old fashion. The necessary quantity of flour is put into a trough with about half its weight of water, and sufficient salt and yeast or leaven, then thoroughly mixed up into what is known as the 'sponge' (Here we may remark that the best flour takes up the largest quantity of water, and a rough test of the quality of two samples of flour may be made by comparing the quantity of water required to obtain a dough of similar consistency). After the sponge is made, it is left for about five hours in a warm place to ferment, after which it is kneaded with the rest of the flour, and again left to rest some time. The dough is then worked into lumps, which are put in tins, and set aside till they have risen to twice their previous bulk. It is to the yeast or leaven that the rising of bread is due and the action is identical with that of the fermentation of beer. The flour contains a small amount of a nutritious substance which changes a portion of the starch into sugar, the yeast then attacks the sugar, splitting it into alcohol and carbonic acid gas, the little bubbles of which try to escape from the mass of the dough, but get entangled by the gluten and gum which the flour contains, and thus every part of the bread becomes penetrated with little cavities. Eventually the fermentation would cease, and the bubbles of gas would find their way to the outside, thus leaving the dough much less light and spongy than we wish it to be, but the 'baker's guards' against this by putting it at a certain time into a hot oven, the heat of which the proper increases the fermentation, which it fits it however, the temperature. In a few minutes, high to kill all the yeast, becomes sufficient) tion is thereby stopped, the germs, the ferment heating, the starch is split, and by continued mass is fixed. The yeast makes air burst, and the attained. The yeast in the porous form it has then the bread. A little of the alcohol is retained, but practically almost the whole of it is lost. London amounting to some three hundred thousand gallons per annum—is driven off by the heat. During the baking, the starch of the outer portions of the bread has been browned by the heat, and thereby changed into a sugar known as dextrin or British gum, and perhaps this fact accounts for the fondness of some children and even grown up people for crusts.

Of late years a system for making what is called aerated bread has provided very successful, and is free from the slightest objection. The dough is made by mixing the flour with water saturated with carbonic acid gas, which on heating is expelled from the water, and thus distends the dough, producing a light spongy bread, with no loss of starch or sugar, and without any injurious or objectionable ingredient having been introduced.

Having dealt with the baking of the bread, let us now briefly consider its further progress in being adapted for the wants of the body. As soon as a piece of bread is put into the mouth, an abundant flow of saliva takes place, and in fact it needs no actual tasting to induce this flow, for even the sight or smell of anything nice is quite sufficient to 'make the mouth water,' as we say. The saliva is poured into the mouth by three pairs of glands to the extent of some twenty ounces a day. It consists in great

part of water, with a little salt and a peculiar substance called ptyalin, which possesses the property of changing starch into sugar, the change being accomplished most completely when the starch is dissolved or baked, and at a temperature of about ninety-eight degrees Fahrenheit, the normal temperature of the body. Although this ptyalin is present in the saliva to the extent of only one part in five hundred, yet, on its presence and action, the heat, and consequently the life of the body is largely dependent, hence the importance of avoiding any unnecessary waste of it, such as frequently and unnecessarily accompanying smoking. Hence, likewise, we see the importance of chewing the food slowly and thoroughly, that it may be all brought under the influence of the ptyaline, and thus we can understand how indigestion or dyspepsia may be caused by hasty chewing or by excessive spitting, the starchy portion of the food in either case lying in the stomach in an undissolved mass.

Bread making we have already stated is a form of cooking. The heat of the oven has converted the outside of the bread into sugar, and the starch on the inside has in fact been boiled in the steam of the water which the dough contained, so that it has become capable of being readily converted into sugar. The porous nature of the bread assists this conversion, for the saliva easily penetrates through the whole of the spongy mass, and the change is still further assisted by the water which the bread contains to the extent of some forty per cent. Bread, on the other hand, being as a rule dry and thin spongy, is less suitable for ordinary use, although containing in the same weight far more food material than bread.

It may surprise some of our readers to be told that the starch of bread has not the slightest nutritive property. Its sole office is a heat-producer, and just like the coal of the engine, the starch or sugar is burnt up inside us to keep up the temperature of the machine. It is this heat, the sticky tenacious matter in the grain, which is the nutritive flesh forming material, but in the present article we have no space to follow the things which are mixed up in the system, for we are simply treating of starch at present, and we trust we have made it clear how it is changed into sugar, and thus made soluble and fit for absorption into the juices which keep the body at a uniform temperature and in good repair.

It is a common but mistaken notion that sago and tapioca are very nutritious. On the contrary, they consist almost wholly of starch, with only about three per cent of gluten, so that, unless cooked with milk or eggs, they form a very insufficient food. The same is the case with Indian corn flour and arrowroot, which have scarcely a particle of nutritious matter in them, so that it is a great mistake to feed an invalid or a child on such materials. They are no doubt useful, as easily digested heat producers, but they must be cooked with milk or eggs before they are of much use for actual nutriment, and many a child has been starved to death through its parents' ignorance of this fact. It is true, medical men often recommend arrowroot for those in delicate health, as it is of great importance

to keep up the natural heat of the body with the best exertion of the digestive organs, but it cannot be too widely known that arrowroot pure and simple is a more heat producing, and milk, beef tea, soup, or other suitable flesh forming food, must be given with it, if the child or invalid is to be kept alive. On the other hand, some linz, hominy, kental meal, pea flour, &c., not being prepared by washing, contain a much greater amount of flesh forming material than arrowroot, &c.

The starches are largely used in several important manufactures. Dextrin or British gum is prepared by heating starch to a temperature of about four hundred degrees Fahrenheit, and is preferred to gum arabic because it is not so liable to crack or curl up the stumps or other paper prepared with it. Immense quantities of starch are used, too, in the manufacture of glucose or grape sugar, which has exactly the same composition as starch, and is prepared by acting on the starch with sulphuric acid (oil of vitriol), which has the same effect as the ptyaline of the saliva. Linen rags are largely used for the same purpose too, and, indeed, it is wonderful how few things we altogether use at the present day. Oil boots and horns provide some of our most brilliant colours, while dye colours innumerable are made from the refuse of our works, and the washings of our factories are proving mines of wealth, instead of mounds of rubbish.

ONE FALSE, BOTH FAIR,

OR, A HARD KNOW

CHAPTER X.—AT LEOMINSTER HOUSE

VERY many Londoners who boast their intimate knowledge of the ins and outs of London, and especially of that West End which is a glorified adjunct to the ancient city of King Lud, would be puzzled to identify the exact locality of Leominster House. And yet the grand old mansion, coyly hiding behind its massive walls in a gloomy street of Mayfair, is well worth seeing, when its wide gates open to give some carriage access, if only for the sake of its superb frontage, designed by Inigo Jones, and as yet unspoiled by climate or the restorer. Very big, stately, and perhaps melancholy, like some other town residences of the higher aristocracy, was this great old house, which had been built among green fields, long ago swallowed by encroaching brick and mortar, and the once famous gardens of which are represented by the modern Mont gomery Street and Place and Leominster Street, which stand where once maids of honour in hoops and powder, paint and patches, flirted with courtiers in blue and silver, in pink and gold, with laced hats, richly hilted swords, and clouded canes. It would have needed, as in the old days of ostentatious housekeeping, in army of gorgeous footmen, and a bevy of waiters in the gay apparel of former times, to have enlivened the sombre statelyness of the enormous house, or the tomblike silence that seemed natural to it

There had not been much visiting within those walls for some years past. Lady Barbara could remember solemn hospitality in a princely scale, but somewhat pious and withal, to have been exercised there in her father's time. But her brother had hated the place, and indeed had spent his leisure and his revenues for the most part in Cannes, Como, Naples, while the late lord's short reign and sickly health had not been consistent with much enjoyment of London society.

In a large, sadly splendid room, one of a suite of sadly splendid rooms, that were reached by traversing an inner hall, paved with marble, and a ghostly corridor carpeted with red, reclined the newly arrived mistress. There was something touching in the contrast between the cold statelyness of the magnificent house and the helpless attitude and air of extreme youth and childlike innocence which distinguished her to whom all beneath that roof were bound to yield obedience. Dressed in the deepest mourning as she was, but graceful hair seemed the more slender because of the thin, black robes, the gloomy hue of which set off the purity and beauty of her almost dazzling complexion, and the sheen of her golden hair. The likeness to the absent sister would have been very striking, had any one been there who had known the two in days when Clara and Cora were together and poor, but this one looked calmer and more placid than the other. In that Street had been seen to look since first, under the lawyer's care, she sought the shelter of her brother's involunt dwelling. Lady Barbara Mont, severe, rigid and upright in a tall backed chair, sat like a Puritan dragoon opposite to the mistress of the mansion. A severe expression was on her firm lips and in her austere eyes, and there was displeasure in the ring of her voice as she said, 'If admit, to my mind, of no extenuation, Clara, my dear. Neither your brother nor your sister—excuse me—has behaved as I had a right to expect. Sir Pagan has positively not paid me the compliment of sending me an answer to the letter I addressed to him.'

'Perhaps, answered the other humbly—'perhaps Pagan did not know what to say.'

'It is possible, when the subject of discourse turned on topics less congenial than a horse or a dog, returned Lady Barbara in a voice that quivered with suppressed anger—for the chatelaine of Castel Vawo, though too old to entertain modern theories of women's rights, had very strong ideas of her own, as a born Mont, anyway of the long titled branch of that most ancient stem—'that Sir Pagan Carey might find himself at a loss for a fitting method of expressing his sentiments. But he might have remembered that the commonest rules of courtesy demand that a gentleman should be at least polite to a lady.'

Now, this was precisely—though Lady Barbara did not know it—what poor Sir Pagan did remember. The recollection of her letter cost the miserable young baronet many a twinge during those mighty meetings that we all have, and wherein so many uncomfortable facts are marshalled up against our peace and serenity. 'How can I answer that high bred old cat at Castel Vawo? was a question that Sir Pagan often asked himself, as he shifted to and fro on

his uneasy pillow, and it was a query that took precedence frequently of pressing questions as to stakes and entries, hedging upon memoranda, meeting 'that bill' at Mosses in Curator Street, and raising the sun, three hundred—part wine, part pictures, part cash—from Mr Aaron in Windmill Street, Haymarket. Sir Pagan was to the backbone a gentleman. But the broken-down Devonshire baronet had never been schooled in the ways of the feminine world. Men, he understood pretty well. But of women of fashion he knew strangely little, and of such majestic survivals of a former state of things as Lady Barbara, he stood in awe, not unmingled with repugnance. Several times he tried to pen a reply to her magnificent epistle, but gave it up for the moment. And so it fell out that the task of answering Lady Barbara was incidentally and unwillingly relinquished.

'Poor Pagan! he scarcely ever wrote a line in his life either to Cora or to me,' said Lady Barbara's companion, very gently. 'It is of her, not of him, that I am thinking, ah! so often, and so sadly.'

'But your sister has likewise left you! It is unrepented to,' returned Lady Barbara, with certain lines of severity about her hard mouth.

'Poor Cora, poor misguided girl! Yes, she is headstrong in her error—'

'You should say, Clara, obstinate in her sin, interrupted Lady Barbara impatiently.

'Not when I speak of Cora—not when my sister is concerned,' answered the beautiful young mistress of the house, with a sweet firmness that became her well. 'I can never be harsh, never unkind in word or thought, when it is of Cora that there is question. It is not as if she were really—but hark! dear Aunt Barbara. She is a mere dupe, a poor misled thing, and if I could only see her—'

At this moment a delectable interruption occurred, as a groom of the chambers, silver in hand, entered with a note for the younger of the two ladies.

'At last!' exclaimed Lady Barbara, while the colour of the young lady went and came, as with trembling hand she took the letter. Neither of the two ladies doubted that the absent master had at length sent the long expected reply. The groom of the chambers, who bore a close external resemblance to a dean, slid away again, on noiseless feet as he had come, and closed the door. Meanwhile the recipient had had time to scrutinise the note which she held between her fingers. Her heart gave one convulsive bound, and then ceased to beat—so it seemed—and she grew white to the very lips. She did not open the letter, however. 'You seem in no hurry, Clara, my love,' said Lady Barbara, in that admonitory tone which old people, in the days of her own youth, had been wont to adopt towards young people who were tardy or slack in fulfilling the requirements of their elders. Lady Barbara was anxious to know what the tenant could possibly have to say for herself. Could the letter be a renewal of the old audacious effort at imposition, or was it a mere confession and whimpering plea for mercy and forgiveness?

'It is a mistake. It is not from Cora at all—nor from my brother. It has nothing to do with that sad affair,' was the reply, in a voice that

was not quite so steady as its beautiful owner wished it to be.

'But then'—interrupted Lady Barbara, half interrogatively.

'I have said that it is nothing—a trifle,' replied the other, almost peacefully, as she thrust the note, unopened, into the midst of a litter of tiny trivial objects that lay upon the table at her side. 'It is a disappointment,' she added, smiling slightly, 'for I, like you, had hoped that Cora had written.'

Lady Barbara's foot drummed on the velvet carpet, and her eyebrows expressed displeasure as eloquently as ever broad, black, well arched eyebrows can have done since the world was a world. The noble spinster had cherished certain half-faded dreams of 'being a mother to the youthful widow,' so strangely left forlorn and rich. Lady Barbara was not in the least consciously selfish in thus proposing to herself a quasi-maternal mentorship over so very well endowed an orphan as the young Lady Leominster. It was not the latter's purse-straits over which she desired to establish a control. She had an income of her own that was large enough to leave an annual surplus. But she loved her power, and her unexpressed wish was that the border castle and the London mansion in the revenues that went with them should be managed according to her, Lady Barbara's notions of what was right. She wished her nephew a wife to justify his chivalry turning out a model Mr. Hercules, and regulating her actions and choosing her friends according to right rule and sage opinion. But it is difficult to assume unasked the character of a guide to one with whom there has been no early familiarity, and sweet is the gaily temper unquestionably was, Lady Barbara had an instinctive feeling that she was not one of those weak members of the sex who are ready to yield sleep like obedience to the first social or domestic tyrant who chooses to demand it. Lady Barbara, then, restrained the impulse to inquire concerning the origin of the note just received.

'I was thinking of going out. There are one or two places I want to go to, and then I could take a turn in the Park before driving home again. The air would do you good, Clara, dear. Will you come with me?' said she as suavely as she could.

'I should prefer to stay at home to-day. I am tired, and besides, I wish to write to Cora,' answered the other gently.

Lady Barbara had been used to hear her suggestions treated as royal commands. She frowned and looked doubly austere as she rang the bell and ordered the carriage. Then she went to attire herself for her outing, and still her young companion sat motionless, almost in a crouching attitude, in her chair, her slender white hand resting listlessly on the tiny table beside her, whereon stood a vase that held a lily, and a heap of beauty journals, photographs, and so forth, as well as a small enamelled workbox, over the edge of which peeped bright skeins of floss silk and glittering beads, and the implements of some slight feminine industry. Close by this box the unopened note had been, as if carelessly, pushed, and there it lay. It was not till the carriage with Lady Barbara had fairly rolled out of the

countenance, that a strange change came over the countenance of the young lady, as she took up the hitherto neglected letter, and tearing it open, set herself to the task of perusing its contents.

## PAVEMENT PORTRAITS

A WRITER

NOT a poet, nor a writer of fiction or history, nor a scribbler on science and art, nor a builder of journalistic columns, was this tall, thin, young man, who, dressed in a well brushed, somewhat threadbare frock coat, thick comforter, and rather old-fashioned high hat with a broad brim, was a little while ago to be met every morning at nine A.M., or thereabouts, near the end of Cheap side. It was a government office assistant, or, to give him his official designation, a Civil Service writer, who was thus hurrying to his daily labour, a man who for temperance an hour drudged away his life.

About always wrapped up, whatever the weather might be, this poor boy—for he was only four and twenty—always looked cold. And cold he invariably was. Born under an Indian sun, bred in a bungalow, and living, until within the last few years of his young life, in a climate whose continuance would be intolerable but for punkahs and long spells of luxurious ease, the change to the dull grey shawl of a London suburb, and the sordid existence of a government writer, had developed in him the seeds of hereditary consumption so rapidly, that no one looking at him plodding to his daily labour could doubt that with him the time could not be long over ere the silver cord be loosed, and the golden bowl be broken.

Notwithstanding his shabby clothes and chilled appearance, this 'portrait' looked by no means an unhappy member of the human family at the time when he was first to be met on his morning walk along Cheapside, now nearly four years ago. He was new to London in those days, his father, an officer in the Indian army, having not long before been slain in a brush with some unruly natives, and his mother having returned to England and set up housekeeping, on a very small income, with her son and daughter at Peckham. At that time, the wear and tear of London life going on around him amazed and amused him, and his daily trudges between Peckham and his office had not become the painful toils which they subsequently grew to be. The nature of this young man was bright and cheerful, he had an inquiring mind, he was young, and had the helpfulness belonging to nearly all youth. So the first spring, summer, and winter went by without any particularly disturbing element in the lives of the three Anglo-Indians at Peckham. But the second spring brought with it a severe illness to the young writer. For week after week he was laid up with a distressing cough, tightness of the chest, and general symptoms of the dread complaint, from which, as his mother knew only too well, he suffered, and when, towards the beginning of summer, the boy resumed his work at his office, those with whom he was brought in contact noticed how acutely the complaint had gripped hold of him.

Still he plodded cheerfully on, working the full limit of the time during which he could work, in order to squeeze as many pence as possible from the cashier at the end of every week. He had a hopeful word for his mother whenever she questioned him about his health, concealing even from himself the doubts which would obtrude upon his thoughts as to his condition. And he bent all his energies to the one task of adding to the little common fund at home for the maintenance of his mother, his sister, and himself in independence.

But another shadow, besides the dark one of disease, began to cast itself over the little household at Peckham. Debt appeared. Debt, incurred first during the spring, because of the writer's illness, seemed to grow heavier and greater week by week, strive as the family did to drive it from their door, and when July came, a catastrophe happened. The writer came down to breakfast one morning, and found his mother weeping bitterly over the dressing case of his dead father. There was the box which to him, as a child, had been a delightful mystery, with its secret jewel drawers, which only opened upon the pressure of some unknown spring, its silver topped bottles, its penknife, scissors, paper knife, razors, and all the useful articles of a rich man's toilet table. The young man stared as his mother, drying her eyes, silently put each of the contents of the case into its proper place, and then, having shut and locked the box, did it up reverently in paper, tying the string with an energy which, unnecessary in itself, showed the deep emotion which actuated her.

'Charles,' she said, 'the rent to Lady day last is not yet paid. The landlord will not wait for ever. It must be done. Take this, Charles, and get the money.'

The boy felt a horrid lump in his throat as he cried out, 'O mother! dear father's dressing case! I can't, I positively can't!'

'Charles,' said his mother very solemnly, 'don't think that I can bear to do this any more than you. But it must be done. We will try and be even more economical than we have hitherto been, and we will get it out soon again. Our debts must be paid. Surely it is better to raise money in this way, than to go on being the slave of one's creditors—and of that most important one of all, the landlord.'

So Charles took the parcel up, and on his way to the office that morning, he tremblingly entered a pawnbroker's shop in Blackman Street, Borough.

Oh, the fit of coughing which he had when he came out of that pawnbroker's! The passer-by stared in pity at the poor thin figure, almost bent double with pain, his weak frame looking likely to go to pieces with the violence of the cough. But he hurried on, his handkerchief pressed to his mouth, and none but he saw the scarlet stain thereon, when, the fit over, he was able to take it from his face and replace it in his pocket. That scarlet stain haunted him all day long, all that day, and for weeks and weeks, the writer, filling up forms and docking papers, thought of little else—the blood on his handkerchief, and his father's dressing-case in the pawnshop!

He never told his mother of that fit of coughing.

in Blackman Street. The burden of poverty was the common lot of all at his home to bear. The skeleton in his own cupboard was kept fast locked up and out of the sight of the others. But it was a cruel secret to keep, and the mental trouble it caused him by no means contributed to strengthening his weak constitution. How ever, the writer, if he had a feeble body, had a strong will, and all the energy of his nature was directed to the one specific purpose of releasing his father's dressing case from what he considered to be the degradation and disgrace of the pawnbroker's possession.

Summer passed, autumn came, followed by a cruel winter. The young man laboured on. He worked very hard. He asked for additional employment, and obtained permission to do some official work at home, which brought him in some extra shillings, which he carefully stowed away, longing for the day when his hoard would reach the amount requisite to redeem the dressing case.

All that winter, the men who saw him at his work watched the fading away of the life of this poor 'portrait'. His face became perfectly white, with a dreadful flush on each cheek, which told its tale to the most casual observer. And for those who could not see the evidence in his face, there was the testimony of that ever recurring cough. It was so bad, that, poor fellow, he had frequently to leave the room—the light labours of the comfortable clerks being interrupted by his burking, which at times would finish almost in a fit. Still he plodded on. Spring came. The home of the 'portrait', by the joint efforts of his mother, sister, and self, was somehow kept over their heads. His secret fund had increased very slowly, but steadily, and now reached five pounds. Other two pounds, or a little more, and the object of the young man's hard labour of many weary months would be accomplished.

The month of June arrived, and the money required by the writer for what had been the purpose of his life since that morning when he spat blood in Blackman Street—now nearly a year ago—was made up during the four weeks of this the most beautiful month of all the year. But at what a price was the object of the poor fellow attained! It was the mere shadow of a man that moved nervously and swiftly to and from its work day by day, rather than a being of flesh and blood, belonging to the same race as the robust crowd of City men through which he passed, with a 'far off look' within his eyes.

At last the anniversary of the day on which he had pawned his father's dressing case came, and with trembling, transparent fingers, he nervously counted over his little savings ere setting out for his work. The money he put into his pocket together with the pawn ticket, and all that day he surprised the other writers and the clerks with whom he worked by the cheerfulness of his manner and the alacrity with which he performed his official labours. He even made jokes! He rallied some of the men who were slow in doing their work, but while making fun of them, he helped them to do it. His high spirits went, it must be admitted, rather ghostly, and contrasted but ill with his alarming appear-

ance, and when five o'clock came, the writer walked out from his office with a more erect frame, and with a happier look on his wasted face than he had had for many a long day.

On his way home, he entered the dark door-way of the pawnbroker's shop in Blackman Street, and gave up his ticket and his little hoard of money, and received the heavy box, which had been hidden away for twelve long months. With this burden under his arm, he set off for his home. He was full of pluck and hope, and he was picturing to himself the joyful surprise with which his mother and sister would receive the returned dressing case, when suddenly a hurried spring saved his chest, as it were, and seemed to stop his heart. He put his parcel down on the pavement of the busy Borough thoroughfare and gasped for breath. Then came the cough again. When this was over, the poor writer could hardly stand. Some kind person, going by, seeing that he was very ill, called a cab and put him in it. His box into it.

The cab arrived at the poor little Peckham cottage with the returned dressing case, and its rider—*clink!*

## THE MAN IN POSSESSION.

### IN FIVE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

As I quietly glided across the entrance lobby of Barkleigh Hill, in the wake of Mrs Stokes and the housekeeper I looked about hurriedly for some place within which I could conceal myself for a few minutes. The scullery door stood open. There was no one within the room. I stepped in, and gently closing the door, waited patiently, listening for the unloading of the remainder of the linen and the departure of Miss Stokes. What she thought of my sudden disappearance, I am unable to state. She did not, however, to my knowledge, express openly any manifestation of surprise. Perhaps she feared that if she did so, it might implicate her in some unpleasant affair, and therefore wisely chose to be silent, or, more probably, thought that I was, as she expressed it, 'a friend of the family, stealing upon them unawares.'

Utilising my opportunity when the coast seemed clear I stealthily sallied forth, and made for the entrance hall and for the principal staircase. Probably the dog had not been unchained, for I neither saw nor heard anything of him. On reaching the first landing, I observed a door partly open. The room was superbly furnished. 'The drawing-room,' said I to myself. Within, in an easy chair, sat a gentleman considerably past middle age, but tall and robust. The first glance at his countenance revealed a compound of the repulsive and the cunning, mingled with deep traces of continuous dissipation. He was reading a newspaper. I hesitated a moment, and then stepped boldly into the room. He looked up with an impatient expression of surprise and annoyance.

'Mr Wintock, I presume!'—making a low bow.

'What do you want here, fellow?' he replied, starting to his feet. 'How dare you intrude into a gentleman's mansion and private apartment after this fashion?'

'Very sorry to discommode you, sir, but business is business, though it is sometimes rather unpleasant. I am here on the part of Mr Warley. And then I briefly explained the nature of my commission, and I showed him my authority.

He got into a towering passion, and turning to the mantel piece, rang the bell violently. 'You sneaking, pettifogging bumpkin, leave my house this instant—Hut, Benetti!'—raising his voice—'Benetti, you rascal, I want you—Martha, loose the dog!'

Quietly walking to the door, I shut it, turned the key, and set my back against it.

Mr Wintock seized the heavy drawing room poker and advanced towards me. 'You scoundrel! unlock that door, and stand out of the way this instant, or I'll smash—'

'Oh, if that's your game, governor, you had better not try it on, I interrupted, drawing one of my pocket companions and just showing him the muzzle, for my blood began to warm. 'I don't want to do anything uncomfortable but you know self preservation is the first law of nature. If you are going to knock a hole in my cranium, I shall try and drill it in yours. Not perfectly legal act, perhaps, but certainly expedient under the circumstances.—Now, sir, I continued, it is no use your getting into a passion with me, because I'm only an agent, you see, and obliged to do the bidding of my superiors. Besides, you will only make matters worse.

The first outbreak of passion over, he calmed down a little. 'Will that be true?' he replied, as far as it goes. 'And how on earth you contrived to get in, I can't imagine.

'All stratagems, sir, are fair in war, you know.

'Did you get in—through one of my people?'

'No, sir, I did not.'

'Hem!' he muttered to himself, 'I am glad there are no traitors in the camp.—They need not have been so sharp with me.' he continued, addressing me. 'The money will be paid without fail in a week at the latest.'

'Extremely glad to hear it indeed, sir. I sincerely hope it will. In that case, you need not care about my troubling you for a few days. I don't wish to interfere with your family arrangements in any way, or to do anything inconsistent with my duty. Good-bye me comfortably and tell me fairly, and you'll surely know I'm here. I'm used to this sort of thing, sir, you need not mind me in the least, I can assure you.'

He had put down the poker, and was leaning against the mantel piece. Some one tried the door, and then tapped. 'Did you ring, sir?' It was Martha's voice.

I unlocked the door, and stood behind it.

Mr Wintock stepped across the room and opened it. 'Come again in a quarter of an hour.

'Very well, sir.'

Martha retraced her steps down-stairs.

'Now, Mr—'

'Mercedith, sir, at your service.'

'Mr Mercedith, then, as you seem to be a reasonable fellow, perhaps, all things considered,

it will be as well to waive my first intention of pitching you headlong out of the window, and try to accommodate you during your brief stay as well as our humble and limited means will permit.' He said this with an air of chagrin and sarcasm that told plainly how much he was irritated at being overmatched. 'Meanwhile, you shall, as you request, lodge well and be full well until you take your usual departure.

Some further conversation, relative to the matter in hand, followed, and after a short time, he rang again for Martha, who after a brief colloquy received instructions to conduct me to the apartment I was for the nonce to occupy.

'Mr Mercedith, he said as I was bowing myself out of the room, 'there is one thing I should wish you to understand. We are very quiet people, and dislike being disturbed at night. The dog has usually the ring of the house after ten o'clock. It would be as well to keep your room after that hour till the servants are about in the morning. He is an extremely nice beast, and some accident might occur.

'Indeed, Mr Wintock? Then would it not be advisable, to avoid all risk, to keep him constantly chained up?' I hid my hand carelessly on my breast-pocket as I spoke.

He understood the hint, and replied good humouredly. 'Well, well, perhaps it would—Martha tell Benetti to see to it.'

He exhibited a thoughtful departure, thought I, as I left the drawing room. 'We shall see,' and I resolved to be more than ordinarily vigilant.

The room allotted for my temporary accommodation was in an upper story, in an angle of the building, overlooking the most pleasant part of the park, and on the opposite side to that more immediately tenanted by the family. It was comfortably furnished, and my meals were regularly and liberally served. I did not, however, get much repose. My chief caution, to sleep with one eye open, Mr Wintock's behaviour at our first meeting, and especially his hunt about the dog, together with the jealous suspicion with which Benetti evidently watched my every movement whenever I left my apartment—determined me to keep on the alert. It was my custom to remain the greater part of the night in my room, sometimes with a light, oftener without one, and as the weather was tolerably warm, not unfrequently with the window open. What sleep I had was chiefly by snatches in the day time.

It was on the fifth night after establishing myself in my quarters at the Hall, and the great clock had struck the solemn hour of twelve. The house was wrapt in silence, not a sound seemed to break the stillness of the night. I had been reading, and overcome either by the lassitude consequent upon being shut up for several days, or the drowsiness attendant upon a protracted period of watchfulness, or perhaps by both, had dropped off into a dreamy doze. On the other side of the room—a spacious one—and opposite the centre table at which I was sitting, hung a large mirror, behind me was the door, shielded by a very handsome screen covered with richly ornamented oriental designs. Something partially roused me, and I looked up in that half-conscious, half somniferous state subsequent to what is

denominated as 'forty winks' My candle was flickering in the socket. By its varying and fast decreasing light stood dimly revealed in the reflection of the mirror before me the vision of a hagyard female face, peering at me intently round the extreme fold of the screen, which reached to within a yard of my chair. Such an expression I had never before seen on mortal physiognomy, nor ever wish to see again. Long, raven black hair hung dishevelled over a face, pale and haggard, the bloodless lips closed over the clenched teeth with desperate resolution, the brilliant flashing eyes glittered with an almost maniacal light, yet, distorted as were the features, they still bore traces of singular beauty. For the first time since entering the Hall, the strange story of the 'white face,' which I had heard at the *Three Nags*, flashed across my memory. For a moment, sense and reason seemed to reel, and I had well nigh fallen from my chair. Suddenly, the lips parted in an attempt to speak, and the figure extended its attenuated arm, as if to touch me. At the same moment, a brawny hand was placed over its mouth, and it was forcibly dragged, or rather lifted back behind the screen just as my expiring candle ruffled for an instant and shot up its last bright gleam of flame. Then all was dark. *ness*

Springing to my feet, I rushed to the door, overturning both chair and screen in my haste. There was neither trace nor sound of any one near my chamber. The lofty staircase, the long passages, were silent and deserted. It was with sensations not to be described that I returned to my room, lighted a fresh candle and sat watching and listening eagerly the remaining part of the night, but nothing further occurred. Nor was there the next day, on the part of the inmates, the most trifling indication that anything unusual had occurred. I forbore to ask any questions, and kept my own counsel, determining, however, as far as possible, to unravel the mystery.

With this purpose in mind, I resolved not to confine myself so closely to my room as heretofore. Of the supernatural I did not for a moment dream, but it did strike me that the face said to be occasionally seen at the windows, and which had certainly appeared to me, might possibly be a clever device, in the one case to frighten unwelcome visitors from the premises, in the other to bring about my own speedy departure. Yet that dark sneaky hand—unless the whole thing were a delusion on my part—evidently coerced and prevented the unknown of the figure. Then, again, it occurred to me that possibly it might be some means member of the family, whom it was desirable to keep secluded, and yet not necessary to send away to an asylum, and who had during the night broken away from restraint. If so, what right had I to interfere, or to intrude myself upon Mr Wintock's private affairs? I could not satisfy myself, and wasted in a fever of excitement for some clue to guide me. So intensely absorbed did I become, so nervously anxious to discover the locality of my mysterious visitor, that I almost forgot the special business upon which I was engaged.

The next few nights passed without any further interruption of my privacy. My overwrought

feelings gradually cooled down, and I began to question within myself whether or not the whole transaction was not a creation of my own imagination, a horrible nightmare, consequent upon the uneasy position in which I had sat and dozed. Dispassionate reasoning had almost brought me to this conclusion, when all doubts were solved by what shortly afterwards occurred.

Though of course I had the liberty of the whole house, which to a certain extent I availed myself of, it was my custom, at intervals during the day, to stand for a while at the open window of my room, to inhale, for health's sake, the fresh country air wafted over the dome of that noble park. My room had indeed two windows, but one of these only looked out upon a receding angle of the house, a few feet distant, the other, at which I generally stood, commanded a view of the whole park. Rural scenery is to me at all times an exquisite delight. I have stood for hours at that ancient Gothic window, gazing upon the grand old trees and broad expanse of sward, decked with bright spring flowers, and living with enthusiasm to the melody of the countless merry song birds that broke upon the stillness of that dreary mansion.

One evening, just at dusk, I was leaning out, watching the fading twilight, and deeply intent upon the liquid music of a couple of nightingales, which had taken up their abode in a cluster of trees not far from the house, and were warbling their ravishing strains with thrilling effect in the solemn stillness of that deserted park. As I listened to them, some tiny scraps of a material of fine texture, apparently cut or torn from a lady's dress, dropped fluttering past me from above. On looking up, I beheld—attached to an improvised line of the same material, consisting of strips tied together, and which was evidently let down from an upper window—a white pocket handkerchief loosely folded. I could just discern a hand signalling me to secure the handkerchief. Though startled, I lost not a moment in doing so. The line was withdrawn, and the hand immediately disappeared. Shutting the window, I struck a light, and sat down in no little haste to ascertain what this might mean. On opening the handkerchief, I found the interior covered with writing in large characters, not inscribed with pen or pencil, but seemingly traced with a piece of coal or a portion of burnt stick. With some difficulty, I deciphered the writing, as follows:

SIR—I beseech you to pity and aid an unfortunate lady, imprisoned in her own house, and deprived of her rightful property by the grossest villainy. If you are a gentleman, be the instrument of my release.—Next room but one to the roof—same size and arrangement of windows as your own—locked in. MARIA WINTOCK.

'Then the tale I heard at the *Three Nags* has some foundation after all,' I inwardly exclaimed, as every nerve trembled with excitement. Refolding the handkerchief, I leaned back in my chair to cogitate upon this strange communication. 'The Hall is indeed haunted, yet by no spirit, but a being of flesh and blood. This is no maniac's epistle, nor was the apparition in my room a freak of my imagination. No wonder the young lady disappeared so suddenly.—Ah, Mr Wintock,

that is your scheme, is it?—a prisoner till she accepts the hand of your worthless profligate son, and then her fortune will be a nice plum to relieve you from your difficulties. I wonder you have not killed her outright, but I suppose that would not serve your purpose.—Help you, poor lady! Yes, that Jack Meredith will scapegrace as he has been, if he has but half a chance. But how!

Ay, how? There was the rub. My duty for bade me to leave the house for assistance, and if I did so, I might not be able to effect an entrance again, and supposing this gained, might she not in the meantime be spirited away far beyond reach of discovery? Should I resort to open violence, the odds were terribly against me. George Wintock, doubtless a strong, active fellow in ripe manhood, his father, an antagonist by no means to be despised, and that brutal-looking Italian, who seemed to possess the strength of a second Hercules. That scheme would not work. What should I do? How communicate with my fair and oppressed correspondent?

After some consideration, it occurred to me that unless prevented, she would doubtless be on the watch for some kind of reply, and that I might avail myself of the same method of communication which she had tried with success. Taking out my pocket book, and turning from it a dozen leaves, I wrote on one of them as follows:

MADAM—I am only a buff in possession, but heartily at your service. I will be at the window to-morrow night when the Hall clock strikes ten. Tell me how I can assist you. If you are prevented communicating with me then, let the little scraps fall as before as soon as an opportunity offers. I will keep a sharp look out.—Your obedient servant, J. MLLBOIRE

Tying this and the blank leaf, along with a piece of stout twine for her use in future communications, in a roll with one of my pencils, and extinguishing my candle, I reopened the window. All was quiet without, and attaching her white handkerchief to the end of my walking stick, I thrust it out, and waved it backwards and forwards several times. The signal was perceived. The casement above was softly opened, and the line was again let down. Looping my note safely to the line, I had the satisfaction of seeing it ascend to its destination. It was eagerly clutched by the occupant above, her window was again softly closed, and I retired—but not to sleep, for every sense was straining with tumultuous excitement.

On the following evening, faithful to my promise, I was at my window a few minutes before ten. As the Hall clock boomed the last stroke, I felt a small roll of paper secure in my hand, and as before, retired to peruse it.

GENEROUS SIR—I am most wretched. Oh, help me, for the love of humanity! I am threatened with the most horrible fate, unless I consent to be dragged into a union with the younger Wintock, whom I utterly loathe, or to make over the greater part of my property to him and his father. They have more than once hinted at immuring me in a private lunatic asylum for life. Such things have been done. At times I feel as if I really were insane. Can

you not procure assistance, and free me from these wretches? Surely the law is sufficiently powerful to protect you in a trial, defenceless, and grossly abused and oppressed lady. I have now been here several years, and hope in all but certain gushid. They have kept me constantly locked up in my room since the night I succeeded in reaching yours, as I had hoped unobstructed. Previous to then, I was only confined to the upper suite of apartments. I entreat you not to desert me. Oh, contrive some means of setting me free, and earn the everlasting gratitude of

M. WINTOCK.

P.S.—I will let down for your reply at this time to-morrow evening, unless prevented.—P. W. R. of Bennett

'Well,' thought I, 'this is an adventure. But how is it to be accomplished?' After much consideration, I fancied that I had hit upon a scheme, and determined to communicate it to Mrs. Wintock, and, if she thought it feasible, put it in practice without delay. It met with her approbation, and we at once proceeded to execute it. The plan, however, required delicate handling, with courage, calmness, and resolution to carry it out. I told her the nature of the responsibility I should incur in deserting my post, but she urged me to undertake her release at all hazards, promising herself to liquidate my liabilities which might arise in consequence, so soon as she should be restored to the outer world and able to assume the disposition of her property. She had been detained a prisoner in the Hall since she was seventeen years of age. She had now just turned twenty-one. Her guardian had therefore no longer any legal authority over her. I felt that the urgency and peculiarity of the case would insure me lenient judgment, if not condonation for my breach of trust, in the minds of all right-thinking men.

Be ready at two to-morrow morning,' was my last billet, forwarded in the usual manner, 'while the Wintocks are probably asleep. Keep up your courage, and leave the rest to me.'

I chose the hour of two o'clock in the morning for attempting the rescue of the young lady, as having the greatest chance of success, for notwithstanding Mr. Wintock's hint that the family disliked being disturbed at night, I had discovered that both he and his son were in the habit of spending some part of it from home—where, I cannot say, but probably in some kind of dissipation. Both went out about nine o'clock. Mr. Wintock usually returned about one. His son was much more uncertain.

I have said that the entire edifice, and especially the roof, were of very irregular build, and that my room was situated at an angle of the house. On the other side of the angle was a suite of rooms, but little used, the window of one of them being exactly on a level with Mrs. Wintock's, and about six feet distant from it, and to which room I discovered I could find access. Immediately above the room in question was a lumber room, with a ladder from the floor to the trap door opening out upon the roof. Carefully watching in opportunity the next day, I slipped into the lumber room, in which, among other things, were a number of tools of various descriptions, and armed myself with a couple of stout screw drivers,



with a hich I retreated, after noting that the ladder might easily be removed.

A little before two o'clock found me cautiously issuing from my apartment and stealthily creeping towards this part of the building. I did not much fear any alarm from the dog, as during my stay he had been kept chained up in the other part of the mansion. I suppose Mr Wintock had profited by my hint respecting the animal. For seeing myself of the ladder, I very quietly removed it to the room whose window I have described as being opposite to and on a level with Miss Wintock's. The next were moments of breathless anxiety and suspense. Slowly opening the window, I waved her own white kerchief—the signal I read upon between us—and her window was then as much raised. I then proceeded to push the ladder very gently upwards until it rested upon the sill of her window, forming a narrow bridge from my window to window. She was at her post, and grasping the top staff held it firmly. Seating myself astride, I gradually shifted a few inches at a time until I reached her. The Hall clock struck two as I stepped softly into her room, immediately withdrawing the ladder and closing the window. She was greatly agitated and trembled violently. Taking my hand in both her own, she whispered a few words of unexpressed thanks, and then we addressed ourselves to the task of getting out of and away from the house as quickly as possible. This we could not do without some very matter, for not only was the door of her own room locked, but also that of the room into which it is opened, and through which we must pass before gaining the corridor which led to the staircase. I once I dare not use, because of the noise, and indeed it would have been difficult to force the doors, as both were of stout oak. Hence my provision of the screw drivers.

The screws were rusted with age, and I was too little skilled in carpentry to work in the dark. I therefore lighted a candle I had brought with me, and laboured heavily for about an hour. Miss Wintock leaning over me to aid me with its light, until her long raven hair rested carelessly on my shoulder, she holding and shading the candle with my hat, lest its reflection should betray us to any one out of doors, as George Wintock in his return home from his midnight revels might observe it in crossing the park. At length I was successful, the last screw of the second door yielded. Extinguishing the light, we paused a few minutes to listen, and then stepped softly out into the dark corridor, I leading the van pistol in hand, and Miss Wintock leaning heavily on my arm.

Along the corridor and down the richly carpeted staircase we went on tiptoe and with bated breath, lest the echoes of that gloomy old mansion should arouse her jailers. Every instant we expected the dog to give tongue. The night was cloudy; but suddenly the moon emerged from behind a cloud, and for a few seconds illumined the sombreness of the antique entrance hall. I felt Miss Wintock start and shudder, press my arm and cling still closer to me, with the confidence of a very child. It made my heart leap, and every drop of blood in my veins thrilled with a feeling of rapturous delight, hitherto unknown to me. I seemed for the moment to have the strength of twenty men, and almost

longed to do battle on her behalf. We stood for a moment in the hall, undecided whether to try one of the long passages, or at once seek egress by the principal entrance. We chose the latter. Softly we passed across the polished oaken floor, and I began slowly and with extreme caution to undo the fastenings. Gently, one by one, each bolt and bar was withdrawn, the huge lock was turned, and the ponderous door swung heavily upon its hinges. Greatly exhilarated at our success, I turned to my companion with a whispered word of encouragement on my lips, when an unseen enemy struck me a tremendous blow on the head, driving me through the open doorway like a ball from a wicket, and falling me like a log upon the gravel walk beyond. At the same instant a succession of piercing shrieks, so wild, so heartrending, and despairing, burst from Miss Wintock, that it seemed as if her reason was passing away in a continuation of convulsive efforts to regain her liberty.

How long I lay insensible upon that cold gravel walk I cannot say, but it could not have been many minutes. Probably my assailant was for the time too fully occupied in securing the recaptured lady to be able to inflict any further injury upon me. When I regained consciousness, the moon was obscured, and it was intensely dark, not a star being visible. Bruised, sore, and bleeding, I gathered myself up as best I could, and endeavoured to collect my thoughts. But in what manner to act for the best, puzzled me. Should I wait till dawn, then hasten to the village, and endeavour to procure assistance in rescuing the young lady? For several reasons, I discarded the idea. Besides, I had in fact deserted my duty, and in justice to my employer, ought never to have attempted leaving the house. What was I to do?

## INTOXICANA

ALCOHOLIC fluids are by no means the only intoxicants known and used by oblivion-seeking humanity in different parts of the globe. Bhang, or Indian hemp, is consumed largely among the Hindu and Malays, and produces wild temporary delirium, during which homicidal mania is constantly prominent. If the practice be continued, it invariably ends in incurable and rapidly fatal madness. Opium eating and smoking, unfortunately, are not confined to China or the Chinese. There are houses in London, known to the initiate, where the dramy pipe is always glowing; hot with charcoal, ready for the tiny ball of precious resin, and seldom out of requisition, while the statistics of wholesale and retail druggists lead us to infer that much is taken habitually in private in various forms.

The consumption of opium is said to be especially great among the labouring classes in the Fcn districts, by whom, however, it is probably taken not as a luxury, but as the only relief they can obtain for the ague and rheumatism which rack and burn them chronically every second or third day. Quinine costs more than laudanum, and so the latter grows on them till, from the relief of pain, it becomes an irremediable

vici. The habit of opium smoking is far more pernicious, if persisted in, than that of opium eating, but the ludicrous nausea and headache which follow the trance, even with seasoned smokers, must often act as a deterrent. The pleasurable effects produced by the pipe are said far to exceed those which follow the internal use of the drug. In cities where this practice prevails, one can always tell an opium smoker at a glance by his ghastly pallor, yellow lips, and wandering far off eyes.

Opium, though less expensive than quinine, is still costly enough in this country to prohibit its general use, the best being worth about seventy shillings per pound. Intoxication by this agent seems to be the most absorbing and incurable of all various propensities, and the victim is obliged to constantly increase the amount of his daily poison in order to arouse the sensations it produces, so that in some cases laudanum has been swallowed by the wine glassful and still opium by drachms—the medicinal dose of the former being from five to thirty drops, and of the latter, half a grain to two grains. Morphia does not seem to have the same effect in this connection, at any rate, it is not used for the same purpose, though occasionally we hear of those who have become habituated to its subcutaneous injection during illness, being unable or unwilling to dispense with it after recovery.

Scarcely one opium drunkard in ten thousand is ever reclaimed. When a man has once acquired the habit, he may be looked upon as having less chance of rescue than the most inveterate gambler from other vices. De Quincey and others have left us graphic accounts of the agonies they endured in giving up the drug and the almost superhuman fortitude necessary to accomplish the sacrifice. In countries where there is much Chinese immigration—(Hawaii, Cuba, and the Western States)—the most stringent restrictions on the import and sale of opium are established; otherwise, John Chinaman would rapidly degenerate, from being the most decent fellow in the world, into a burden and a nuisance.

There is a curious distinction to be drawn between the alcohol drunkard and the consumer of bang, opium, hashish, and other brain heating narcotics. The former drinks for the pleasure of drinking, for the gratification of the palate, and may be said to get tipsy accidentally—though commonly with a sufficient knowledge and recklessness of the result of his potation to constitute him guilty of 'culpable negligence' at the very least. In spite of all the boisterous lagers about 'drowning dull care,' and odes to Bacchus and the 'bowl' and the 'cup,' few men set down with the deliberate intention of drinking themselves into a state of unconsciousness or temporary insanity. On the other hand, he who swallows or inhales the fumes of the above mentioned drugs, which are extremely nauseous,

does so exclusively for the sake of the stupor, fantasy, or frenzy they induce, and usually evades the flavour of them as far as possible.

Chloroform and Eau de Cologne have been declared to be secretly much in vogue, especially with ladies, but this branch of the subject of Intoxicana has been already treated in No 96 of this Journal.

Inhalation of nitrate of amyl and of chloroform are the latest vices laid to the charge of the fair sex. Filter, no doubt, is more extensively employed, but, for some unexplained reason, its use is almost confined to the lower classes in the north of Ireland, where it actually supersedes whisky to a great extent. Spirit of wine is not allowed to be sold in this country except for medical purposes, unless it is first 'methylated' with wood spirit, which gives it an odour and flavour too unpleasant to allow of its substitution for more expensive and less powerful brandy or whisky. It is a very fortunate circumstance that in sugar growing countries, where the distillate of the refuse—nearly pure alcohol, known as *canha*, *causa*, *cachassa*, *aguardente* or white rum—is cheaper than milk, the inhalations are not much given to imbecility, intemperance being very fatal in such climates. In the south of Russia, the peasants become intoxicated on a certain kind of fungus, which is found to develop narcotic properties if dried and stored for some time.

The term 'tea drunkard' is well known throughout Russia, and implies not the abuse of roborant or any spirit distilled from the herb, but that the cup which cheers intoxicates also, if zealously adhered to. Strong tea is well known to be a powerful though fleeting, excitant of the nervous system, and if the reader likes to make the experiment, let him drink a dozen or fifteen cups of tea in the Russian style—that is, without cream or sugar, but flavoured with a drop of lemon juice—in the space of a couple of hours, and he may arrive at the conclusion that there is something rational about such an epithet as tea drunkard after all.

In many lands, the juices of various plants and trees are collected and allowed to ferment, or are sometimes drunk after undergoing a vinous change in the plant itself. Cocoa nut water, found in the green pod before the fibrous husk and nut as we know them here are formed, is often used in this way, but is by no means attractive to European palates. Kauri and Tutara make a fermented liquor from mare's milk, and honey forms the basis of many drinks in different parts of the world, being familiar to us as mead. Real ginger beer—not the sour, soapy mess sold in bottles under that name, but *bee*, really and truly brewed from ginger, and capital stuff it is not to be trifled with. A similar compound is prepared from peppers in the West Indies. In the villages on the banks of the River Dart in Devonshire, white beer—ah, with the yeast remaining in it—is a favourite tipple. Those who are accustomed to drink white beer, hold the cup in their hand, and keep it agitated by a constant circular motion until they have finished the

contents, so that a knot of labourers or fishermen, caousing together outside some rustic alehouse on a summer evening, presents rather a grotesque spectacle to the tourist in this part of England, and leads him to believe that a Home for Pauper Inebriates must exist somewhere in the vicinity.

If there are many things on which to get intoxicated, there are still more forms of intoxication. These vary principally with the individual, and here, again, it is a well-known fact that the quantity which a man may drink at one time with impunity will serve to overcome him at another. Much depends upon the state of health, the presence or absence of food in the stomach, the question of habit, as to the time of day, the mental condition at the moment—an excited person being much more quickly affected than one whose mind is tranquil—and the nature of the liquor, for different people are susceptible to spirits, wine, or beer in different degrees, which do not always correspond with the proportions of alcohol which those fluids contain. 'Mixing one's liquors' is proverbially unwise, yet at the dinner table, one may take half a dozen wines in succession with a result which might be different if no food were taken concurrently. Brandy, whisky, holland, rum, gin, &c. contain from forty to sixty per cent of absolute alcohol, liqueurs about the same amount, wine, from ten to twenty-eight per cent, beer, from three to eight, cider, from the most trace up to three or four, according to its age.

Some men seem to become drunk suddenly, giving no previous indication by thickness of articulation or unsteadiness of gait, this being commonly the case where mental excitement from other causes—as a heated discussion—prevails at the time. The most dreadful and astounding cases are afforded by those unfortunate people who are never sober. How they manage to survive so long as they do, is a mystery. There are men who have been perpetually under the influence of liquor for twenty or thirty years. Of course, the brain must have become permanently injured, so that we may infer that the drink these persons now take has little or no real effect on them, and that their state would be just the same without it. Others, again, are systematic and punctual drunkards of regular habits, men who take their quantum and are put to bed unconscious every night, yet are capable of attending to their daily business in the most extraordinary manner. These, as a rule, never exceed a given amount by so much as a glass, and do not suffer so much as intermittent drunkards—at any rate not so soon, for the inevitable consequence is only a little longer deferred. The writer knew an old doctor in Jamaica who used to aver that the climate was the first in the world 'Yellow-fever, sir?' he would exclaim—'not a bit of it! A vulgar chimeric! A malicious libel on us! The fact is, it's the vicious irregular drinking habits of the people here that kills 'em. Look at me! I drink a bottle of brandy every night, and have done so for thirty years. I get tipsy seven times a week, in an orderly and decent manner, and I've never had yellow fever nor a day's illness!' And to all appearance he was a fine healthy man of sixty-five or seventy, with

a beard as white as snow. Yet he was carried off suddenly by a trifling indisposition incidental to the climate, and it was found on examination of his papers after death that his age was only fifty-two.

It does not by any means follow, either, that because a man is never intoxicated he may not be drinking too much. Men employed in the great breweries in London, especially the draymen, consume an enormous quantity of beer. The duty allowances which their employers give them is a very large one, but they rarely confine themselves to it, and the draymen, in addition, get much gratuitously from the customers to whom they are always delivering the casks, so that ten or fourteen quarts is no exceptional consumption for one man, yet they are not drunkards in the ordinary sense of the term. The very nature of their work necessitates the employment of none but steady men, strength being also a *vue quæ non*. But if one of these men should break a limb, or get confined to bed from any other accident, he is almost sure to get delirium tremens, and a scalp wound frequently kills him. Brewer's men are notorious in hospitals as being the worst cases for operation, being prone to exhibit all the most dangerous complications which fetter the success of surgical treatment.

It may be safely declared that no one ever exceeds in the use of intoxicating fluids—be the excess little or much—without suffering for it at some time or other. Obviously, not even the broadest general rule can be laid down as to the quantity each may take. There can be no doubt that alcohol is of great benefit to many people both as a medicine and a food, there can be no little doubt that many more would be better without it, and that most might dispense with it altogether without any harm resulting.

Men grow unamiable, jealous, solemn, sentimental, desponding, tincture, talkative, quarrelsome, ferocious, or mild in their cups, and some pass through all these phases in turn. The absurdities which they commit under the influence of these varying emotions are often in the highest degree painful or ridiculous, and have always been a favourite theme with satirists of both pen and pencil.

As living presentations of intoxication in its two aspects, better examples could not be quoted than Mr Charles Warner's terribly realistic performance of *Coupeau in Drink*, on the one side, and on the other, Mr J S Clarke, the American comedian, as *Toadies* in the drunken scene of that side-splitting farce. It would make an acute laugh to watch his face, in which solemnity seems to struggle with a consciousness that he is not 'quite the thing,' as he stands at the front of the stage for five minutes, never speaking a word, endeavouring to put on his glove. His hand slips from the hem of the glove to his coat cuff, at which he pulls and pulls until it is drawn nearly up to the elbow, while the fingers wriggle as usual to facilitate their entrance in their proper receptacles. His necktie is disordered, one long end sticks out straight, and every now and then his eye runs along this with an expression of surprise that is simply overwhelming, and when at last this end becomes evidently nudged up in his calculations with the number of fingers to

the glove, the house is fairly 'brought down' with laughter.

The writer once met with a parallel to the old story about 'got 'em again,' on board a steamer in the West Indies. A passenger, occupying one of the main-deck cabins, experienced certain strange manifestations for several nights in succession after he had retired to rest, so hideous in their nature that he was nearly driven mad. Unhappily, this gentleman had a propensity for intemperance, and feared to mention his nocturnal persecutions, lest they should shame him in the eyes of all his fellow passengers, by turning out to be the product of a deranged brain—delirium tremens. But he wasn't so bad as that, for a huge land crab as big as a dinner plate, which had somehow found its way into his cabin, was at length discovered there. What the poor fellow must have suffered nightly with this awful crustacean crawling over him, must have been enough to drive any one mad.

While the writer was surgeon of a steamer on a foreign station as we lay in harbour one night, some of the officers from another ship paid us a visit. They were sailing for England on the next day but one, and possibly had been exhibiting the event not wisely nor yet well, at myrta, one of them was certainly in that condition which proverbial philosophy libellously ascribes to a lord, and from which it kindly exempts judges. It is to be feared that shipboard hospitality did not by any means tend towards his recovery. Probably his comrades were a little oblivious of things in general also, for they rowed away manfully at a late hour and left him behind, and about an hour afterwards, our third officer came to me and told me that A—— was still on board. Could I give him anything to 'pull him together?' A glance showed me that the pulling of him together was out of the question for some hours. What was to be done? Work was going on busily on board his ship all night, taking in stores and cargo for the homeward voyage, and if the captain discovered his prolonged absence, it might get him into serious trouble. So, not to disgrace him before the men, we lowered the dandy, put him in, and sculled him across by ourselves. We thought we should have had to carry him up the companion ladder, but when we hoisted him on to the lower step, he seemed to recover himself, and ran up without assistance. Taking it for granted that he would be all right when he got among his friends on deck, we pulled away again, amid the rattle of steam winches, the creaking of cranes, and shouts of the riggers stowing the heavy bales in the holds.

Restored to sanity next morning, he came on board to thank me. 'I can't think how it happened,' he said. [Poor fellow, he never could.] 'I can't think how it was, but I haven't the slightest recollection of leaving here or of your sculling me over, until my feet touched the ladder, and then I knew where I was directly. I got on deck, and felt as comfortable as possible then, not quite right, you know, but sensible enough to know what I was about. You hadn't been long gone, before there was a commotion forward. I know that some accident had happened, for I heard somebody say there was a man overboard. However, I was wise enough by that time to know that I was not in a fit

state to render any assistance, so I did not take much notice of it—until I felt a boat hook in the back of my neck, and found that I was the man overboard.'

## ATHLETES

## IN TWO PARTS—PART II

THE practice of lofty tumbling without a net is so manifestly reprehensible that it needs neither comment nor condemnation here, but it is a curious fact that many more accidents are recorded of ground tumbling than of aerial gymnastics. A member of the Hanlon Volta troupe, who has been doing sensation business all his life, told me that he never met with a mishap but once, and that was in descending from a bar only his own height above the stage, when he sprained his knee rather severely. And it is a significant circumstance, which cannot be too strongly noted, that the comparatively few accidents which have happened to gymnasts have nearly all occurred through defects in the 'lifting apparatus,' the net. When this belongs to the performer, it is generally spread under his own supervision, and the strength of its texture and fastenings carefully tested, and renewed if required, but when the net is a stock property of a place of entertainment, or, worse still, is provided by an entrepreneur who, not a performer himself, farms the gymnast, and undertakes to find all the appliances, damaged material and insecure attachments are apt to be overlooked.

The descent into the net itself is said to be not altogether devoid of danger, and an impression is current among these people that to fall upon the side of the herd will inevitably break the neck. I am not aware, however, that any case has been known to bear out this theory. Many gymnasts now dispense with the rug or carpets with which the net is commonly padded, on account of their interfering with the view of those seated underneath, and come down upon the naked meshes without injury. A certain 'Little Bob'—a fine young man now—who has been celebrated for prominently high dives since he was a very small boy, sometimes making a headlong perpendicular descent of eighty feet or so, where the building is lofty enough to permit of it, says that he would have no objection to plunge from a height twice as great into a net of proper tension, and that he has never suffered any inconvenience from the transit through the air or arrest of motion. He comes down in a slightly oblique direction, with the hand extended for effect, after the fashion of a diver, when he sees the net 'getting' in air, the arms are withdrawn to the sides and the head is tucked in on the chest, so that he falls upon the shoulder blades and rolls over. In connection with this part of the subject, the elegant and wonderful 'dives' of Zazel at the London Aquarium will doubtless be remembered by many readers.

Your special communications being taken up to an exceedingly high and dusty plane to see some very ingenious mechanism recently invented by a gymnast, was indicated by the unorthodox arguments, protestations, and twice repeated example of that individual, to take the direct route to

the lower regions—in plain words, to drop from a swinging bar into the cushioned net some fifty feet below. Fingers seemed to assume an iron grip, and the bar to become magnetic, even after the trapeze had been brought to a stand still, and the legs drawn up at right angles with the body in a sitting posture, as directed. "Now then, go!" was shouted more than once, before I could unbend those hands which had apparently acquired a permanent rigidity of their own, then the bar and roof with its beams and girders flew away from me, and a tremendous excitement of the folly I was committing rushed upon me, with a distinct presentiment of every detail of every story I had heard of men falling through nets improperly fixed or ill-mended, and a totally independent calculation of the surgical effect which the legs of the inverted chaise I had observed pick up in the air below the apparatus would produce upon the human frame falling from a height, the whole accompanied by a preception that I was gradually, very gradually, inclining backwards, which opened a new vista of the probabilities of my demonstrating the truth of the sideways neck theory. I seemed to be suspended between earth and sky for about a week, and was almost reconciled to the position, when I suddenly and unexpectedly found the crimson mittens billowing up about me and surging over my face, and woke to the fact that I had really fallen. I landed on my back, flat, but there was no shock, nor, indeed, was I conscious of having stopped, which perhaps was due to the elasticity and rebound of the net. The only part of the adventure which was disagreeable physically was the walking, or rather stumbling and crawling, over the net to the ladder at the farther end, a very quirky, sea-sick sort of business.

Acrobats and gymnasts usually practise during the morning on the stage of some theatre. Even when not working at any new trick, they always practise once a day, if their engagements do not include two performances. Sometimes they have to go through as many as six exercises. When a man intends to bring out some novel and special feat, and wishes to keep it a profound secret until its production, he hires an empty school room or public hall, or even a theatre, for his own exclusive use, and there exercises with his apparatus and assistants until he is quite fit. No stage performance is ever successful at home. It is somewhat disappointing to find that the mimic which seems such an inspiring accompaniment to the spectators is dispensed by some professionals, who in fact would rather be without "band clatter."

Salaries vary enormously, of course. Of late years, there has been a demand for female gymnasts, and some have been forthcoming, but, as might be expected, they rarely fail. Still, they draw good houses, and the morbid taste of the public enables some of them to command fifty or a hundred pounds a week. Troupe salaries run even higher than this in exceptional cases, but managers always want something new, something that no other company has presented, and the art is therefore a progressive one. All manner of things are introduced to impart a spice of novelty to old tricks in every department. Acrobats juggle with balls, knives,

hoops, fans, bells, and burning torches while tumbling, or throw some-what while playing the violin or tambourine or mount themselves on roller skates and bicycles. Gymnasts use "fired" iron springs, boards concealed within a granite cannon, let off just in their flight through the air, or go through their evolutions amid a blast of squibs and rockets. The various "lines" of business, too, while not numerous and diversified, are not so distinct and separate as they used to be. Trapeze, flying rings, and horizontal bar work are now combined, and poles and ladders still hold their ground, but tight rope and slack walking—fits more easily acquired than any (there is little performance, scaling, stepping, pedestal acrobats, and modern Samsons, are a thing in the market. It is feared, by the way, that the cooling, walking, which at one time created such a sensation, was ever actually performed by atmospheric pressure or by magnetism, as was alleged, springs and hooks having been always employed.)

Equilibrium is not either in the ascendant just now. It seems incredible that any one should be able to sit in a chair and maintain it balanced on two legs upon an oscillating bar, or stand upon one leg, or a globe resting on the same unstable foundation, or walk on the neck and other similar marvels are executed withly fifty shillings a week. Rolling globe and barrel performances are at a discount, but French comic acrobats, who mix a little of ballet, juggling and fun with their tumbling, are looking up. Circus troupes include acrobats, and by their own specialists as well. Clowns and jugglers may be developed from any of these, many of the famous old ones were accomplished jugglers. But it is the mode now to take new deputations altogether, and we find acrobatic ballet-troupes, duelling, and comedy companies, and a number of independent troupes who constitute their repertoire with acrobatics and hand springs. Part of the Hanlon Voltz troupe, famous jugglers, called from the company, and under the name of the Hanlon troupe have converted the theatre-going world with laughter and astonishment at their immitable acrobatic, gymnastic, and pantomime impersonations in *Le Voyage en Suisse*.

Although most of those who follow this calling assume foreign names, they are really all English, and English acrobats, like American circusmen, French actresses, Italian singers, and German musicians, are noted all over the world. In many parts they are much more highly esteemed than they are here, in South America countries, for instance, the arrival of a clever juggler causes as great a sensation as a new prima donna at the opera. They frequently travel in connection with circus companies, which on foreign tour are of more extensive proportions than they are at home, and it is strange sometimes, in remote corners of the earth, to find the walls all aflame with some name that was familiar in the Christmas pantomime or Crystal Palace entertainments of long ago at home. When they have any talking to do, they crack their jokes in English as usual, wherever they may be, and it appears to go down just as well with the audience, who, moreover, applaud vehemently, as an exquisite with wit, any single word of the

native language which a performer may have picked up. If you talk to anyrobat of ten years' standing, you will frequently discover that he has been in every quarter of the globe.

Most of these people obtain their engagements through the medium of professional agents—men who have portfolios of all kinds on their books, and are equally ready to supply a shift dancer for a garden-fête, or an entire troupe for a five years' tour round the world, on the shortest notice possible. These agents, of course, charge a commission on the salary obtained, when the contract is signed, and receive a fee from the employer besides. There are also a limited number of individuals—generally men who have been in the profession themselves, and have amass'd money in it—who, besides owning perhaps two or three companies, and undertaking to supply various places of amusement with a constant succession of extras and unwanted attractions, make a business of inventing novel spectacles in the gymnastic art, and of training youths expressly to carry them out. As a rule, these novelties involve the use of elaborate and costly apparatus, which would be quite beyond the performer's means to provide, so that the trainer feels peculiarly secure against any doubtful dealing in embarking on the speculation. Very often, indeed, the apparatus is the only novelty about the feat, the *motus operantis* of an old and well known trick being disguised by new and effective surroundings. A contract for a long term of years—as much as ten or fifteen sometimes—is entered into between master and pupil, whereby the former retains the services of the latter at a fixed salary, and can dispose of him as he will. The mechanism is often patented, and the title of the trick registered, and so strictly is the agreement worded, that evasion is well nigh impossible, and indeed is rarely attempted. Thus it happens that good gymnasts have in some cases made the fortunes of their instructors, and are themselves compelled still to keep on labouring for an instructor, until their best working years are spent. On the other hand, the possibility of failure, or of the feat not 'taking' with the public, and consequent heavy loss in preliminary expenses, must be taken into consideration. The trainer usually manages to have one or two reserve pupils in process of education to the same end, so that if anything happens to the 'Phuon' or 'Volanto' or 'Queen of the Air,' who has been handled with such a flourish of trumpets, another steps quietly into his or her shoes and title, and business is carried on as usual without any alteration.

The relations which exist between employer and employed of this last mentioned class probably demand legal scrutiny more than any other part of the subject, since the artist here commits his safety to appliances which are devised and provided for him by others, who must, therefore, be held responsible for their integrity. But things are not looking very favourable for the profession as a whole, just now. Impending legislative enactments to be vexatious for them, and thus is a prevalent feeling abroad that they would be better abolished altogether, since they serve no useful purpose, even if they are in nowise prejudicial to common human interests. It

is a great question, looked at from either side. Nobody can deny that an Acrobat might be better employed than in turning somersaults on a carpet, but, unfortunately, the same stigma might be cast upon many of the other occupations of mankind. Again, ought anything which tends to the innocent recreation of our fellow-creatures to be condemned as if either useless? To deprive some thousands of hard-working people of the occupation by which they get their bread, must always be a grave matter. Let it not be forgotten, either, that for the most part they spring from a class which cannot be said to develop, as a rule, into useful members of society, and that in opening what gives the ragged child of the gutter an opportunity of receiving the income of a well-paid artist by the time he is fourteen, is not to be despised when it entails no sacrifice of health. By all means, let acrobats, children and adults, be protected, regulated, inspected by law, let their scholastic education be enforced as rigorously as with any other class. If any performance entailing risk of life or limb take place, by all means let the actors who take part in it, the employers who devise it, the managers who permit it, and if it be possible, the real criminals, the public, who pry to see it—let them all be punished with the severity such an offence against morality deserves, but let the regulation of all professional details be submitted, as in other special industries of life, to artists who have technical knowledge on such points.

Apocryphal of the manifestly right and proper requisition that a net or quilt shall be used by those engaged in lofty tumbling, a very celebrated performer in this line said to me: 'I have seen it stated in the newspapers that we gymnasts ourselves object to these precautions. This is quite untrue, no man pretends to go up without the net. I don't say that we would be unwilling to take the risk for extra money, or that we would not perform without it rather than lose an engagement. But the biggest feats are never done without it, and there isn't one of us, no matter how plucky, but feels anxious before attempting anything new without something soft below. It's the public who are to blame. They would rather see a man do two or three simple turns with the chance of breaking his neck, than the clearest feat in safety—else why is there such a thing as walking on the high rope? Dion Linn's barrow would never have got off the rope had been only three feet above the ground, yet it would have required just as much skill. I have been among the audience myself when some of the best gymnasts have been up and doing the most wonderful tricks ever attempted, and I have heard them say "Yes, it's all very well, but then they can't hurt themselves if they miss"—grumbling, actually grumbling.' It would have been better for everybody if a net had been insisted on from the very beginning; better for the public, who would get a finer performance, better for the managers, who would not run the risk of losing their heads when an accident occurs (for the best gymnast will occasionally slip); certainly better for us. As it is now, those of us who use the net are cut out by mere amateurs who are fool hardy enough to give the little they can do, without the net. Then some

man, won't have us at all, on account of some recent mischief that has got into the papers, and others growl and ask if we can't go up without a net, saying it disfigures the house to fix it, and can't be no end of bother to the men and the audience to spread it every night. But I know that I'll go back to the low bar and wire flying business before I'll take my boys up without a net, and what's more, I'll see myself every day, before it's spread, that every hook and staple and ring and mesh would be a kephent it nced be!

## OCCASIONAL NOTES

### AN AMERICAN TRIUMPH

A VESSEL of a very novel character is in course of construction at Hutton's, on the Hudson, United States America, for which its originator, Mr Robert Fryer of New York, claims advantages which, if attained, will go far to revolutionise our sea traffic. This new steamship, which is called the *Oceanic*, is nothing more nor less than a marine tricycle. The hull, which is not intended to touch the water, is supported on three hollow steel spheres, one forward, and the other two aft. Each of them is fitted with a circular level groove to run upon rails, to enable the vessel to cross an isthmus, or to run ashore whenever repairs or alterations may become necessary. Transversely, these spheres are fitted with flanges, which almost encircle them horizontally, and which will rest against the surrounding water just as do the 'floats' of an ordinary puddle wheel; thus protecting the ship, so that these hollow globes perform the double office of supporting and propelling the *Oceanic*. The hull itself is built water-tight and in compartments, in case of accidents, so that in the event of damage to one of her propellers, she will still float buoyantly. Each of these propellers or floats is reversible, and they can be worked irrespectively one of another, by reason of which the *Oceanic* will be capable of turning completely round in her own water—an obvious advantage in many cases of impending collision. A small working model of the *Oceanic* has been recently tried both on the river and on land, and both experiments were perfectly successful.

With regard to her power and speed, it is claimed for the *Oceanic* that she differs from a vessel of the common type just as a wagon mounted on wheels differs from one which having lost its wheels is dragged by main force along the road, for in the case of this new vessel there is absolutely no friction at all, since her hull does not come into contact with the water. The result is that unprecedented speed, greater safety, and increased accommodation—from her possibly enormous breadth of beam in proportion to her length—are gained by Mr Fryer's invention. The dimensions of the *Oceanic* are length, two hundred and twenty four feet, and breadth, one hundred and thirty feet, while the floats or wheels are each twenty four feet in diameter, and are expected to draw about five feet of water when the vessel is loaded

### THE MULBERRY-TREE IN FRANCE

Some calculations that have recently been made at the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers in Paris,

show, that to produce one kilogramme—that is, about 2½ pounds—of cocoons from the silkworm, twenty kilogrammes of mulberry leaves have to be eaten, and to produce one kilogramme of silk, thirty-one kilogrammes of cocoons are required. Taking the annual production of silk at two million two hundred and eighty thousand kilogrammes, we find that the weight of leaves required for the food of the silkworms from which this quantity is obtained, amounts to five hundred and ninety-two million of kilogrammes, or five hundred and eighty-one thousand two hundred and fifty tons of leaves.

### BLACK MEN AS LIGHTNING CONDUCTORS

In his *Travels from a South African Journey*, Mr Lionel writes 'On the road to the Vaal river—first experience of camping out. I am alone in my tent with a glaring sun raising the temperature inside to ninety degrees. The mules have strayed, being insufficiently hobble-d. I sent Chuluy my black driver in search of them in the early morning. He returned with his face as near white as nature permitted, declaring that the Lval One had jumped out of the ground at his feet with four young ones. I suppose it was an antelope. Any way, the mules are lost. He has gone back to my first hunting place to look for them. My other youth has staked with a rifle to shoot back, which we round us in tens of thousands, and here and there the side of a pond which is trampled by the antelopes into mud soup, the only stuff in the shape of water which we have to depend on for our coffee, and also for our washing. To add to the pleasure of the situation, the season of the thunder storms has set in. The lightning was playing round us all yesterday afternoon, and we shall now have a storm daily. Whole trunks of oxen are often killed. To a white man, they say there is no danger while he has a black at his side, the latter being the better conductor. When one is struck, another must be immediately substituted.'

### A LULLABY.

Rest thee! The daylight has gone from the valley,  
Night from the outward is gliding away,  
Dusky shades lurk in each tree woven alley,  
Slumber will rule in the night's dark domain  
Rest thee, thou rest thee western winds sigh,  
Night voices chant Lullaby! Lullaby!

Rest thee! The lake murmurs faint in its dressing,  
Stars like a child that has visions of joy,  
And Venus in radiance effulgent is beaming,  
Guarding from sight that thy rest would destroy  
Rest thee, thou rest thee western winds sigh,  
Night voices chant Lullaby! Lullaby!

Rest thee! Sleep on till the gray dawn is stealing,  
And the star of the morning is fainting in light,  
Sleep till the mist armies, breaking and whirling,  
Flee from the hills with the going of night  
Rest thee! till morning breaks western winds sigh,  
Night voices chant Lullaby! Lullaby!

JAMES WILKIE

Printed and Published by W & E CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 130 High Street, EDINBURGH.

# JOURNAL

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

*Fourth Series*

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 1003.—Vol. XX.

SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1883.

PRICE 1½d.

## THE STEAM-HAMMER AND ITS INVENTOR.

If it has ever been your pleasure and privilege to obtain permission to inspect one of our great iron-works or engineering establishments, you could not fail, in the midst of the mechanical wonders to be witnessed in these temples of industry, to have been struck with the operations of the steam-hammer. With what ease it works, and with what power! The great square hammer-block, weighing five or ten or twenty tons, perhaps more, and by which the rugged mass of white-hot iron is to be pounded into shape, is raised in its groove as quietly, as smoothly, and as lightly, as though it were only a feather's weight; yet when it comes down it strikes with a thud that shakes the ground beneath your feet, the shock suggesting to the startled onlooker some idea of the vibrations of an earthquake. And as the immense mass of glowing iron is turned on the great anvil beneath it, and blow succeeds to blow at the rate, if required, of eighty a minute, and the sparks and splashes of hot metal are sent hissing around, it might almost be thought that some Titanic agency had been set in motion, which no power of man would be able to control or bring to a stand. Yet, there! a signal is given, and the attendant's hand has touched a lever, and the great thing, whose force and fury were but now like the mighty struggles of some gigantic Prometheus in chains, suddenly pulls itself up, without noise or remonstrance, and stands as still as a statue. A thing of mighty power, yet more controllable than the tiniest child! Without its assistance, many of the most important operations of the worker in iron would be rendered impossible; an invention which has given a greater impetus to engineering skill and a wider scope to engineering possibilities than any other mechanical invention of the century.

We have now, under the title of *James Nasmyth, Engineer* (London: Murray), a memoir of the inventor of this wonderful steam-hammer, written

by himself, and published under the practised and graceful revising hand of Mr Samuel Smiles as editor. The volume is quite equal in interest to the Lives of Dick and Edward formerly written by Mr Smiles, and will probably, from the fact that engineering and mechanics are subjects of more general knowledge than natural history, command even greater public attention than was accorded to the very popular biographies just mentioned. Mr Nasmyth's autobiography is accompanied by a beautifully etched portrait of the author, with numerous woodcut illustrations relative to scenes, designs, and inventions referred to in the work.

Mr Nasmyth, who is still alive, was born in 1808, at his father's house, No. 47 York Place, Edinburgh. The name of Nasmyth or Nasmith is an old one in Scotland, and has been long and honourably associated with the estate of Posso in the county of Peebles. Some time in the fourteenth century a branch of the Nasmyths of Posso is said to have settled near Hamilton in Lanarkshire, and from this source the subject of this memoir traces his descent. The history of the family in its later generations might be held as wonderfully exemplifying and illustrating the law of heredity in mental as in physical character. Mechanical and artistic ingenuity has formed a distinguishing feature in this branch of the Nasmyths for the last two hundred years. The first of those members of the family on record in whom this mechanical ingenuity displayed itself was a female. Her name was Elspeth Nasmith. Unfortunately for her, she lived in times when the burning of witches was still thought a meritorious adjunct of judicial polity; and because this Elspeth had four black cats, and read her Bible with two pairs of spectacles, she was adjudged to be a witch, and cruelly condemned to be burned alive! The practice of reading with two pairs of spectacles shows, says her descendant, Mr Nasmyth, 'that she possessed the spirit of an experimental philosopher. She was in all respects scientifically correct. She increased the magnifying power of the glasses;



a practice which is preferable to single glasses of the same power, and which I myself often follow.

The Nasmyths of Hamilton lost their property in that district by their adherence to the cause of the Covenanters, after which the family removed to Edinburgh, where Michael Nasmyth, Mr Nasmyth's great grandfather, occupied a house in the Grassmarket. He was a builder and architect, and his chief employment was in designing and erecting new mansions, principally for the landed gentry and nobility. His high reputation as a builder caused him to be made choice of by the government in the beginning of last century to build a fort at Inverness, in the heart of the Bob Roy country, to oversee and keep in check the wild Highlanders. The government, however, neglected their promise to maintain a suitable guard of soldiers over the workmen while the work was in progress, consequently, that occurred which might have been expected. One dark and snowy night in the winter of 1703, by which time the work had been well advanced, a loud knocking was heard at the door of the hut where Michael and his men slept. 'Who's there?' he asked. 'A benighted traveller overtaken by the storm,' was the reply. Nasmyth was induced to open the door, when he rushed Bob Roy and his gang. The workmen pled for their lives, and this was granted them, on condition that they should instantly depart, and take an oath that they should never venture within the Hig' and border again. They were thereupon turned out in the snowstorm, with the result that the sufferings to which the builder, along with his men, was subjected ere he reached a place of safety, brought on an illness from which he never recovered. 'One evening, whilst sitting at his fire-side with his grandchild on his knee, a death-like faintness came over him, he set the child down carefully by the side of his chair, and then fell forward dead on his own hearth stone.'

The old mine business was carried on after him, first by his son, and then by his grandson, Mr Nasmyth's grandfather, whose name also was Michael. This Michael succeeded to the business in 1761, and among other houses which he erected in Edinburgh were the principal number of those in George Square, including the house, No 25, in which Sir Walter Scott spent his boyhood and youth. They still exist, and bear testimony to the elegance and substantiality of his old builder's work.

At his death he left two sons, the younger of whom, Alexander, was the father of the subject of this autobiography. Alexander Nasmyth—who was afterwards celebrated as a portrait painter, one of his best known works being the life-like portrait of Robert Burns, so often since copied and engraved—was in his youth apprenticed to a coach builder, where his artistic tastes were utilised in the painting of the heraldic blazonry on the panels of the carriages. To improve himself as an artist, he attended in the evenings the Edinburgh Drawing Academy, at that time under the management of Alexander Bannerman. The stock of casts from the antique, and the number of drawings, were then very small, the consequence being that the pupils

had often to copy the same figure or drawing over and over again. To the more ardent pupils this was excessively irksome. On one occasion, Alexander Nasmyth had completed, for the sixth time, a fine chalk drawing of 'The Laocoon,' and when it was set for him to copy again for the seventh time, he begged Mr Bannerman to give him another subject. The master, quick-tempered, at once said 'I'll give you another subject.' And turning the group of the Laocoon upside down, he added 'Now, then, copy that!' It was a severe test, but the patient youth set to work, and in a few evenings he had completed a perfect copy. Bannerman was so proud of the skill of his pupil, that he had the drawing mounted and framed, with a note of the circumstances under which it was produced.

The young artist was still following his trade of coach builder. But an important change was about to take place in his career. One day Allan Ramsay, the historical painter, son of the poet of the same name, calling at the coach-works, found Nasmyth painting a coat of arms on the panel of a carriage. He was so much struck with the lad's artistic workmanship, that he formed a strong desire to take him into his own service, and after some negotiations with Nasmyth's master, this was accomplished, and the youth consequently removed to London to work in Ramsay's studio. Here he remained for some years, returning to Edinburgh in 1778 to practice on his own behalf the profession of portrait painter. It was in this capacity that he had the honour of Burns sitting to him for his portrait, and the poet likewise, during his visits to Edinburgh, spent much time in the company of the artist. But Nasmyth was more than an artist. He had very high abilities as an architect and designed the Iron Bridge and other prominent structures in Edinburgh. He also worked at mechanical contrivances, and was the inventor of the 'bow and string' arch for bridges and roofs—a form of construction now generally adopted for the covering in of large spaces such as railway stations and the like. He was also frequently consulted by gentlemen as to the laying out of grounds in the vicinity of country mansions, and as one who had, moreover, great skill in works of practical engineering, he was present at the trial trip of the first steam vessel ever seen in this half of the world, which was built to the order of Mr Miller of Dalwinton, the landlord of Burns when in Ellendun farm, the poet being on board the small steamer, along with Nasmyth and others, on the occasion of the trial trip referred to, on Dalwinton Loch.

An instance of what the autobiographer calls his father's 'faculty of resourcefulness,' two anecdotes may be given. When in London, as Ramsay's assistant, he had arranged to go with a sweetheart to Ranelagh, then one of the most fashionable places of public amusement. Everybody went in full dress, the bucks and swells wearing long striped silk stockings. The young artist had only one pair, which he himself washed for the occasion, but unfortunately in drying them at the fire, he allowed them to be so singed and burned as to be totally useless. What was he to do? In this dilemma the happy thought occurred to him of painting his legs so as

to resemble stockings. He got his water colour box, and proceeded dexterously to paint them with black and white stripes, and when the paint dried, which it soon did, he completed his toilet, met his sweetheart, and went to Ranelagh. No one observed the difference, except, indeed, that he was complimented on the perfection of his fit, and was asked 'what he bought his stockings?' Such questions of course he evaded, and left the gardens without any one discovering his artistic trick.

At an, later on in life, the Duke of Athole consulted him, on account of his skill in landscape gardening, as to certain improvements which that nobleman desired to make in his woodland scenery near Dunkeld. There was a rocky crag, called Crugbarna, which the Duke wished to have planted with trees, to relieve the grim barrenness of its appearance, but it was impossible for any man to climb the crag in order to set seeds or plants in the clefts of the rock. 'A happy idea,' says the autobiographer, 'struck my father. Having, observed in front of the castle a pair of small cannon used for firing salutes on great days, it occurred to him to turn them to account. His object was to deposit the seeds of the various trees amongst the soil in the clefts of the crag. A tinsmith in the village was ordered to make a number of canisters with covers. The canisters were filled with all sorts of suitable tree seeds. The cannon was loaded, and the canisters were fired up against the high face of the rock. They burst and scattered the seed in all directions. Some years after, when my father revisited the place, he was delighted to find that his scheme of planting, by artillery had proved completely successful, for the trees were flourishing luxuriantly in all the recesses of the cliff.'

The inventive genius—the 'faculty of resourcefulness,' as our author happily phrases it—which distinguished Nasmyth the artist is found still more highly developed in his son, Nasmyth the engineer. The story of the latter's career as told in this volume has a charm which can only be reckoned second in respect of power to the interest produced by reading a first class novel. The events of his early years—his boyhood, his education, his friends, his amusements, and what is of still more importance, his juvenile mechanical experiments—can only be briefly alluded to here. In his father's house, he had the advantage of a workroom in which were lathes and other tools of various kinds, the elder Nasmyth being always in his leisure hours engaged in some work or other more or less mechanical. The boy, moreover, on school holidays, and at every other opportunity, was in the habit of frequenting foundries and engineers' workshops, his mind being from very early years wholly engrossed in such pursuits.

When only between ten and twelve years of age, he could use his father's turning lathe so effectively as to make spinning tops, or 'poornes' as Scotch lads call them, which poornes were so much superior to those sold in the shops, especially for their ability to 'sleep'—that is, to spin round without a particle of wavy—that young Nasmyth had a rapid demand for them among his fellow pupils at the High School. He was likewise famous among them for the kites which he constructed, as well as for his ability to transmogrify old door-

keys into pistols, which were used with shouts of merriment on the king's birthday. He also at this time manufactured small brass cannon for similar purposes, which he cast and bored himself, even mounting them on their appropriate gun-carriages. A workman having shown him how to perform what he calls 'the most important of all technical processes in practical mechanics'—the art of hardening and tempering steel—he likewise added this to his trade resources among his school companions, for out of old files he could forge beautiful little 'steels'—made use of to procure fire from flint before the days of lucifer matches—and these were in great request. The present of a fine new steel was also occasionally skilfully used by the maker of it, as a gift to his monitor, for the purpose of getting rid of some school task at which he might not be half so expert as at forging and hammering. He admits that this system of bribery and corruption was 'shockingly improper,' but he adds that nevertheless it continued to be one of his 'diplomatic tricks' till he left school.

At twelve years of age he left the High School, but continued his study of arithmetic, geometry, and mathematics at private classes. Under his father, also, he practised drawing till he attained great proficiency. But it was in his father's workshop that he was busiest. There he gradually became initiated into every variety of mechanical and chemical manipulation. As far as lay in his power, he made his own tools, and constructed his own chemical apparatus. He also had opportunities of mental improvement in listening to the conversation of his father's friends, such men as Sir James Hall, Professor Leslie, Dr Brewster, and others, and he was occasionally privileged to join them in their walks, when their discussion of geological and other natural subjects greatly interested him. His life was further diversified by his being at times allowed to accompany his father on journeys through the country, the latter having in his later years devoted himself more to landscape than portrait painting.

Thus his life went on till he reached the age of seventeen. He was by this time very expert in mechanical work, and now set himself to construct a small working steam engine for the purpose of grinding the oil colours used by his father in his artistic work, and the result was quite satisfactory. He also made from time to time five models of a complete condensing steam-engine, each model showing, on one side the exterior parts of an engine, and on the other or sectional side the whole details of the interior, seen in full action when the fly wheel was turned by the hand. For these models he received ten pounds each, the first being bought for the use of the students in the Edinburgh School of Arts. He worked at them during the day at his father's lathe, and at night he did the castings up stairs in his bedroom—as odd a place for a brass foundry as can well be conceived. When he was nineteen years of age he made a small working model of a steam carriage for road, which he exhibited before the members of the Scottish Society of Arts, whereupon they offered him sixty pounds to construct a machine from the model such as would carry four or six persons. This he did; and many successful trials were made with it,

the carriage being large enough to seat and carry eight passengers.

We cannot follow all his experiments and achievements in detail, but in 1829 he went to London, where he was fortunate enough, through means of the models and working drawings which he took with him, to receive employment under the famous engineer, Henry Maudslay, as his private assistant. This is one of the most interesting portions of the book, but would take too much space to tell here. Sufficient to say that he obtained employment, at a wage which he was content to ask and receive, of ten shillings a week. Determining to make this sum serve for all purposes of lodgings, food, and clothing, he found it could not be done if he was to dine at eating houses, he therefore drew a plan of a tin oven, which he got a tinmith to make for him, and this utensil, which was heated by a small oil lamp set beneath it, served to cook a good dinner for him every day at a price of fourpence halfpenny. He possesses it still, and after a lapse of more than fifty years it was found, when tried, to cook as sweet a mouthful as ever.

Two years afterwards, and in consequence of Mr Maudslay's death, young Nasmyth began to think of commencing business for himself, but he had no capital beyond what he had received for models of engines, and the like, which he had made. He resolved, however, to make a start at Manchester, and though his belongings were small, yet the class of work he produced, his ingenuity in planning tools, and his expedients to lessen the labour and perfect the results, soon attracted attention, and he rose from more to more till in a few years he built for himself new works on a bit of land at Patricroft, near Manchester, which works have since been known far and wide as the Bridgewater Foundry.

It was here, in 1839, that he conceived his great invention. Mr Humphries, engineer of the Great Western Steamship Company, had come to consult the young Scotch engineer at Patricroft as to certain machine tools, of unusual size and power, required for the construction of a pair of immense engines for a proposed new ship. The tools were made by Mr Nasmyth and delivered to the satisfaction of Mr Humphries, and the construction of the gigantic engines was soon in full progress. At length, however, an unexpected difficulty arose. An enormous wrought iron paddle shaft, larger than had ever hitherto been forged, was required, but all the largest firms throughout the country, when asked to estimate for the work, answered, to Mr Humphries' surprise and dismay, that they were unable to undertake so large a forging. In this dilemma, he wrote to Mr Nasmyth, saying, 'What am I to do? Do you think I might dare to use cast iron?'

'This letter,' says Mr Nasmyth, 'immediately set me a thinking. How was it that the existing hammers were incapable of forging a wrought iron shaft of thirty inches diameter? Simply because of their want of compass, of range and fall, as well as their want of power of blow. The obvious remedy was to contrive some method by which a ponderous block of iron should be lifted to a sufficient height above the object on which it was to strike a blow, and then to let the block fall down upon the forging, guiding it in its

descent by such simple means as should give the

generally thought out, with the aid of pen and pencil, such mechanical adaptations as I had conceived in my mind, and was then by enabled to render them visible. I then rapidly sketched out my Steam Hammer, having it all clearly before me in my mind's eye. In little more than half an hour after receiving Mr Humphries' letter narrating his unlooked for difficulty, I had the whole contrivance, in all its excellent details, before me in a page of my Scheme Book.'

Such was the origin of the steam hammer. But though Mr Humphries highly approved of the design, the steam hammer was not then made, as about that time the use of the screw as a propeller came into notice, and the required paddle engines were therefore departed from, and the shut of course along with them. It was not till April 1842 that Nasmyth saw his invention in actual shape, and this was in France. He was inspecting a large engineering establishment at Creuzot, under the guidance of one of the partners, when he was particularly struck with the excellence of a large wrought iron marine engine single crank. 'How,' he inquired, 'has that crank been forged?' To his astonishment, the reply was 'It was forged by your steam hammer.'

His pleasure was as great as his surprise at hearing, this statement, and in answer to further questions, the Frenchman told him that he had visited Bridgewater Foundry some time before, when Mr Nasmyth himself happened to be absent. The latter's partner, however, had received the French engineer, shown him the works, and, as was their habit, shown him also the designs entered in Mr Nasmyth's Scheme Book. By permission, the Frenchman took notes and drawings of the steam hammer design, went home, and thereupon constructed the one which its inventor had now the intense gratification of seeing at work.

On Mr Nasmyth's return to England, he patented the steam hammer, and shortly afterwards made one for himself of thirty hundred weight of hammer block. The valuable qualities of the hammer soon became known, and there was no want of orders. In 1847, the Admiralty ordered one of two and a half ton hammer block and on the day when its erection was completed at Devonport, the Lords of the Admiralty came to see it. 'I was there,' says its inventor, 'with the two mechanics I had brought with me from Patricroft, to erect the steam hammer. I took share and share alike in the work. The Lords were introduced to me, and I proceeded to show them the hammer. I passed it through its paces. I made it break an egg shell in a winc lass without injuring the glass. It was as neatly effected by the two and a half ton hammer as if it had been done by an egg spoon. Then I had a great mass of white hot iron swung out of the furnace by a crane and placed upon the anvil block. Down came the hammer on it with ponderous blows. My Lord's scattered, and flew to the extremities of the workshop, for the splashes and sparks of hot metal flew about. I went on with the

hurling blows of the hammer, and kneaded the mass of iron as if it had been clay. Their Lordships honoured him with their careful attention as he afterwards explained the details of its working and construction, and expressed their admiration at the hammer's wonderful range of power and delicacy of touch, and the controllable application of the force of steam.

This was not the last, though the greatest, of Mr. Nasmyth's numerous inventions, but for the further story of his life, we must refer our readers to the book. In this autobiography we are furnished with another example of how good parts might and steadily directed to a given end may not only achieve the object aimed at, but in addition may secure some other end much more important and desirable than had ever previously been thought of or hoped for.

## ONE FALSE, BOTH FAIR,

OR, A HARD KNOT

## CHAPTER XI.—IN KENSINGTON GARDENS

ONCE, twice thrice she read the letter—the mistress of Castel Vaux and Lamington House, carefully, slowly, she read over every line and syllable of the mysterious note which had been handed to her by the groom of the chambers. She had an excellent memory, and, from the first, the words she read had, as it were, burned themselves into her brain, so that they could never be forgotten yet she read them attentively again and again. It was a slender little letter, highly perfumed, sealed with a big seal, on which was the impression of a coronet—a foreign coronet. Foreign, too, were the wax, the envelope, the glossy paper, and the tenuous, musky scent that clung to all, like a weighty atmosphere of incense. The note was couched in the French language. We may venture on a free translation.

DEAR MADAM THE MARCHIONESS—I am in town. You are in town. That says all. We shall meet, and solace ourselves in friendly, if too sad, recollections of the past, of communings and hours spent together among the Pyramids and Painted Galleries of Luxor, or beneath the withered palm-trees of the Desert. Do not be surprised that I know so well your movements. No demon has unfolded for me your lordly chatelain—I pine to see it, but, alas! one day dreams are rarely gratified—of Castel-Vaux. But the English newspapers, so loyal to your illustrious aristocracy, keep us poor foreigners as content as to the dates of your arrivals and departures. Do you know, in Kensington Gardens, a group of elm trees great and ancient, on a sort of sandy mound, where few are to be seen but nutmaids and little children, and a few scarlet warriors of your Queen's Guard? There, from five to day, I shall await your coming in all confidence. You will not fail me.—Yours, in affectionate regard,

LOUISE DE LALOUVE

Very carefully, if very quickly, the young lady concluded the third perusal of this letter, and then she carefully refolded it, glanced at the

ornamental clock over the chimney piece, and compared the tale it told with that of her own watch, and then she seemed to form a quick mental calculation as to time. Lady Bubara was gone, fairly gone. The large barouche, with the strawberry leaves adorning the coronet on its privileged panels, had rolled off into the hum and stir of the streets and the Park, all alive with the pleasure-seeking life of mighty London. Now was the time to act. Crashing up the letter in her hand, she rose from her silken seat and glided away upstairs. Our British aristocracy has this advantage over the rival nobility of Russia, that its members can favour their own halls and abbeys and castles without encountering, save accidentally, the unwelcome scrutiny of prying eyes. In Russia, a great lady, Princess or Countess, is attended by many servants, who seem to sleep or keep vigil outside her chamber door, like disciplined sentinels at their post, and who rise from their cushion benches to bow, and murmur, O your Excellency—*Estouché*, whenever the noble mistress of the mansion goes by. When she of Leominster went up the broad marble stairs to her own room, she met nobody, and she dressed herself, as she had often done in humbler days, rapidly, and without requiring the services of the handmaids that she might have summoned by laying her finger on the bell. In a few minutes, dressed in mourning weeds, and closely veiled, the young mistress of the mansion glided down the palatial stairs, threaded the spacious corridors, passed through the huge marble hall, and was soon outside, and hurried, alone and on foot, into the roaring current of London life.

CHARLES CAREW and her sister CORA, reared far off in remote Devon, had had very little experience of our modern Babylon the Great. A rare pup at the metropolis was all that could be looked for by the children of a steady Devonshire baronet, and it was wonderful that this young girl proved her knowledge of western London as she did. But the art of finding one's way comes by nature. Some of us may blunder, shamefaced, for ever, among lanes and streets, while others hit off as if by magic the exact route to be followed. The lady we write of was of the latter variety. Shunning the more crowded thoroughfares, avoiding observation, so far as it was possible to avoid it, she soon reached Kensington Gardens.

Then, on a sandy mound, soared aloft the giant elm—vast old tree, that had perhaps seen Oliver Cromwell's enthusiastic career round the Military Park of the Commonwealth, and that had certainly looked down on Sir John Fenwick and the luckless Duke of Monmouth as they ruffled it among the blood and confusion of a later day. Under those trees, on a knoll a little apart, stood a tall figure, graceful, erect, no other than that of LOUISE, Countess de Lalouve. That lady came forward, and with a gracious inclination of her head that would have done honour to a royal reception, held out a large hand, the glove white, many-buttoned, of supplest kid, fitted exquisitely well. "Me chère Marguerite," was all she said, but she managed, as Frenchwomen and Russians can, to put an expression into the words that suggested much.

'You wrote to me, dear Countess,' said the other hurriedly, but replying in the same language as that in which her former acquaintance had begun the conversation, 'and you see I am here.'

'How neatly you speak French, dearest,' returned the Sphinx, with what seemed unreserved commendation. 'Your accent, without boastfulness, you learned from me, but your pretty grammar, that is quite your own, really, it would satisfy the Faubourg; *le German*. Most of your countrywomen speak a jargon, believing it to be French of Paris, which— But never mind! Is it not time that we two should understand each other?'

There was a pause. The foreign Madame surveyed the English lady with great dark burning eyes. The blue eyes of her whom she addressed were turned earthwards. Presently they looked up, and frankly confronted those of the foreign lady of title. 'That you mean well and kindly, dear good Madame de Lalouve, I am very certain, she said, 'that you know I am in trouble, I can guess too. My sorrow springs from a very unexpected quarter. My dear, dear sister'—and here she hid her face, but went on, after a pause—'my own loved Cora, has been lured away by the glitter of wealth and rank, till she has forgotten her twin sister's love, forgotten honour and truth, and—Countess, how can I tell you—at the moment of our arrival at my dear dead husband's house, at Castel Vevr, she—'

'Ah! what did she do?' asked the Russo-Frenchwoman, with keen curiosity and a flash of her black eyes.

'She claimed to be'—gasped out the speaker—'to be, not Cora, but Claire—poor Wilfrid's wife—the Marchioness of Leominster, and no tears, no prayers, no reasonings could make her swerve from the wicked obstinacy of her assertion.'

'It was monstrous,' said Countess Louise, never removing her fiery eyes from the beautiful blanched face on which they looked. 'What! the Lady Barbara was there, and the notary—family lawyer—and—'

'How, you know it?' asked the other, surprised.

'I know most things. I am the Sphinx, am I not?' returned the foreign lady, with one of her meaning nods. 'Never think, My Lady Leominster, that you are alone, unseen. You great English folks live in houses of glass.' She gazed out these last words with passionate vibrant earnestness, and indeed, as she towered over the small fair haired girl, she looked much like one of the great serpents of India, up reared, with horrid head and menacing eye, ready to strike.

But she whom she thus seemed to menace merely answered. 'Do you know, dear Countess, that even before your note reached me, I had been wondering, how I could seek you out—how I could see you, and talk with you, and induce you, if you only would, to use your influence, so great, I know, over my poor lost sister Cora.'

'Over your—poor—lost—sister—Cora!' repeated the foreigner, with cruel emphasis. 'Bon! Miladi the Marquise, why, with all your grand friends around you, with Lady Barbara, so sympathetic,

at your side, have recourse to me—to me, a poor stranger here in your lordly London, and suspected, as all of us are who are not of insular birth, as if we were refugees in dread of the police—why come to me, when it is a question of Mademoiselle Cora, your sister?'

'Because,' pleaded the other, 'you were so intimate together, dear Madame de Lalouve, and, when I was beside my poor Wilfrid, acquired her confidence and her admiration, as you did, far off in Egypt. Because you are so clever. Because Cora would hearken to you, and—'

'You are clever too—very clever,' muttered the foreign Countess, with a flash of her burning eyes and a lifting of her expressive shoulders.

'Do help me, dear Countess Louise, dear friend, do try to get Cora to give up this mad girlish fancy, which has led her to wreck the happiness of both, for a mere dream,' said Claire imploringly. 'Advise her, urge her to be true to me, true to herself, to come back to me, and trust her future to me, and indeed—Countess—the dear girl should never know an instant of reproach or blame. I myself should be the first to shield her from—'

'And here she was I read to conceal her emotion. 'Upon my word,' exclaimed Madame de Lalouve, with what seemed a genuine ring of approbation in her voice, 'you are a very remarkable—young lady. I had my own notions of Englishwomen, but— Never mind! Do you know what your sister has done to you?'

'She—tried—'

'Tried to rob you of name, wealth, title, identity—a robbery most base, heuristics, cruel, and deliberate, said Madame de Lalouve severely, 'and this to you, unoffending—to you, her twin sister, and you would forgive her, and you would have me use my influence, if I have any, to bring her back—What should I be myself the better for that?' She asked this so abruptly that the compression of her thin lips resembled the sudden snap of a rat trap.

'I should be so grateful!' murmured the other tamely.

'I have lived long enough to know what an idle word is grateful,' retorted the foreign lady bitterly. 'Those who have climbed, kick and the *marcotte* ped as no longer needed. Why should I care whether one sister or another wins in an affair which would have been settled of old by

fact, have I to gain by it?'

The question was fiercely put. It was steadily answered.

'Much' answered the girl, looking into the fiery eyes of her Egyptian acquaintance with eyes that were able to meet her own with equal courage, as if the light of truth shone in them—'much! My gold—and I have much of it, I believe—is dross to me, compared with a sister's love. I am rich, they tell me. My gratitude, Madame, shall be solid and substantial, if only you will help me to get back my lost darling, to persuade poor Cora that—'

'Compromise! Your hand upon it!' cried the Russo-Frenchwoman, suddenly stretching out her own. 'Come, let us be frank! *écoutez sur table*. We ought to understand each other.'

'I think we do,' answered the other, and again their eyes met. 'Thus is my brother's address in Bruton Street,' she added hastily, as she pressed a piece of written paper into her friend's hand, 'there you will find poor Cora. Use your influence, be her good angel, in a word, and when you have news, we will meet again. Now, as you understand, I must hurry back. Adieu!'

'Adieu! You are worthy to be Lady Leominster,' muttered the swarthy Countess as they parted.

Half an hour afterwards, the beautiful mistress of Leominster House, divested of her walking attire, was again sitting, half crouched, in her low arm chair, when Lady Barbara's carriage returned, and that stately she-dragon of aristocracy sailed into the room, not in the best of tempers.

'Shall here, my dear!' she said. 'I think, if you had come with me, it would have been pleasanter.'

'Perhaps,' said the girl, smiling.

'I am certain of it,' said Lady Barbara dictatorially. 'The few old friends she had called on had been from home, she had seen no one in the Park worth bowing to; the frivolity of the younger generation had revolted her, as it always did. She had come back even more out of temper than when she sailed forth. Then came the tea drinking, the long evening, the late dinner, solemn, stately, and which went on almost in dumb show, so slight was the conversation at that sumptuous board.'

'You never told me, Clare, love, who was your mysterious correspondent?' said Lady Barbara, with a clumsy affectionation of playfulness, before they went to bed. But the other coldly made answer that it was a mere nothing—a note from a lady whom she had known abroad, and who happened to be passing through London, and then Lady Barbara felt that she had neither the right nor the power to pursue the subject further.

## ROYAL CHILDREN

MANY a boy must have thought that he should like to be a Royal Prince, many a little girl must have imagined that it would be delicious to be a Princess. Royal children are not, however except in England, a very happy race. One must make a distinct exception in favour of the little people belonging to our English royal family, because, whenever they are seen in public, their healthy, happy faces indicate clearly enough that they have no cares on their minds. They have not been appointed to colonelships of regiments in their cradles, grand cordons have not been hung round their necks before they could toddle, when they go out with their governesses and nurses, there are no armed escorts to protect their lives, and to make them amazed, if not precociously nervous. Imagine what the life of a Russian child-prince must be at this moment. Parents threatened daily with assassination, may grow callous so far as they themselves are concerned, but they cannot for a moment dismiss anxiety about their children. The dread lest harm should befall these little ones has naturally led to the taking of such precautions that the

Czar's children must play in the midst of a very circle of drawn swords and loaded firearms, and what is worse, they must see on the faces of all around them such an expression of uneasiness, that if they be impressionable, as children usually are, there is a danger that their minds will easily acquire a chronic tinge of melancholy.

Even in the days before Nihilism had commenced its dastardly outrages, the children of the Russian imperial family were guarded in a way that must have seemed very irksome to them. It was no uncommon thing in St Petersburg to see a whole troop of light horse in full trot along the Newsky Prospect, to escort three carriages containing a couple of imperial children and their suite, and on the birthday of an imperial child, it frequently amused foreigners to see a baby in swaddling clothes solemnly borne by a drum major at the head of the regiment which the little mite was supposed to command. Getting thus early familiarised with court pomp, the children became preternaturally grave. It was a wonder to observe how coolly they bore themselves in public, and how extraneously attentive they were to acknowledge every mark of courtesy shown them. But indeed this punctilious observance of the laws of etiquette is one of the first things taught to the young members of reigning families in all countries.

Ordinary children who envy the lot of Princes and Princesses, may console themselves with the reflection, that these favoured young mortals have a terrible number of things to learn. The curriculum of a Prince's studies would dismay any public schoolboy. Very little time is left him for play, and still less for that solitary loafing about and meditation in which most boys delight. If he disappeared for a couple of hours to go on some frolicsome expedition by himself, he would rouse an alarm throughout the palace where he resided, and possibly cause his governor or tutor to be dismissed.

The late Prince Imperial of France when he was ten years old once walked out of the Tuileries for a ramble in the streets, having been seized suddenly with an irresistible temptation to go and join some boys whom he had seen snow-balling. He returned after an absence of four hours, but in the meantime a hundred detectives had been scouring Paris for him, and he found his parents almost frantic with terror. The little King of Rome, Napoleon I's son, once wanted to play truant in the same way, but was checked in time. He then declared, with much weeping, that he wanted to go and make mud pies with some dirty boys who were playing on one of the quays of the Seine. Young Princes of course have their hours of recreation, but it is often much of the same kind as that of which Sandford and Merton partook in the company of their tutor Mr Barlow. Charles Dickens, in one of his Uncommercial Samples, has ridiculed the terrible propensity of Mr Barlow to improve every minute of the day by casual sermons, but this is really the kind of thing with which young Princes have to put up constantly. The eloquent Fénelon, who was tutor to Louis XIV's grandson, the Duke of Burgundy, was an actual living prototype of Mr Barlow. He composed *Télémaque* for his pupil's edification, and was probably the inventor of what we now call object lessons. These are

excellent, most interesting things when taken in school time, but little Princes and Princesses may be pardoned for finding them rather irksome when inflicted on them during all their walks. It is said that Louis II, the present king of Bavaria, took an utter disgust in his boyhood to history and politics, through the indiscreet zeal of a Professor who discoursed on these subjects in season and out of season. He would say, pointing to a haystack 'Can you guess what is the height of that?'—'Thirty feet,' perhaps the boy would answer—'Well, does the number thirty remind you of anything?' Were there not thirty knights on both sides at the *Combat des Truies*? Were there not thirty virgins at Athens? Was there not a Thirty Years' War? And so on, till poor little Prince Louis lost all pleasure in the sight of haystacks.

Napoleon III's heir was also sorely taxed by a couple of most accomplished but too earnest tutors General Frossard and M. Monnier. One day he had been sent out to see a *ruisseau* on the Seine. 'Well, what have you been doing?' said his father, when he returned home. 'Oh, we have been talking of truces,' said the boy wearily, 'and I have heard the story of Darius over again. The Prince Imperial, however, was quite intelligent enough to understand that in these days the heir apparent to a throne must not be a dunce, and he was perhaps one of the most amiable pupils any court tutor ever had. Comparing notes with the young Prince of Asturias, now king of Spain he one day asked the latter what he won he found it hardest to learn 'It is not to laugh in the theatre when I am unused, answered the future king of Spain diplomatically. 'They let me laugh as much as I like,' said the Prince Imperial, 'but what I don't like is to be obliged to smile and look pleasant to men who I know are my father's enemies.' He was alluding then to Count Bismarck, who had come on a visit to Napoleon III at Fontainebleau, and had been received with a cordiality which the boy knew to be more apparent than real.

It is a custom in the Prussian royal family that every Prince shall be apprenticed to a trade, in order that he might be able to earn his living in case of a revolution. The present Crown Prince was taught watchmaking, but whether he could obtain the wages of a skilled journeyman, if his father's crown failed him, is another question. During the first French Revolution, the Duke of Orleans, who afterwards became 'King of the French' by the title of Louis Philippe, had for a time to earn his living as a schoolmaster in Switzerland. Doubtless most German Princes in these times would be able to do the same, for they are all capital linguists and arithmeticians, besides being uncommonly expert in horsemanship, fencing, and drill.

It may be remarked of the smaller German courts, that etiquette is studied and practised there in a very serious fashion. There is possibly in Grand Ducal nurseries a handy book with some such title as 'The Thirty six Different Methods of Bowing and Courtesying,' for it is certain that the little Princes and Princesses are cleverly taught how to graduate their salutations in nice shades to suit different categories of people. If only a little occasional jollity were allowed to relieve the tedium of these lessons in smirking

and posturing, the lot of a young Prince might still be regarded as a pleasant one, but by all accounts, it seems that some of the German Princes are brought up with a military strictness that would have commended itself to the approval of a Spartan. The king of Bavaria when Crown Prince was made to live on beef and mutton, and his ration of the latter food was never allowed to exceed one mutton chop. It is related that on the day when he became king, his first act of royal prerogative was to say to his equerry 'I mean to have two chops this morning.'

## THE MAN IN POSSESSION

### IN FIVE CHAPTERS—CHAPTER III

As I moved for a moment after my discomfiture, the singular construction of the room, as they appeared to me on my first view of them, recurred to me. 'The very thing!' I said to myself 'It will be very odd if I don't manage to get into that house again.'

With me to resolve was to act, and I immediately divined into the shrubbery, in order to work my way quietly and unseen to the back of the premises. It was well that I did so, for scarcely was I concealed by the foliage, when the front door was again opened, and George Wintock and Benetta—the former bearing a light—stepped out upon the gravel walk, and commenced making a circuit of the premises. Holding my breath, and crawling upon hands and knees into deeper shade, I contrived to avoid them. At length, apparently satisfied, after their scrutiny, that I had made off, they retired into the house. I overheard enough of their conversation, however, to inform me that it was Benetta's hand which had struck me to the earth.

I watched the window of George Wintock's bedroom till I saw by his shadow on the window blind that he had entered. After a while, the light was extinguished, and I concluded that he had retired to rest. I knew that he, his father, and the Italian went heavy sleepers, as they were accustomed to indulge in deep potations at night. How it came about that Benetta had discovered and frustrated my scheme, I never was able to fathom.

Having reached that part of the premises which I judged most convenient for my attempt—a low building, used as a woodhouse—I lost no time in cautiously climbing on to its roof, which I was able to do very easily, as its lowest edge was not more than seven feet from the ground. Fortunately, none of the rooms in which the inmates slept looked out upon that particular angle, so that I did not much fear detection, if I could only make progress noiselessly, and attain the higher roof before daylight. I could then hide behind its high parapet. Dark as was the night, or rather morning, it was sufficiently light for me to see what I was about. Slowly and with some difficulty, I dragged myself from roof to roof till I reached a stack of chimneys that rose side by side a few feet from the parapet, and which had been belted with an iron girdle, and fastened with thick iron

rods to the wall just below it. By the aid of the rods, I managed to reach the parapet just as the dawn began to break. Here I was compelled, from sheer exhaustion, to lie down a short time and rest in the leaden gutter inside. Truly, I was not in a sorry plight—my apparel soiled from crawling in the shrubbery, and from clam bearing over the dirty roof, and saturated with the blood that had flowed freely from the blow I had received. I began also to feel extremely faint from exertion, loss of blood, and excitement. What would become of me, if strength failed me? I might lie and die and rot on the summit of this old mansion, before any one discovered me. Yet not for one moment did a thought cross my mind of showing the white feather and giving up the adventure, my feelings were indeed too overwrought for this, partly by an almost blind infatuation for the hapless Mrs. Wintock, and partly by that longing desire to retaliate, which, whether rightly or wrongly, is generally felt by any one who has been put *hors de combat* at an unfair advantage.

A little rest and the cool fresh morning air somewhat revived me, and I commenced creeping along the gutter. With my pocket knife I loosened the leaden frame of a pane in one of the gable windows and collected the glass, inserting my hand, I was able to undo the catch and obtain ingress. Finding the coast clear, I glided softly down to my room, locked myself in, bathed my head and face, and taking a pull at my flask of excitement, I had my life down which to rest my weary bones until aching head. I was much bruised, yet could not help inwardly chuckling at the surprise the Wintocks and their worthy conjugal would experience during the course of the day, when they found that, in spite of his summary rejection, Jack Meredith was once more the Man in Possession.

And great indeed was the consternation of Martha, when, on waking, about midday and feeling an urgent need of refreshment, I walked down into the kitchen where her and Martha were sitting, at dinner. Neither heard me approach, as I purposefully trod softly. Martha had just helped the Italian to a slice of mutton, when, slipping in, I coolly took a chair and seated myself at the table. Both of them started and started as if I had been a ghost.

'Very fine joint of mutton, indeed, Martha—capital!' and so delightfully cooked—not over done. I should so like a taste just where it's so nicely browned on the under side,' pointing as I spoke. 'Ah! you haven't a third plate. Never mind, I'll reach you one,' and I accordingly rose and handed her one from the dresser. The Italian muttered something in his own language, which if translated would, I suspect, have been anything but complimentary. 'Extremely happy to see me at your social meal, no doubt you see, friend Martha! I reciprocate the sentiment most warmly. Here's to your very good health'—taking up the ale jug from the table and filling myself a glass—'Admirable! Right good stuff!—smacking my lips—'Play, Martha, don't let the mutton get cold,' seeing that she had not complied with my request. 'There's nothing in the world I dislike so much as cold mutton.'

I could see that both were for the moment thunderstruck; and as I took up my plate and

held it imploringly, Martha proceeded to cut me the coveted slice.

'Now, a couple of potatoes and a few greens, with just a dash of gravy—Thank you, Martha. You are a good soul! I think, in future I will always take my meals with you and Benetti, instead of giving you the trouble of waiting upon me up stairs. It will give you a great many steps, and be so much more comfortable for us all for it's rather kindly sitting up there by one's self so much.'

My companions were at first disposed to be rather glum, but seeing that I was determined to be on good terms with myself and them, they at last gave in, and we conversed amicably, though reservedly. I could see, however, by their occasional glances at my physiognomy, that both, and especially the Italian, derived considerable gratification in noting how severely I had been punished.

Acting up to my promise, I did not, during the remainder of the time I stayed at Britelagh Hall, trouble Martha to wait upon me, having one object in view, namely, the discovery of Mrs. Wintock's whereabouts. I did not think it probable that she still occupied the same room above my sleeping apartment, or she would have devised some method of giving me at least a hint of it. Every night I was at my old post, the window. In a time I hummed and whistled every tune I was acquainted with. In vain I looked up to catch some slight token of her presence. I felt that she was not there. She knew her case to be desperate, and if the window were fastened, failing other means, would doubtless have shattered a pane of glass as a signal. Yet was I convinced that she was confined somewhere in the upper part of the mansion, and for the following evening, when I essayed to go up into the lumber room on the following morning, after I had effected my second entrance, I found the door at the top of the staircase locked, thus precluding all communication with the upper suite of apartments except by the back or servants' staircase. It was not so on the previous morning, when the inmates thought me safely shut out, as I had passed through it on getting down to my chamber. Hence there must be a motive for endeavouring to prevent me exploring them. How I wished that I had made the circuit of the roof, and peeped into every attic through its window, before descending to my own room, and yet I felt that perhaps I had acted for the best, as my strength would not have held out much longer. Accordingly, I took occasion to observe that old Martha, when she thought herself unperceived, often put aside some of the best portions of her viands, as if for some other person. With these she would suddenly disappear, but always in the evening. I contrived to ascertain that she invariably made for the back staircase, and arranged my plan, desperate as it was, accordingly. It was destined to be put into execution much earlier than I had anticipated.

The fifth morning, after my clamber over the roof, Mr. Wintock sent for me into his room. As I entered, I fancied that a smile of suppressed triumph flashed his countenance. Addressing me in a grandiloquent, sneering style, he said: 'Good morning, Mr. Meredith. I am sorry that your stay at Britelagh has



been so protracted. But what cannot be helped, must be endured. I have been able to arrange my little affair with your principal, and consequently your presence here can now be dispensed with. I shall be glad if you will leave the premises at once.

Taken aback, I was at a loss for a moment or two for words to answer, as from what I had heard previous to my coming to Britelcigh, I had not the remotest idea that Mr Wintock would be able to liquidate the heavy demand upon him. Had Miss Wintock at last thoroughly crushed and broken in spirit, acceded to one of his propositions, and either consented to become the bride of his son, or signed some document which gave him absolute power over her property? The thought was horrible. Yet it might be so, for as I had not been able to effect any communication with her since that unfortunate night, her energies, physical and mental, might have collapsed in despair.

Mr Wintock, seeing that I was dumfounded, at once followed up his advantage. 'I wish to make one observation before you go. You have interfered most unwarrantably and impertinently in the domestic arrangements of my family since you have been in the house, both in intruding yourself upon the privacy of a young lady resident here, and in endeavouring to facilitate her escape from her natural guardians. Possibly, you may not be aware that the young lady in question is a dangerous lunatic, and that a degree of wholesome restraint is absolutely necessary for her well-being and safety, though at times she may have apparently lucid intervals. I have no doubt you were misled by the craft peculiar to that sad affliction, hence, I am disposed to make due allowance for your extraordinary conduct. Otherwise, I should feel justified in communicating the circumstances to your employer, which would probably result in no very agreeable consequences to yourself. I may as well for your satisfaction, that the young lady will shortly be placed in a suitable establishment, where she will be properly cared for. I hope, however, as you are a young man, that a due consideration of the extremely absurd manner in which you have acted, and the slight inconvenience you have suffered—here, with a blind smile, he passed his hand significantly over the upper part of his face—'may prove a warning to you to conduct yourself more discreetly in future.' He looked me full in the face and waved his hand towards the door.

How I repressed the fierce tempest of passion that inwardly shook me, I cannot tell. 'Sir,' I replied as calmly as I was able, 'I am not in a position to doubt your word, but—'

'But what?' he angrily demanded. 'I tell you, man, that I posted a cheque for the amount last evening, and that I expect a discharge and receipt by to-morrow's post. Will that satisfy you?'

'Then no doubt, sir, the same post will bring me from my principal the usual release, without which I am not justified in deserting; my post immediately upon its arrival, I will comply with your wishes.'

'You were ready enough, however, to leave it to suit your own insolent purpose,' he hotly spat out. 'But one day will not make much

difference, I daresay, therefore, to-morrow be it.'

I bowed, and withdrew to the kitchen, indignant, bewildered, and with a sickening sensation at the heart. I was completely foiled and beaten. 'The last night I shall be here—young lady mad—confined in a madhouse—tell my employer—slight inconvenience,' kept echoing through my brain, till I felt dizzy with the whirl of confused thought, and mechanically passed my hand over my face as Mr Wintock had done. The remembrance of the indignity enraged me beyond endurance, and I determined, if human craft could accomplish it, that I would trace out Miss Wintock that very night, and ascertain from her own lips whether, when I left the house, I could do any thing for her. Might not a solicitor, upon proper representation, take her case in hand, and forcibly obtain the release of her person from the hands who now held her in confinement? Doubtless, much energy and skill would be required, but the strong arm of the law was, or ought to be, all powerful. Yes! I would see her. Old Wintock might storm and rave as he liked. I should bid him farewell on the morrow, and if he tried to injure me with my employer, I hoped my statement would be believed, and if not—supposing I, of my disfigure and was thrown out of work—the world was wide, and I should be a kind of martyr in a good cause—the cause of beauty in distress.

Putting a good fire on the stoves, I told old Martha and Benetta that I was to depart on the morrow, as Mr Wintock had settled all claims upon him. It was evident by the covert smile on the face of each that the intelligence gave them great satisfaction. In the course of the evening, I sauntered out of the kitchen as if to go to my room, and no doubt as I beat these good evenings, they concluded that I had retired for the night. Instead of doing so, I quietly slipped up the back staircase. Here, as in the other, there was a door at the top, which shut the upper range of apartments from the lower. The staircase itself, however, was much darker. This door was also locked, confirming my suspicion that Miss Wintock was above stairs. As is often the case in ancient mansions, there were several nooks and recesses in this old circular staircase. Within one of these, on the landing, I ensconced myself and waited patiently. I did not much fear discovery, as old Martha's sight was none of the quickest, and she usually wore a bonnet and shawl of an evening, as she suffered somewhat from rheumatism. At length I saw her coming, hobbling slowly up the stairs, and bearing a lighted candle and a covered dish.

'All right, Jack, my boy, you're on the right scent,' said I to myself. 'Let close!'

And close. I did he as ever weald in a hole. Old Martha reached the landing, put down her dish and candle, drew the key from her pocket, and proceeded to unlock the door. Then entering with her burden—which she again put down for a minute inside—was about to relock it, when I emerged from my hiding place and stepped in also, shutting the door after me. The old dame turned deadly pale and would have screamed, but my hand was on her mouth. I learned that trick from Benetta the night Miss Wintock was forcibly carried back from my room.

'Now, my dear soul, don't make a riot, because there's no need for it. I mean you no harm, and wouldn't hurt a hair of your old grey head for the world! I only want a little private conversation with you—There, now!'—taking the key from her trembling hand, and transferring it to my pocket, after locking the door—we can have it all quietly to ourselves without fear of interruption—It's no use, Martha,' I added sternly, seeing that she was all out to remonstrate 'It's my turn for a little while now. What is the use of your calling out! No one can possibly hear you.'

Martha's teeth chattered and her knees trembled. 'What is it you want with me, man?' she asked.

'Now, be civil, old lady. No "mannin'" if you please. Just take up the dish and candle, and I will bear you company—I want a few minutes' speech with your young lady.'

'I cannot! I dare not!' Mr Wintock would kill me!

'Stuff! He'll do nothing of the kind. Besides, he is not obliged to know anything about it, unless you are silly enough to inform him.'

Old Martha bent as if to pick up the dish and candle. There was a slight noise below. Possibly Benetta had returned for a moment into the house for something. In an instant her mouth was at the keyhole, she was about to shriek for assistance, but I was too quick for her.

'You treacherous old villain, I whispered, 'if you try that dodge again, I'll gag you—Now, just listen to me. I know all about the rascally doings in this house. I know that Miss Wintock is forcibly confined somewhere in one of these attics. She is no more innocent than I am, so that tale will not serve Mr Wintock's purpose. To-morrow, I'm off to London, and I'll move earth, sea, and sky, till I set the authorities on the right track to find and release her. I know Mr Wintock's motive—her property. He won't have a feather of it to fly with, he is most likely to land in jail. You shall come in for your share of punishment in illegally confining her. Let me see her for a few moments, and I promise you, on the word of a man, that whatever transpires, you shall be held free from blame.'

After some further expostulation on her part, and renewed threats and promises on mine, Martha took her dish and candle and proceeded to Miss Wintock's apartment. I kept close to her, eyeing keenly every movement, for I felt that if only half a chance occurred, she would play me false.

Never shall I forget the sight that presented itself on my entering Miss Wintock's wretched garret. Stretched on a miserably narrow pallet lay the beautiful but haggard girl, dressed as I last saw her, but with a stout leathern girdle bulged tightly round her waist, and which, fastened with a thick strong cord passing round one of the bed posts, effectually prevented her from moving except within a very limited area. The casement was strongly barred on the inside, and the catch securely fastened. In this remote room, at the very top of the house, there was not the slightest opportunity of communicating with the world without.

Old Martha noticed the start I gave on first

entering the room, and commenced a hypocritical whumping. 'Indeed, Mr Meredith, it's no fault of mine, nor could I help it. 'Tis all master's doing and Mr George, and I am too old and too feeble to do anything but obey orders.'

'Silence, woman!' I sternly retorted, as I thrust her into the only chair in the room, and advanced to the side of the poor suffering and ill-used young lady.

The death-like pallor of her countenance, the drooping of the long dark eyelashes, and the listless rolling of the languid eyes, evinced the intense mental anguish that racked her. The instant her eyes rested on me, a sharp faint cry of joyful recognition escaped her, and she stretched out her hand. In the tumult of my distracted feelings, I seized it and pressed it warmly to my lips. A deep flush came rushing into her neck and face until she crimsoned to the temples. The next instant she was, if possible, even paler than before, and her short, rapid breathing told of the excitement under which she laboured.

'O Mr Meredith—I was afraid that—I thought—I hoped you would not desert me, she gasped.

'Not while I have life dear Miss Wintock, was the prompt reply. While I spoke, my pocket knife was out, and I was sawing like a maniac at the cord to sever it.

Old Martha began to wring her hands and to remonstrate, but her remonstrances I speedily checked.

'The cord was speedily cut through, and gently raising Miss Wintock to a sitting posture, I asked 'Are you able to stand?'

'Yes, thank you very much. At least I'll try. She gave me one glance of appalling truthfulness, and burst into a paroxysm fit of weeping. 'Oh, take me away with you from this horrid place! I shall go really mad, I know I shall, I am so now, almost. O my poor brain!'

I tried my utmost to soothe her. Even old Martha aided me. Perhaps her womanly feeling was touched, for I believe she was more the unlucky victim and tool of circumstances than of an intrinsically bad and hardened nature. She produced her old fashioned smelling bottle, bathed Mrs Wintock's hands and face, and induced her to eat some of the food she had brought, and I persuaded her, with some difficulty, to take a sup or two from my spirit flask, which I had previously put in my pocket in case of emergency.

At length the young lady became calmer. But I saw that it would be necessary to use extreme caution, or she would suffer a relapse, so she continued to entreat me, in the most pathetic language, not to leave her again in the power of the Wintocks. I looked at my watch, it wanted about twenty minutes to nine. Precisely at nine, in readiness for the evening ride, Mr Wintock's gig and mare would be in the yard near the side door, and Mr George's horse shortly afterwards. Mr Wintock would probably, as he often did, keep his gig waiting for him till a quarter past. George Wintock would be off shortly afterwards. Though I had spoken so confidently to Martha, I was not at all sure that some unlucky accident might not intervene if I remained where I was. Benetta might miss Martha. In fact, I was terribly uneasy and in a sad dilemma.

city where I was for any length of time I dared not leave Miss Wintock in her present state of mind, I could not indeed, I think she would have attempted to force her way with me, had I shown any indication of leaving her. A hasty and perhaps rash resolve took possession of me. If I could only get Miss Wintock below and conceal her till after the departure of the Wintocks, we might succeed in getting away unseen down to the village, where I hoped to house her safely and obtain assistance in protecting her, for surely none who knew her would refuse to aid, and even if discovered, I should then only have the Italian to deal with. Our time had been singularly ill chosen for this. We had waited till both Mr Wintock and his son had returned home before making our attempt.

I again bent over Miss Wintock, and asked, 'Do you think you could walk a little?'—at the same time giving her a reassuring look.

The rapid glance of intelligence with which she replied reassured me.

'Now, Martha,' I said, 'I'm extremely obliged to you for all you have done, and depend upon it, you shall not be forgotten. But I must have the loan of that bonnet and I shall for a little while, removing the one from her head and the other from her shoulder.—It is no use to resist, old lady! A willful man must have his way, and so you may as well be quiet. Now, sit down again in that chair, and don't stir unless I bid you, for time is precious.—Pon my word, Miss Wintock, that bonnet becomes you as well as it does Martha,' placing it upon her head. 'Rather a little nice compliment to you, though. There, tuck up your hair softly out of sight in the crown, don't show any of it, on any account. Now for the shawl, slip it up to the throat—so. Here's a pin. That will do admirably. I declare I should not know you from Martha herself at a yard's distance, if I did not see your features.—Now, Martha, old girl, I'm just going to lock you in this room a little while—only a little while, you know, for I will leave the door on the landing open. Benetti will be sure to find you by and by, as if you don't make your appearance below, he will no doubt seek you here, guessing that something has happened.—Nay, Martha, as she rose from her seat in great indignation, 'I don't wish to do anything, ungentlemanly. I do not at all fear your giving an alarm from this window, it is too strongly guarded for you to force it. You wouldn't like to take Miss Wintock's place, I suppose,' pointing to the pallet from which I had released her. 'Very well. Then keep quiet, and no harm will come to you of this. You can tell Mr Wintock that you were overruled by stratagem and force, if you like. We will leave you the light, as we can do better without it.'

The hunt was sufficient. Perhaps, too, in her heart the old creature might not be unwilling that her charge should escape. Before I had done speaking, Miss Wintock and I were out in the long corridor. The door was locked on old Martha, while Miss Wintock carried the dash and enable her to impersonate Martha as faithfully as possible.

'Now for it once again,' I said to my companion, 'and I trust with better luck. But you must be as cool as you can, and keep your wits about you

A hitch now will spoil all, for I fear this is your last and only chance. Whenever you feel inclined to faint, think of your liberty or a lunatic asylum.

'Do not fear me,' she whispered. 'I will do my utmost, or perish in the attempt. They shall not tear me from you a second time.'

'Very good. Be as quick as you can, till we reach the last turn at the bottom of the stairs. Then, if the coast is clear, I will go forward and reconnoitre.'

Hurriedly whispering these and other hints, I led her to the turn of the stairs, and then went forward by myself. A few seconds afterwards, Martha's double came bumping down and along the passage into the scullery as directed. The impromptu was excellent and complete, and but for the serious state of mind, I could have laughed outright. However, this was no time for indulgence in levity, but for nerve, wit, and boldness in action.

The outer door of the kitchen passage was open. Benetti usually left it so while he went to get the horses and when he really for his masters. I stole softly towards it, to get a bird's-eye view of what might be going on without, endeavouring the while to arrange some definite plan of proceeding. A rapid glance informed me that the elder Wintock had not yet departed. The pig, with the fine high bred mutt he was accustomed to have still stood in the yard. The animal was a noble specimen, of great strength, speed, and spirit, but would stand as quietly as a lamb in the Hall yard while waiting its master's pleasure, though it required a strong hand to hold the ribbons when once upon the road. Benetti was busily engaged in the stable saddling and bridling Mr George Wintock's horse. I could hear his 'Whoa, Dandy!' and other ejaculations less amiable, in his broken English, as the animal seemed to be giving him some trouble. In another five minutes he would have him out into the yard equipped ready for his rider.

Instantaneously an idea whirled through my brain like a flash of light, upsetting whatever scheme or intention I might have already formed. In a second I was at the scullery door. 'Whist! Now—quick! Here, take my arm. Jump into the gig, the instant you reach it. Trust to me for the rest.'

Miss Wintock looked up at me in wonderment, but immediately obeyed.

Out at the open door and across the yard with Miss Wintock on my arm. 'In with you, now, quickly, for dear life!'

She needed no second admonition, but half lifted by me, sprang nimbly into the vehicle. I was about to follow, but as all luck would have it, we were not to get away so easily. The mare, hearing our footsteps, had begun to paw the ground, impatient of delay, and the face of Benetti immediately appeared at the stable door. Probably he thought his master had come out, and might require his services.

I should have been unconscious of the fact, but in stepping into the gig, Miss Wintock slightly turned her head and caught sight of the Italian's swarthy visage. Her short suppressed cry and eager finger at once pointed out to me the cause of her terror. Benetti comprehended the state of affairs at the first glance, and with a

fiere whoop, came rushing at full speed to seize the mare's head. There was not time for me to mount. Stepping forward a pace or two, and exerting my utmost strength, I dealt him a buffet which fairly balanced that which he had dealt me at the Hall door, followed up by a kick upon the shins, as he staggered backward and fell, literally yelling with agony. The mare snorted, and began to move. Snatching the reins, I sprang into the gig, and had just cleared the yard as George Wintack came rushing out to ascertain the cause of the disturbance.

HOME RULE

FROM A HOUSEKEEPER'S POINT OF VIEW

WITH a large portion of the working community in our cities and towns, existence is frequently a difficulty, and when further weighted with the responsibility of wife and family, too often an incessant struggle for the necessities of life. The class which appears to suffer most is that in which, unfortunately, some degree of outward appearance—in the head of the family at least—is to be maintained, for the credit of the establishment in which he is engaged, as well as for the support of his own position in it. These are the persons who sink immediately above the labouring classes—the clerks and assistants in mercantile houses, who, untrained or unfitted for manual occupation, have more expenses and scarcely better salaries than the wages of a moderately skilful artisan, and without some of his advantages; for the latter's wardrobe may be confined to his suit of working clothes, with a change for Sundays, whilst the tools of his trade, once obtained, are of a durable character, and his avocation, excepting in a few instances, healthy and invigorating.

It is noteworthy, however, that this class, poorly paid as it frequently is, is yet open to the charge of careless wastefulness, if not actual extravagance. It may be the reflection that the remuneration, though small, is sure, and that the end of the week, month, or quarter will furnish funds for another term of toil, which gradually conduces to a condition of unhealthy contentment where, by so many are established to endure a hard to month existence, patiently looking for the dawn of a better day, or gradually becoming inured to the straitened circumstances in which their lives have been passed. To this, the subject of domestic economy properly understood is most important, and it will be well to bear in mind the proper distinction between that word and parsimony; for which it is sometimes used, and with which it is not infrequently confounded.

The better to illustrate our views, we will suppose a family in the lower order of the middle classes, with whom careful management is a matter of the first importance, consisting of the parents, one servant, and, say, four children, and we will commence with the article of Food, for here economy is most requisite, and very frequently but little observed. Wholesome food, and plenty of it, cannot be too highly estimated, and in no particular of household economy can the 'penny wise and pound foolish' system be more pernicious. The prudent consideration

that what is not cheap in price should be made profitable in every available way, comes in here, and to this let the careful housekeeper direct his attention. The most substantial sorts of food—butcher meat, for instance—can be purchased more cheaply from the large markets than from the solitary shop in the neighbourhood where trade competition does not step in to the advantage of the purchaser, and thus in the matter of a large family dinner yields an important saving. There is of course to be remembered the expense of the journey by bus or tram car or district railway, but that will be amply covered by the saving effected.

As roasted or baked joints are found to be more profitable than boiled ones, the nutritious juices not being so much exhausted, and a greater variety of dishes being procurable from them in that form, we will suppose the housekeeper purchases that joint of beef known as the 'cutch bone,' and weighing, about twelve or thirteen pounds. In the first place, this is sold more cheaply than in any other cut, on account of the bone it contains. Roasted, and served up hot, it supplies a good dinner the first day. Cold, with salad, and the vegetables that are in season there is a wholesome dinner for the second, while for the third day, thick pieces will be found which, fried with onions, or stewed, afford another variety. Of what remains, separate the fragments and fat from the bone, and the first will contribute to a meat party on a subsequent day, the fat melted down, and added to the dripping, from the roasted joint, which should have been carefully preserved, is available for pie and pudding crusts, and, in winter, as a pleasant substitute for butter on hot toast, and quite as wholesome, while the bone itself, having been well stewed down, with others, forms the basis of good soup and then, having quite completed its culinary mission, and perfectly clean, may be placed in its particular receptacle, to be presently disposed of to the itinerant purchaser who makes his duty and for the purpose.

The fat carefully removed from the surface of the water when cold, in which pork or ham, poultry or rabbits have been boiled, is excellent for pastry, the liquor itself, and the residuum, together with the poultry and rabbit bones—and where the obnoxious habit of sawing and racking bones at table is not permitted, there can be no objection to so employing them, most materially in the stock for soup. As an accompaniment to the hot roast and boiled joints, a serviceable dish will be found in plain pudding of suet and flour which, with the gravy if the joint, is much liked by children, and as all flour food is good for them, is wholesome as well as economical.

Bread that is home made is generally preferred to that supplied by the baker, and if to a peck of flour is added a pound of rice, bullock, it will render the bread clean and white, whilst the water in which potatoes have been boiled, imparts a light and spongy character to the loaf. Of course the usual salt and yeast must be used as well, but bread thus prepared will be more palatable than is usually the case with that which is made in the ordinary way. Having mentioned these, we may remind our readers that besides the many forms of nourishing puddings to which it

may be applied, it is the cheapest, best, and simplest substitute for vegetables to eat. Very moderate in price, of no trouble in preparing, and without any waste whatever, it is far and away the best resource if potatoes fail, or at that season of the year when they are 'waxy' or heavy. What oatmeal is to the Scotch, rice is in the land of its cultivation, for it can be used in many forms, and is always salutary and pleasant. Oatmeal, by the way—which, excepting in the North, is associated generally with slops and messes of a sick-room—is scarcely appreciated with us who live more in the South. The rough meal has a sustaining power far beyond our ordinary bread, and it would be well if 'porridge' could be generally used as the breakfast of our little ones. Served up with milk or with treacle, it is quite probable that it would speedily supersede the more expensive and less nutritious tea, coffee, and even cocoa. Here again, as with rice, there is no trouble, no waste, but cleanliness, simplicity, cheapness, and nutriment.

If there is any garden ground attached to the house, it may be worth while to cultivate the more hardy vegetables, such as beans, potatoes, or cabbages, which require little time and attention and yield a profitable return, but the more expensive asparagus and peas, as also fruit, it will be more satisfactory to purchase from the greengrocer, they require more care and attention than, as a matter of economy, they are worth. The greens, cauliflowers, and potatoes that have been left at dinner, can be redressed for the following day. Warned with bacon, they will afford an acceptable change, or will be very well come to your poultry, if you keep any, and if no other use can be devised for them, they will, if placed on a heap at the bottom of the garden with their parings and peelings, and with the bones, skin, and offal of fish, &c.—otherwise of no actual use—and now and then covered with a thin coating of mould, contribute their portion of sustaining power towards next year's produce.

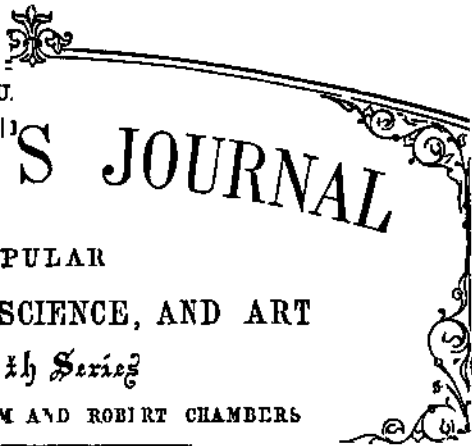
The mention of poultry reminds us that many persons living in towns keep fowls, under the impression that they will be provided with eggs better and cheaper than can be bought. This frequently is an error. Unless poultry have a clear 'run,' they are a questionable investment. Besides the first outlay for the birds, with the expense of providing them with a proper roost, and perhaps a wire fence to keep them within bounds, is the purchase of their food. There is scarcely any domestic animal to which fresh air and exercise are so necessary as the common fowl. Give her a handful of corn in the morning, and the same at night, with perfect freedom to rove through a paddock or orchard, and she will forage for herself during the day and repay you with good eggs. But if, as is too frequently the case in towns, we insist on her residing in a cellar, with the 'local option' of a back-yard or a street gutter, we must not be surprised if she loses her sleek and comfortable appearance, and if the eggs she presents us with are few and coarse-flavoured.

Another opportunity for the exercise of judicious economy is furnished by the clothing of a family. Many of the clothes of the parents, or even the elder children, which have become too

much worn or too short for them, may with a little ingenuity be adapted to the younger branches in such a way that the identity of the coat or frock is concealed. We regard it as a matter of no small importance in home education to prevent as far as possible the feeling of humiliation which a sensitive child suffers, if made aware that its appearance is grotesque or remarkable. We cannot forget the days when by the law of succession as it prevails in many families, we inherited the trousers or coat of our elders. But, we repeat, this contingency may by dextrous manipulation be avoided, and when the hereditary garment is past all further service, there is still the old clothesman to bid for the heap of disused clothes, or the poorer children of the neighbourhood, who have no scruples on such matters, or the transmutation into cloths for the coarser household, or at last, the rag bag—the contents of which can always be converted into money.

If the string that secures the dyer's and grocer's parcels is simply untied, or at least only cut at the knot, many a penny may be saved. If the old letters, envelopes, children's copy books, and all manuscript work, which choke up drawers, desks, and boxes, are regularly transferred from the waste paper basket to a sack kept in the lumber room for the purpose, from half a crown to three shillings per hundredweight may be obtained for them from some of the waste paper dealers. Nearly every family takes in its daily or weekly newspaper; when done with, let it be neatly folded, and placed aside till the bulk amounts to a considerable weight, when it may be disposed of to the butcher at the rate of perhaps a halfpenny a pound. If all the pennies thus obtained are put in a drawer or box kept for that special purpose, at the end of six months they will represent a sum quite sufficient to add some useful or ornamental article to the house, and without any assistance from the pocket of the master. The ordinary brown paper in which the grocer and ironmonger wrap up their goods, unsuitable for the purpose we have mentioned, becomes, when placed between woollen clothes or blankets, an excellent preventive of moths, and is admirable disinfectant when burnt, and is useful in various other ways.

In every house there is necessarily an accumulation of rubbish which it is difficult to dispose of, and of which we who profess to be tidy persons are only too glad to be rid. Broken crockery, old toothbrushes and table knife handles, fragments of broken window panes, tin, unlike the rest, bones, or old metal, find no particular use, but they are readily convertible to other purposes, like the old clothes. For these, however, the gardener finds a use. For the most effectual drainage of the flower beds, it is a good plan to have a substratum of rubbish, about six inches deep at a distance of, say, two feet from the surface of the soil, through which the run may percolate, leaving the upper part sufficiently moist for germination, but not so continuously wet as to injure the seeds and young roots. This is particularly important with a stiff soil that has no substratum of gravel or sand. For an artificial basis of this kind there are no better materials than the broken crockery and the other



MARCH 24, 1883

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worthless articles referred to, and thus most unrightly objects are got rid of in the first place, and turned to good account as well.

The boards of packing cases or wine boxes may be converted into book shelves, or painted green, into window boxes, for nasturtiums and mignonette, or as borders for the garden beds. Nails and screws, not wasted, but kept in a box where they may readily be found, will, with the assistance of a gimlet and screw driver or hammer, save many a shilling, that would otherwise be paid to the jobbing joiner who works by the hour, and whose occupation, like that of the gardener on the same arrangement, is very frequently of a most elastic nature. It is a common thing for servants, in raking out the last evening's fire, to carry all the cinders to the dust bin, to be thrown out. Now, a large quantity of these are only partially burnt—coke, in fact, for which we pay as a rule about a shilling a sack—they ought to be saved by sifting them from the mere dust, and be used again as backing for the kitchen fire.

Neglect or procrastination is one of the worst enemies to the order and economy of a household. Bolts, hinges, and the more intricate mechanism of locks, become troublesome or useless from the rust which neglect suffices to accumulate. There is really no excuse for this, for they make their grievances known in their own voice of complaint, or, as in some human ailments, by their indisposition to move. As soon as a bolt or a hinge cracks or a lock refuses to obey the action of the key, there is a temporary derangement that a little sweet oil will remove, but which, neglected, will become chronic and necessitate a visit from the locksmith or joiner.

It may be considered that undue stress has been laid on matters of slight importance, but it is in the apparently unimportant details where so much saving may be effected, and it spurs almost if we could name many more. If our method could be tried for a twelvemonth by a family of the class to which we have referred, we should be quite satisfied to submit to the arbitration of experience, whether our theory is worthy one of those fanciful schemes that, in the abstract, look well, but will not bear the test of practice, or whether it affords useful and practicable suggestions for an economical system of Home Rule.

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# S JOURNAL

PULAR SCIENCE, AND ART

By Series

M AND ROBERT CHAMBERS

air above us than when we are at the sea level. If we take it down a deep mine, it rises, because the vertical height, and consequently the pressure, of air above us, is increased. But even at the sea level the column, when it came to be attentively studied, was found to vary in height. Sometimes it rose sometimes it fell. At one time it moved a very little, and at another, a great deal. The variation, too, was not regular or periodic—it did not agree with the rising and setting of the sun, nor coincide with the phases of the moon, it was quite erratic. But a little further observation showed a marked correspondence between these mysterious movements and the state of the weather. A great fall of the column, it was noticed, was invariably followed by rain or wind, or both, while a steady rise generally accompanied the clearing up of the weather. Careful observation soon resulted in the deduction of rules, by means of which the probable weather might be inferred from its movements. And so originated the 'weather glass.'

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watchful look, and the roughened outlines of the thorax, which served to complete the illusion so perfect was the deception, that I really could not feel confident that the black spot I was examining was what I believed it to be. Only one little circumstance reassured me. There was some hole or interstice in the outer covering, through which one spot of the inner brilliant margin could be seen shining like a star. Certain now as to the identity of the moth, I advanced still nearer, and finally I found that it was not till the point of the stick was used to move and shake the cloth on which it lay, that the creature could believe that it was in danger. Then, in an instant the crumpled leaf became a living moth, with powers of flight which would have defied capture.

#### AUSTRIAN GAME

The following is an extract, obtained by a contemporary, from a Report recently issued by the Austrian Minister of Agriculture, regarding the quantity of game, &c., killed in 1880 in the Austrian provinces. Through it does not claim to be absolutely exact, it still affords an interesting proof of the abundance of game in these countries. In 1880 there were shot: Game, 1,027,090 head, including 940,805 hares, 49,015 deer, 27,463 rabbits. Feathered game, 992,346 head, including: 717,292 partridges, 84,487 quail, 78,759 pheasants, 43,516 wild duck, 23,070 snipe, woodcock, &c. Vermin, 43,465 head, including 21,679 foxes, 12,205 weasels, &c., 1242 martens, 2208 badgers, 165 wolves, 65 lynx, 26 bears. Of particular interest, Bohemian provinces very abundant game. It produced in 1880, 280,568 hares and 433,961 partridges.

In addition to the above, there were bagged of fur and feathered game in 1880, in Lower Austria, 284,370 head, Styria, 84,590 head, Moravia, 383,510 head, Upper Austria, 66,121 head.

The greatest number of chamois was in Tyrol and Vorarlberg, 2007 head, Styria, 1633 head, Salzburg, 1095 head. The largest number of bears and wolves were killed in Galicia.

#### THE WILD CURELW

On the first spring day 'mong the couching hills

For the morning sun drunk the glistening dew,

On my ear there fell round the rush of rills

From afar the voice of the wild Curel

are 'only too glad to be rid of broken crockery, old toothbrushes and table knife handles, fragments of broken window panes, tin, unlike the rags, bones, or old metal, find no purchaser, nor are they readily convertible to other purposes, like the old clothes. For these, however, the gardener finds a use for the more fertile stratum of the flower bed, it is a good plan to lay a substratum of rubbish, about six inches deep at a distance of, say, two feet from the surface of the soil, through which the run may percolate, leaving the upper part sufficiently moist for germination, but not so continuously wet as to injure the seeds and young roots. This is particularly important in a stiff soil that has no substratum of gravel or sand for an artificial basis of this kind there are no better materials than the broken crockery and the other

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OR  
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Fourth Series

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS

No 1004—Vol. XX

SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1883

Price 1 1/2

## OUR WEATHER FORECASTS

PROBABLE weather forecasts are of two distinct kinds. We have those made fully a year in advance and embodied in *Wells's Almanac* and similar publications, and we have the twenty-four hour forecasts which duly appear in the news papers. Both find numerous believers, and both justify themselves by a certain percentage of success. But it must not be supposed that both emanate from the same quarter, or are even based upon the same science. The former is founded upon the curious misconception that it is the moon and planets that regulate our weather—a surviving fragment of astrology, the latter have their origin in an application of the laws of meteorology as disclosed by weather telegraphy.

We cannot at present enter into details regarding the systems adopted by the lunatic period or quick forecasters, but we have something to say about our daily weather warnings, which concern us all pretty directly, seeing that we pay some fifteen thousand pounds a year for them. Our remarks may be conveniently arranged under three heads: (1) How the forecasts are made, (2) What degree of success has attended them hitherto, and (3) How they may be improved. We write for the unscientific. What follows, therefore, is not new, but is merely a popular summary of the various views and opinions that have been put forward from time to time within the last year or two.

First, then, how the forecasts are made. Every body knows that the barometer is essentially an atmospheric weigher. The envelope of air which incases our globe has weight, and consequently presses upon the earth's surface. Torricelli found that this pressure at the level of the sea is sufficient to force mercury up an empty tube—empty of air, that is—to a height of about thirty inches. In such a column of mercury, therefore, we have a constant index of the weight of the atmosphere. If we take it up a high mountain, it falls, because there is then less

air above us than when we are at the sea level. If we take it down a deep mine, it rises, because the vertical height, and consequently the pressure, of air above us, is increased. But even at the sea level the column, when it came to be attentively studied, was found to vary in height. Sometimes it rose a trifle, and it fell. At one time it moved a very little, and at another, a great deal. The variation, too, was not regular or periodic—it did not agree with the rising and setting of the sun, nor coincide with the phases of the moon, it was quite erratic. Put a little further observation showed a marked correspondence between these mysterious movements and the state of the weather. A great fall of the column, it was noticed, was invariably followed by rain or wind, or both, while a steady rise generally coincided with the clearing up of the weather. Careful observation soon resulted in the deduction of rules, by means of which the probable weather might be inferred from its movements. And so originated the 'weather glass.'

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frequently met with in British weather, the two latter are somewhat rare.

The cyclone, when perfect, is a circular or oval area, the isobaric lines forming concentric circles. In the middle, the barometer is lowest, on the edge of the area, it is highest, and in the space between, the readings pass by slow or rapid gradation from the one to the other. Mark the variable gradation. Its importance will be seen directly. Now, the direction of the wind and the distribution of the weather throughout this area, are fixed and invariable. The wind circulates round the centre in the opposite direction to the hands of a watch. On the east side, the wind is southerly, on the west side, it is northerly, on the south side, it is westerly, and on the north side, it is easterly. There is a slight inward motion, however—the wind really blowing in a sort of spiral—which gives the easterly current on the north of the area a slight touch of the north, the southerly one on the east side a slight easterly direction, and so on. Then the force of the wind is regulated by the steepness of the gradient just alluded to. If the edge of the cyclone be forty miles from the centre, and the difference in pressure between the two about an inch of the barometer, the wind will be far stronger than if the distance be eighty miles and the difference in pressure the same, or the difference only half an inch and the distance the same. To make this a little clearer, suppose the barometer at Edinburgh to be 29.80 in. H., and at Glasgow 28.30 inches; that would be a very steep gradient indeed, and the gale might be expected to be severe, but if the barometer at Edinburgh were only twenty-nine in height, the gradient is not very steep and the wind might not be violent. Thus, by looking at a chart on which the isobars are drawn and the barometric readings marked, the meteorologist can tell with approximate correctness the direction of the wind and its force over the entire area of the cyclone. In the centre, as a rule, the air is calm, with stifling gusts.

Generally speaking, the weather on the eastern side of a cyclone is cloudy, warm, muggy, and subsequently wet, while on the west side it is clear, cool, and showery. Now, were the cyclone stationary, so far as a jack-knowledge of the weather is concerned we should not gain very much by all this knowledge. We might gather from the chart that rain was falling here, and that it was showery there, but we could not have that knowledge before the rain or the showers had actually set in. As it happens, however, cyclones move. They pass over us generally from west to east, or south-west to north-east, and it is the fact of this motion that renders forecasting possible. We shall have occasion to return to this point presently.

Having so fully described the cyclone we need only indicate the chief features of the other figures. In the anticyclone, which is stationary, the characteristics of the cyclone are exactly reversed. The barometer is highest in the centre,

and lowest at the edges, being abnormally high throughout the whole area. The wind circulates in the same direction as the hands of a watch, and with a slight outward motion. The weather throughout is calm and fine—frosty in winter, warm in summer, with local thunderstorms. The weather that accompanies well-developed isobars is 'too fine to last,' being what is called a 'pet day' between a cyclone just passed and one approaching. Then lastly, the straight isobars—which invariably run east and west—mark a high barometer in the south with blue sky, and a low barometer in the north with feathery cirrus clouds—'grey muzzes tails'—and sometimes blustering winds. This distribution of pressure is favourable to the passage of cyclones, and so it generally precedes storm and wet.

We may now see in a general way how the forecaster sets to work. Suppose that the returns from all the stations show a normal state of things, except those from the west of Ireland, where the barometer is reported to be falling, the temperature rising, the wind southerly and increasing in force, and dark masses of cloud rolling up. These indications mark unequivocally the approach of a cyclone. It has travelled across the Atlantic, and its 'front' has just reached Ireland. Now, we know well enough that as the disturbances cross our islands a storm of wind and rain—of greater or less severity—inches in the van, while showers and squalls with blinks of sunshine bring up the rear. The forecaster, therefore, has only to determine what part of the cyclone will be over a certain place by a certain time, in order to forecast the weather that will prevail at that place at that time. In order to do this, it is absolutely necessary that he know the size of the cyclone, its direction of motion, and its rate of progression. Unfortunately, these are particulars which our insular position renders it impossible to get. The disturbance is brief over us before we know any one of these elements with certainty, so they have to be guessed. In the case of an anticyclone, the weather holds a still more important place, for the weather is then allowed to speak for itself, and all the forecaster has to know is what it says. We thus see that although our forecasts are founded upon a sound principle, the circumstances of our position renders them to a great extent mere guesses.

Of the success which has attended the daily weather prognoses we have not very much to say, for so far as any practical benefit is concerned, they are provokingly inaccurate. Until quite recently, the most conflicting opinions were held on the point. One person said he found them to be fairly accurate, another maintained that they were as often wrong as right. Generally, however, the tale of opinion has turned against them. The official Reports, which may be assumed to put the best face on matters, show a percentage of successes very far from satisfactory or encouraging. Fully in the year, Sir Edmund Beckett published a letter in the *Times*, in which, by a direct comparison of the forecasts and the actual weather for twenty-four days, he showed the prognoses to be ludicrously wide of the mark. And since then, the opinion has been generally expressed that they are little better than random guesses, and are practically useless. It seems, then, that one of two things must be done,

either the attempt to raise duty forecasts must be abandoned, or an effort must be made to effect an improvement. The ways in which the latter can be done, we propose considering, in a future paper

ONE FALSE, BOTH FAIR;

OR, A HARD KNOX

CHAPTER VII.—IN REGENT STREET

It was the noon-tide of London life, the time when idlers and toilers, the great and the gay, and those who are neither gay nor great, but none the less important members of the social life, swarm abroad among the buzzing streets, while the dull, never ceasing roar of wheels and trampling feet and human voices blend in the deep dissonant chorus that a great city sends forth, floating on the summer air. Before one of the well-known shops in a gay thoroughfare stood a carriage, on the panels of which gleamed the star-berry leaves of a Marquis, but what attracted most notice was the excellent beauty of its solitary occupant, a slender, graceful girl, dressed in black, and whose bright hair flashed golden in the sunshine.

'Who is she?—Why, I'll say, my dear fellow, the very azniz on the carriage door might tell you that much,' said one self-sufficient loafer, in answer to a whispered inquiry from a friend, new to London, who walked by his side and who evidently regarded his town-bred mentor as an oracle. 'That's young Lady L., mamma, or a niece—the Marchioness, don't you know? so only left a widow. Pretty or naive, but she's and cautiously rich, as I happen to know. Saw some thing of them, the Leominsters, up the Nile, and came home, I say, in the same ship with her and a charming sister, Miss Curlew, if in Egypt, and I can assure you'—And then the speaker, who was no other than little Ned Tiddie, poked out of a cablet, and the rest of his communications, so far as they related to the circumstances and prospects of the Marchioness and her sister, reached no ear save his companion's.

The lady whose prospects were thus being discussed had not seen, or at least had not recognised, her former fellow-passenger Tiddie, indeed, her beautiful eyes took little heed, in their dreamy gaze, as it into the far past or the farther future, of the present. There was a sad and wistful expression in her face, and there was something almost touching, too, in the marked contrast between her helplessness and the proud position to which her rank and wealth and beauty gave her an undisputed claim. There was every great income and vast hereditary influence at her disposal. She was young and noble, and she was free, as free as any girl, to give her hand where her heart should accompany the gift, or if she chose, to resign sole mistress of Cashel View and its wide domains.

It was plain that she had no personal interest in the fact that her barouché stood opposite to the renowned Regent Street shop, for her companion Lady Barbara had just quitted the carriage to enter it. No obsequious male satellite of Alceste Show and Equandivish came bustling deferentially to the carriage door to exhibit shawls, or to hand in *étoiles* of jewels likely to

tempt a custom so prevalent. It was clearly not on her own account that the mistress of Leominster House and Cashel View remained a fixture in that crowded thoroughfare.

Presently, along the Regent Street pavement, there came, with measured tread, the figure of a young man, tall and manly and handsome, with a face that would by a better man than that of Britain, no other, in fact, than Arthur Talbot of Oakdene in Hampshire. With a start of surprise, and a glad look in his thoughtful, steady eyes, Arthur Talbot came up to the carriage, lifting his hat as he did so. 'This is quite an unexpected pleasure to me,' he said, as his eyes met hers.

The young lady raised herself a little from her listless lounging attitude. A sudden change came over her face, and there was no softness in her eyes and no cordiality in her tone as she said coldly, 'Ah, Mr. Talbot, you here—in London!' while at the same time she slowly surrendered her little hand to the young man's eager grasp.

A wit of dull, is it an ever-widened suddenly begun to blunder, came over Arthur Talbot as he noted the evidence of his reputation. What had he done, that his friends, young and old, his own and those to whom he had rendered a willing service in the field of duty, should be thus injured in his estimation? He had never transgressed in the strength of that old maxim in a country where travellers' business are of necessity the way much to other, and had never forgotten in the past he owed to her, and her unprotected sister and poor Willids' memory. That she had never really loved, as lovers love, the late Marquis, thanably as she had done her duty by him, and much as she mourned his loss, Arthur more than suspected, yet he derived his pleasure in more from what he had heard had told him, than from anything he had ever gleaned from the wail or murmur of his wife. How well he could remember that day, among the painted temples of Iona, when the sisters were away, and the charm of the soluble diagram, and in Mulme de Lelouvé's company, among the sheltered windows of the Suzet Isle, and he and the young dining lord sat together, looking out over the waters of the Nile!

'I was a selfish fellow, a selfish fool—to attach that poor child's interests to mine, as some skill might be found to a sinking ship.' Such had been Willids' words, as he gazed with wide eyes over the jetting water. 'She never loved me, never had she known what love is.'

'And yet'—Arthur Talbot had begun, despitefully, but in an unobtrusive manner, for it was an awkward subject on which to talk.

'And yet she is not ungenerous, you would say—did not, as the phrase is, marry me for my money, Arthur,' interrupted the young lord, a slight flush rising to his cheeks. 'No,' Talbot replied, 'I know that she did not. I did all that she ever really understood how great, in my early childhood, and peace point of view, was the price which she exacted for her dowry, in the matrimonial lottery. But, poor child, she had a joyless home, and no mother, no dear sister, to counsel her, and was of a plastic nature, and so, I fear, said "Yes" to the first man of sufficient rank and

station who married her—for I did marry her—to marry him. It was wrong of me, was it not? for even then I felt that I was doomed, but we are all very self-seeking and carnal; and I feel, now that it is too late, as if I had done poor Clara wrong."

How strangely do such words, spoken by lips now silent for ever, recur to our recollection when we look upon the faces of those whom they concern! Arthur Tallot was too firm and noble a gentleman to have devalued a syllable of his dead friend's confidence. And although he had come to learn that the wretched lady was immeasurably dear to him, and though he had been presumptuous enough to think, now and again, that she did care for him—a little, yet a sense of delicacy and pity for her position had restrained any open declaration of love as unbecoming and unworthy. And yet, for all that, Arthur Tallot knew that he loved Clara of Leominster, and though, though he was too sensible to be vain—that he was anything but indifferent to her. Now—now that they were away from Egypt and the ship, and the incidents of travel—now that they met in London, something in the lady's manner puzzled and saddened him. She was younger, calmer, more self-reliant than the girl widow that he remembered so tenderly clinging to his strong arm among the palm trees and under the blue sky of the semitropic Nile Valley. They were on neutral ground now, and though their parting at Southampton was comparatively recent, how changed did she appear—how very much more of the great lady, and how much less of the sweet young sorrowful thing that he had known to love. And yet she looked sorrowful too, and her melancholy eyes rebuked him.

"I am waiting for Lady Barbara, who is making purchases in this shop—for Lady Barbara Montgomery, my aunt, or at least—my dear niece—my young voice faltered, but then went steadily on—"my husband's aunt, of whom, I think, Mr Tallot, you must have heard. She is a great comfort to me now. We live together—you know her, perhaps?"

"Only by name and by report," answered Tallot, smiling, "as, I trust, Lady Barbara may be acquainted, after a fashion, with my unworthy self."

"Here she comes. I shall be glad to introduce you."

Lady Barbara, when Arthur was presented to her, was gracious, and even cordial, in her grand Elizabethan fashion of grace and cordiality.

"Mr Tallot, I know your name so well, and I have heard so much in your praise, from—from one to whom we were both attached, that I feel as if we were quite old friends, and as a friend, if you please, and no mere acquaintance, I shall persist, with your permission, in regarding you." And the old aristocratic spinster spoke the words with such evident sincerity and such conscious dignity of demeanour, that Tallot could not help being impressed by them. Good manner, grand manners, are a fleeting inheritance of a past age, when more heed, perhaps, was attached to form than to substance, to the specious outside than to the soundness of the core. But Lady Barbara—as good and true-hearted a woman, prejudiced apart, as ever trod the earth—had got them, and therefore was able to speak her mind weightily

when she pleased, without making herself ridiculous in the process.

"I, too, feel as if we were old friends, Lady Barbara," said Arthur, in his deep frank voice, while his thoughtful eyes met those scrutinising ones that were bent on him, and Lady Barbara, a wiser judge of women, but what is rare among her sex, a harsh and Rhabdumithic censor of men, was satisfied by what she saw, pleased, too, by what she heard. It seemed to her, at any rate, that her nephew had made a good choice in his friend—the friend of whom she had heard so much in praise—and that the young Squire of Oldtime was neither a fool nor a fop. We know that Lady Barbara had regarded the late Marquis's love match with no especial approbation. It had been, in her judgment, a piece of boyish caprice, the indulgence of an idle fancy, since no money and no aristocratic alliance had accrued to the House of Leominster in consequence of the marriage. In point of merit his idly and gaudily, all was well, of course, for the cause was of aristocratic descent, but Lady Barbara was not without the curious prejudice of many who are born to hereditary honours in these our islands, and who therefore consider the untitled, the "commoners," in short, as of a caste hopelessly inferior to the warriors of estates. She felt to reason she herself to the inevitable, and she did her best to be a guardian angel to Clara of Leominster. To Arthur Tallot she was very gracious indeed.

"You must come home with us, Mr Tallot, we are going home in a week," said the delighted spinster, "unless my engagements prevent."

"I have no engagements. Indeed, I have but few obligations here in London," answered Arthur, frankly and pleasantly. "But," he added, as if she had come over his face, "I am afraid of interrupting too much of my company on Lady Leominster."

And indeed the young lady thus alluded to had been looking back in her branches, as cold, inert, and uninterested as a beautiful statue. She turned slowly towards him now, and a smile brightened his face for a moment, as she said gently, "It would not be an imposition, Mr Tallot I—we should be very glad if you would go home with us."

Arthur stepped at once into the carriage, and the order was given by the younger of the two ladies for "Home," but how coldly and carelessly she said it! How soon had the light faded out of the sweet blue eyes, and how unpitifully had the lovely frozen image, for a moment thawed into a warm, soft humanity, congealed into ice again! Before the barrow was well out of Regent Street, Arthur began to repent of having accepted Lady Barbara's invitation. His patience, however, was not put to a very severe test, for Mayfair distances are not as Belgian ones, and Leominster House, with its great gates and its huge halls, and the sense of vastness which some palaces and most fortresses contrive to impress upon the stranger who has once been admitted, suggested a new train of thought. A grand, gloomy home—such were his meditations—for that most beautiful, most tender young thing, whom a strange chance of Fate had forced into a high position of exalted friendliness. Arthur had known the mansion in his friend's short

regain; and he knew also that Wilfred had never liked his townhouse.

'It makes me shudder, I feel always as if I were entering a museum,' the sickly young lord had said, once and again, to his best friend. There certainly was something oppressive about its very appearance, something plentiful in the respectful grimaces of the well-to-do demagogues. It was all very fine, decorous, and safe, as if the funeral were going on—ill, so Arthur thought, unregarded to the glib mistress of so much dusky splendour.

### THE AGING OF THE EYE.

THE department of science which is busying itself with the production of a new light has of late made a great sensation in the world, while that branch of it which has to do with the marvellously delicate organ by which alone we are able to avail ourselves of any kind of light has attracted the attention of comparatively few but those who are professionally interested in it. Yet, if we look back over the past twenty years, or less, and attentively consider the progress that has been made in each, we may almost be inclined to doubt whether, after all, ophthalmic science has not made advances quite as wonderful in their way as the which have signally advanced the kindred science of light as produced by electricity.

The subject is far too wide a one to be dealt with as a whole within our limits here, but there are one or two points of special interest that may be touched upon, and we cannot do better, perhaps, than present them in their general outlines as given in a valuable publication, entitled *I ght Good and Bad*, written in a popular style by Mr Brudenell Carter, well known as a leading authority on ophthalmic science.

The chief feature in the constitution of the eye, as we suppose, generally understood. In principle, says our author, it almost precisely resembles the common camera obscura of the photographer, which, we may explain, is merely a dark box with an adjustment of lenses in the front of it, and a ground glass screen at the back. The ball of the eye is the box of the camera. The transparent cornea in front is a bow window admitting light into the box. The iris is a coloured curtain to be pulled back when too little light is entering, and to be drawn forward when there is too much. The pupil is the space surrounded by the curtain. It used, until quite a recent period, to be supposed that the darkness of the pupil and the darkness of the interior of the globe of the eye were due to a power of absorbing light possessed by its inner parts. It was thought that none of the light passing into the eye was reflected, and hence it was supposed that the interior of the living eye could never be seen. This, however, was altogether a mistake. By means of a perforated mirror and an arrangement of lenses, the late Mr Charles Bragg discovered a means of rendering every detail of the interior of the eye visible. It was found that there was no such absorption of light by the interior of the eyeball as had been supposed, that light was in fact reflected, only the observer could not discover the fact without being himself light

in front of the pupil, and then, of course, he prevented the light entering. The writer of this had an opportunity the other day of making a minute inspection of the insides of the eyes of a patient at one of the huge London hospitals, where—no everywhere else where ophthalmic surgery is practised—the 'cathartic operation' is so continually in use, that eye doctors of the present day cannot but wonder how their predecessors could have got along without it. This simple and beautiful instrument—which, when Pohlke invented it, singular to say, was thought to be of so little practical use that the idea was allowed to be lost, and had to be re-invented by another philosopher, Professor Helmholtz—has resulted in many most important discoveries connected with the mechanism and diseases of the eye.

The inside of the eyeball is filled by transparent fluids, in the midst of which is suspended a venetian crystalline lens, through which must pass all the light in the bow window in front. This crystalline body, and the fluid before and behind it, may, for our present purpose, be considered to form one and the same medium—one lens—corresponding to the lens of the photographer's camera. This transparent medium, just as in the camera, throws upon a screen behind it an image of whatever is in front. The screen is the retina, which is really the optic nerve—the nerve coming from the brain to the eye, and spreading over the inside of it like a very delicately sensitive lining.

Now, if we take a perfect human eye and a very accurately fixed camera, both going out, so to speak, at the same distant object, the two instruments will in principle exactly correspond with each other. In each case, parallel rays of light coming from that distant object will fill upon a convex lens, and will be refracted—that is, bent—towards each other, and will meet in a focus which falls exactly on the camera lens when a clear sharp picture of the object will be produced. In the case of the eye, the screen, as we have explained, will be the retina which will receive the picture, and will convey it to the brain, and the distant object will be clearly seen. Thus much has long been understood quite well. But here now is a remarkable difference between the two instruments—the eye and the camera. The eye may be taken from the distant object and turned upon the finger nail or a book in the hand, and instantly this near object will be seen with perfect clearness. Turn the camera upon some near object, and nothing can be seen at all clearly till it has been re-adjusted. How is this? If the camera requires re-adjustment, why does not the eye? The fact is the eye does require it. It is just as necessary that the eye shall be re-adjusted, as it is that the camera shall be. That this is really the case, has long been recognised. Indeed, if we observe closely, we shall be quite conscious of some kind of re-adjustment taking place when we turn the eye from one object to another. The white is almost instantaneously adapted to the fresh object, but until it has been adapted, we do not see the thing. 'If, says our author, borrowing an illustration from Professor Donders, we take a piece of net and hold it between the eyes and a printed page, we may at pleasure see distinctly the fibres of the net or the printed letters on the page, though the intricacies of the net,

but we cannot clearly see both at once. When we are looking at the letters, we are only conscious of the net as a sort of intervening film of an uncertain character, and when we are looking at the net, we are only conscious of the page as a grayish background. In order to see in one and then the other, we are quite aware of a change which occurs in the adjustment of the eyes; and if the net is very near, and we look at it for any length of time, the maintenance of the effort of adjustment becomes fatiguing. The fact that some alteration in the eye, having the same effect as the relaxation of the ciliary muscle, does take place, was long ago clearly established, but the nature of the alteration and the mechanism by which it was effected are quite recent discoveries.

We mentioned just now a crystalline lens suspended in the midst of the transparent fluids which fill the globe of the eye. Thus says Mr. Carter, 'is a solid body, which is enclosed in a delicate, transparent, and sinuately membrane in shape it resembles in outline by convex lens, except that it is less strongly curved in front than behind. In youth it is a soft or moderately firm and highly elastic body, perfectly transparent and colourless, and is built up of the bright crystals.' This is now known to be the little focusing apparatus of the eye. Let us again look at that perfect eye gazing at a distant object. The eye is in repose, there is no strain upon it of any kind, and the lens is in its normal position, and is held steadily, so to speak, just inside the pupil by an elastic membrane radiating from it and attached to the wall of the eye. If now, we suppose the eye to be turned upon some near object, then the rays of light coming from that object instead of being practically parallel, as they were before, will be divergent, and the lens in its normal condition will not be able to reflect them sufficiently to bring them to a focus on the retina. Either the retina must be moved back a little, or some change in the refracting power of the eye must take place. Various theories have been propounded from time to time, but it has only been of late years that the real facts have been known. It is now certain that this little crystal lens has a muscular power of changing its form. The moment the eye is taken from a distant object and turned upon a near one, a zone of muscle, hidden round the edge of the lens, pulls at the elastic membrane which holds it fast, as a sailor would say. The elastic membrane stretches a little, and the lens bulges out before and behind. It becomes more convex, and the more convex the lens, the greater will be its refracting power. Thus, the divergent rays from the near object will be brought to a focus in a short space in the practically parallel rays from the distance. In other words, the eye has adapted itself to the altered distance, the image falls as before exactly on the retina, and the thing is again clearly seen.

If this simple and beautiful mechanism be understood—and after all, it is only the mere mechanism of the thing that we can pretend to any knowledge of—the power by which the muscle and membrane pull against each other with such a nicety of balance as to perfectly and instantly adjust the focus, is a mystery as profound as it ever was; but if we understand

this simple and beautiful mechanism, we shall be able to understand something of the changes in the power of vision which usually take place with advancing years. It is a common observation that short sight has a tendency to improve as years go on—but it has a tendency to lengthen. It is usual also to speak of short sight as an exceptionally strong sight. Both assumptions are pronounced to be erroneous, and it is easy to perceive where the error lies. The power of the eye never varies in its distant range—apart, of course, from disease. As we have said, a distant object is seen by rays that are practically parallel, and an image is formed on the retina merely by the passive refraction of those rays so long as the media of the eye remain transparent and the optic nerve unimpaired, the distant range of the eye will not vary, because it depends not upon any muscular power of accommodation—not upon any effort of the eye—but upon the natural formation of the eyeball and its merely passive power of reflecting light, precisely as an ordinary glass lens does.

The sight of a near object, on the contrary, involves in the case of a normal eye an actual muscular effort. A near object is seen by rays that are more or less divergent, and which require to be more powerfully refracted than the parallel rays in order to bring them to a focus within the same space. We have seen how this refraction is brought about—by an alteration in the shape of the lens. In youth, this alteration is easy enough. Elastic membranes yield readily, muscles are vigorous, and almost all the lens itself is soft and highly elastic. But, as years go on, a gradual hardening process takes place in this crystalline body. It gradually loses its elasticity, and becomes more and more rigid, and the power of accommodation is constantly diminished. It is found on an average of observations, that at ten years of age the crystalline lens may be rendered so convex as to give a clear image of an object three inches from the eye. At twenty one, it will only accommodate itself to an object four and a half inches from the eye. Anything nearer will be obscure, because the lens will not assume a form sufficiently convex to reflect to a focus on the retina rays of light so divergent as any nearer object will radiate. At forty years of age, the 'near point' has reached to a distance of nine inches, and at fifty, to thirteen inches. At sixty years of age, the lens has so far lost its flexibility, and therefore its power of responding to the muscle, that it cannot ordinarily give a clear image of any object less than twenty six

but only when it comes in parallel rays. Parallel rays it can converge on the retina, but divergent rays require that extra refractive power which the aged eye has lost by the hardening of the lens.

Not as a matter of disease, then, but in the ordinary course of years, and in every eye alike, is the bodily sight gradually scanned from the scrutiny of near objects around, and permitted to turn a clear vision only upon things afar off.

When the eye has so far lost its power of assuming sufficient convexity to bring a clear

image to the retina, a pair of convex lenses in the shape of spectacles carefully adapted to individual requirements will make up the deficiency to a merely; and one of the strongest impressions Mr Carter's book is calculated to leave on the mind of the reader is, that an immense amount of discomfort would be avoided, and many a good pair of eyes would be saved, if a reader resort to the aid of spectacles, provided only that they be selected under skilful advice.

## THE MAN IN POSSESSION.

## IN LIVE CHAIRS.—CHAPTER IV.

We started off as for dear life. At first, the mare seemed a little, and seemed inclined to be troublesome. But she found that it was a practised hand that held the reins, and resigned herself to obedience accordingly. Instead of driving down the avenue to the gate which led into the village, and which was only about three hundred yards from the house, I turned off sharply on leaving the yard, and chose the gravel road which, leading to the principal entrance of the manor, passed on through the entire breadth of the park to another gate on the far side of it, and which opened into the high road. By adopting this course, the odds were considerably in my favour, for I hoped to reach the park gate and emerge into the high road before any one could start in pursuit. Once fairly on the road, I would try the mettle of the mare. If, unfortunately, we should be overtaken, and it came to a close fight—which I severely doubted—the farther we were from Brickley Hall the better, and the greater chance I should have of dividing our pursuers, and grappling with them singly. Of one thing I was certain, and it rendered me sanguine of success— as Mr Wintock only kept two horses beside the mare, only two mounted horsemen could follow. He would not try a vehicle, for his others were heavier than the mare, and would place our pursuers at a great disadvantage.

"Ho! ho, look!—set off!" as the mare, being fresh from the stable, began to lay her ears back and to address herself to her work. It was with difficulty that I could retain her from rushing off at full speed. We should require her utmost, and by I did not wish to wind my animal at starting, but to husband her strength for a long pull.

Steadily across the park at a sharp trot. The gate was reached. Throwing the reins to Miss Wintock, I knap down, under the gate, and led the mare through. Up again and off, but rather faster than before, though I still held the reins in check, for I could see that there was a heavy dray for her up a long steep hill a few miles distant. If we can only reach its summit, we will then be not more than a dozen miles from Brickley station, whence we can reach the metropolis. It was rather a trying task for the mare, but she must and shall do it. Miss Wintock had scarcely spoken since our exit from the Hall, seeming so careful of distracting my attention, but evidently in a state of great excitement, and every moment on the alert, for she looks back repeatedly and earnestly through the looming darkness, and starts nervously at the slightest sound.

The foot of the hill is gained. It is a much

heavier dray for the mare than I had anticipated; for the road on this part has lately been gravelled, and with a vehicle behind and two persons in it, no animal can truly be expected to ascend it at full trot. Suddenly, Miss Wintock grasps my arm. "Listen!" They are already on our track!

I turn my head. The sharp percussive ring of horses' hoofs strikes faintly on the ear. We are pursued, and by more than one person, there are at least two on our trail, and they are following us at full speed. No doubt the Wintocks have saddled the extra horse, and will leave without delay, but of foul, to regain their captive.

The mare tucks and pants as the steep acclivity begins to tell upon her power. It is brutal to give her the whip, but it must be done. She must strain every muscle to the utmost, even though I feel that I am doing the plucky animal a gross injustice.

We are now three-quarters up the hill, and the remainder is not usually so steep, in fact, simply a gentle rise. With a snort, a proud toss of her flowing mane, and a loud neigh of defiance, she puts up her ears, and increases her speed. She has caught the clatter of the rattling hoofs behind, and, with the instinct and conviction of all spirited animals, is determined not to be distressed. Gallant creature! Not another stroke with the whip, if I have to fight our battle out on foot on the road. In fact, there is no occasion, on gaining the ridge of the hill she has looked. The team is holding and dipping in places from her bit, the wheels are whirling with a fierceness that renders us dizzy. I can hear and feel the strain upon the shafts as her iron-shod heels dash the sparks from the flints on the road, and every instant expect them to snap like rotten twigs. Will the axle-hill and the springs stand? The friction is enough to make trees and spokes fly about.

The moon is just rising above the horizon. By her light we can discern two mounted riders coming on behind at a great pace, one is considerably in advance of the other. No doubt they are the Wintocks. They are jangling rapidly upon us. Ah! the foremost is Mr George. I recognise the horse also, it is the swift supple bay he usually rides, and which is more than a match for the mare at any time, much more so with a vehicle and two persons behind her. There is no help for it, and we cannot escape an encounter.

How faintly our pursuers ride! George Wintock is within a hundred yards. I fancy I can see by the light of the moon that his visor is flashed with passion. I can see his equipter strike the road's surface in the flanks of his chariot, in order to come up with him. The mare is getting over her pet, and is slackening her speed. I tighten my grasp of the reins and speak courage to her. She is under command and well in hand. Shall we pull up at once and do battle? No, we will hold on till the last minute.

The foremost rider is close upon us, the second is not far behind. With loud imprecations, they shout to us to stop. I glance at my companion. The cool night air and the hope of escape have wrought wonders, the strain, almost fierce light on those lustrous dark eyes reassures me.

'Can you take the reins for a minute?'

She stretched out her delicate fingers by way of reply.

'Pull evenly and not too tightly. Keep her in the middle of the road, if you can. Be cool, and let her go her own pace.'

'Draw up, or you're dead man!'

I turned. George Wintock was within a yard of me, his hunting whip raised, the heavy handle about to descend upon my skull. Springing to my feet and balancing myself as best I might, I poised the pig whip, parrying his blow and keeping him at bay. Thinking that I had the longer weapon, he immediately changed his tactics for a dastardly mode of attack, of which no man, let alone a sportsman, who is supposed to love his horse, could ever possibly be guilty. Spurring his steed, he rode past me to the mare's head, and raising himself in the stirrups, aimed a crushing blow just behind the ears, intending to fell her to the ground, in which case we should in the nick have been at his mercy. It was well meant, but it the critical instant the animal swerved slightly, so as to evade its full force. It was, however, sufficiently powerful to make her stumble and sink almost upon her knees. But the instant she for once reckoned without her host. He was within reach of my whip handle, and, as the mare rose, I brought to a pitch of desperation by our position, and incensed by his cowardly and brutal act, swung the butt end with resistless sweep, striking him on the side of the head, breaking the whip handle into several pieces, and knocking him sprawling against the bank by the roadside. I had the satisfaction of seeing his horse gallop aimlessly away.

A shriek burst from Miss Wintock, and I clutched the reins. It was high time, for the poor mare, mad with agony, was up on her hind legs, fighting with her fore feet in the air. For a second it seemed as if we should topple over, the next she was straggling from side to side like a drunken man. Mechanically, I drew one of my small pistols—in my excitement, I had till that moment entirely forgotten them.

'Keep off, sir—keep off, as you value your life!' I shouted to the elder Wintock, for he was close upon us.

His reply was a torrent of imprecations and threats.

'Give it to me—You attend to the mare,' cried the haughty girl, who snatched the pistol quickly from my hand. 'I know how to use it, and will not be retaken alive!'

In truth, there was full occupation for both my hands, as momentarily I expected the poor animal to fall in her surry. It was as much as I could do to keep her on her feet.

Encumbered with the mare, there was no chance of defending myself in the girth. I was about to pull up short, jump into the road, and face the enemy on foot when a heavy blow from the butt end of Mr Wintock's whip across the back of my head struck me from my seat. Had I not let go the reins with one hand and caught at the side of the mare, I should have fallen on the mare's back. As it was, I slipped sideways to the bottom of the girth, leaning powerless against the splashboard. The mare gave a lurch, and was nearly down, but with a struggle recovered

her footing. Mr Wintock's arm was raised to repeat the blow. I gave myself up for lost, for he struck with tremendous force. Suddenly there was a vivid flash and a loud report. Miss Wintock had fired straight at our assailant, who on the instant had pulled up short, so that the ball struck the animal instead of the man's brain; with the wound, alighted at the noise, it uttered a loud snort, bounded aside, galloped a short distance, and then fell. Mr Wintock narrowly escaping being crushed as it stumbled and tumbled upon the ground.

The report of the pistol startled the mare and seemed to arouse her feeling encumbered. Pricking up her ears, she shook herself till the harness rattled again, then started forward at a break pace, though not nearly so fast as before. The Wintocks had got the worst of the encounter. Yet our plight was but a sorry one. I could scarcely keep my seat in the girth, from the effects of the blow, which had almost stunned me. My wound, too, bled profusely, saturating Miss Wintock's white kerchief, which, as we rode along, she had contrived to bind around my head, in spite of her own nervous agitation.

We had gained the level road and our progress was easier. But the mare had been cruelly used, and it was certain we would not stand a long journey without rest. The station was still many miles distant. In her present state, she must knock up long ere we could reach it. Indeed, I was far from feeling sure that I could myself hold out during such a journey. There was, too, just a chance that Mr Wintock, being well acquainted with the locality, might, by misrepresenting the case, or by bribery, or by an admixture of both, procure fresh horses and men without returning to Britchenhall Hall, and then recommence the pursuit. It was an ugly fact—I had literally stolen his mare and gig. I had also eloped with his ward, for so he might term it, though she was no longer a minor. These, on the face of things, were plausible pretences by which he might demand command assistance from any reasonable person. Before we stretched a long day's common, which we must cross. There might be other dangers, from tramps or from gangs of gipsies, who not unfrequently encamped in that locality. In my present state I could be but of little use to my fair companion as a defender.

Miss Wintock seemed to share my unspoken thoughts. Turning to me, she said 'Mr Meredith, you have been brought into sad trouble on my account. It would have been better, perhaps, for you to have left me to my fate.'

'My dear young lady, do not pain me by indulging such a thought for a moment. If occasion demanded it, I would gladly do the same again. The risk to me is nothing. I only wish I could see my way clearly what next to do for the best. But I confess myself totally at a loss.' I spoke faintly and irresponsibly.

'Can we not seek shelter for a while, at least at the first inn we happen upon? Your wound could be looked to, and the mare might rest a little.'

'I fear that would not do. The Wintocks, knowing that we are on the high road, will probably guess that we shall make all haste to the metropolis. Depend upon it, they will not part with you without another effort. It is now getting

very late. If we stop at all, we must put up till the morning, for I do not know we could start again from a strange inn till early dawn. No doubt our pursuers will make every inquiry in following us, and will be quickly on our track. What if they should overtake us, and give me charge to a constable for stealing the horse and pig? Not that I care for myself, but you would be left without a protector, and entirely at their mercy. And yet I fear that I could do but little in that way just now. Indeed, I am at my wits' end, for it is plain that we cannot travel much further in our present plight.

'Then why not leave the high road at once? See! there are hills in that valley yonder to the left, and there is a turning a little further on, which apparently leads the way. Let us try it. Possibly, we may find a safe refuge. They will not dream that we dare stay so near the Hall. If they hunt for us at all, it will be farther away.'

The suggestion struck me as a capital one, and in fact there seemed to be no alternative. 'Good! I said, 'very good.' A lady's wit excels a man's invention, any time'—so saying, I turned the mare's head, and leaving the high road across the common, drove steadily down to the spot where the hills appeared.

At about two miles' distance we found a scattered village. The lights we had seen were reflected in from the windows of the only inn in the place. The house was just about to be closed for the night, for the one or two who always stay to the latest minute to drink in extra glass, were departing, some of them with rather an unsteady gait. Ringing the yard bell, I gave the mare and pig into the sleepy hostler's keeping, and, with Miss Wintock in my arm, walked into the house. Business was scarce in the parlour, taking it very coolly. Making myself quit of him, I handed my companion to a chair and called for refreshment. While he was getting us, I said, 'Landlord, I want a sleeping apartment for this young lady.'

The fellow was a mere dolt, sheepish, courteous, and blundering, apparently a good tempered kind of elf, yet sufficiently wate when his own interest was concerned. He eyed us both for a moment very suspiciously. Truly, neither of us cut a very respectable figure. Miss Wintock, her plain dark dress, surmounted by old, horribly antiquated lincin and thimble-bone shawl, and I with my wounded head bound up in a blood-stained handkerchief. There was sufficient reason for the man's distrust. 'Very sorry, sir—very sorry, indeed! can't have it. Next lot beds to strange folks this time o' night.'

'Well, but my good man, you see'—I commenced remonstrating.

He gruffly cut my speech short. 'Nay! I don't, and I don't want to. You can't have any beds here, and that's that.'

Just then the landlady entered the room. She seemed to be rather a genteel sort of person compared with her spouse, and to be about returning to rest. I at once appealed to her.

'Madam, I am requesting the landlord to oblige me with a night's accommodation for this young lady. We have been attacked on the

road, and compelled to turn out of our way, and we cannot possibly reach our destination to-night. I am willing to make any shift myself—a shakedown in your parlour, or a stretch on the settle by the fire here. Put me anywhere you please, so that you make the lady comfortable. You have our mare in the stable and our pig in the yard, put them under lock and key as security if you like. We are willing to pay to the full any reasonable charge you will in advance. What more can you require?' As I spoke, I took out my purse, not very heavily lined, truly, but sufficiently so for present need. Monty Miss Wintock had no more.

The landlady glanced suspiciously at Miss Wintock. She could not make her out at all. Her costume was decidedly not that of a lady, but the word 'attacked' awakened her curiosity.

'Do try me' attacked by them stamps. I am glad they did not rob you, for I see you have still your purse. How did you manage to get away from them? And then she hurriedly proceeded with a string of eager questions, scarcely waiting for a reply.

'She is really a lady born and bred,' I interrupted. 'You surely will not turn her out again into the road at this hour of the night?'

'But I can't understand why a lady should come abroad in such a dress as that, she looked so respectably, while she spoke, in idea seemed to force its way into her mind, and she archly added, 'unless it is a runaway match. In that case, my husband and I would rather have nothing to do with it. We might, I suppose, be troubled.'

'I shall think it I shall think not! No runaway folks in Bob Sampson's house, if he knew us at. Come, young people, you must go further, we can't have folks like you here,' blurted out the landlord, moving from the room, and calling to the hostler. 'Lan, putt that cre wote in again, lady and gentleman's a goun' on.'

I was about to remonstrate further and more strongly, but Miss Wintock rose indignantly to her feet. Hitherto, her natural shyness, combined with the false and very unpleasant position in which she was placed, had kept her silent. Unpanning the old chawl, and running the hideous bonnet, she shook her glossy black hair until it hung down in clustering masses on her shoulders.

'Yes, landlord, I am a lady—though you seem to doubt it—and a very shamefully oppressed and injured one. I was not compelled to enlighten you in respect of my present affairs, but this gentleman has just asked his life in my service. You see he is not in a fit state to drive me on to the next town, even if it were not so late. I beg of you as a man—if you have any manhood in you—and for humanitary sake, to accede to his request. I pledge you my word, my honour as a lady, she continued proudly and gravely, and with a short, painful laugh, 'that you incur no risk. We are not burglars, that you should dread us so.'

The moment Miss Wintock threw aside her bonnet and began to speak, the landlady fixed upon her an earnest scrutinizing look, bending forward with parted lips and scanning her features narrowly. 'Why—surely can it be!' she exclaimed in wonderment, eagerly seizing the young lady by both hands. 'Why, Bob, 'tis Miss Wintock, as I'm alive! Don't you remember my



dear young mistress, that we'd be at the Hall?—Oh! my dear young lady, who could have dreamed of seeing you in such a pickle! Whatever has happened? Where have you been so long? They said you left the Hall and went abroad, after your poor pa's death—Stay here! Yes, that you shall—for a twelvemonth if you like, and have the best bed in the house!

The sudden outbreak of the lunatic took Miss Wintock by surprise, and she was heard to exclaim rather on in such voluble style as to admit of no reply.

Bob Simpson had returned to the bar parlour, after having put his orders to the hostler from the passage, and had stood as if stupefied during Miss Wintock's transformation and passionate appeal. It was more than his very limited stock of business could cope with. He had half turned away again, possibly with the intention of hastening the hostler's movements. But his wife's exclamations brought him to a sudden halt, and he remained staring and gazing with open mouth, as the mutual recognition took place, Miss Simpson, in her delight, almost forgot, Miss Wintock took into the chair from which she had risen.

'Lh! What! Bless me! Miss Wintock! Jump o' my wile, whid he thought it!—How d'ye do now? Glad to see ye, and thank ye kindly, and he took her tiny hand in both his great iron clanny ones and moved it up and down, as if he were slowly playing a pump handle. Off he started again into the passage and to the back door which led into the yard. "Ben!" he shouted, "take that 'ere mare out again. Give her a rub down and feed her well. Lady and gentlemen want a groom again."

It was a lucky hit cut turning off from the high road, for the landlady proved to have been an articulate servant of Miss Wintock's parents, who had lived with them first when quite a girl, had grown to a womanhood in their service, and afterwards married a countable though not very intellectual partner. The numerous kindnesses she had received from her dear young mistress, as she still fondly termed her, and who a special attendant she had been, now bore fruit in fact, and she was most attentive in her kind attentions to us both, though it was evident that her curiosity was excited to the highest pitch by Miss Wintock's sudden appearance at such a time, alone, in such company as mine, and above all in such strange attire.

'Ye're all housed for the rest o' this night, ma, as it is,' said our host, as, passing his glass to drink the young lady's very good health, he glanced up at the old-fashioned blunderbuss suspended over the mantel piece, and to which was appended a card with 'Loaded' inscribed upon it in legible characters. 'I shud like to see any little half-down on 'em try to get you out o' Bob Simpson's house! I'd make 'em—I'd make 'em!—' But here the action of his hand did not keep pace with the warmth of his feelings, and he was at a loss for a simile. 'Ah!' he blurted out at last, 'I'd make every one on 'em grin like a monkey with his head on a choppin' block.'

'Bless o' my worthy friend, you're a Briton to the bone,' I replied, grasping his hand. 'Once safe in London, we do not fear. It is

the getting there I don't think it likely we shall be forced till daylight. There no doubt the Wintocks will be on the alert, and scour the neighbourhood far and near. A thousand unlucky chances may happen to bring us together, or they may even now have procured fresh horses and proceeded to Rideigh, and intercept us when we arrive in the morning, as we enter the suburbs.'

'Now, listen to me a minute, Bob,' interrupted his better half. 'It is only five miles across country by the byroads to Slowham station [This I did not previously know]. The train passes through on its way to London about eight in the morning. I will lend Miss Wintock another dress and a bonnet and cloak. You let Mr Meredith have your loose gaiters, and the broad-brimmed low-crowned hat you drove to market in. It is too large for him, but we can easily put it. Ralph shall drive the pony and cut over with them the first thing in the morning, so as to be in good time. He needs to know nothing. As soon as they are fairly on the road, let Ben start with the mare and gallop for Whiteleigh Hill. It won't do for them to be found on our premises, that might get us into an awkward mess. Should he meet any of the Wintock people on the road, he can speak the truth, and say that a lady and gentleman left them here to night, desiring them to be sent back in the morning. And if not, let him drive them on to the Hall, and leave them in the yard with the same message. To-morrow being market day, he is sure to get a lift put of the way back at night.'

Shortly after settling our plan of return, we retired to our several rooms, but only for a short space, for we were rather agitated before daylight. Bob and his spouse insisted upon giving up their bed to Miss Wintock, whilst I lay down in a spare one.

Punctual to the minute agreed upon, Ralph was at the inn door with the pony and cut, and we took a careful and affectionate leave of our host and hostess. We reached Slowham just in time to catch the train, and by noon we were safe within the precincts of the metropolis.

## SNAKES AND SNAKE LIFE.

There cannot be the shadow of a doubt that snakes form a group of animals which do not occupy a favoured or elevated place in the estimation of the public. Indeed, the reverse position, that which regards them as a series of unlovely and poisonous reptiles, more accords with the popular verdict regarding these animals. Poetry, too, has lent its aid and influence in instilling feelings of unfriendly character towards these reptiles. But we know that poetry is not always true to nature, and it may be sufficient to add that in the present instance poetry has simply followed the popular lead.

The appearance of a handsome volume—*Snakes, Curiousities and Wonders of Serpent-Life*, by Catherine O'Hopkey (Grafton and Fann, London)—devoted to an exposition of the wondrous ways and works of serpent-existence, and the fact that the volume

in question has been written by a lady who for many years has taken a deep and practical interest in snake life, must to either be viewed with a high degree of interest by naturalists and popular observers alike. It is of course an old adage that one man's meat may be another's poison, and of intellectual studies it may also be said that the dislike of one person may be the delight of another.

To zoologists, and to those who have learned something of the chain with which the observation of living nature is at all times surrounded, the family of snakes has always presented favourable objects for study. Hence we must be very careful of assuming that prevailing prejudices, or popular ideas regarding serpents, are to be esteemed correct. Indeed, so far is this from being the case, that even groups of animals and plants which to the popular or uninitiated eye would present no phases worthy of a moment's study, are found to teem with an interest that may absorb a lifetime. The fungi that grow by the wayside, the lichens on the wall, the animalcules that peopled our ponds and ditches—each and all of these and many allied groups of plants, have afforded intense delight to hundreds of observers who have learned the delights of nature study. In a similar fashion do we learn to recognize that the deepest snakes form a field of study, which, either in respect of its curious nature or of its interest, is second to none in the range of the naturalist's subjects. And Miss Hopley's volume only serves to render this latter a still clearer. Instead of being, naturally so, a field as a rule of uninteresting and venomous creatures, our author's shows us that in the records of snake life, there are features of the deepest interest to those who care to learn. It will therefore prove one of the most important results of the publication of this volume, if we may be enabled, by Miss Hopley's aid, to study some of the phases of snake life, and to learn some of the zoological lessons which such a study is well calculated to teach.

A serpent is in reality a highly wondrous piece of natural mechanism. If we regard for a moment the lithic flexible spine, the ribs which enclose it in a bony sheath, but in the great scales of the lower surface of the body, the beautifully adjusted scales covering the poison apparatus in those species in which it is developed, and the muscular layers through which serpent movements are executed, we cannot fail to see that we are viewing one of nature's "strange fellows" and one of the most marvellous of the children of life. Taking even the tongue of the snake, to the examination of which Miss Hopley devotes no fewer than three chapters of her book, it is astonishing to find the amount of popular misconception which prevails regarding the nature of this organ. Persons who see a snake in a reptile house, or a volume to record the lithic, black, forked organ, which whips in and out of the snake's mouth as it moves about, as the "fangs," "stings," or "poison-dart" of the animal—ignorant of the fact that no snake can sting. Now, we can only see the poison fangs—which in all snakes that possess them are situated in the upper jaw—when the mouth of the snake

is opened wide. The forked organ that is continually pressing out from the mouth and which is so rapidly withdrawn, is the animal's tongue. Yet hundreds of persons visit zoological gardens, and learn their, under the impression that they have seen the creature's "sting."

The tongue of the snake is in itself a very beautifully constructed organ. That it acts as an organ of touch, few, if any, zoologists deny, and from its soft sensitive structure, it would seem to be admirably adapted for this tactile office.

Situated near the tongue is the glottis or opening of the windpipe of the snake. The windpipe, as every reader knows, is the road to the lungs. Snakes as a rule have only one of their two lungs well developed, the second lung remaining in a rudimentary condition. Miss Hopley tells us that on one occasion she was watching a large python at the Zoological Gardens swallowing a duck it had just killed, when she was struck by a singular something projecting on hanging from the side of the snake's mouth. It looked like a kind of tube or pipe, about an inch and a half or two inches of which were visible. The python had rather awkward hold of the duck, having begun at the breast with the neck doubled back, the head forming some temporary impediment to the progress of the jaws upon the prey. So the strange protuberance gave one a "sort of turn" and a shudder. It looked as if it might be some part of the crushed bill, and then when it had the appearance of some internal arrangement, and another shudder except over me was the first suggested itself that the snake had ruptured its throat in some way.

Reflecting on the curious phenomenon which the feeding of the snake had brought to light she recalled that in a goose, which she had seen, as a child, in process of being prepared by the cook, a similar structure was noticed. The resemblance of this fact to a vessel our authors in her search after the cause of the phenomenon in question. The keeper informed her that he had often observed the structure which had excited Miss Hopley's attention. In parenthesis, let us express the regret that "keepers" are not instructed in natural history, elementary anatomy, and physiology. The valuable nature of such an education would soon be felt in the number of interesting observations on the animals under their charge which keepers would, even in the rudiments of natural science, would be enabled to make. So our author, consulting scientific books, soon found that the extension of the snake's windpipe in its upper part, as by numerous occurrences unknown to naturalists. Professor Owen remarks the fact, and all comparative anatomists know, that the tissues of the snake's windpipe, in its upper part, are so loosely connected, that this important breathing tube can be made to project, and thus freely communicate with the lungs while the creature's mouth and throat are gorged with food. The incident we have quoted goes to show that Miss Hopley's observations powers are of a high order. Inferred from such a love of observing nature and life, it may be said the best results in natural science often spring.

A perusal of the headings of the chapters in Miss Hopley's book serves to show how varied

are her studies of the serpent tribes. She has a very curious chapter on the 'toils of snakes,' and shows us therein how different is the character which the caudal region of serpents may exhibit. The popular reader will undoubtedly turn with great interest to read what Miss Hopley has to say about 'water snakes' and 'sea snakes' at large. In the Indian Ocean reside the curious sea-snakes which are highly venomous, and which possess flattened tails serving as a propelling apparatus. But many land snakes swim with ease and grace. Adders are not unfrequently seen swimming from one island to another on our Scottish lakes. We have seen the common British Ringed Snake (*Tropidonotus natrix*) swim with rapidity after an unfortunate frog which had contrived to obtain a brief start, but which was seized and devoured in a very short space of time. Even the big pythons and anacondas, which crush their prey in their great coils, swim with apparent ease. Very curious must have been the experience of a Captain Pitfield of the steamship *Mexico*, who, as quoted by Miss Hopley from an American newspaper, stated that he had passed through 'a tangled mass of snakes' off the Tortuga Islands, at the entrance to the Gulf of Mexico. These snakes are described as having been 'of all sizes, from the ordinary green water-snake of two feet long, to monsters, grinnas "serpents" of fourteen to fifteen feet in length.' We are certainly inclined to agree with Miss Hopley that such a shoal of snakes must have consisted simply of a mass of these reptiles which had been drifted out to sea on land-wood by some river flood or 'spate.'

The 'great serpent,' whose annual appearance we are reminded with punctuality, receives full and complete justice from Miss Hopley. We are glad to find our authoress is on the side of those naturalists who maintain that there is no absolute impossibility in the doctrine that giant marine snakes may and do exist. In point of fact, of marine snakes we may find the explanation of many of the marine apparitions which have been authenticated by the eyes of credible witnesses. Miss Hopley asks, after supposing this theory to be correct, 'How long would the poison fangs of such a reptile be?' But there seems no need to make the existence or absence of poisonous power a question. What we desire to know is, 'What is the sea serpent?' With the plum rule before us of endeavouring to find a natural solution of this query, before rushing into the clouds, it would seem that those zoologists who believe in the huge development of marine snakes, possess a distinct advantage over all other theorists. Giant cuttlefishes, some of which measure thirty or forty feet in length inclusive of their 'arms,' are now known in plenty. A few years ago, such animals were believed to have been evolved from the fertile brain of Victor Hugo, who makes a giant octopus the nucleus of vengeance in his novel the *Toilers of the Sea*. It is not too much to say that with the evidence of new and recent discoveries in cuttlefish life before us, we should at least be very cautious in denying the possibility and probability of giant sea-snakes being also numbered amongst the fauna of the ocean.

Only about one fifth of all known species of snakes are possessed of poison fangs, a topic with which Miss Hopley deals in a highly entertaining

manner; but though comparatively few snakes possess poison fangs, some of the so-called 'harmless' species, such as the huge pythons and anacondas, become quite as dangerous from their power of crushing their prey by means of their huge and powerful bodies. Miss Hopley satisfactorily disposes of the old idea that these great snakes 'licked' their prey over before swallowing; it. The tongue of a snake is never adapted for 'licking,' being, as we have seen, a lithic, rounded organ. The poison glands of snakes are modified 'salivary glands'—that is to say, they are not new and special structures, but modifications of organs which other animals and reptiles possess. It is a notable fact, that as in a poisonous snake the secretion of these glands is permanently venomous, in a 'mad' dog the saliva becomes temporarily poisonous; and it is well known that the bite of an enraged human being may be most difficult of healing, owing to the apparently violent character which the saliva acquires. We thus see that one and the same organ and secretion appears to become modified for poisoning properties and functions in very different groups of animals. The rationale of snake poison in its action on other animals appears to consist in its paralytic effect upon the nervous system and in its effects on the circulation of the blood. It would appear that it acts by preventing the absorption into the blood of the oxygen gas we breathe, and which is a vital necessity for us and for all animals.

Armed with two poison fangs in the upper jaw, the bite of certain foreign kinds is dangerous, and even fatal, in Great Britain, the viper or adder is happily the only venomous species. The remedies which have been proposed for snake-bite are of course very numerous, but Miss Hopley is probably right in following Dr Steadman when she asserts that, as the poisons of different snakes vary in their effects, it is hopeless to look for any one specific for their varied bites. But it is just possible that underlying the variations in the effects of the venom, there may exist a common type of violence. For our own part, we should like to hear of Comby's Fluid (or permanent oil of potato) having a wider trial in snake-bite than has yet been accorded it. Injected into the veins, this fluid appears to counteract the effects of the less deadly kinds of venom in a marvellous degree. Possibly it does so, because it throws off oxygen in large quantities, and may thus neutralise the effect of the snake poison just noted. But the difficulties and dangers of research in such a field are numberless, and there are few persons who, like Dr Steadman, are bold enough to risk being bitten and to experiment in their own persons on the remedies they deem most efficacious for snake-bite.

In Miss Hopley's pleasant pages, the general reader will find a mass of information regarding serpents and their literally wondrous history. Studies like these dispense in the volume before us, render good service to the cause of science, in so far as they encourage observation and turn the faculties in the work of noting facts and of correlating them. Best of all, it is in the study of living nature that the poetical conception may be sought and found. What of poetry Wordsworth found in nature, and what of language Keats discovered in his studies,

may be found in some degree at least by every earnest mind that approaches the fields of animal and plant life. A thousand wandering people the last, a museum of curiosities finds a home in the water drop, and the pleasure derived from a search in nature's fields is one that no accident of life can mar, and no misfortune of existence take away.

THE STORY OF JOHNNIE ELLIOT,  
THE PILLAR

It is the lonely and rarely visited kirkyard of the parish known as Liskidun, in Dumfriesshire, and among the black hills of that district, is a well-known and grave, at the head of which stands a plim stone, on which may be read the following inscription:

'In Memory of JOHN ELLIOT, Pedlar, a young man of sixteen years of age, who came from the neighbourhood of Hexham, in Northumberland, and travelling in company with a man of the name of James Gordon, and who came from Mayo, was barbarously murdered by him at Steel bush edge, on the fann of Upper Cussock, on the 11th day of November 1820.

'After the greatest exertions on the part of Sir Thomas Kirkpatrick of Closeburn, Bart., Sheriff-depute of the county, the Honourable Captain William Napier of Thirlestoun, and many others, the above named James Gordon was apprehended at Nairn, and brought to Dumfries, where, after an interesting trial, he was condemned, and executed on the 6th day of June 1821.

'The inhabitants of Liskidun, in order to convey to future ages their abhorrence of a crime which was attended with peculiar aggravation, and their veneration for those laws which pursue with equal solicitude the murderer of a poor friendless stranger as of a peer of the realm, have erected this stone, 1st of September 1821.

Some years ago, the circumstances attending the murder of the lad Elliot, together with those which led to the capture, trial, and conviction of his murderer, were reported to us by a gentleman intimately acquainted with the matter, and as these circumstances may not be generally known or remembered, we venture now to narrate the story.

John Elliot, whose remains lie buried in the old kirkyard of the wild and thinly populated parish of Liskidun, was born at Hexham, near Newcastle on Tyne. His parents were poor, but respectable, and had previously lost by death one or more of their children. Their only surviving was a sickly lad, weak in body as well as mind, but good and gentle to his parents, to whom this double weakness seemed to have indicated his merit. As Johnnie advanced in years, his health did not improve, and his parents were advised by a neighbouring medical man to endeavour to obtain for him some out-door employment, which, without being too hard, would at the same time afford him plenty of fresh air.

The parents were very reluctant to part with their sickly child, but finding that the boy was

quite unfit for regular manual labour, and being told by the doctor that outdoor exercise would do him good, they finally resolved on purchasing a mill for Johnnie a small pack, and starting him as a pedlar or chapman. In those days, this business was much more common than at present, many of those engaged in it had their regular haunts in the country districts, where the inhabitants not only depended almost entirely on the pedlars for their groceries, hardware, drapery, &c., but also for their supply of news and literature. John Elliot's parents did not anticipate that their boy would make such a fortune as many others had done in this trade, but they hoped that as an abundant market might be found in some measure to lessen the expenses attendant on his wandering life.

Equipped with a small red painted box containing, in various of the humblest description, Johnnie had made several short journeys among the neighbouring hills, when, at the time of his story, he determined to penetrate the wilds of Liskidun, and cross the hills to Moffat Water, intending to return home by Annandale.

On the 11th of November, the lad arrived at Woodhead, in the parish of Cumber, where he was hospitably received by a farmer named Thomas Lamb. Scarcely had Johnnie relieved himself of his pack and commenced to make himself comfortable in the farmer's warm kitchen, when there entered another wayfarer, also an applicant for shelter. This was unhesitatingly granted, in accordance with the custom of the time, a custom which would permit a refusal of hospitality to no one. The new comer was an Irishman, who, from the description afterwards given of him, could not have been accurately ascertained. He was short in stature, possessed of but one eye, of which the sight was good, and dressed in a pair of trousers, and a cap with a remarkable

stammer, peculiarities which did not serve to improve a man's personal appearance, however they may serve to improve that of others. In spite of these blemishes, the new arrival, who gave the name of Gordon, was made welcome to a share of the evening meal, and afterwards to plenty of clean dry straw in the byre or cowhouse, which latter place he shared as a sleeping place with Johnnie Elliot. The next day being Sunday, both Elliot and Gordon remained at Woodhead, continuing their journey on the following Monday morning.

It had become evident, from the conversation of the Saturday night, that Elliot and Gordon were up to that time complete strangers to each other, and it was believed that during the halt on the Sunday, the Irishman had by some means ingratiated himself into the kindly heart of the weak pedlar boy, and that Gordon, under promise of showing the lad the most direct road to Liskidun, had accompanied him on his journey on the Monday morning. These two companions, the man with the marked and unsightly features, and the lad with the conspicuous red box slung across his shoulders, were met by several individuals on the road between Woodhead and Coat, at which latter place they arrived on the evening of Monday the 13th of November. Here they supped and slept, and started again together from Coat on Tuesday morning the 14th, apparently with the intention of finding their way across the hills to Moffat Water.

\* Thus on the tombstone, though the Closeburn family name is usually written Kirkpatrick.

It is not known whether Gordon had from the first determined on the murder of his companion, it is perhaps more likely that, believing the red box to contain property of great value than it in reality did—was a matter of fact the lad's stock in trade was not of more than a few shillings' value—Gordon determined to possess himself of it at any cost, and finding that secrecy was a very important factor in the robbery, he may have finally decided upon the murder of the boy. Under pretence that he knew a direct route across the hills by an unfrequented path, very much shorter than that usually followed, and which would take them past the house of a gentleman of the name of Nairn, whose they were sure of obtaining food and shelter for the night, Gordon persuaded the boy to accompany him to a spot called Steel bush clog, on the farm of Upper Cassock. What happened at that place can only be partly conjectured, but there, it is said, on the following Sunday, was found the body of poor Johnnie Elliot foully murdered. It was first discovered by William Glendinning, son of the tenant of the farm of Upper Cassock, who came upon it by the merest accident, for the body lay on a most unfrequented part of the moor, across which there did not even run so much as a footpath. On examination of the remains, it appeared there was a cut or contusion on the chin, a cut above the right eye, and a great many wounds about the back of the head. Both Glendinning, father and son, recognised the boy as that of a pedlar like who, in company with a man, had visited the farm of Upper Cassock. They also noticed in the mud near where the boy's body was found the prints of heavy clogs strongly bound with iron, shod on the heels with the same metal, and with a peculiarity in the two heel plate marks, that of the one clog being circular, whilst that of the other was horse-shoe shaped. It further appeared that both father and son had noticed this peculiarity in the clogs worn by the man who had visited the farm of Upper Cassock in company with the pedlar boy.

The conclusion arrived at by the doctor and others in the neighbourhood was, that the poor lad had died from the effects of severe blows inflicted on the back of his head with some blunt instrument, and suspicion as to the perpetrator naturally attached itself to the Irishman Gordon, as being the last person seen in the boy's company.

On the day on which the body of John Elliot was interred in Eskdalemuir kirkyard, William Glendinning happened again, in company with a shepherd, to be in the vicinity of the scene of the murder, when they came upon a pair of clogs. These they did not remove, but at once returned to the farm and reported the matter to the elder Glendinning. Dr Graham was sent for, and he, in company with the elder Glendinning, proceeded to the spot, and brought away the clogs, which the latter recognised as those worn by the pedlar when he had visited the farm of Upper Cassock.

Information having been given to the sheriff, the body of Elliot was disinterred, and again examined by two surgeons. These gentlemen were both of opinion that the wounds on Elliot's head had been inflicted by an instrument not

very sharp, such as the iron hoop of a clog, and having applied the forepart of one of the clogs found to a semicircular wound on the back part of the head of the deceased, they found it to fit exactly. The clogs in question being those believed to be worn by the deceased pedlar, it was inferred that he may have sat down to remove, for some purpose or other, the clogs from his feet, when the murderer seized upon one of them as a weapon of assault. At least, there remained little doubt that whoever had committed the murder, had held one of the ponderous clogs by the heel, and had beaten the poor boy on the head until his was extinct, that the murderer had then dropped the clogs on the spot where they were found, and after rifling the lad's box, and keeping it in his possession for a day or two, had flung it into a small stream on the road to Litch, where it was found a short time afterwards.

All the circumstances attending the boy's death seemed to point to the Irishman Gordon as the murderer, and an advertisement was published in a local paper describing Gordon's appearance and offering a reward for his apprehension.

Time went on no clue had been discovered which might lead to the murderer of Johnnie Elliot, nor had anything been heard of the Irishman Gordon, who, it was supposed, had left the country. The horrible death of the poor pedlar boy on Eskdalemuir was becoming in event of the past, which would in time be soon forgotten, when the remarkable capture of the criminal in the manner we are about to relate took place. An agent travelling for some firm in the south, happened to be in the town of Nairn on a pouring wet day. He had transacted his business, and was apparently at a loss how to get through the remainder of the dreary afternoon. The traveller's room in the inn at which the agent was staying, was upstairs, and he led out on to the market place. Ringing the bell, the agent in despair asked whether he could be supplied with any sort of book or newspaper, and after some delay, an old copy of the *Dumfriess Courier*, which by chance had been left behind by some former traveller, was produced, and handed to the agent, who seated himself near the window and began to study the old, but to him in lack of a fresher, still interesting paper. Coming at last to the fourth page, the advertisement sheet, he read as follows.

Dumfriess, December 12, 1820

Whereas the dead body of a young man apparently about sixteen years of age, who had travelled the country as a chimney, was on Sunday afternoon, 26th day of November current, found about two miles to the north of Upper Cassock, and about one mile from Litch Burn, both in the parish of Eskdalemuir, in the county of Dumfriess, and from the number of wounds upon his head, there is every reason to believe he had been murdered about eight days ago. The deceased wore a dark green corduroy jacket and waistcoat, dark jean trousers, and a beanie. The person who was last seen in company with the deceased, and who it is not been heard of, spoke the Irish accent, was of low stature, middle age, dark complexion, much pitted with the smallpox,

wanting the sight of one of his eyes, and had a remarkable stammer in his speech.

Any person apprehending or giving information to FRANCIS SHORTT, Prosecutor Fiscal of the Justice of Peace Court, as may lead to the discovery of the person before described, will be suitably rewarded.

The traveller, after carefully reading this advertisement, laid down the paper, and began soliloquising: 'How could any man possessed of so many peculiarities ever expect to be able to commit murder without being discovered? From that description of his person, I feel sure that I would recognise him if once were I to meet him.' Then turning his head, he looked out into the street and across the market place. Suddenly his eyes became fixed upon a man evidently leaning against the opposite wall. 'Why, there stands the very man!' he cried, springing up and seizing his hat, he without hesitation rushed down stairs, dashed across the street, and touching the man upon the shoulder, at once charged him with being the murderer of the pedlar boy on Laddalemur. 'The man was taken by surprise on being taxed so suddenly and unexpectedly, and without consulting, replied: 'No--no--nobody saw me do it.'

A constable was at once procured, and the man's appearance having been verified by the description given in the advertisement, and confirmed by his own admission, he was taken into custody, and brought to Dumfries, where, after a lengthened trial, he was, by a chain of circumstantial evidence, convicted and hanged for the murder of the pedlar boy.

The peculiar circular shape of one of the heel plates of the Irishman's clogs proved that he had been on the spot at the time of the murder, and altogether his whole general appearance was so marked, that we cannot but agree with this traveller, and wonder how a man possessed of so many peculiar features could ever have indulged in the hope of escaping recognition. Nevertheless, had it not been for the prompt and determined action of the traveller at Naum, the murderer might have passed undetected, if not unrecog- nised, out of Naum, and eventually escaped from the country.

Gordon, who was executed at Dumfries on the 6th of June 1821, does not seem ever to have confessed the crime brought against him, although, before his execution, he acknowledged tacitly the justice of his sentence.

The following is an extract from the *Dumfries Courier* published within a day or two after the execution. After describing the manner in which Gordon appeared on the scaffold, the paper goes on to say: 'What added unspeakable interest to this awful crime, and gave it indeed the character of wild and appalling sublimity, was the remarkable circumstance, that the moment in which the prisoner took his place upon the drop was indicated by a vivid flash of lightning and a tremendous burst of thunder. A second peal of thunder seemed to announce his departure, and produced an impression not easily forgotten by the spectators, particularly as these were the only two peals heard during the day.'

One more extract from the same source and our

story will be ended. 'The deceased [speaking of the man executed] was the son of Michael Gordon of Ballyna, (County M'ig.), and had a peculiar cranium. Among other anomalies, his head presented one which will furnish curious matter of speculation for the phrenologist, one side of the head exhibiting the organ of destructiveness in distinguished prominence, whilst the corresponding region on the opposite side was flat and utterly unmarked.'

## THE LAST OF THE WESTMINSTER LAW COURTS

THE courts of justice at Westminster, the materials of which were sold by public auction, prior to their demolition, at the commencement of the present year, have been generally styled the 'old courts' almost since the project of building a central palace of justice was first mooted, now many years ago. But they deserved the title only in contradistinction to that newer and magnificent pile of buildings just completed in the Strand, from the designs of the late Mr Street, R.A., and generally spoken of as the 'New Law Courts,' though officially known as the Royal Courts of Justice. In fact, it is less than sixty years since the 'old' law courts were built. Up to the accession of George IV., the judges used to sit in the great Hall of Westminster for the purpose of dispensing justice to the king's subjects, and it was only about the year 1825 that the accommodation then provided was found to be inadequate to deal with the rapidly growing mass of litigation which at that period resulted from our increasing prosperity and activity in trade.

The circumstances which led to the building of the old courts were shortly these. The original superior court of justice in England, the *curia regis*, appears to have been held in a room called—from the nature of its ornamentation—the Exchequer Chamber. It was in later times called the Star Chamber, but the name of our Court of Exchequer, which has only recently been superseded by the single designation given to all the Common Law Courts alike, namely, Courts of Queen's Bench, probably took its title from this chamber when King Edward III. is supposed to have presided over his Council for the levy of fines and amercements for his exchequer. In the reign of William Rufus was built the 'Hall of Westminster,' and we know that no long time afterwards this Hall became the accustomed seat of justice. Originally, the *curia regis* used to attend the king on his travels throughout the country, but it was soon found that the trial of causes suffered thereby much delay and inconvenience. To remedy this, it was enacted by Magna Charta that the Common Pleas should sit *certo loco* and accordingly that court sat thereafter in Westminster Hall. About the time of Henry III., the King's Bench and Exchequer Courts were introduced in the same place, but it was not until Henry VIII. ascended the throne that the Chancellors followed suit. From that time until towards the middle of the present century, both Common Law and Chancery Courts sat regularly in the grand old Hall of Rufus, which they continued to do until after the accession of George IV.

when the magnificent carved screen which separated the Chancery Court from the rest was removed.

The appearance presented by Westminster Hall, with the judges, arrayed in all the majesty of the law, sitting at its further end, along which was placed a marble bench, upon which the king in person occasionally took his seat, is well depicted in the well-known drawing by Gravelot, as well as in many another well authenticated print. The scene was unique, and to our senses incongruous. All the courts were held at the upper end of the Hall, facing the great door, the Chancery Court, as we have stated, being partitioned off from the rest by a screen. Each court was covered by a canopy, and was contained in at the side. The rest of the Hall was a busy mart for the sale of books, fruit, flowers, and millinery, in which the vendors showed rivalry as keen as that of the opposing litigants higher up the Hall. By the increasing pressure of business, the courts were at last driven to seek better accommodation, and about sixty years ago, the buildings which have just been demolished were designed by Sir John Soane, and the judges shortly afterwards removed from the Hall with all the pomp and circumstance of law. As a market place too, Westminster Hall has since that time gradually lost its glory, and at the commencement of the present year, the only signs remaining of its grandeur were in such were two old fashioned fruit stalls provided over by two equally old fashioned Hobs, whose occupation was to supply buns and ginger beer.

And so the 'old courts' were built, and after centuries of legal and constitutional struggle in Westminster Hall, its history as a court of law was for ever closed. Sir John Soane's courts were at best little more than a makeshift. They were stuffy, badly arranged, hideously designed, and utterly inadequate for their purpose. They were the result of necessity, and were designed without any provision for the future. Very soon, new courts had to be built in Lincoln's Inn for the Chancery judges (who have since set apart from their Common Law brethren) until they have again been brought together by the building of the new temple of justice opened a few weeks ago. Even after this migration, the courts at Westminster proved inadequate for the Common Law business, and within ten years from their building, an agitation arose, which waxed ever greater, until it culminated in the scheme for the building, together of all the courts under one roof, which has since been carried out. The old courts have thus proved to be but a link between the glorious past legal history of Westminster Hall and the future of the Royal Courts of Justice. 'Rufus Hall' has been for ever rendered famous by the judgments of such men as Brougham, Eldon, Mansfield, Coke, and Hale, as well as for such historical trials as those of Sir Thomas More, Wilkes, and Warren Hastings. The 'old courts' have also been later the scene of historical events, amongst which may be mentioned the remarkable Tichborne trial, which is still fresh in the memory, and of Arthur Orton's subsequent indictment for and conviction of perjury, and their short history only closed on last Christmas Eve with a trial of a nature unprecedented in more ways than one, a trial which converted the Court of

Exchequer into a sculpture gallery, which lasted—including the vacation—from June till after the close of the Michaelmas sittings, and which resulted in the award of enormous damages in an action for libel.

With the demolition of the 'old courts' a rare several of the old quaint customs, which, though of reasonable origin, have for long outlived their *raison d'être*. Amongst these are the offices of 'Tubman' and 'Postman,' held by two barristers, originally appointed by the Lord Chief Baron to their places in the Court of Exchequer, as presidents of the standard measures of capacity and length. For long, these offices have merely entitled their holders to precedence in the court, and now they have for ever disappeared. The old custom of 'fagot chopping' was also in force in the old court. It was a symbolical punishment in the same court by the senior alderman on the occasion of the presentation of the aldermen of London and Middlesex. Gradually tending the way of other old customs, the chopping of a twig 'in service for the tenants' twenty years ago, and the custom has now altogether vanished. It remains to be seen whether another time honoured custom—that of the Lord Mayor's visit to the courts with his retinue on each successive 9th of November—will perish with the migration of the judges to the Strand, though it may be anticipated that if the custom does survive, some distribution in the route of the 'show' will probably have to be made.

Thus, after a short history of less than sixty years' duration, have the 'old courts' utterly disappeared. They have served their purpose, and few people will regret the demolition of the unsightly buildings which, hideous in themselves, did much to obscure the beauty of the grand old Hall of Rufus. There is now a central place for the trial of all actions and matters brought before the High Court of Justice, and ere long, the old scene of legal strife at Westminster will have given place to the bloom of a London flower garden!

#### A MODERN MADRIGAL

Come for the birds are burst in the wood,  
And the lamb's first bleat is heard in the mead,  
Come, be Phyllis and I'll be Coryn,  
Though flocks we have none to fold or feed

Come for a ramble down through the dingle

For Spring has taken the I with to I did,  
Leave the cuckoo to chirp by the inn-le,  
And forth with me to the arched side

Lo! how the land has put from off her  
Her virgin raiment of Winter white,  
And laughs in the eyes of the Spring, her lover,  
Who sings her a garland of flowers and light

Hark how the lark in his first ecstasies  
Fills heaven with love songs, hovering on high,  
Trust to us for the Spring's intention,  
Trust to the morn for a stormless sky

I know the meadow for daffodown-dillies,  
And the haunt of the crocus purple and gold,  
I'll be Coryn, and you'll be Phyllis  
Springs to day are as sweet as of old.

F WYVILLE HOWE

Printed and Published by W & E. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 330 High Street, LIVERPOOL.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OR  
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

*Fourth Series*

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS

No 1005—Vol. XX

SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1883

Price 1½d

## VENICE IN CARNIVAL

OUR inhabitants had told us that the spirit of Carnival was as dead in Venice as were the magnificent and glorious of the silent, lonely, old palaces on the brink of the Grand Canal, so that we were prepared to be disappointed in a sight of which we had heard and read so much all our lives.

'But,' said one of our informants—that fine headed old fellow who during the summer months sits to scores of painters as an Apostle or a Doge, but who in winter time is reduced to haunting the gondola landing stage opposite Saint Mark's, pulling in the craft with his beak hook, and holding forth his grubby old cap for copper—'it may be better this year, for all the proceeds of the booths and shows are to go to the poor people who have been washed out of their homes by the inundations in the north.'

At any rate, we resolved to see what fun there was, and, as the evening gun boomed from the arsenal by the church of San Giorgio Maggiore, we landed.

If the efforts of man were to be disappointing, nature at least did her best to favour the course of events, for a cloudless, deep blue, star-studded sky stretched overhead, and the 'Bora,' which had been blowing for some days, had given place to the gentlest of breezes, and a temperature very much milder than our own at home in early spring. Although the actual Carnival proceedings were not to commence until half past eight, a very considerable crowd had assembled under the piazzas in the great square and about the open spaces surrounding the ancient Palace of the Doges. Yet it was not the Carnival crowd which we had pictured to ourselves. We were of motley were very few and far between, and by far the greater proportion of promenaders were ordinary citizens, soldiers, country folk, peasant women—painted and powdered hideously, as is the Venetian fashion from highest to lowest—and onlookers like ourselves.

For some days previous, the students, who seem to take the lead in all public festivities in Italian

towns, had been busily engaged in rigging up booths with wood supplied to them gratis by the government upon the condition that they should do all the carpenter work themselves, and from an early hour of morning these booths had been doing a roaring trade.

As foreign visitors, we were in duty bound to patronise each and every show at the modest outlay of one penny per head for each, not to mention the risk, of similar sums in lotteries, of which the principal feature seemed to be the tempting display of prizes obtainable and the very few prizes obtained, and the purchasing of all sorts of worthless gewgaws from voluble gentlemen in motley, who pounced upon us with eagle eyes, and who simply compelled us to buy by the process of thrusting the articles into our hands, and reminding us in pathetic tones that it was all for charity. As might have been expected, the penny worths which we saw in the booths were very dear at the price, but even if it was only to reward the energetic gentlemen who raved and sung and danced and gesticulated on the platforms outside, it was worth the outlay. They were far more real curiosities in our eyes than the peepshows, the gymnastics, the collections of stuffed animals, the comic pictures, the broad farce acting to be seen within. Only men with the restless, fervid warmth of the southern sun in their veins could have kept the gams up as they did, and they were amply rewarded for their benevolent exertions by the crowds of chattering, laughing people who streamed in and out incessantly.

The Venetian portion of the public entered thoroughly into the fun of these exhibitions, but the stolid peasantry from the great povalty breeding farms on the mainland did not at all seem to appreciate why they should pay a penny to look through a glass only to see the words 'Please, don't tell,' written on a card within, or why they should take the trouble to arrange themselves carefully in a chair to be photographed, and after much 'business,' be shown their own reflections in a piece of mirror.



Most assuredly, if there was little to be seen for a penny, there was plenty to be heard, for every booth had its big drum and French horn and cymbals, to which penny whistles, speaking trumpets, and Jew's harps might in most cases be added. In fact, to make as much uproar as possible seemed to be the general object, and the more discordant the sounds, the better the public seemed to be pleased.

But the real fun of the fair was centred in the Place of Saint Mark, and as the quaint old illuminated clock showed the minutes gradually creeping along to the half hour after eight, the booths began to be deserted, and the human tide set for the square. Here a huge platform had been built for dancing, and all around it surged and swayed a dense crowd, a small proportion of which was fancifully dressed. As the great bell in the campanile tolled the half hour, a hundred gas-jets were lighted as by magic, the crowd pressed to the entrances with their fifty centesimi in their hands, and a really fine orchestra, dressed in half and half red and white, struck up the famous and familiar *Carnovale de Venezia*. The dark masses of people seem to leap suddenly into party coloured costumes, and we begin to think that, after all, Carnival is not so dead as it is reputed, especially when we notice that amongst the crowd of dancers there are very few who have not either a costume or a mask. Evidently, aristocratic Venetians do not patronise the dancing platform, for although the time kept is admirable, the performance of the steps is rudimentary in the extreme, and one can scarcely associate the apparent price and vigour with the refined drawing-rooms of such Venetian palaces as are not inhabited by Hebrew curio-sellers. There seems, too, to be a lack of ladies, although gentlemen in outrageous kamie costumes are plentiful enough, so that the spectacle of two big fellows whirling round and round with the most lugubrious faces imaginable is very common.

Meanwhile, the strains of the band have tended to swell the outside crowd immensely, and it may be fully supposed that the whole of plebeian Venice is here present. We are not very much struck with the style of fun prevalent, and the chief impression we carry away is one of marvel that men of presumably reasoning age can bring themselves down so nearly to the level of monkeys. The great joke seems to be for a group of men or women—sometimes it was hard to tell which was which—to surround a harmless old woman or a stray boy, to gibber, jabber, and grumble, and to offer consolation in the shape of sweetmeats. Or they would invade the great *calle*, the *Quadra*, or the *Aurora*, or *Forstani's*, drinking up every one's beer, making free with stray hats and stocks, and generally turning things upside down. However, there was universal good humour and happiness, and we rather cry off instituting a comparison between their behaviour and that of an English crowd under similar circumstances. During the whole four evenings, and we were there until midnight upon each, we did not notice a single case of intoxication or misbehaviour, or hear a solitary angry expression used. Carnival levels all men, and actions which at other times would have produced fierce jabbering and possibly athletic work, were upon these evenings treated with good-humour. Stay—there were two excep-

tions to the general rule of good behaviour, and these were two firemen from an English ship in harbour, and they were just sober enough to be able to stand.

One very distinct evidence that Carnival is dying is that very few 'good' people don masks or play the fool. With the exception of a company of student Pierrots—of whom more anon—the disguised gentry seemed to be of very low degree, and this was palpable, not only from the trampy nature of the garments worn, but from their style of fun. A Venetian rough is probably more refined than an English rough, but if he is given chance, he will come out in his true colours just as clearly as a man of any other country. Occasionally we came across a really good costume or saw a bit of genuinely comic acting, but upon the whole the Carnival fun of lovely Venice was very inferior to what we subsequently saw at stolid, phlegmatic Bristol. To talk in a whispering filletto, to take people by surprise by suddenly howling into their ears, to jump and dance frantically about, to blow tin trumpets, and wind watchman's rattles, seemed to comprise the notion of Carnival fun entertained by most of the makers. Allegorical designs, political and patriotic processions and offences, were common upon their absence, probably on account of the want of wheeled vehicles in Venice.

The traditional Englishman with his yellow blinkers, his projecting teeth, his tall white hat with the green veil, his umbrell and opera-glasses, was of course represented, as was the English mee, a hideous being, outrageously dressed. A quack doctor with his apothecary, a party of rascals dressed as fiends, and some old ladies with huge coal-scuttle bonnets, created some amusement, but it seemed to us that the majority of spectators seemed to look upon the whole affair with pity and contempt, although it did afford them an excuse for taking many more turns round the piazza than they would ordinarily have done.

An Italian crowd is rather 'enthrally' and very hot, and as the careless din was getting wearisome, we sought out ourselves of a certain German restaurant famous for its beer, situated some little way from the centre of action. We were somewhat surprised to find all the lanes and alleys leading out of the square crowded with maskers and spectators, and still more so to find that the restaurant itself was crammed to overflowing, and that such luxuries as a vacant table or chair had to be waited for and pounced upon when found. The waiter confidentially whispers to us that there will be fun presently. We are glad of this, and wait for it. At the expiration of ten minutes, there is a roar at the other end of the huge room, and a company of Pierrots, a dozen in number, make their way frantically up, chaffing right and left, tipping a hat off here, drinking up a glass of beer there, scratching through tin horns under the direction of an admirably got-up individual with a white silk standard. These men are of a better class, for their white suits are of fine flannel, they have white kid gloves, and their feet are encased in dainty pumps. One of them is evidently an acquaintance or relative of an old lady who is sitting with her family at a table next to us. She beckons to him and whispers something in his

ear, nodding significantly towards us. The young fellow starts a scotch in his horn, and immediately the whole troupe, jumping over tables and chairs, surround us, jabbering away in horrible French and worse English, gesticulating and expressing burlesque delight at seeing us. The result is that we are taken with bonbons and souvenir cards, and shake hands affectionately with each one. We could not help wondering whether solitary foreigners in the midst of a festive excited assembly of English students would have been treated with similarly marked courtesy and politeness.

From us they proceeded about the room, playing all sorts of jokes and antics, and creating roars of laughter wherever they went, and when they left the room, other groups of miscreants came in, and the same scenes were repeated, until the noise became so deafening, and the atmosphere so powerful, that we cleared out into the comparatively fresh air.

At midnight, when we gradually made our way towards the landing place, the fun was at its height, and long after we were ensconced in our berths we could hear the sounds of shouting and music wafted across the water.

For four days this buffoonery was kept up. Upon the last day, Sunday, the first bicycle races that had ever been held in Venice took place round the square. Although the riding was ludicrous in the extreme—and the performers were members of the considered to be crack Milan Club—the excitement of the English mob upon Epsom Downs during the race for the Derby is but as the effluence of a ginger beer bottle when compared with the excitement of the good people of Venice over these races. Men tore their hair, and cried and embraced, and shouted themselves hoarse over the various events, the winners of which seemed to be regarded as popular heroes for the time being, the nearest parallel to it which the writer can recall being the scene at Kennington Oval after the victory of the Australian cricket team over the Aussies last year.

Thus ended the Venice Carnival of 1887. We saw very similar scenes enacted subsequently at Padua, Verona, and Milan, but not until we arrived at Basle did we get a fair idea of a continental Carnival. Basle, however, does not come within the scope of this paper, so the writer may conclude, merely stating that although disappointed, we were enabled to see the Italian people under conditions not very frequently witnessed by English travellers, who, as a rule, choose the summer and autumn months for their exploration of the fascinating 'Queen of the Adriatic.'

## ONE FALSE, BOTH FAIR,

OR, A HARD KNOT

### CHAPTER VIII—ANOTHER VISITOR.

LADY BARBARA was really pleased to see her nephew's dearest friend beneath the roof that she had learned to think her own. Technically, of course, and in a legal point of view, it was the widow, at least for life, and would then be at the disposal of the objectionable Dolly Montgomery, newly inducted into the Marquessate

of the clerical branch, and keeping up his new income as best he might on the strictly untaxed revenue of the impenetrable Lincolnshire estates. But the Lady Barbara had been born at Leinster House, had resided there in Italy Paramount during the latter years of her invalid father, and might be expected for reasons, herall, the typical Montgomery, as mistress of the big, melancholy mansion that had been once so full of life and light, and colour and joy and rivalry. She made Arthur welcome, then, with an urbanity that she rarely displayed, talking, pleasantly enough, of Egypt, that she had never seen, and London, of which she really did not know very much, regarding the society of that capital as she had ever done, as from the topmost pinnacle of an iceberg, and listening affably to whatever Talbot had to say.

The other lady's behaviour was perplexing to Arthur, and would have been so to Lady Barbara, had that dignified dame been able to study her companion's present demeanour by the light of previous experience. For a while she would be listless, haughty, cold, and then, by a swift transition, the same exact girl that he could remember her, when the flush came so quickly to her beautiful face, and her eye would brighten or grow sad in a word. He recollected well how kind she had been to the poor tawny natives of the country that was her temporary home, and how he had seen her, with large-eyed Egyptian children clustering round her knee, and how strangely the little heathen bundles had seemed to live the noble lady from Kiangwan. His own feelings, where she was concerned, were a thorn, yet true. But he had begun, before Egypt was left behind, to feel that Clara was very dear to him, and he had hoped that she might one day be his wife. As for the pomp and state that surrounded her, he held it, as one might think to see a lovely rose beset by heavy settings of gold and jewels. But now, what a change had come over her!

'Her sister—Mrs. Cora Carew—is the cause of all,' said Lady Barbara, in a lower voice, when the other lady was seated at a distant side table, writing a letter, which she had craved leave to write, according to the dictates of ordinary politeness. When a hostess cares much for a guest, she does not ask his leave to admit an epistle to somebody else, but Arthur was almost reconciled to the perplexing demeanour of her whom he loved, when that seemed to be a valid reason for the change. He, like others, had been struck by the astonishing likeness between the twin sisters, who were, for the first time in their young lives, had been sundered. To him there had appeared, always, a marked difference in character. There had been her own noble self, and Cora Carew a charming, sweet-natured girl. How very great was the puzzle now!

'You were saying, Lady Barbara!' for the aristocratic spinster had sunk into a reverie, during which she knit her black brows closely, and looked like a maiden edition of Lady Macbeth, her shrewd narrow mind manifestly absorbed in some train of deep thought as to the honour or dishonour to accrue to the ancient House of Montgomery.

She responded to Talbot's words as the war-

home to the trumpet call 'Yes, I was speaking of Miss Carew—whom you may remember, I daresay.'

'I knew Miss Carew very well, she was always with her sister, Lady Leominster. I only wondered not to see her here to-day,' replied Arthur.

'You will never see her here,' was the austere answer of Lady Barbara—'never, unless she repents of her sinful scheme, or, unless, as I sometimes fear, her sister's weak indulgence.'—

'But, Lady Barbara,' broke in Arthur Talbot hotly, 'you forget a thousand pardons for interrupting you—that I am in total ignorance as to whatever may have occurred, or to what you allude. Can it be possible that Miss Carew has'—

'Sir Pagan Carew!' announced the soft-treading, unobtrusive young person in solemn black whose duty it was to usher in visitors, and the strong-limbed, swarthy young baronet made his awkward entry.

'Forgotten me, I'm afraid, Lady Mar—no, Lady Barbara, that's it,' he said, in his rough stunted way, as he touched Lady Barbara's cold finger—'Clare, dear, so glad—of course. What an age it seems!' And the baronet bestowed a most fervent handshake on his sister, and would have kissed her, for there was a genuine brotherly kindness in his tone and in his eye, but he was too shy to do it before company. 'What an age it seems!' repeated Sir Pagan, seeming to hug the expression, his luck of an hour to succeed it, and then, catching sight of Talbot, whom he knew well, he made a dash at his hand, muttering, 'Didn't know you had got back from Egypt—awfully pleased to see you old man!' And Sir Pagan really did seem glad to see Arthur, whom he liked, and with whom he felt at home, for he was more comfortable in the society of men than of women.

'So good of you to come to me, Pagan,' said his sister, sitting herself near the dark, shy, young guest.

'Umph!' muttered the baronet, looking askance at Lady Barbara, who had done her very best to smile during the interview, and who now said, blandly enough, 'Indeed, Sir Pagan, you are very welcome here, and I have—we have—always wished to see you. I trust we shall persuade you to regard this as a second home, and to spare us some of your idle hours on your next account.—By the bye, I hope you bring good news of Miss Carew.'

The baronet flushed pink to his very ears. 'I don't quite understand, she is pretty well,' he made answer.

Sir Pagan Carew was extremely embarrassed. He was one of those well-born gentlemen of whom Thackeray said, long ago, that they never enter a lady's drawing-room. The number of these young men augments very much in these modern days, when London yields more and more to become no single town, but a vast agglomeration of many Londons, an immense catharine wheel revolving with noise or less of sparkle and glitter. There was much of good soil lying fallow, if the metaphor may be pardoned, in that rugged, honest nature. He was very true, too, to the tea of kindred, and it was on his sister's account that he had

ventured now to so formidable a palace as Leominster House, known to be the den of so terrific a social dragon as Lady Barbara Montgomery.

'My sister is pretty well, drill for her, though, in Button Street, shut up there,' said Sir Pagan, and he really spoke as if he had been the humorist, but still kept a private lunatic asylum, of which that sister of his had the misfortune to be an inmate.

'My darling—if I had her with me here!' was the low rejoinder of the mistress of Cavalier View, and Sir Pagan, who thought such an arrangement an eminently desirable one, glanced furtively at Lady Barbara, to see whether that dragon of old-fashioned aristocracy sanctioned the suggestion.

But Lady Barbara looked exceedingly grim. 'There is something to be retracted, and—excuse me, Sir Pagan—something to be repented, before Miss Carew can be a welcome guest here.'

'Oh, upon my word, Lady Barbara,' blurted out the baronet, for the whole affair was a pun and a bewilderment to him.

'Of course, if you side with her!'—Lady Barbara began, in her slow dignified way.

'But I don't, begging your Ladyship's pardon,' interrupted the wretched Sir Pagan, 'I don't side with anybody, and I wish with all my heart!—Put here the baronet noticed that Arthur Talbot—who probably felt uncomfortable in his present position as an auditor—had risen, hit in hand, and was about to take his leave. The devil of being left unprotected to the tender mercies of the awful Lady Barbara, overpowered Sir Pagan. Had he been a modern Aristoneli, he could not have shown more plain fear of the dragon. 'I must be going, too,' he exclaimed nervously, as he scrambled from his chair—'Good bye, Clare.'

'I have seen nothing of you, brother,' returned the sister, with soft reproach, as she took his proffered hand.

'I'll come again, yes, very soon—see you often, now you are in town,' quitted the baronet, profligate of promises, now that he saw a chance of escape from his present predicament—'Good bye, Lady Barbara—so glad!' And it was with a sense of rare relief that Sir Pagan passed out at the gates. 'I should have a bit of some kind soon, if I lived in that—jail,' said the baronet bluntly to Talbot, as the two walked on side by side.

'These very great and grand houses, without company to enliven them, are melancholy abodes, I daresay,' answered Arthur, smiling at the baronet's vehemence.

'Melancholy! My own poor old barrack at Carew is a jovial place in comparison, and as for your house—Oakdene—it's a perfect house of bliss and merriment, whereas at Leominster, what d'ye call it, I had an ugly sensation of being burned before my time,' said Sir Pagan, who had hunted much in the New Forest, and had thus come to know Talbot, as a hospitable (quite of small means and good manners, fairly well—'Do you know, Talbot, I used to envy my sister her stroke of good luck—to hook a Marquis was luck. But I pity her now, almost as I do the other poor gal that lives with me in that bachelor den of mine.'

Arthur Talbot was full of curiosity, but you cannot much more easily ask questions as to a man's misters than you can propound them as to a man's wife.

They were in Piccadilly by this time, amidst the roar of voices and the roll of wheels, and all the myriad sounds that go to make up the hum of London.

'I am only at a West End hotel, the *Cherwell*, for a few days,' Arthur said, in answer to an inquiry on his companion's part. 'You, I think, are in Bruton Street still, Curlew. I'll look you up, then.'

'Come to-morrow—to dinner, I mean—if you're not engaged—Awfully glad you're not. Meet some men. It's not often I ask any one, it home, I mean, but one must keep up one's old friends—This way—this is mine. Don't forget, old man—Bruton Street, hill just on the left.'

(To be continued.)

ACTING ANIMALS

WHEN a tragedian of the old school, stirring in a country town, complained of playing to quarter houses, a sympathising friend lamented that Mr. Irving should happen to be there at the same time. 'Hush!' exclaimed the tragedian. 'I'll stir against him anywhere, but who can stir against twelve performing elephants?' Biped actors naturally have the same enmity for their four-footed rivals as punter Hyndon felt for General Tom Thumb. One popular player, however, owns to having good reason for entertaining kinder feelings for them. 'One memorable night,' says Mr. Toole, 'I was destined to take part in a performance at Astley's for the benefit of the veteran equestrian Cook, and while waiting for my turn, I took to walking at the back of the stage, to pass away the time. All was darkness and gloom. I heard the distant tramp of the horses below, but I could see nothing, and eventually lost my way. In trying to retrace my steps and to avoid a pitfall, I came across a wooden partition, which I thought would guide me to a safe retreat. Presently I found the ground beneath me slightly moving. I seized the edge of the partition, or I must have fallen heavily—I knew not where. Suddenly there came a flash of light from a passing lamp—a glimmer of hope to me—and I reached my position. I was standing on the back of a performing elephant, plied under the hayloft, into which I had wandered, and from which, but for the gentle creature, I must have fallen some fifteen or twenty feet into the open arena below, probably never to rise again.'

The sight-loving public have always taken so kindly to performing animals, that we may be sure the amusement-seekers of Queen Anne's time fully appreciated the little mumps, from the *Five Indies*, that danced the *Charmie Romms*, and performed several other pretty dances, and very much applauded the plying horse, which, being told there was a warrant come to press him into the service of the French King, full so lame he could hardly set one foot before another, and thereupon knowing he must go if alive, threw himself down, with his legs stretched out stiff, and his tongue hanging out of his mouth, lying as if he were dead, until told to

rise and serve Queen Anne, when he jumped on his feet, and became 'extraordinary brisk and cheerful.'

Animal performers, by their parts ever so simple, are not always to be depended upon. An effect never contemplated by the composer of *Tannhäuser* was produced one night at Covent Garden, thanks to a couple of animal experts. With the first note of the *grithards* sung, the two goats tethered to the rack began to bleat most piteously, and in her own interest, Miss Moricé Cottino hastened to set them free. One made a hasty and undignified exit, but the other, less bashful, made its way to the footlights, and insisted upon delivering itself of a ludicrous solo, as unmelodious as the most violent rumour of the music of the future could hope to hear.

Determined to put the *Fairy Theatres* upon the stage in as realistic a manner as possible, an enterprising Nevada manager provided Ali Baba with a real live mule to carry off the proceeds of his raid on the robbers' cave. Filled from lack of proper instruction, or from the perversity of his nature, that animal behaved as though the sole purpose of his presence was to prove he was no 'property' mule, for no sooner was he on the stage than he put his fore feet down firmly and kicked, as only a mule knows how to do—sending the prompter into the orchestra, the callboy into the flies, and causing a general excitement without any regard to the stage directions. Having the stage to himself, he careened his heels until he had kicked the cavern, the jaws of oil, and an expanse of forest, far into space, and utterly wrecked the *mise en scene*. That mule's first appearance was his last, although the spectators were so delighted with his spirited performance, that they wanted him to take a benefit, but the manager declined to give him a night.

According to the *Demon Tribune*, a parrot lately distinguishable itself at the Opera House there, the manager of which had borrowed it from a restaurant keeper. During the first act of *Old Shipmates*, the bird was quiet enough, but as soon as it had become accustomed to its novel surroundings, commenced to display its accomplishments, to the amusement of the audience and the dismay of the actors. 'Lamb chops or breaded veal?' screamed Poll, bringing forth a loud 's-sh,' to which the lady responded with 'Shut up, you make me tired.' 'Quit kissing the cook!' and a volley of oaths. An actress pushed the cage to the wings of the stage, to be seized by the manager, and carried to the property-room—the voice of the indignant parrot gradually dying away in the distance, until the slamming of the door shut it out altogether, but not before the offender Poll had revenged its removal by nipping the captor in the leg. A little later, the manager thus addressed his treasurer: 'Mr. Morse, let it be understood once for all that hereafter no living wild beasts will be introduced on our stage.'

Perfect in their behaviour on the boards of the Wallace Theatre, Berlin, were two fine rams introduced in a spectacular piece at that house. When the drama had run its course, the manager took the rams home with him, and placed them in the kitchen for the night. It was his custom

to indulge in an early cup of coffee in bed, the duty of bringing it to him devolving upon his cook. Performing her usual office on the morning after the coming home of the rams, the kitchen door open behind her, and the curious creatures followed close upon her heels, until they passed into the drawing room, where they elected to stay. One side of the room was adorned with a splendid mirror reaching from floor to ceiling, and seeing themselves reflected therein, the rams lowered their horns and dashed at their fancied foes. Then came a crush, followed by another, as the startled woman dropped her tray with a shriek, which brought the manager on the scene in double quick time, to vent useless anathemas on the heads of the unconscious offenders.

Romeo, a clever elephant attached to Robinson & Curran, proved a very troublesome customer when a passenger on board the *Golden Crown* steamer. For the first two days he was kept chained on the fore-castle, and amused himself with the boxes and trunks within reach of his trunk, tumbling them about without any consideration for the possible fragility of their contents, then, being removed out of harm's way, he turned his attention to some heavy cedar logs, finding great amusement in raising one up and letting it fall again, shaking the boat from stem to stern. To spoil his fun, Romeo was taken from the fore-castle to the interior of the boat, but he soon found mischief to do, jerking the bell wires running from the pilot house to the engine room. The first time he worked the wire, the engineer stopped the vessel. "What's the matter?" asked the pilot, through the speaking tube. "N' thing," responded the engineer. "What did you stop her for, then?" shouted the pilot. "Because you ran the bell!" "I didn't run!" As he spoke, the bell sounded again, and the lathered engineer caught Romeo in the act of jerking the wire, but there was no way of preventing him so amusing himself, and he kept up the tintinnulation day and night, compelling the pilot to signal the engineer through the speaking tube for the remainder of the trip.

Animals have now and again appeared on the stage without any arrangement for their so doing. Bismel Thornton saw a tragedy monarch disturbed in his last moments, as he lay expiring on the carpet, by a disarming critic of King Charles's likeliest, who, jumping out of the stage box and flinging upon the hero's person, brought it off in his mouth, and deposited it safely on his mistress's lap. When Charles Kean was playing Richard III. at Exeter, just as he was getting the worst of the combat with his rival, his Newfoundland dog, watching the mimic fray from the wings, thinking his master in danger, rushed on the stage, and dashing fiercely at the dismayed Richmond, put him to sudden and ignominious flight, and brought the tragedy to an unlooked for end.

In Nessler's opera *The Rastriker of Hameln*, the most effective scene is that wherein the rams, in obedience to the tuneful spell, make their exodus from Hameln. On the first representation of *The Rastriker* at the Dresden Opera House, this was so well managed, that the old cast of the establishment, lastly regarding pro-

ceedings from her favourite corner at the side of the stage, was startled out of her placidity by the sudden appearance of a host of her natural enemies upon her own territory. Suddenly she sprang on the stage, and went for the army of 'property' rodents with a will, not to be daunted by overwhelming numbers. Her teeth, however, soon showed her what they were made of, and she retired majestically from the scene, but, in obedience to an unspoken recall from the delighted audience, was brought back in the arms of a super, to receive the tribute of applause her courage and conduct deserved.

Manager Davidge did not scruple at sipping off the pig that had helped to fill the Surrey treasury, but M. Tinty, the proprietor of an educated pig, exceedingly popular in Moscow, had more gratitude in his composition. Three rich merchants, determined upon enjoying an unusually expensive dish, offered M. Tinty three thousand roubles for his 'learned pig,' and after some demur, he handed the animal over and pocketed the money. The poor pig was intrusted to the handling of an eminent chef, and duly devoured. Next day, however, the wails of Moscow bore the familiar invitation to go and see Tinty's 'learned pig,' and that worthy was waited upon for an explanation. 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'at the last moment, I heard that you wanted the pig for dinner. I thought it very unbecomingly in me to take so large a sum for a tough old porker, so I got the very best that money could procure, and substituted it for the real one.'

However much such clever creatures may be valued by their owners, they are very liable to come to an untimely end. Barnum lost a rope dancing on a turning elephant very suddenly, the sad news being conveyed to him in a letter from one of his men, running: 'Mr Barnum, one of the elephants is dead. He died of entomation of the brain.'—'Well,' was the showman's commentary, 'we mustat teach elephants so much. Giving this animal such a stock of "entomation" has cost me ten thousand dollars, but Sam must have a few lessons in orthography, he wants "entomation on the brain!"'

An infant piglet, in training for appearing as a 'learned pig,' happening to visit the learned bear belonging to the Brooklyn Dime Museum, by his continuous squeaking, was torn limb from limb, before any one could rescue him from the bear's clutches.—A trained donkey was drowned by the bloodhounds of an Uncle Tom Comedian—probably the one which a Western critic said 'presented the finest bloodhounds and jack asses ever collected in a single crate.'

A donkey, a pig, and a goose once achieved great success at Birmingham in a pantomime, which, mainly by their admirable performance, ran until June. The season over, the manager took his company to Wolverhampton, and when he found business slackening there, sent for his animal stars. They arrived two days before they were announced to appear, and were quartered unloosely at the stable, the donkey being tethered at the foot of a staircase, and the pig and goose allowed to run loose. Next morning the goose was missing, all that his porcine comrade had left of him being a few feathers. The following morning the donkey was found

dead From teeth marks on his hoofs and hock, it was surmised that the depraved pig had tormented him until he could endure its attentions no longer, when he had climbed the stairs, mounted to the small landing at the top, and fallen over on the other side. The rope by which he was tethered holding firmly, the poor ass was strangled. It was too late to change the price. The 'posters' had achieved their end, and in the evening an expectant crowd assembled. The pig and the clown did their best, but at last the donkey and goose were called for, and the manager was compelled to come forward and tell the sad story of their untoward demise. Unfortunately, the gods would not accept the disappointment with a good grace. They were offered their money back, but nothing would content them but tearing up the benches and flinging them into the pit. A fierce fight followed, the pig squealing off the stage, and the curtain full, not to rise again that night.

We will conclude these notes with a homely rhyme which has been sent us by Mr Davis of Dublin, relating to the exploits of a donkey who can do some acting on his own account, and teach his tricks to a companion as well.

When you call me an Ass then you say I've no sense,  
But I fail to discover where lies the pretence  
And can allow you a Donkey whose deal is most surmise,  
Giving proof he is no fool but both cunning and wise  
To a firm in the County Kilkenny I bring  
All who question my statements—the price Silverspring,  
And the owner, B. Bowers my brother in law  
Who will vouch all is true, and that he himself saw—  
And not only he many others as well—  
The Donkey repeatedly rings the farm bell  
For announcement. Nor shall I omit to relate  
With what skill it removes all dirt from the gate,  
To let himself thro' there is yet something more—  
With his mouth he will soon to unk & the lard or  
Greatest wonder of all and which shows him no lie,  
He is teaching his tricks to his chum a young, old  
Which has proved in the paper and no doubt in time  
Will reveal his tutor. So ends my short rhyme,  
Which I forward to *Champion's* wash up they will see  
There is merit to warrant publicity.

## THE MAN IN POSSESSION

IN THE CHAIR—CONCLUSION

Once more in London, I speedily sought out and engaged a temporary lodging for Miss Wintock. Next, I proceeded to wait upon my chief, to whom I rendered a faithful account of what had transpired, and who, far from blaming me, was pleased to commend my conduct highly. I knew the solicitor who always transacted his law business.

'Do you think, sir,' I asked respectfully, 'that I had better go to Mr Wrightly, or can you advise me of any one better?'

'Wait on old Wrightly at once,' was his reply, highly pleased at my taking his counsel. 'He is as sharp as a fence and as persistent as a leech.'

Jumping into the first cab I met, another half hour saw me in Mr Wrightly's office.

I need not detail the steps which eventually led to the recovery of the greater part of Miss Wintock's property. Sufficient to state that the astute old lawyer at once undertook her case, conducting it with a perseverance and skill

seldom surpassed, and that also, while matters were in progress, he very kindly and thoughtfully provided her with a salt cellar, by receiving her into his own house and family. At first, the Wintocks threatened proceedings against me on account of the mare and gig, but these they were soon glad to forego, for the shrewd old practitioner at once commenced the battle, and this had much more important interests to engage than attention. It was, however, about two years before things were finally settled. During the early part of that time, I called once or twice, at her own request, to see Miss Wintock, and she had by degrees drawn from me much of my past history.

Long before the expiration of the two years alluded to I had, however, bidden farewell to my occupation as a bailiff, for one morning my chief called me aside. 'Meredith,' said he, 'here is a note from Mr Wrightly, requesting me to send you to him immediately.'

'Good morning, Mr Meredith,' said the latter, as I entered the little private room at his chambers in which he usually sat to receive clients. 'Take a chair. I want a word or two with you. I have been given to understand that you were formerly employed in the law. Is it so?'

I began to blush and stammer, for I could not for the life of me guess what was coming.

'Ah, well! I see, committed yourself. Never mind. Do you like your present vocation, eh? Not particularly enthusiastic in it,' he continued, in his shrewd way of speaking. 'A very good deal of it!'

I bowed, for I had literally nothing to reply. 'Now, young man,' and he fixed his keen gray eyes studiously upon me, 'I can perfectly comprehend a butler used inexperienced youth serving his wild oats, and afterwards repining the bitter crop, too often throughout his later life. But your conduct in Wintock's affair has given me a favourable impression of your character and disposition, and I am induced to hope that with the energy you evidently possess, you may yet accomplish better things.—Stay!' he said, raising his hand, seeing that I was about to answer. 'Hear me out. I conclude, from the few scraps of your history which I have heard, that you have received a general education. Indeed, your manner indicates that you have not always occupied your present position in society. Had you the opportunity of regaining your former status among your fellow men—on your word as a man, would you do your best to regain it?'

His words fell upon my ears clear, cold, and calm, yet so lucidous as the ring of a silver bell. I sprang to my feet. The gorgeous sunbeams were streaming with golden rays through the narrow window of that little room, tinting with hues of splendour even the piles of dusty deeds that lay ranged upon its shelves. I felt its loving warmth strike to my inmost heart, as I stood erect before him with quivering lip, vainly struggling to force out the glad words of thanks that would not come, for my emotion was too deep for utterance. Could it really be that there was yet one more chance for me of hope in life? for my present existence, passed in a low and degrading occupation, that I thoroughly hated, could not be turned living

Mr Wrightly perceived my agitation 'Enough!' said he with a smile, and waving his hand 'Sit down again, and compose yourself. Actions shall speak for you in the future, I like them better than words.—There is just at this time a vacancy in my office, the post is open to your acceptance. Fill it worthily, it is the first step on the ladder. In due time you may rise to competence at least, if not to eminence. Uphold my energy, and perseverance—you know the rest—there, no thanks! I owe you some recompense for bringing me a good client.

How my heart bounded within me as I left Mr Wrightly's presence! I could not resist the conclusion that Miss Wintock's representations had influenced him. Doubtless, she wished to repay me in some way for my services. What noble offering could she present me than the opportunity of reclaiming myself, and regaining my former social status?

'And John Meredith will prove himself not unworthy of her kindness!' I exclaimed, as I threw myself upon my couch for the night, to dream of the past, present, and implausible future, mingled in inextinguishable confusion, for amid the tempest of conflicting emotions, a serene hope had flashed momentarily, like a brilliant meteor, upon my unshut mind. I dared not breathe it even to myself, far less communicate it. Vainly I tried to brush the remembrance of Miss Wintock from my senses. Mr Wrightly's residence was a mere distance from his chambers. Some times I had to wait upon him there, and occasionally saw her for an instant. Her kindly grasp of the hand, with occasionally a few words of friendly inter-<sup>est</sup>, had served to feed and fan the flame that was smouldering in my breast, and yet I felt that my case was utterly hopeless, because of the gap between our relative social positions.

During Miss Wintock's stay at Mr Wrightly's, a Major (certainly became a constant visitor. It began to be whispered that so soon as her affairs were settled, he would be openly acknowledged as her accepted suitor. When first I heard the news, every faculty seemed for the moment paralysed. Then I awoke to the depth and intensity of the feeling. I entreated for her. That night, in my chamber, I cut myself on the floor in a wild tempest of passion, grief, and despair.

A few weeks after the trial—which resulted in her favour—was over it was currently reported among our circle that Miss Wintock would shortly leave Mr Wrightly's family for an establishment of her own in the country. I felt it was good for me that it should be so. My soul removed from mundane proximity, I hoped to regain by degrees equilibrium and composure of mind. Happiness was not to be expected, for the manning of a joyful life was broken.

One morning I was in my accustomed place at the chambers, gloomily prying over a deed entrusted to me by Mr Wrightly, when a perfumed billet was laid on my desk by one of the juniors. It ran thus.

'Miss Wintock presents her kindest compliments to Mr Meredith. Probably he is aware that she is about to leave town for Bristol Hall the day after to-morrow. She would therefore be

pleased to see him any time this evening. She cannot help feeling rather surprised that he is the very last of her friends to congratulate her upon her good fortune.'

'Will, I'll go and have it over,' I soliloquised. 'Little does she guess the agony of mind to which it will subject me!'

I went. Punctually as the clock struck seven, I was ushered into the library. Miss Wintock and Miss Wrightly were sitting together, each with a book. Miss Wrightly was charming. But my every sense and feeling became absorbed and entranced in the contemplation of her friend. She had always appeared to me strikingly handsome even under the unfavourable circumstances of her captivity, but now, she dazzled me with the brilliancy of her queenly beauty. Time, repose, communion with congenial spirits, had combined to develop her form and perfect her lovely face. She might have sat for a model in ancient Greece.

'Good evening, Mr Meredith. I am so glad to see you once more before leaving London. But what a recent knight! We have neither heard nor seen anything of you since the day of our triumph.'

I murmured very confusedly something about not liking to intrude upon her.

'Oh, nonsense! You were not such a coward on a certain night which I shall ever well remember. And yet I have been very busy indeed, or I should have sent for you earlier. Now you are come, we must have a little chat. So, take a chair, and make yourself at home.'

I sat down, and we talked awhile, Miss Wrightly occasionally joining in the conversation. By degrees I overcame my embarrassment. We chatted of the past, of our hitherto escape, and of the trial, and then I took the opportunity of thanking her most gratefully for her interest with Mr Wrightly on my behalf.

She raised her delicate hand with an imperative gesture of displeasure. 'Mr Meredith, I do not wish to hear a word about that. You have only to thank your own noble conduct. I always felt, from the first moment you befriended me, that you were in it, as in becoming a gentleman.'

Other desultory conversation followed, and soon afterwards I rose to take my leave.

'Stay one moment longer,' she requested, as she tripped across the room to a little cabinet. 'I have a trifle here for your acceptance, you must not go away without it.—There!' she added, as she placed in my hand a splendidly executed miniature of herself. 'You will not refuse to wear this as a memento of your services to me.'

I bent over it and kissed it fervently, and also the snow-white hand that she placed in mine to bid me farewell.

'And now, Mr Meredith, good bye! Let me hear now and then of your welfare. You will perhaps occasionally leave town for a few days' holiday. Whenever you may chance or choose to come in the neighbourhood of Bristol Hall, remember I shall expect a call from you.—No, no excuses. I command it!' She spoke with a bewitching impudency that awed and fascinated me.

'Miss Wintock,' I stammered, 'I shall be most

happy—most delighted to—to, but perhaps—I fear—

Giving upon me for an instant with a fixed look of astonishment—'But perhaps what?' she asked.

'Miss Wintock, I appreciate your kindness far more highly than any p or words of mine can express, but, in fact, I dare not trust myself. It is for me extremely painful to decline your kindly meant invitation, but it would be even more painful for me to accept it, and it is quite possible,' I blurted out scarcely knowing what I said, 'that Major Courtly might not entirely approve of my doing so.'

Both ladies regarded me with looks of intense and puzzled wonder, as if they thought I was going distraught.

'Major Courtly!' each involuntarily repeated very slowly and in the same breath. The next moment both burst into a simultaneous peal of merriment, and Miss Wintock, with both hands to her face, to conceal her confusion, hurried out of the room. Miss Wintock was the first to recover her composure. 'For my self, I was completely confounded, and stood speechless.'

'Mr Meredith' she gravely replied, 'this is a serious matter, though I have been silly enough to laugh at it. What can Major Courtly have to do with your giving me a friendly call in my own then at my own residence, if I choose to entertain you?'

'I—I thought that he had a right to—I have heard that you were—'

'Miss Courtly is the affianced sister of Miss Wintock, the lady who has just left the room,' she quickly interrupted. 'What next?'

There was a nervousness in her glance. It flashed up in my mind that she half suspected my secret. I lost all self-command. Out it came in a heaving torrent of words that would not be controlled. In the frenzy which shook me, I had taken her hand in mine, when she gave me one startled look, and with her feet raised, stood motionless in a statue, her colour alternately paling from crimson to the pallor of snowing, and then as quickly flushing to the brightest crimson again. I told her all—of the love first kindled which she bent over me by dim candle light in her dark prison chamber—how, through the long dreary months which had since elapsed, it had gathered momentum, until it had become the quivering of my existence—how that, during the insupportable gulf that yawned between her station and mine, I had resolved to come and bid her farewell, and then to see her no more, but to bury my secret within my breast for ever, and bear my burden as best I might. Bending for an instant over the hand that cold as marble, still rested in my own, I turned it passionately to my lips, and was about to rush from the apartment, when a sudden dizziness seemed to overtake her. But for my assistance she would have fallen to the floor.

I was sobbing in an instant, horrified at the consequences of my own impetuosity as I conveyed her to the sofa. I was about to ring the bell for assistance, when she languidly opened her eyes. 'Do not ring, at least for a minute or two, I shall be better presently—A little water'—pointing to the table.

I hastened to comply, but my hand trembled

so violently that I could scarcely help her, as kneeling on one knee, I rushed to her lips. 'Oh!' I cried, 'forgive me, Miss Wintock, the alarm and pain I have caused you. I believed that intense terror at my excited manner and speech, communicated with anger at my effrontery, had caused her to swoon. I will summon Miss Wintock, and never intrude my hateful presence upon you again. Would that my tongue had been—'

She laid her hand gently on my arm. 'Do not speak, please, I cannot talk yet.'

She sat for some minutes without moving or speaking, and with her eyes cast down. Presently, a few pearly drops began to steal gently from under the dark pencilled eyelashes. For my own part, I scarcely dared to breathe. At last the colour began slowly to tint her cheeks. Suddenly, she removed her hand from my arm, and with a great effort stood erect.

'John Meredith,' she said, 'I know you to be true, I believe you to be sincere. Tell me solemnly—was that your whole mind and soul, or only a mistaken feeling of enthusiasm in putting with a dear friend?'

'Dearest Miss Wintock, it was indeed my whole mind and soul, my—'

'Then take me to your heart, John! To my protector that you are, is it to have been my silent deliverer from worse than death.'

It was not till some time afterwards that I left the house. Miss Wintock did not return to the library, and we sat sweetly conversing of the better part, the joyful present, and the hopeful future. At length the supper bell warned us that we must part, and I took my self away, once more to dream—but this time blissfully—of Miss Wintock.

A few months later we had a quiet evening in the metropolis. Mr Wintock, (dubbing as father, and his daughter in case of the bride-maids. But at Brit King my lively brain was roused with a hearty ovation, the village turning out en masse to meet and welcome her. Now she had been appointed to the Hall, and there was a joyful spread at the Three Ages in the tennis and workpeople on the estate, including the friendly landlord and landlord of the inn where we spent that memorable night, nor did her liberal hand forget the aged and the poor in the village itself.

THE MONTH OF SCIENCE AND ARTS

There were many points of general interest in Mr Preece's lecture on the Progress of Telegraphy recently delivered before the Institution of Civil Engineers. Not the least of these was his allusion to the outcry for underground wires which is heard whenever a wire-tim plys havoc with our telegraph poles. There are at present no fewer than twelve thousand miles of underground wires in the United Kingdom, and an agitation is being carried on to have all wires laid underground. In view of this demand for underground lines, it is all important to know that their cost is four times more than that of



overground wires, while their capacity for carrying messages is only one fourth.

There are at present in the Atlantic Ocean nine cables in working order, and it is worthy of notice, as bearing upon the perfection attained in such work, that the most recent cable was laid last year in twelve days without hitch or stoppage. With Mr. Preece's wondrous assemblage of facts and figures in our minds, it is curious to turn back to the year 1816, when Sir Francis Ronalds demonstrated the possibility of a telegraph worked by electricity to supersede the cumbersome semaphore system then in use, a system dependant upon sight at long ranges, and which was rendered utterly futile at night and during foggy weather. Sir Francis (then Mr.) Ronalds tried to induce the government to take up his ideas, and the reply which he received to his application is worth reproducing. It is dated from the Admiralty Office, August 5, in the year named above: 'Mr. Barrow presents his compliments to Mr. Ronalds, and acquaints him, with reference to his note of the third instant, that telegraphs of any kind are now wholly unnecessary, and that no other than the one now in use will be adopted.'

An interesting demonstration of the utility of the lime light for teaching purposes was lately given before the University of Durham Medical Society. The 'magic lantern' was richly long regarded as a toy, but of late years, in an improved form, and under the more sensible name of optical lantern, it has grown into a most valuable educational instrument. In a modified form it can be made to project the image of opaque objects, so that a diagram from an ordinary book can be shown in an enlarged form to a class of students. All kinds of historical preparations, crystals and minerals, plants and bodies can be thus shown, whilst by the attachment of proper lenses, the instrument can readily be turned into a projecting microscope. In this form, ordinary microscopic slides can be enlarged so that a whole class can view the image, and can be instructed thereon, instead of gazing upon diagrams of the usual uninteresting kind. We may confidently look forward to the time when every school will possess its optical lantern, and we feel confident that both teachers and pupils will appreciate it as a great help to their joint labours.

During the months of April and May the Lecture Theatre at South Kensington Museum will, under the auspices of the Institute of Agriculture, continue, as during March, to be the scene of a series of lectures addressed to students of agriculture. The subjects include Land drainage, Farm seeds and their Adulteration, Natural and Artificial Grasses, Dairy Management, Chemical Changes in the Soil, Farm crops, Insect Pests, Poultry Management, and many other matters pertaining to farming pursuits. A less ambitious programme was carried out in the same theatre last year, when seven thousand students availed themselves of the advantages offered. This success has induced the Institute to enlarge the scope of its labours, and this year, students are not only taught, but those in need of such help are given free tickets and assisted in the matter of railway expenses. A Committee of ladies will secure lodgings for

female students, and everything seems to have been provided to promote the comfort of all. High class technical education of this kind has for a long time been enjoyed by tenant farmers of many continental countries, and also in the United States. We may feel sure that now England has followed suit, the work will be carried out in a thoroughly practical manner. The movement is one of national importance.

Although the ingenious Chinese are credited with the use of the printing press many centuries before that instrument came to be invented by Caxton, there has always been some difficulty in the dissemination of Chinese literature. The types required are so numerous that the clearest compositor is appalled. If this difficulty exists in the Celestial Empire itself, how much more must it be felt in foreign countries where the Chinese have formed populous colonies. In New York a paper has just been started called the *Chinese American*, and the typographical difficulty has been overcome by employing a photographic process. The copy is first of all traced by Chinese clerks in bold Indian ink characters, it is then photographed, and by a well known process, transferred to the lithographic stone, when as many copies can be taken as are required. The first edition of this unique newspaper obtained among the Chinese population of New York a circulation of eight thousand copies.

Herr Paul Hübinger has made some important archaeological discoveries at Biele, a village in Mexico. Here he has found the remains of ancient palaces and tombs, the walls of which are embellished with stone mosaics, and the roofs supported by columns, a style of architecture which seems to be common to the district. The explorer was not permitted to excavate the sites, but he obtained incense burners and photographs. During these operations he and his Indian attendants used the tombs as sleeping apartments, until the latter discovered that they were haunted, and refused to occupy them any longer. The traveller intends to publish a book upon the subject of these discoveries, which will be illustrated by photographs.

The name *Schalensteine* has been given by the people of Swabia to certain smooth flat stones, hard polished, and covered with dots, lines, circles, and semicircles, which have often been found in different parts of the country, and which have given rise to many conjectures as to their origin and meaning. Many have regarded them as charms or amulets, whilst others have seen in them an ancient mode of commemorating the dead, but in any case the markings upon them have represented un decipherable hieroglyphs. Herr Rodiger, who has made a large collection of these curious stones, has recently shown that they are simply charts of the districts in which they are found. The dots represent the towns and villages, and the lines indicate the roads, fords, and mountain passes. In his collection he is able to piece together a stone map of the entire canton in which he resides. These stones would indicate the existence of large populations in prehistoric times, and many of the villages indicated by these stone cart dots must be far older than the Christian era. Herr Rodiger compares the *Schalensteine* to similar stones found in Germany, Scandinavia, India, and Asia, and considers that they are a

another proof of the great antiquity of the Indo-Germanic races. He also considers that they furnish evidence of civilized habits, organized trade, and culture among these races at an indefinitely remote period.

An interesting collection of Curo woodwork has recently been exhibited in London, and may possibly represent the first steps towards one of those manias for a particular style of decoration which from time to time attack civilized humanity. Here we have quaint little windows, perforated screens, all in native woodwork, and about five hundred years old. Despite its age, wood and workmanship are in excellent condition, and look as if they would well stand for another five centuries. If its effect be considered too sombrel for English taste, the lighted work can be gilded and painted to accord with the decorations of modern rooms, but it is never so treated in its native home. The arrival of this collection of Eastern relics has been followed by a protest from the Secretary of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings. He asserts that the beautiful city of Curo is suffering from wholesale removal of woodwork, metal work, tiles, and other objects. These have been exported in large quantities to church museums and private collections, and have now acquired such a commercial value, that the owners are naturally tempted to put with them. It is very difficult to see how they can be prevented from doing so.

The tests for wood curing, we are glad to see, travel in any form. In the present case there is far too much of the stupefying element. Compounds of various kinds pressed into moulds like the pieces of the beautiful woodwork valued by our forefathers, and the student strives to mimic the real. An effort to counteract this state of things is seen in the free studentships which are offered for wood curing by the School of Art, Royal Albert Hall, South Kensington, in connection with the technical Institute of the City and Guilds of London. Day and evening classes are open to all who wish to earn their livelihood by wood curing, and the sole qualification is that candidates must have passed a simple examination in technical drawing. Terms of application and prospectus can be obtained by application to the manager of the school.

Mr. Edison will perhaps look upon it as an honour that his system of electric lighting has been adopted for the illumination of the corridors and passages of the British House of Commons. The House itself is not yet to be lighted by electricity, for gas is found to answer every requirement, but the apparatus to set out any of them so gloomy and dull, that a better mode of lighting has been found to be indispensable. In this connection we may note the interest which has been naturally manifested in the life of those little incandescent lamps, the type of which is represented by the Edison system of lighting. A carbon filament incandescent white hot for many hours every evening, although protected in a vacuum, does not seem to be a very stable arrangement, and many persons have imagined that the expense of replacing the lamps by new ones at short intervals of time must condemn the system. In the Savoy Theatre, London, which is wholly lighted by this type

of lamp—that of Swan—the little carbon threads have now held out for nearly four thousand hours, and we are told that there seems no reason why their lives should not extend to double that period.

The preparations for the International Fisheries Exhibition at South Kensington are in progress, and nearly twenty three acres of ground are covered by the newly finished buildings which have been erected. Every foot of space has now been alloted to different nations, including ten thousand feet in answer to a somewhat late application from Russia. All kinds of apparatus will be exhibited, such as fishing boats, full sized fish markets, refrigerating vans for fish conveyance, fishermen's cottages, steam dredgers, and fog horns. In addition to these, there will be salt and fresh water tanks in which the fish can be seen in a living state. A notable feature of the Exhibition will be a duly demonstration by the National Training School of Cookery of the fact that various kinds of fish, which are not considered worth while sending to the London market, and which are frequently used for manure, can be made into palatable and nutritious food. The Exhibition will be ready by May day, and it is hoped that Her Majesty will open it in person.

That much disliked creature the black beetle—which, however, is not quite black, neither is it a beetle—is more useful than is commonly imagined. We know that it is a good scavenger, eating up impudently every kind of refuse. But it is not in this connection that we must in future regard the value of the cockroach. In Russia it is used as a medicine—a diuretic in certain diseases, and it is also not unknown in European practice as a remedy, namely in that direction in which known as bright disease. The Professor in Jefferson College, Philadelphia, tells us that physicians there prescribe the remedy, and he credits the virtues of cockroaches. Its properties resemble those of cathartics, in most of the same class, and having a more disagreeable smell than the cockroach. A solution of 'fat soluble cockroaches' in which has not a pleasant sound, but under a technical name the fracture would pass muster, and after all, would not be nastier in idea than many things which form part of our chosen diet—such, for instance, as oyster cheese.

The disinfecting apparatus of Schimmel & Co., Chemnitz, is now in use in many German hospitals and is found to be thoroughly effective in purifying all kinds of clothing, the operation occupying about one hour and a half. The apparatus consists of a closed case with double walls of metal, between which is a packing of non-conducting material. The clothes to be treated are piled in linen bags and hung upon a kind of wagon, which is wheeled into the case. By the aid of steam pipes the contents are submitted to a heat of a hundred and ten degrees centigrade for a certain time, after which the steam is allowed to act directly for a short period. The heating is once more applied, and the operation is complete.

We are glad to see that movement is on foot for the establishment of a permanent meteorological station on Ben Nevis. We have more than once alluded to Mr. Wilson's noble efforts to obtain records from the instruments provisionally

placed there, and how in all weathers he has faced the difficulties and perils of the ascent. His observations have indicated how useful a purpose a permanent station would fulfil, indeed, it is considered that Ben Nevis would hold the first place among the higher level stations of Europe. The sum required to build and equip a proper observatory on that mountain is five thousand pounds, an amount which will doubtless ere long be subscribed.

The New York silk exchange has received a consignment of twenty million Japanese silk worm eggs by direct importation to San Francisco. It is intended to distribute these eggs gratuitously throughout the country, and judging from the number of applications for them, the demand will be in excess of the supply. The eggs are fastened to cards about twelve inches square, and are in first rate condition, many cultivators having already succeeded with them admirably.

Within the last year or two sericulture (silk) has seen a great revival in France, and many people believe that it will once more rise to the position of a great industry there. The reasons for its declension are not far to seek. First of all came the competition of Japan, which was stimulated by the introduction of European methods of culture into that country. Italy also became a serious rival, principally on account of a better and more economical system of rearing. Then the French manufacturers helped the downward movement by the production of goods made from Eastern silks. Finally came the silk worm disease, and the trade was all but destroyed. The nature of this disease has been studied by the illustrious M. Pasteur, who has pointed out a method whereby the moths can be examined, and the sound eggs separated from those which are infected. So the trade is being revived. But there are difficulties in the way of food, for many mulberry trees have been devoted to fire wood, and also in the matter of efficient help, for the hands trained to the work have naturally sought other employments. But both these are only temporary obstacles to the revival of an industry which only requires time for its development.

We last year called attention to some curious subsidence of earth at Blytheath, forming holes which at the time gave rise to much speculation. In many parts of Essex and Kent such pits are found, and they generally take the form of a shaft about fifty feet deep, and perhaps a couple of feet in width, terminating below in a hollowed out chamber of considerable size. Such pits occur in the chalk, and are known as *dene holes*. Mr James Hatch of Lenham, Kent, upon whose land several of these holes occur, has lately pointed out that they were formed long before the introduction of modern manures for agricultural purposes, and were doubtless made in order to reach the pure chalk. This chalk a few centuries ago was the best top dressing for the land which was known, and in conjunction with farmyard manure, was the only fertilizer used.

A Company has been formed to construct a ship canal across the upper end of the peninsula of Florida. Like the greater scheme of Panama, the beds of two rivers, one on each side of the peninsula, will be utilised as part of the projected

waterway, and no locks will be required. This uninterrupted channel will resemble that of Suez, but the cost of construction will be little more than a fourth of the latter. The amount of shipping which will pass through the new passage is estimated by the New York Board of Trade at a very large figure, and the huge annual loss by wreckage on the southern coast of Florida will be avoided. The projectors claim that eight hundred miles of the most dangerous navigation in the world will be obviated by their enterprise, and that insurance upon cargoes will be so reduced as to effect a great saving in that item alone. We do not hear much of the Panama Canal just now, but the work continues to progress. We learn that many labourers from Jamaica are seeking the Isthmus, and are encouraged to remain when they get there. They stand the climate well, are good workers with pick and shovel, earn good wages, and are in most respects better off than they are at home.

Recent fatalities at sea have once more brought into prominence the urgent necessity for some improved means of signalling in foggy weather. Light signals on railways are simple enough, but on the trackless ocean something far more efficient must be employed. Powerful horns, whose notes can be arranged into short and long blasts, so as to speak a kind of Morse code have long been devised. By such means a ship is able to indicate the course which she is steering. *Lord Wp*

The cure of the voice formed the subject of a recent lecture by Signor Alberto Bach. He said that while natural affections of the larynx were of frequent occurrence among singers, singers were but very seldom attacked by bronchitis. Very few vocalists died of consumption, singing being, as it were, a gymnastic exercise of the lungs, was an excellent prophylactic for those who had a tendency to disease of the lungs. Referring to the importance of breathing through the nostrils, which had never been sufficiently recognized, he said that vocalists ought, in the morning, immediately after rising, to bestow particular attention to their nostrils. He was in the habit of using every morning, as a nostril bath, a large tumblerful of tepid water in which was dissolved a tablespoonful of table salt. This water was gently drawn through the nostrils four or five times in succession, and he could earnestly recommend this process to every vocalist. By this means all foreign substances were removed, the air passages were cleared, and it was a truly agreeable sensation to be able at once in the morning to inhale freely through the nostrils the fresh air. He further stated that hot spiced dishes, strong drink, and heavy tobacco injured the voice, and he took occasion to enter a most decided protest against the fashion of singing immediately after dinner. While we are on the subject, we may remind our readers that the habit of breathing through the nose, *with the mouth shut*, is useful when encountering draughts or malarious odours. In the one case the cold air is warmed before reaching the windpipe, while in the other the germs of disease may be arrested by the delicate hairs in the nostrils.

From facts just published, it would appear that London is not by any means the only place in the world where an aldermanic love of turtle prevails. New York, we are told, receives every

year from a hundred and fifty to a hundred and eighty thousand pounds weight of that chelonian delicacy. Philadelphia and Baltimore consume together about fifty thousand pounds annually, but the most remarkable statement in the statistics is that the consumption of turtle in the large city of Boston amounts to only two thousand pounds weight per year. Turtles are most plentiful during the summer, and when, as may happen at that season, the supply at New York is larger than the demand, they are kept afloat, and given cabbage, lettuce, celery tops, and watermelon rinds, the last named article of diet being the most highly prized. A temperature below forty degrees kills turtles, which, it may be mentioned, vary in size from a few pounds to over a quarter of a ton, the largest ever brought to New York having weighed five hundred and sixty pounds. The customers are almost invariably hotel and restaurant keepers.

## OCCASIONAL NOTES.

## IS THE ELEPHANT DOOMED TO EXTINCTION?

At the recent sale of ivory in London there were a hundred and twenty nine tons offered, almost all of which consisted of elephants' tusks, brought from various parts of Africa. The quality of the ivory offered at these sales was rather inferior, yet it brought seven hundred and fifty pounds per ton. Sheffield cutters and cutlery manufacturers were the chief purchasers. Dr C. B. Webster, the American consul at Sheffield, in a recent report presented to his government, directed attention to the large proportion of very small tusks brought to market. This, of course, indicates how many elephants are destroyed in early youth. To show to what use many of these might have attained, Messrs Joseph Rogers & Sons, of Sheffield, exhibit at their show rooms an African elephant's tusk nine feet long, twenty one inches in girth, and weighing a hundred and sixty pounds. This is among the largest tusks on record. Its present value is one hundred and thirty pounds. Dr Webster remarks that an animal large and strong enough to carry such a pair of tusks would attract more attention than Jumbo. It is estimated that the five thousand reported into Great Britain during the nine years from 1873 to 1881 inclusive represent two hundred and ninety six thousand and sixteen pairs of tusks, and, consequently, the same number of elephants that have died or been slaughtered to supply the demands of luxury for the past nine years. At this rate of destruction, it is clear that the noble elephant must rapidly disappear, and ivory become a thing of the past, unless the traveller of the future should reveal fresh sources of supply on a vast scale, or manufacturers be content to use some kind of artificial ivory for many of the purposes to which real ivory is at present unnecessarily applied.

## HOW WORKMEN ARE TRAINED ABROAD.

Mr Swire Smith, one of the Royal Commissioners on Technical Education, has made public some interesting facts relating to the system in use in Belgium for the training of artisans. The

Commissioners visited the gigantic iron and steel works of the Cockrill Company at Seraing, near to Liège, founded in 1817 by John Cockrill, a Lancashire man. In the several departments of mining, smelting, forging, and machine making, about ten thousand operatives are employed, with engines working at twelve thousand horse power, while the wages paid amount to four hundred thousand pounds a year. The whole establishment is a marvel of completeness, efficiency, and labour-saving appliances. About a hundred draughtsmen are employed, of whom twenty five are Germans and Swiss from the polytechnic schools of those countries, but these are no English. There are first night schools attended by boys and adults from the works, numbering nearly two thousand, an industrial or technical school attended by about eighty fitters, bolt-makers, and the clever young men in all the departments, and a mining school with two hundred students. The director of the steel department informed the visitors that he requires all young men under eighteen in his department to attend the night school, a monthly register is furnished to him, and he even punishes by expulsion from the works those who wilfully absent themselves without sufficient reason. Such is his faith in the industrial value of education. A similar state of things exists at the great zinc-works near Liège, the Vieille Montagne, where seven thousand five hundred men are employed, and where intelligence in all the operations is so much insisted on that the apprentices are required to attend evening schools. Time breaking through drink at these establishments is almost unknown. These facts cannot fail to be of interest in this country, and clearly point out the direction in which the education of our skilled workmen must tend, if we are to hold our own against continental nations.

## BLACK RAIN.

On the 4th of May last year, a thunderstorm passed over the east of Warwickshire, accompanied by heavy showers of rain, and over an area of three or four miles in diameter, in the parish of Edrom, the rain was observed to be of a dark sooty colour. The streamlets into which the water flowed became dark in colour, and the rain left in pools, tubs, and sheep boxes, was also dark coloured. Clothes hanging out during the storm were so blackened that they required to be re-washed, and some of the water left in a basin deposited particles of black sediment on the sides of the vessel. On the same afternoon, a heavy shower of rain fell in the parish of Ashby, distant probably not less than thirty miles in a direct line from Edrom, and there also the water had an 'inky' or 'sooty' aspect.

An intelligent gentleman resident in the latter parish had his attention directed to the subject, and lifted, from a pool in a grass field distant from any house, a few ounces of the dark coloured water. This quantity of water, he said, when viewed in a body by transmitted artificial light, was of a mental gray tint. The colouring matter, under a magnification of about ten diameters, was seen to be very finely diffused, and showed little tendency to "settle." Under a high magnification, the most conspicuous objects were numerous opaque looking bodies, elliptical

in shape, and very dark in colour. These were not measured micrometrically, but their size would be about one five hundredth of an inch in length, by rather less than half that in breadth. With a power of five hundred diameters, their contents were very distinctly granular. There were also many particles of solid matter, which had every appearance of being the discharged contents of the larger bodies.

Two samples of the Berwickshire 'black rain,' collected by Mr George Young, farmer, Blackadder, West Side, Chirnside, were sent in bottles to an analytical chemist in Edinburgh, who reported that both waters were dark in colour owing to the presence of organic and carbonaceous particles in mechanical suspension.

The waters otherwise possessed different proportions of various ingredients, due apparently to the places from which they were obtained. Both waters, however, were impregnated with spores and germs and infusorial organisms, which fully contributed to the organic matters. The tub from which one of the samples was taken was perfectly clean, so that the water taken from it was unpolluted by contact with any extraneous organic substances. Moreover, many credible witnesses testify to the blackness of the water quite away from dwellings or other polluting influences. All pools in the fields were black, sheep boxes were filled with black water, the rivulets ran black, the river suddenly came down in a black flood, and clothes on hedges were in several instances so blackened that they required to be washed again. Taking the chemical analysis referred to as our basis it may be calculated that a large quantity of solid matter must have fallen in the course of the shower. The rainfall was probably an inch and a half, and as each imperial gallon, according to the chemist, contained 43.56 grains of solid matter, this gives ten tons of solid matter for every hundred acres, or sixty tons to every square mile on which the 'black rain' fell.

Some curious questions are suggested by the fall of 'black rain,' including that of the agricultural value of the spores, germs, infusorial organisms, and ammonia. Showers of black rain are not unprecedented in the same locality, and one at least was observed in Roxburghshire in the summer of 1848, a year of great thunderstorms, and the year in which the potato disease became acrimonious. The phenomenon is curious, and deserves some scientific investigation.

#### THE WEATHER AS IT AFFECTS THE SPA AND RIVER FISHERIES

According to the *Scottishman*, the Council of the Scottish Meteorological Society has for some years been carrying on observations as to the relation which exists between the state of the weather and the catches of fish during the fishing season. Twenty six thermometers were used daily for nine years in twenty fishing districts on the east coast of Scotland, and the results carefully registered. These results show a close relation between the fluctuations of the catches and changes of temperature, wind, sunshine, cloud, thunder, and other weather phenomena. Thus the observations show, for the six years ending with 1878, that a low tempera-

ture is attended with large catches, and a high temperature with small catches. Good catches are also had when the temperature registers about the average, high temperatures, if of short continuance, scarcely diminish the catches. So far as the results of observations have gone, it appears that the maximum catches are made when the temperature of the sea is about 55 degrees, but this point requires further investigation. Thunderstorms, if widespread, are followed for some days by small catches over the region covered by them. The Council has hitherto been unable, from want of funds, to follow up the observations already made, and to carry on certain investigations in physics and in natural history which are essential to this inquiry. Of the physical investigations may be mentioned the heating power of the sun's rays at different depths of the sea, which appears to have important bearings, directly and indirectly, on the depth at which herrings are caught.

About the same time the Society began to investigate the relation to meteorology of the salmon and trout fishings. Mr G. L. Pauline, of Berwick, noted for some years the daily catch on the lower Tweed and its mouth, and the temperature of the river above the mill. The results showed direct and important relations between the temperature of the river and the catch of sea trout and grilse, and, as regards the catch of salmon, it was found that other influences than temperature of the water were required to be taken into account, such as floods, and the temperature of the sea into which the river falls. In 1874, Mr Archibald Young, Scottish Fishery Commissioner, suggested that the catches of salmon rivers was probably due to the difference between the temperature of rivers and that of the sea at their mouths. The Council took the idea into consideration, and as the observations required to determine the point were of a novel character, special thermometers, and special boxes for their protection, were designed by Mr T. Stevenson, honorary secretary—these thermometers showing the maximum and minimum temperature each day on the river and the sea.

The desiderata at present requiring to be supplied in carrying on the investigation of sea and river fishings are—(1) Fuller and more exact observations of the temperature of the sea at the surface, and at different depths, by the fishermen at the fishing grounds, (2) the resumption of continuous maximum and minimum temperature observations at Peterhead, and the establishment of similar observations at other points round the coast, (3) the observation of maximum and minimum temperatures in the more important salmon rivers, (4) daily temperature of the sea, by boat at some distance from land, at about six selected places, (5) the discussion of past observations, particularly of the herring fishings, (6) assistance of specialists in carrying on investigations into the food of the herring, and into the heating power of the sun's rays at different depths.

Fortunately, the preliminary success of the Fisheries Exhibition held in Edinburgh in the spring of last year has enabled the Exhibition Committee to hand over to the Meteorological Society a far surplus fund, to be devoted by that Society to the elucidation of the above

questions, and in connection with this, the Council of the Society propose to spend the whole of the funds in the furtherance of their inquiries as to sea and river fishing, and for this purpose, numerous stations are to be formed, at which skilful observers will take note of the points to which the Society's efforts are directed. In order to increase the staff of efficient observers, Mr Buchanan, the Secretary of the Society, and other qualified gentlemen, will from time to time visit the several fishing stations, and impart to the fishermen such instruction as will enable them to make accurate use of the instruments required in the observations. The scheme has much promise in it.

NEW Piscicultural ESTABLISHMENT FOR THE  
TAY DISTRICT

From the *Fish*, we learn that the desirability of an extension of the piscicultural establishment at Stormontfield, or the formation of a new one in an unprovided system in another locality, was long under the consideration of the Tay Fishery Board, and at length a new hatchery for salmon has been constructed at Newmill, on the left of Linnmill grounds at Dufflin, which overlook the lower valley of the Burn. The plan is entirely different from that of Stormontfield, and has been adopted from the fish hatcheries at Howickton, near Stirling, belonging to Sir James Gibon Macdonald, the principle being that the ova are deposited in boxes covered in from the weather, and the fry transferred to the rivers as a water-lily hatching, and without being artificially fed. The Newmill hatchery is built into the breast of a briar or concrete, the walls are of timber and concrete, and the roof is of sheet-iron and plaster, with skylights at each end, and perforated zinc ventilators. The house is fifty-five feet in length by fifteen feet broad. The breeding boxes are twenty in number, each being seven feet long by nine inches broad, and six inches deep, chaired inside, to prevent the growth of fungus. They are arranged in four rows—a double row in the centre of the place, and a row along each of the side walls. The boxes are oval-shaped, each divided into two longitudinal sections, across which are placed small glass tubes—filled with glass galls—resting at a little distance from the bottom, but so as to be completely submerged, and on these tubes the ova are to be placed. Carefully filtered water will be supplied from a couple of springs, as, according to the new principle, spring water is considered the most favourable for the hatching, but when that stage is completed, lock water from the lock at Dufflin Castle will be substituted, as being the best for the fry. The water will flow in a steady even stream over the boxes to a depth of three and a half inches, and when the ova are hatched, the glass tubes will be removed, that the fry may swim about.

One advantage of the system is, that all the ova will be distinctly seen, and those found to be decaying, can be easily removed. Each box will be stocked with fifteen thousand ova, so that the whole will contain three hundred thousand ova. It is held that this system will in its results prove much superior to that in operation at Stormontfield, whose only from ten to twenty per cent

of the ova, it is believed, come to maturity, while Sir James Gibson Macdonald estimates that on the new plan about ninety or ninety-five per cent of the ova will be hatched. Finally, the fry will be carried to the Tay and other rivers with perfect safety, in large kettles, capable of containing from eight to ten thousand young fish.

HOW TO GET RID OF RATS

The plague which rats are in many places rendered justifiable almost any means of getting rid of them. A correspondent who has had practical experience, writes to a contemporary stating that caustic soda is the best and speediest means of getting rid of them. 'Caustic soda is sold, seventy degrees in strength, costs, the way, nine pence per ton, but can be purchased in tin kegs from any dry-goods store at about ten shillings per hundred weight. It is in a solid state, and can be easily broken up in small pieces large enough to push into a rat's hole. I proceed to use it thus. Mix some in an iron or earthen vessel, and pour it into the holes so that the ground around may be saturated with it, then jam one or two pieces into the holes, so that the rats may not undermine and scratch them away. When the rats come to the mouth of the hole and smell the soda, they will be inclined to scratch under to move it, but the fluid soda has wet the soil all round, and their feet will get blistered, and they cannot remove the solid pieces. Exposure to the air keeps the surface of the soda always wet, but long before the pieces are entirely melted away, the rats will have scratched that hole. As to dogs or poultry suffering by its use, care should be taken to keep them from touching it. Where the ground is undermined by a series of holes, I would insert pieces of wood covered with soft wool into the holes, and slowly pour a quantity of the melted soda on the ground around, giving time for it to dry in. Rats are exceedingly cunning, and if they find themselves constantly hindered to get themselves secretly buried when running about their favourite haunts, they will naturally forsake the premises. As to handling caustic soda, it should not be touched with the unskilled hand, and care should be used when breaking it not to let it speak on the face or eyes, and I think, with these instructions and a little perseverance, the man must be circumspect who cannot free his house or buildings from rats.'

INDIAN PICTURE WRITING.

When James Nasmyth, the inventor of the steam hammer, was travelling abroad, and at a loss for the language, he almost invariably had recourse to his pencil, and on one occasion illustrated the dinner he wanted, and being obliged to start early next morning, he sketched a valuable standing at the door at sunrise, much to the amusement of his host and hostess. This is an example of modern picture writing, but that of the ancients is a great deal harder to interpret. We have heard a great deal about the hieroglyphic places of Egypt and Arabia, but not so much about the rude picture writing of the western Indian tribes. On the coast of Guiana rocks of several miles in British Guiana are various curious carvings, which have been a puzzle to all who

have looked upon them. The Indians of Guiana—a hairless and peaceable race, fast becoming extinct before the advances of the white man—know nothing of their origin, and credit these rock pictures to their great spirit Makunaim.

A pamphlet (price two shillings) has been written by Mr A Winter entitled *Indian Pictured Rocks of Guiana* (published by Judd & Co., of Doctors Commons, London), with illustrations, from which it appears that these scratchings are of two kinds, deep and shallow. We give the author's interpretations of a few of these hieroglyphics, which, while leaving room for difference of opinion, have the merit of being suggestive and ingenious. He traces a resemblance in some of these mystic figures to the idolatrous of the East. One example on the Rio Negro shows two ships on a detached rock and a group of thirteen men in a row, dancing. One of the ships is apparently being built, the other is being launched. Mr Winter brouds the conjecture that these dancing figures may mark the arrival in that region, in 1540, of Gonzalo Pizarro, brother of the conqueror of Peru, who also built a brigantine when in the country. The impression made upon the native mind by the building of a boat in their midst is thus recorded upon the rock.

A very common representation on these rocks is that of a knotted cord, evidently in Indian way of marking the time, like the present method of a string of beads. At Waraputa Lillo, on the Lamquibo, there is the representation of a group of small crosses in a confused mass like a cluster of stars. The symbol occurs, on the summit of Thaloc, the Mexican rain god, and Mr Winter concludes that this may be the record of some catastrophe attendant on a great storm. Other curious astronomical figures might be the record of the appearance of a comet. Some shallow cut carvings on the Barbice and Carantinc rivers are supposed to be the work of sun worshippers. This may be so, if the figures are to be understood as representing the sun, the luminary being tied by a 'rope' to the earth to keep it within its orbit. This little book has been issued with the view of raising funds for the Indian Mission in the Upper Putaro district, British Guiana.

#### THE NEGLECT OF OIL

During the tempest which raged on Tuesday the 6th of March, the *Navarra*, a powerful steamer, went down in the North Sea, and, with the exception of sixteen persons who were saved, all her passengers and crew, together numbering about eighty, went down with her. Two accidents which happened to be near at hand rendered some assistance to the unfortunate who happened to be on board the sinking vessel, several of whom were after a severe struggle rescued and taken ashore. From all the accounts we have read of this direful catastrophe, we see no mention of Oil having been even thought of as a means of endeavouring to calm the billows which we are told broke on board, swept all before them, flooded the hold and engine room, and sent the ill-fated craft to the bottom.

In the present Part of this *Journal* we have given another instance (one of many already cited

in our pages) of a ship, the *Glamorganshire*, having been saved by the timely use of oil, and with such examples on record, we are amazed to note the apathy with which this simple life-saving appliance is still regarded. Ship captains and sailors of every class must now be quite cognizant of the fact that oil, cast overboard, will prevent even the highest waves from breaking, and that almost any craft will ride out a billow but unbroken as.

Ships that leave port unfurnished with oil in case of emergency, are defrauded of one of their chief elements of safety, and those who own and command them ought to be held criminally responsible.

#### AN EASTER THOUGHT

Birds that thrush from branches ludling  
In the first fresh April green  
Glance the yellow cowslip smiling  
All the meads with ruddy sheen,  
And the bee in rapturous rattles  
Hums the fragrant store to find  
And the wind flower spreads its petals  
To the sunny southern wind

Oh while all things are waking  
In this busy world around  
Say must hearts alone be breaking  
For the lives they have not found?  
And must light souls be affected  
Like dead leaves be cast as low—  
Shall we have no resurrection  
In a heavenly Easter tide?

Surely He whose power can waken  
Life within the leaf and tree  
And to woodlands full of flowers  
Bring us on the hill and lea—  
He can waken life in duty  
Human souls each one of us;  
And bring forth the brilliant day  
Of His future stamped with us

Oh when broods the dark December  
Over lighted tree and flower,  
Hopefully we will remember  
Ere winter wakes by sun and shower  
And when mist and shadow and sorrow,  
And thick darkness fill us all,  
We will look for God's love and glow,  
Bringing Easter to the soul!

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1st All communications should be addressed to the Editor, 39 High Street, Edinburgh.

2d To insure return in case of insolvency postage stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3d MANUSCRIPTS should bear the author's full Christian name, surname, and Address legibly written and should be written on white (not blue) paper, and on one side of the leaf only.

4d Offerings of Verse should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

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Printed and Published by W & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Leicester Row, LONDON, and 39 High Street, EDINBURGH.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF  
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fourth Series

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No 1006—Vol. IX.

SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1883

PRICE 1½d

## SHETLAND AND ITS INDUSTRIES

BY HERBERT RAMSAY

IN TWO PARTS.—I. ISLAND INDUSTRIES.

WITHIN the last few years, and particularly within the last decade, 'the naked melancholy tales of farthest Thule' have been attracting a considerable amount of public attention, from the extraordinary progress which they have made, and are still making, in the development of their resources, and in the intellectual and social advancement of their inhabitants. Not the least remarkable feature in this progress is the manifestation of an energetic and intelligent public spirit, which is probably the best guarantee for their increasing prosperity, and which is already showing good results in every department of social life. It is not so long ago that the grievances of the oppressed inhabitants of Zetland were a fruitful topic of discussion amongst all interested in these remote islands. So late as the year 1875, a pamphlet was published under the title of 'Semi-serfdom in the Shetland Islands,' in which the unhappy condition of the Shetland peasant was set forth with considerable force and no less considerable warmth in a letter to a Member of Parliament. If there was a certain amount of exaggeration in depicting the Shetland fisherman and crofter as an hereditary bondman, cowed, apathetic, insufficiently fed, miserably housed, destitute of medical aid, totally uneducated either in spiritual or in secular instruction—the Report of the Truck Commission in 1878 lent at least some weight to the assertion, and disclosed certain abuses of which he undoubtedly had good right to complain.

But it is satisfactory to think that these are in a great measure things of the past, and that the Shetland peasant of to-day, as well as those above him in the social scale—fishcurers and landlords alike—is as devout a believer in the new social gospel of co-operation, energy, industry, and thrift, as his most ardent well-wishers may for the present desire. Traces, it

must be admitted, of the old leaven still exist, the old spirit of monopoly and class interest is not yet wholly extinct. But it is powerless to withstand the increasing force of public opinion, and soon the capital, and with it the influence of the islands, will be in the hands of those to whom it was for centuries denied, and who, if present indications are not deceitful, may be trusted to employ it in promoting the best interests of their sea-girt home. At the present day, there is probably no more contented a peasantry within the whole of Her Majesty's dominions than that of Shetland. The relations between landlord and tenant, between fisherman and crofter, are of the most amicable description, and if the remarkable increase in certain branches of the industries of the islands has for the moment operated in effecting a modification of the condition under which business is transacted between these last two, this is a matter which cannot fail to right itself without the slightest friction and at no distant date. The worst office that could possibly be done to the Shetland fisherman and crofter would be to inculcate a suspicion that the oppressions of the last generation are being perpetuated in this.

To those to whom the rise of a hitherto obscure community is a subject of interest, as well as to those who are anxious to see the last vestiges of a condition of social manners, customs, and habits of thought which is fast disappearing from our midst, we can confidently recommend a visit to Shetland. Only fifty years ago, such an excursion would have to be made by sailing vessel, and the time occupied on the voyage would probably have been a week at the least. But the powerful and comfortable steamers of the North of Scotland, Orkney and Shetland Steam Navigation Company, now make the run of two hundred and fifty miles from Lath in thirty-six hours, and with mails thrice a week in summer and twice in winter, a trip to Thule has been brought within the fast-enlarging circle of ordinary holiday tours.

Nor need the discomforts of the voyage deter



the stranger. Such crucial passages as the entrance to the Moray Firth, the crossing of the Pentland Firth and the Boist of Sumburgh may, in the ordinary eye, be traversed in summer without the slightest discomfort. It is otherwise, no doubt, during the boisterous gales of spring and autumn. But at such seasons—if for no other reason than that Shetland is not then seen at its best—the traveller had better stay at home. The cold grey skies, the tearing winds, the thick fogs which occasionally visit the islands, are apt to exercise a depressing effect upon his imagination, and lead him to think of Shetland as a desert of peat bog and weathered rock—of ‘moose and mount and wilderness, quharin are divers great waters. No impression could be more unjust. If the hundred islands, holms, and skerries which go to make up the Shetland archipelago are destitute of the soft graces which mountain and river, tree and stream, confer upon more southerly regions, they are not without a beauty of their own. Apart from their unequalled rock scenery—their iron bound cliffs, their insulated stacks, their penetrating caves, their deeply indented creeks and voes and gyoies—they can show many a green valley, many a solitary loch, many a gravelly beach covered with fishermen's cottages, and with heaps of cod and tusk and ling drying in the sun, which would form no unworthy subject for the artist's pencil. Alike in landscape and seascape their charms attract a yearly increasing crowd of summer tourists, and the two excellent hotels and the numerous lodging houses of Lerwick are taxed to their utmost to supply the accommodation which so large an influx of strangers demands.

It is in Lerwick, the capital of the islands, and a town of about four thousand inhabitants, that this blending of the old and the new to which we have already referred as being so characteristic of modern Shetland, is principally observable. Of comparatively modern erection—its first house was built only two hundred years ago—it has already an old and a new town. The old is still the business part of the town. It consists of a single paved street, following the outline of the bay, and so narrow in some places that a four wheeled vehicle can with difficulty thread its way through. It is distinguished by its old-fashioned small windowed houses, whose gray gables abut into the sea, to facilitate, it is said, the landing in older times of many a pipe of Rhemah wine and many a ‘graybeard’ of Holland which never paid toll to His Majesty's Exchequer. From this single street, steep lanes or *trances*, crowded with mean dwellings, lead up to the ridge called the Hillhead, on which the new town is situated. On this ridge—of which Fort Charlotte and the Anderson Institute, an important educational establishment, form respectively the northern and southern extremities—are to be found the seven churches of which Lerwick can boast, the

county buildings, the handsome town hall and municipal buildings now in course of erection, the public and infant schools, and the villas and cottages of the richer class of citizens. The whole of this new town has sprung up within the last fifteen or sixteen years. The first feu was allotted in the year 1866, and if building proceeds at the same rate as at present, before another fifteen years have expired, the over-crowding which is the main drawback to the prosperity of Lerwick may be expected to be a thing of the past.

At present, the municipal authorities experience great difficulty in enforcing the statutory provisions as to lodging-house accommodation. Since the establishment of the Royal Naval Reserve force in 1859, Lerwick has steadily advanced, until it is now one of the principal stations in the kingdom. During the six months from 1st October to 31st March, the town receives annually an influx of about eleven hundred men. The course of instruction lasts for twenty-eight days, and the average number of men on drill daily is one hundred and ninety-eight. To provide lodgings for so many fishermen and seamen severely taxes the resources of the town, as the number of its inhabited houses is as yet only nine hundred and sixty-seven. But as each first class Reserve man receives one guinea per week when on drill and six pounds retaining fee, and each second class man nineteen shillings and threepence drill pay and two pounds twelve shillings retaining fee, whereby a large sum of money is brought annually into Shetland, the local authorities are obliged to shut their eyes to a state of things of which they scarcely disapprove, rather than lose the benefit which so great an increase of wealth must necessarily produce to a poor country like Zetland.

In respect of lighting, water, and sewerage, Lerwick, though its sanitary condition is not yet ideally perfect, has made great strides within the last few years. Gas was introduced in the spring of 1876 by a Company, which—taking the average of the last ten years, and with gas at the almost prohibitory rate of from eleven shillings and sixpence to nine shillings and twopence per thousand cubic feet—already pays a dividend of six per cent. The elaborate system of water supply and sewerage, carried out by the Messrs Leake, C.L. of Edinburgh, at a cost of four thousand four hundred and fifty pounds for water, and two thousand three hundred and sixty five pounds for sewerage, was established in 1871. The new Cemetery, on the steep promontory adjoining the conical stack called the Knab to the south of the town, and beyond its actual limits, was opened in 1874. Altogether, it only needs a public hospital, a combination poorhouse, and a commodious covered in market—all of which will doubtless come in due time—to make Lerwick one of the best equipped towns in the whole of the north of Scotland.

Of the public works presently in progress, the most important are the town hall—of which the foundation stone was laid by the Duke of Edinburgh, on the 24th January 1882—and the harbour works. The former is being erected by a limited Company, from the designs of Mr Alexander Ross, the eminent architect of Inverness Cathedral, and looking to the very numerous gifts

of stained glass windows, stone carvings, ornamental mantle pieces, and other decorations with which it is being enriched, it bids fair to be one of the most interesting buildings of its kind in the kingdom. Besides a spacious and handsome Hall for public meetings and entertainments, a Burgh Court Room, police cells, and Town Clerk's office, it will provide accommodation for the Customs and Inland Revenue, for one of the two Masonic lodges in Lerwick, for the Good Templars, and for the Shetland Club. The harbour works consist of a stone and iron pier, and a spacious esplanade extending almost the whole length of the town, and which it is expected will relieve to a great extent the plethora of traffic which at times renders Commercial Street inconveniently crowded. The cost of these works is estimated at fifty thousand pounds.

In all those minor matters which conduce to the amenities of life, the inhabitants of Lerwick show a praiseworthy energy. A Bowling room with duly toll-runs has recently been established by the Shetland Literary and Scientific Society, whose Library and Book Club form the sole means of recreation which the Shetlanders at present possess. For the last three years, the regatta of the Lerwick Boating Club has been the means of providing the Lerwickians with an annual holiday, which is much appreciated. Within the last few months, a Horticultural Society has been instituted to encourage the cultivation and distribution of flowers, principally amongst the poorer classes. Besides this, Lerwick possesses football, cricket, and swimming clubs, a choral society which gives two or three concerts annually, and lawn tennis finds in the far North some of its most diligent votaries.

It speaks volumes for the law-abiding character of the Shetlanders that the whole police force in the islands consists of only two men—a county and a burgh superintendent. Serious crime is all but unknown. Drunkenness, even during the festivities of Yuletide, is almost entirely absent from the streets. During the first fortnight of January of this year, six hundred persons donned the Blue Ribbon, and of these upwards of four hundred took the pledge.

Nothing strikes the stranger so forcibly on his first visit to Lerwick as the essentially Norse character of the town and its inhabitants. The names on the shop doors, the patois of the lower classes, the street scenes, the physical appearance of the people, all remind one of Scandinavia. The sandalled peat woman, carrying home their winter fuel in straw baskets, called 'key-bies,' on their backs, from the Stony Hill, knitting assiduously as they tramp along, the limbed fishermen with their circular pitlock nets over their shoulders, the pumpered ponies, laden with gause and fowl and other country produce, the long fish spears hanging up outside every cottage door, the privacy of carts and carriages—give Lerwick a foreign complexion which is both picturesque and unique. And when, in early summer, the 'booms' and luggers of the Dutch fishing fleet crowd its landlocked harbour, and petticoated, red-shutted, 'cumpers'-shod Hollanders, smoking halfpenny cigars, throng its streets, the visitor may well rub his eyes, and wonder if he has not mistaken his destination, and landed in some sea-faring place of the Netherlands or Sweden,

instead of the Scottish port for which his ticket had been taken.

If perchance he penetrates into the country districts of the islands, this feeling will be intensified. The Shetland 'toun', with its straw thatched cottages, its pet ticks, its flocks of errant geese, and its patches of *warf\** cultivation, is unlike any Scotch or English hamlet. Beyond its turf hills is the 'scatfald' or common, in which each cottager has a right of property in proportion to the extent of mark lands† he holds within the 'toun'. Here the peasant depastures his stock—his flocks of black, white, brown, and *maorol* coloured (a brownish red) sheep, his herds of shaggy wild eyed ponies, and during the day at least, his short-legged, small horned, handsome little kine. Here he cuts his peats for the winter, using for that purpose a spade like instrument called a 'tuskar,' which lifts each peat entire. Here he collects his store of manure for the farmwork of his little croft, 'scalping' the turf for that purpose, to the no small detriment, it must be confessed, of the beauty of the landscape. And here, in some sheltered spot, where the soil is rich and dry, he establishes his 'planting-crauve' or kail yard, surrounding it with a dry-stone dike, to prevent the intrusion of sheep.

Notwithstanding the considerable advance that has been made within the last thirty or forty years, agriculture in Shetland—probably for the very good reason that Shetland is a grazing rather than an arable country—is still in a backward condition. The old wooden hand plough, still to be seen in some parts of Norway, and once universal, has almost entirely disappeared. But the barrow with wooden teeth, and the small sharp spear shaped spade with a wooden looppiece, which is always worked down hill, are yet in common use. Manure is carried in straw baskets, chuffy on the backs of women. The sickle is used in reaping, the scythe being seldom employed except for mowing the meadows. In the 'ben' land of almost every cottage—for the poorest has its 'but' and its 'ben'—is a rude kiln for drying kine. This kiln, of an oblong form, is called a "cinn," is furnished with ribs of wood, and covered with oat straw called "gloy," and the grain is laid on the top. In an opening about one foot square in the end of the kiln, a gentle peat fire is kept up till the corn is sufficiently dried. The grain is then taken off, put into a straw basket called a 'skeb,' and rubbed while warm under the feet, to detach the beard and dust. It is next winnowed between two doors where there is a current of wind, or in the open air, put into another straw basket called a 'buddy,' and carried to the mill to be ground. But the old Shetland mill, spanning a mountain stream, with its wooden horizontal water wheel and its primitive machinery, is now scarcely ever seen in use.

\* *Warf*, a term applied to a kind of cultivation once common throughout Scotland in which the alternate patches or ridges of a field belonged to different proprietors or tenants.

† *Mark lands* is another term, once common to all Scotland, and now generally obsolete. The extent of land was so designated from the number of marks—a mark representing one shilling and a penny sterling—which the holder annually paid by way of tax to the sovereign or superior from whom the lands were held.

Here—a coarse kind of barley—and oats are the principal grains cultivated. The 'year' or seed time does not commence till the end of March.

Most of the work on the crofts of the peasantry is done by the weaker sex, for here, as in other essentially fishing communities, 'the woman is the better man.' But judging from present appearances, the days of the Shetland crofter are numbered, as every year greater attention is being paid to fishing. Such a result would undoubtedly be a benefit to Shetland. Large farms, properly drained, with thrashing machines, reaping machines, and a regular rotation of crops, such as those which already exist and prosper in some parts of the islands, would supplant the slovenly and wasteful *peasie culture* which at present too exclusively prevails, and the Shetland peasant, freed from labour for which he is unfitted, would reap his harvest from the sea, which is his peculiarity, and after all his richest fishery, and the various aspects of which we shall consider in our next paper.

## ONE FALSE, BOTH FAIR,

OR, A HARD KNOT

BY JOHN B. HARWOOD

### CHAPTER XII.—HALF AN HOUR TOO SOON

AN invitation to dinner may mean much or little. There are some such bidlings which are of the nature of those gold medals of honour conferred at Exhibitions, whereof advertising firms make capital as excusably, whereas others are the mere small coin or unconsidered counters of every day social existence. To be chronicled in the *Morning Post* as a diner at Marketh House is a valuable certificate for a young man who has his way to make in society or the professions. To be registered among the feasters at Mandeville House confers a certain celebrity, less solid, but more brilliant. To be the guest of such an entertainment as Sir Pagan Carew would, to the wary and veteran diner out of London, have suggested nothing but the certainty of bad cookery and dubious vintages, and the still worse probability of making those queer acquaintances whom it is so proverbially difficult to cold-shoulder or to shake off. Yet Arthur Talbot went cheerfully enough to keep his appointment in Bruton Street. He knew the banquet, and liked him well, although there was a wide gulf, as to culture and tone of thought, between the two men. And then Sir Pagan was Clare's brother, albeit Clare herself was probably quite as much of an enigma to her kith and kin as she was becoming to himself. Could it be that prosperity and pomp, and splendour and power, were combining to spoil that fine nature, and that the delicate sweet young girl, who had grown up like a wild blossom amidst the dark Devon moors, was now becoming cold and egotistical in the proud solitude of her high position? He feared so; and yet—

Bruton Street at last, not that the way had seemed long to Arthur, wrapped in meditation as he was, and he laid his hand upon the rusty knocker and awoke the echoes within. A man, in shirt-sleeves and very hot, with a white cravat and black garments, but with 'green-grocer' plainly written on his ingenuous countenance,

came bustling to the door, and admitted the guest, with an air of manifest disappointment that he was not some emissary from fustic or pastry-cook. Another man, Sir Pagan's nondescript servant in livery, more groom than footman, then appeared, hastily shaking himself into his bright buttoned coat. The narrow hall was dimly lighted, and littered with trays and wine-baskets, and from the dining room itself there came a portentous hum and clatter of preparation. Arthur was hurriedly ushered up the darkling staircase, and into the faded drawing room, where the girl was blazing brightly enough. The room had only one occupant, a slender girl, dressed in black, who was arranging some fresh cut flowers in a vase of porcelain ware that stood in the centre of an old-fashioned lute table. She started, and turned round like a frightened fawn at the sound of the opening door and the muttered announcement of the visitor's name. There was no mistaking the beautiful young face, crowned by golden hair.

'Mr Talbot' said the girl timidly, and then held out her hand in sign of greeting. She had let the tiny basket which she held drop upon the floor, and one or two of the blossoms and a tuft of moss were strewed over the carpet.

Arthur stooped to pick them up. 'I startled you, I fear,' he said, smiling. 'I am here by your brother's invitation, and from the terms of it, I did not expect'—

'To see me,' answered she to whom he spoke, as he hesitated. 'I suppose not, and I, too, was quite taken by surprise, though you are an old friend, Mr Talbot. This is one of Pagan's bachelor parties, and I was trying to be useful, and was afraid that, like Cinderella at the ball, I had oversteered my time, and that it was more than half past eight, and my brother's guests arriving.'

'Miss' was a wibbly invitation—I thought it was for eight o'clock,' said Talbot, half amused and half annoyed at his own inadvertence, as he glanced at the gilt clock on the chimney piece, of chipped but massive make. 'I begin to see what a blunder I have made, and that I have come half an hour too soon. I only hope that you will forgive my rustic awkwardness, and not let me harass you from the drawing room. It would be fitter if I, as the trespasser, were to take flight. Perhaps you will let me help you with the flowers, or, at any rate hold the basket. I think I might be capable of that.'

His host's sister accepted his assistance readily enough, as, with patient care, she put the final touches to the arrangement of the flowers in the vase; but her face was averted, and her slender white fingers trembled very much, so that the process was a slow one. Arthur himself felt embarrassed at a meeting so wholly unexpected. How well, in Egypt, had he known the two sisters. Then, they had appeared all but inseparable, now something he could not conjecture what had occurred to occasion an estrangement between them. Talbot was far from grasping the key of the enigma. Lady Barbara's circular utterances had implied that the blame for this sudden separation lay at the door of the sister now before him, but then, of what imaginable fault could she have been guilty? and was it possible that some feminine quarrel, some ally

ebullition of temper, had been misconstrued and magnified, perhaps by the injudicious partisanship of the dignified aunt of the late Marquis, and had thus brought about a severance between those who had seemed indissolubly united?

'I was at Leominster House yesterday,' said Arthur, who felt it incumbent on him to change the subject. 'I should not have called—not yet, at least, but Lady Barbara, who was most gracious, insisted on my doing so, and the Marchioness'—

As if a wisp had stung her, the girl started from him, and all the colour faded from her face, while her eyes dilated, and she gazed at him with a sort of horror that was to him perplexing and painful withal. 'You have been there—been to her?' she asked, as if mere dulness

'There must be some mystic,' said Talbot gently. 'I merely mentioned my visit, at Lady Barbara Montgomery's express wish, to Lord Monteith Home, and that the Marchioness, your sister'—

'The Marchioness—my sister?' interrupted the girl, with a long quivering cry of angst—'Is it possible—in it here, that you have not heard'—

'Heard what?' asked Talbot, with pitying softness in his tone, for he could mark her grief and agitation, while he could not, had his very life depended on it, divine its cause.

'I thought,' answered the girl piteously, 'that Pagan—that my brother would have told you—you and he are friends—so were we two, not long ago, in that country that now seems so far away. But he has, it seems, left it to me to tell you, if I can, the dreadful truth—Mr. Talbot' she added, looking him full in the face, though her blue eyes swam with tears, and her voice was tremulous and broken, 'who am I? For whom do you take me?

Never had Arthur been asked so bewildering a question. 'Really—Miss Carew, he is in, when his hesitating speech was interrupted by a passionate outburst of sobe, and, covering her face with her hands, his entertainer's sister rushed from the room, the quicker, perhaps, because at that moment there was the unmistakable sound of feet and voices on the staircase and soon the door of the drawing room was flung open, and 'Sir Thomas Jenks,' 'Captain Spurrer,' 'Mr. Beamish,' were announced in rapid succession by the footman.

Three gentlemen came in. The first was old Sir Thomas Jenks—a very aged baronet, not too well off. Well-meaning, dull Sir Thomas had a wife and daughter at home, and was by far too domestic a character to be a frequent diner-out on garçon. But he had a high traditional regard for the decayed House of Carew, and would have felt a pang had he refused the invitation of his brother baronet.

Of a very different mould was gallant Captain Spurrer, once, in India and on the Afghan frontier, reputed a dashing officer of high cavalry, and who had only needed the opportunity of a protracted European war to win renown with his sword. As it was, he was out of the army long ago, and lived and won laurels such as they were, by making his neck fearlessly on any horse a patron chose to offer, on any steeply

chase course in all Europe. His new career was far more dangerous than his old one, since life and limb were perpetually in peril, and fraught with the temptations that beset the gentleman rider even more than the humbly born jockey. But, 'as honest as Spurrer' was a proverb on the racecourse, and a good deal of his desperately won earnings found its way to a quiet villa on the seacoast near Whitby, where an old mother and two spinster sisters had much cause to pray for his life.

Of another mould, too, though a meaner one, was Sir Mr. Beamish, the rattling Irish barrister, whose two great ambitions were to win an English wife noble and well endowed, and a British borough, by the strength of his fluent tongue and facile generalisation, and who really seemed, in an epoch like our own, when blatant charlatans find only too many ears open to their audacious assertions, likely to succeed in both of these modest aspirations. Envious Irishmen, lower down the ladder of social life, avowed that 'Patsy Beamish's' father had been a water in a Cork hotel, and that 'Patsy' himself had been errand-boy, book's deputy, and winner of other gossamer's halfpence at pitch and toss on the quays, long before his papa's savings sent him up to become a student of Trinity College, and a bewinged ornament of the Irish bar. A clever fellow, unquestionably, and a rising man, as some newspapers protested, was Mr. Beamish from Ireland.

Then came bursting in Sir Pagan, the host, hot and flushed, after his scupper home in a hansom, and his hurried toilet apologising to his guests, individually, as he wrung their hands in turn, for his own non-appearance to receive them. 'So sorry, Sir Thomas—business engagement—hope I didn't keep you long.—Beg pardon, Mr. Beamish, couldn't get away'—'Talbot, you'll forgive my being so rude as'—'Sorry, Spurrer, but I was kept, ten miles from London, about a horse that (Cockermouth—that fellow in the Lancashire—wants to sell. He's a grand horse to look at.' These last sentences were uttered in a low and semi-confidential tone.

'Ah, a horse, did you buy him?' asked the Captain, puckering up his clear dark eyes, as was his wont when he scanned an ugly piece in the fence towards which he was, professionally, riding hard in silken jacket. Never had he himself pocketed a wonderful expense, but he knew how slippery are the paths on which those who deal in horses, whether to buy, sell, or bet, must travel, and how hard it is to be concerned about those noble, all-enduring animals without degenerating into knave or dupe.

'No, I didn't,' retorted the baronet expressively, as if he had been swarmed from a great danger, and then he turned to welcome 'Mr. Fulford,' 'Colonel Fridericus,' and one or two more honest Devon gentlemen, who had stretched a point to avail themselves of the invitation of a Crew of Curlew. Then in came the two or three other guests, mere London diners-out, clubmen of no especial note, and then dinner was announced, and there was a shambling progress down stairs, made especially awkward by old Sir Thomas Jenks, who, with his antiquated politeness, turned to apologise to his ill-willers for preceding them down the narrow staircase, and caused more than

one clumsy stoppage before the banqueting hall was reached.

It was a bad dinner. It could scarcely be otherwise, given as it was in Brinton Street, by a bachelor baronet on the verge of bankruptcy, and whose strained circumstances did not permit him to secure the services of that rare one of domesticity, a good cook. Some of the battered old Carew plate had as yet escaped the melting pot of the silversmith, and with the aid of fresh flowers and hothouse fruit, it made as brave a show as it could, but the waiting was bad, the meat dishes were as indigestible compounds as the perversity of a posty-cook could well contrive, and while some of the wine was good, much of it was execrable. Nor was the conversation such as might atone for the short coming of viands and vintages. Mr Beamish, with his only Cork brogue and easy flow of words, took the lion's share in it, while the only other talker was Colonel Prideaux, who commanded a militia battalion somewhere in the western counties, and was more ostentatiously 'popoclay' in his discourse than the smartest martinet in the regular army. Captain Spurrier, finding himself in un congenial company, said very little. Sir Thomas, after a vain attempt to interest his neighbours at table in his usual topics, petty sessions, poachers, and turnpike trusts, became as mute as a fish, and Sir Pagan, as a silent host, found himself unable to dispel the general dullness. He had never learned the truth, that dinner giving is a branch of the fine arts, and that to assort the company is to the full as necessary to enjoyment as it is to provide for the commensal. He was himself a shy, moody man, painfully conscious of his narrow education and scanty reading, and ill at ease when not among those of his own set. The giving of this particular dinner he looked upon as an act of duty, if not of actual penance, and was on thorns until the whole affair should be over, and he himself free to resume the interrupted thread of his habitual life.

One member of the party, Sir Pagan felt, had disappointed the hopes which his host had secretly entertained concerning his demeanour at the festive board. He had always had a high opinion of Arthur Talbot, not merely as an honourable gentleman, but as, what the sporting baronet admired so humbly as French warms, when Louis XIV was king, admirable French wit—a clever fellow. He had looked on him as a counterpoise to Beamish the Corkigan baronet, whose too voluble discourses was unrelieved save by the didactic proseness of the militia colonel, whereas Talbot, fresh from Egypt too, and with a memory presumably stored with travellers' tales, did not so much as enliven the dreariness by a single allusion to dragomans and dahabiehs, and contributed nothing more to the debate than did heavy Squire Fulford, whose thoughts were of omelette and drain tiles and shorthorns. The truth was, that Arthur's thoughts were far away from the immediate purpose of the social gathering. He was unconscious of the exceeding dullness of the ill-cooked courses, and as for the wine, it mattered little to him whether the sherry came from Hamburg or Cadix, the champagne from Epernay or Chte. Even the dozen or so of sound claret

that Sir Pagan had brought up reluctantly from his father's deplorable cellar, did not, so far as his modest share of it went, make itself any more noticed by its velvet smoothness than did the cold heat of the Lille counterfeit of golden Amontillado. He cared nothing for the bliviant talk and circuit jokes of the many Irish barometer, and was not even aware how very stupid and wearisome the party was.

The truth was that Arthur Talbot now felt that a riddle which it might have puzzled Gdipus to solve, had suddenly been set before him. What was the real cause of the quarrel or the estrangement between those twin sisters, Clara and Cora, the one so highly placed in the world as Lucretia, the other as richly endowed, in spite of her poverty, with the gifts of nature's giving? He had seen enough of both—or thought he had—to feel convinced that their sisterly love for one another was no more thing of habit, and that it must have taken some deep lying motive, some violent wrench, to bring about the scandal of the separation. He had seen but yesterday the one sister in the solemn staidness of her late husband's home. That evening he had spoken with the other beneath her big black roof. Each had received him with embarrassed coldness. Each had seemed to be smothering under some sense of undeserved wrong. What was it that had befallen both? The intricacies which he had heard had been so enigmatical that they obsessed rather than enlightened his intelligence. It is not surprising that he was reckoned as among the dummies of the party.

The dinner was over at last and coffee and cigars and canons and other honours, from which Sir Thomas Jenks held off in warning of his doctor, recoiled as from a rattlesnake, being slowly disposed of, and this not being one of those repasts that are followed by card playing as surely as the thunder roll succeeds to the lurid glare of the lightning, it came to be time to say good night. Highly respectable Sir Thomas was the first to take a ceremonious leave of the wealthy host, and his example was eagerly imitated by the other banqueters. Arthur Talbot, who had been the first to come, was in effect the last to go, and he lingered, half unconscious of his motive, in the vague hope that Sir Pagan might say something to elucidate the mystery that brooded over the present relations of the two sisters. But nothing was farther from Sir Pagan's thoughts.

'Awwfully kind of you to come, Talbot, at such short notice,' said the baronet, looking ruefully around him, and surveying, with a sort of malignant distrust, the ruins of the feast, in the shape of cigar ends, glasses huddled together, and dessert dishes in confusion. 'And a dreadful bore, I should think, you found it, old man. I know I did.' 'Thought it would never be over. The fact is, dear boy, I'm not the man to do this sort of thing, any more than I am to be Lord Chamberlain or Astronomer royal. At the club, it's different—Light another cigar—No!—Then good night.'

And so they parted, Arthur walking home to his hotel, the wind the end of his own involuntarily thoughts. And at last sleep came to him, and he dreamed that he was in Egypt again, the old Egypt, not the new, one of a trembling

crowd gathered around the awful beauty of the colossal Sphinx, and in the stern, solemn face, as it turned towards him with inscrutable eyes, he recognised the features of Madame de Lalouve.

### THE DRAMA IN TATTERS

To begin at the beginning, is an axiom of mine which I am never tired of repeating, and why should I not, in mentioning the theatricals of to-day, begin with the 'grass'—Anglican, penny theatre, that time honoured institution which was at once the solace and amusement of my boyish days—for the enjoyment of which I have frequently sacrificed the gross amount of the last 'tip'. Of course, my frequent visits to the 'Temple of Variety' were made in secret, an additional inducement to the stolen delights. To preserve my credit as a faithful chronicler, I must admit that the entrances to these temporary 'abodes of bliss' were almost invariably up a court or at the end of a yard, in the innermost recesses of which, adjoining a gaping entry, a long bill and a strong bill—painted by hand all the colours of the rainbow—was exhibited.

Gratified with the wisdom of the scripter, the lease of the show spared no pains to coerce the nimble penny. The performances were pronounced to be unique, and notes of admiration were typographically scattered in every available space. The most important item was of course the announcement of the title of the play for the evening. For to be it known that the proprietor of the 'Temple'—the which particular establishment I have now under notice—was a most liberal man, at least as far as 'bold advertisement' doth go. He gave us an entire change of performance every evening and assumed, moreover, the office of 'guide, philosopher and friend,' by investing with a distinctive epithet the name of each actor and actress in the programme, as 'the bold,' 'the comic,' 'the pert,' 'the lovely.' Now, as the company numbered only six persons—four males and two females—this perhaps was no difficult matter, and may be regarded as superfluous, still, it saved the audience a world of trouble. You were not called upon to investigate or criticise the conduct of the entertainment, but, like the cly in the potter's hand, you were moulded into the proper form as you were consigned to the oven above. I use the word 'oven' advisedly, for when packed to repletion—as frequently happened—it was hot! To conclude with 'Comic Song' Admission One Penny Vivat Regina!!! in capitals three inches high.

That delicious touch of 'Vivat Regina!!!' Every reader of the flaming placard repeated the words, but no one ever attempted an interpretation of them. The mighty bill of fare was subject to continual alterations, but we kept our 'Vivat Regina' to the last. I have endeavoured thus far to present the reader with an accurate account of the condition of things on the outside of the 'Temple.' We will now, if you please, step within.

Having contributed the necessary admission fee to a gentleman at the door, who is balancing himself on a wooden leg, we go up a flight of very steep steps, at the top of which we encounter another gentleman, known by the name of

'Tishy,' from his presumed avocation as a retail dealer in the funny tribe. You could scent him a long while before you saw him. In spite, however, of this drawback, he was a general favourite with the frequenters, from his kindly manner and genial flow of humour. Passing through the folds of a remnant of old sailcloth, I find myself in the corner of a large loft—partly covering a row of stables—stables unmistakably, from the occasional clumps of turf horses, and the fragrant odour which proceeds therefrom—a little below the level of the foothold, and on the far side of the stage. There are no reserved seats whatsoever. From the raised platform to the outer walls are a number of rough planks ranged longitudinally, rising one above another as in an ordinary gully. In the topmost corner on the right hand is a small inclosure with a counter, devoted to the sale of 'oranges, apples, and ginger beer.'

The arrangements behind the curtain are primitive and simple. There are four tolerably well painted scenes hung upon rollers, comprising an exterior, an interior, a wood, and a street. The brickwork at the back of the stage is coloured to represent a landscape. Wings there are none, but the proscenium—three feet wide on each side—being fixed parallel with the acts, offers some slight protection to the actors in their entrances and exits. The musical element was sparingly represented, one instrument only—a violin—constituted the entire orchestra. Gas, of course, was unavailable, and candles were too insignificant, the authorities therefore resorted to the use of a fearful compound of grease and oil, the fumes of which were suffocating. Five pans, in shape like huge garden snails, were filled with this precious liquid and placed at intervals along the edge of the platform, to do duty as 'lights.' Sometimes the business of the drama required a night effect, this was managed by means of a long slip of oil, fastened to the stage by hinges, but lying flat thereon, until the appearance of the bloodstained spectre or the pallid host called for darkness, when, by the aid of a cord attached to each end, it was raised, and the necessary result followed.

It should be mentioned that there are three 'houses' or performances nightly, each of which lasts about an hour. The reader is supposed to be present at the first of these, viz at seven o'clock. By this time the audience has increased in number to at least three hundred, and the noise they make is deafening. 'Stop it, old catgut!' 'Pull up the rag!' 'Now then, look alive! &c. Before the curtain rises, however, it may be as well to mention a little peculiarity attaching to the dramas enacted here. To-night we are to have *The Highland Cat* ran to-morrow, perhaps *The Outlaw*, and the night following, *The Firebrand*. Thus with variation—harping on the same old string—we at last arrive at *Rob Roy!* so that in reality the 'change every evening' is a delusion and a snare. The bill runs, 'Order, order, or dar!' is vociferated loudly as the curtain rises, and we are supposed to be transported to Bonnie Scotland. The proscenium in the Tulloch is represented by a cottage interior. Instead of the 'practicable door hung with chains, we have a latticed window liberally garnished with flowering shrubs.

The Cateran enters, followed by the Ballo the 'bold hero (wide bill) in dress oddly enough—his head covering is a faint copy of the time honoured billycock, and his garments are a modern suit of fustian much dilapidated, whilst about his legs curl wisps of straw, and he walks with a slouch. Taken altogether, his appearance suggests the idea of a crow between a dog-fancier and a scavenger. He speaks such a voice! Shades of James Prescott Ward and Thomas Archer, could it have been possible for you to have revisited the glimpses of the moon, your immaterial shadows must have shivered in dismay—tonce deep as the funeral bell of old St Pauls or a callian, it may be, the angry boom of the lining thumper as it rolls about the heads of the central hills. Still, putting aside the incongruous costume, there was stuff in the man. He did not 'mouth the part, as my poor old friend Jack M.— was wont to do that of Rashleigh, but treated the matter tenderly, as though he loved it. Strange to relate, I met this same individual, twenty years after the above performance, in a small printing office in the City, 'compounding stick' in hand. The calling had changed in the interval, but the well remembered voice was as full and as resonant as ever.

Billy W.—, the renowned 'Comic,' was an immense favourite, nothing he could do, or did, came amiss to us, but I doubt if his conception of the part of the Pailie would have been greeted with so many signs of approval, had our knowledge of the original been more familiar. The dialect was dropped altogether, and the canny Glasgow weaver himself so transformed, that his most intimate friends would have failed to recognise him. The curiosities of costume were never better exemplified or more fully developed than by Billy on this occasion. All the merit attaching to originality was his. His personal decorations were as florid as they were inaccurate. A fore and aft cocked hat and feather, surmounted the most whimsical face you ever saw, an old bob tailed milch cow, decorated on one arm with three good conduct stripes, was closely buttoned at the chin, but being a world too small in the region of the chest, the aid of a belt was requisite, one of those so much affected by the stage British tar—a broad, black, leathern band, with a huge brass buckle. His nether limbs were clad in corduroy shorts, supplemented by a pair of wellingtons. Anything more ludicrous cannot well be conceived. But the crowning point is not yet reached. In the scene where Helen receives tidings of the capture of the Chief—the news being brought by Rashleigh in the disguise of a gillie—and the 'Liment' is masqued, he gave vent to his grief by trolling forth the rollicking popular ditty of *All round my hat!*

My impression was—and it remains to this day—that the before mentioned Jack M.—, on being cast for the part of Rashleigh, determined to make it the most prominent in the piece, and he did! Dressed in the costume usually worn by the third robber in the *Miller and his Men*, he looked superb, and his shouting was terrific. But his grand coup was to be brought about later on, as we shall see.

The fourth and last remaining male member of the company, Mr Herbert Montague, deserves honourable mention, not perhaps on account

of any extraordinary aptitude he displayed, but for the profound mystery which surrounded him. Nobody seemed to know precisely who or what he was. His appearance was eminently prepossessing. Tall and well made, he carried with him the air of a gentleman. He certainly claimed no parentage in the salubrious neighbourhood of the Lower Marsh. That he lived 'over the water' was strongly inferred from the fact of his having been met on one occasion crossing Winton Bridge in a cab. It therefore naturally occurred to us *habitués* that he was connected in some remote way with the titled aristocracy of the West End, but as no evidence in corroboration of this popular belief was ever forthcoming, it is just possible there was no truth in it. Anyway, the fact remains that he was always better clothed, both on and off the stage, than his fellows, that he never appeared to us without money—this was a most remarkable feature, and that, moreover, our surly doorkeeper—he of the wooden leg—always touched the rim of his broken beaver in deference, whenever he passed in or out. Mr Herbert Montague—there was a flavour of the 'upper ten' even in the name—who 'doubled' the parts of Francis and Captain Thornton, was not as yet in possession of the powers of a Mercury or a Keen, indeed, to put it mildly, he could not act at all, yet was there a certain propriety in the delivery of the words set down for him, beyond that, an innate love of the truth led me to avow that he was a stick, a stack of sticks!

Like a provident housewife who, careful of her store of newly gathered fruit, carefully selects those that are damaged from others that remain unbruised, so I, having disposed of and set aside the inferior articles, come now to discuss the merits of the chest and bed! Our leading lady was a very far better indeed, shining particularly in pathetic parts. She endeavoured to make every character she undertook fall into the tearful groove, had the 'melting mood' ready at the slightest hint, and sometimes without. But perhaps the most singular thing in connection with this Ichrymona obligato was this—the fits of emotion, however prolonged and powerful, never affected the audience in a sympathetic sense. Not that we were insensible to the due proportion of sorrow or pain, no, far from that, I fancy that most of us had been life long companions with these, in addition to cold and hunger, the secret of our apparent want of feeling arose not from callousness, but it occurred, but through the too profound contemplation of the eccentricities of a 'swivill' eye! the owner of which was the wife of the Macgregor. In the lighter or more level passages, this defect was not so prominent, and but for a latent sense of its utter incongruity, would have raised a laugh, but when, in the more vehement parts, her excitement increased, the visual organ grew so restless and so fearfully 'swivillly,' that we were reduced to a state of comatose, quite subversive of anything like applause.

Last, 'though not least in our dear love,' comes pretty Mary L.—, the pert scoubrette, in private life the wife of our leading man, and the mother of three little ones. In those early days, I pictured to myself no fairer form of female beauty. As bright and as lively as a spring

morning, she never approached the front without a welcome from our ready hands, whilst her cheerful laughter lovingly set us all aglow with merriment. As Dr. Vernon and Hannah, there was small opportunity for the display of her peculiar talent, but her music presence seemed to add a beauty to the scene which it had lacked before. With true womanly tact, she treated us always as children, as indeed we were, never soiling her sweet lips with a double meaning or a cant phrase. No matter how noisily her companions were occasionally greeted, she was always received with the utmost sobriety and respect, indeed, we looked up to her as something better than ourselves. If there was anything like an approach to an uproar, it was instantly quelled by an entrancing word from her, and sometimes she would promise us a song if we were 'good.' Unbearded and untalented as we were, without the slightest hint of that technical knowledge which comprises a musical education, we testified our delight at this announcement by repeated shouts and bravos. Of Jenny Lind, who just at this time had reached the zenith of her fame, we knew nothing, except by report, but we had our own private opinions as to whether our dear favourite could not, if opportunity offered, speedily take the shine out of her.

The drama concluded, Mary would come to the front, accompanied by a few premonitory bars of the air—from the violin—with which she was about to favour us. I fancy that her repertoire was limited to two songs, perhaps because I never heard her sing any others, but they were gems of the purest water. *Heme, sweet Heme*, and *Wapping Old Stairs*. Altogether with an artistic training, the little woman would have a positive triumph in the rendering of these plaintive melodies. The tender and expressive tone with which she uttered the word 'Home' riveted it with a new meaning, so exquisitely touching, that the tears would fall unawares, and transform our sadness into a sweet sorrow.

Now that I have advertised you of the strong points and failings of our very select histrionic troupe, we will, if you please, revert to the closing scene of the drama. From information received, we had learned that the hero had fallen into the hands of the ruthless Saxon, and that the worst was anticipated—hence the 'Lament.' At the conclusion of Billy W—'s well chosen and appropriate ballad, we were suddenly surprised by a loud cry of 'Gregg is back!' as the escaped Outlaw bounds upon the stage armed with one of those short black-hilted swords, so precious, and so well remembered by the transpontine youth of fifty years ago. Rashleigh, who stands at the opposite corner, defiant and determined, is armed with a similar weapon. He knows perfectly well that the hunted Highlander has 'come' for him, and although his foot is not upon his native heath, he evidently means to do or die. The stage has been cleared to the bare wall at the back, and all superfluous articles of dress removed, and the combatants proceed to business in the most leisurely manner, keeping time and step to the tune of *Loderalek*. This is Jack M—'s grand opportunity. If in the very nature of things, that he cannot be the leading man, he will at least retaliate by being to that exalted individual a terror and a punishment

to the bitter end. His work he storms, the music brittle assumes a terrific character, the flashing blades quiver in the murky gleam of the grease pots, as the deadly combatants chase each other round and round to the hurried notes of the instrument. Jack lashes himself into a state of furious excitement difficult to behold, as he aims a tremendous blow at his opponent's head, this the picture-genie Bert avoids by stepping aside, while at the same instant he passes his sword up to the hilt below the uplifted arm of his antagonist. Under ordinary circumstances, this thrust would have been sufficient to give the quietus to 'any man of woman born.' Not so with Rashleigh, he, like the proverbial Englishman, did not know when he was beaten, he merely grasped a mighty 'Oh!' and staggered to the wall, waiting events.

It was very clear to me that if the Caterin did not quickly dispose of his enemy, the result would necessarily entail in the accomplishment of that desirable object would be too much for him. A truce, therefore, was tacitly agreed upon until sufficient breath should be recovered to continue the fight. They placed at each other from opposite corners. Jack's contusions, owing to the wound he had received, were terrific to witness. We incline to the belief that it would be a mercy to finish him out of hand, and so end his sufferings. But it is not to be so. One must be piled upon Pithon. The Mac, I could plainly see, was so killed tired of the whole thing, he knew that this exhilarating amusement would have to be repeated three times during the night, and he wanted to get off and rest. You see 'Jack's delight was Blue's pain, and Jack knew it.' The stage was in his possession now. Was he to forego some of his finest efforts for a Rob, forsooth, was not so strong in the arm as he was? The fate forbid!

During this short interval Jack had managed by some occult means to whitish his face and plus thereon some additional marks of the bloody fray. Once more do the combatants approach each other. Jack through sheer weakness falls on one knee, looking as vicious as a wounded rat. Slow music Rob, in whose breast a wealth of numbers has hidden, demanding to take a mean advantage of a fallen foe, descends to the same level. The contest now continues languidly for a minute or two in this position—each on one knee. Vociferous applause shakes the roof-tree as Jack, with quickened energies, makes a superhuman effort to rise to his feet. This movement he accomplishes after a severe struggle. Standing erect, he shouts 'Come on!' This invitation is responded to with alacrity by the Mac, or who 'comes on' with vigour, and at once, without more ado, renders him another stab, which apparently goes clean through his side, as we detect the end of the blade at his back. This thrust so dully given stiles our friend's little business for a period, and he falls prone upon his face in the centre of the stage. The remainder of the character, male and female, now enter from each side, and the entire scene is illumined by a blaze of red fire as the curtain descends slowly to the mournful melody of *Auld Langsyne*. Jack is 'called' to receive the unanimous plaudits of the entire house, these he



accepts with a ghastly smile as the hero of the evening, and retires to enjoy a whiff of the fragrant weed and a draught of beer.

This ends a chronicle of the Drama in Tatters.

## OUR NEW MANAGER

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

A SHORT half-hour's walk from Sandemouth—a large seaport on the southern English coast—lies the secluded village of Bithfield. It is but a small place, and may truly be described as secluded, for although so near a large town, yet lying on a cross road between two other roads—which thence have been made of great importance, and are now shorn even of that by the railways—Bithfield seems to have grown busier and quieter than ever.

A little outside of the village, and between it and the town, stood Fernow Cottage, the residence of Mrs Vallens. This at least was the title by which she was known to the few persons—her little men chiefly—who had occasion to speak of her, but it was given principally on account of her mature age, for she was past middle life, and in a sort of complement, rather than in implying the worst era past or present, of a Mr Vallens. She lived a retired, solitary life, and was so reserved in her manner as to repel the few residents of Bithfield who had sought her acquaintance. So reserved was she, that no foot save that of her own servants crossed her threshold in thirty after months, but at the opening of our story, an incident occurred which changed this monotony in some degree.

When Mrs Vallens walked out, she usually selected the least frequent path, and with her deep double veil screening her face, her features were almost invisible to the few persons whom she encountered. One afternoon she was following a by-path which led across some fields to a farmhouse and cottages, when she came suddenly upon a spectacle which startled her. At the foot of a large tree knelt a girl of some eighteen or nineteen years, supporting a boy, a mere child, dead in the commonest rustic garb of the neighbourhood. He was evidently man-slaught, and as the dress of the girl was stained with blood, and the face of the boy was also marked, it was clear that he had received some injury.

The girl was holding a small scent bottle to his nostrils, and on hearing a step, looked up. 'Oh, I am so glad some one has come!' she exclaimed. 'I saw this poor little fellow fall from this tree, and when I came up, his forehead was covered with blood, and he was quite senseless. What can we do?'

The mysterious lady of Fernow Cottage immediately dropped on one knee by the side of the nurse and her patient, then with dextrous and gentle touch, examined into the injuries the boy had sustained. 'He is not very seriously hurt, I think,' she said, 'and if you will hold him until I bring some water—there is a spring just here—he will recover.—You are not afraid?'

'N—no,' said the girl. 'It is very dreadful

to look at all this blood, and to see him looking like death, but I will hold him.'

Without another word, the elder lady disappeared, but returned almost immediately with her bonnet filled with water—greedily to the younger lady's horror, for she, after the manner of her sex, had noted the costly materials of which the article was composed. The water was sprinkled over the boy's face. He almost immediately awoke and opened his eyes. The elder lady drew out her handkerchief, with which she bathed his brow and washed away the clotted blood, then bound it carefully round an ugly cut which this process had rendered plainly visible.

By this time the lad could speak, then with an effort he stood upright, and was able to explain that he lived in one of the cottages by the farmhouse, that he had been bird nesting. The rest the ladies knew more about than himself. By their assistance, the lad was enabled to walk slowly towards the farmhouse, until the party met a labourer who knew him, and kindly took him in charge.

Relieved of this care, the younger nurse had an opportunity to contemplate and bewail the really unsightly blotches on her light coloured dress, the blemishes of which, or the reaction natural after her excitement, affected her to tears, which had in them a strong suspicion of hysterics.

'Come to my house, my dear child,' said Mrs Vallens, speaking with a softness and tenderness for which few of her neighbours would have given her credit. 'It is close by, and as I must send a servant into the town to ask Dr Wright to come out to the farm and see the boy, she shall call upon your friends and bring another dress for you, or I can lend you one, whichever you please.'

'But your bonnet is spoiled,' said the girl, through her tears, 'and such a beautiful bonnet too!' Then remembering that a question had been asked or implied, continued, 'I should feel bad if you could send word, and yet it would frighten my mother so much! No, I had better go home. I live in Bithfield, in the Lower Down Road, my name is Darnett—Marian Darnett, and'—

'I know you, Miss Darnett,' interrupted her companion with a quiet smile, 'although you perhaps do not know me, and as we are now close to my house, we had better go in and talk to you over the wall.'

This was the beginning of an intimacy between the reclusive proprietress of Fernow Cottage and Miss Marian Darnett, two beings as opposite in their appearance and, one would have supposed, in their tastes as could easily be found. For Marian was rather shy and timid, yet frank and cheerful within. She had heard too, by local gossip, of Mrs Vallens, and held her in the same dislike, almost dread, as did most of her neighbours. She found, however, that while Mrs Vallens still held the same repellent front to all others, she was so kind and gentle to her, and welcomed her so cheerfully to her home—though never could she be induced to return the visit—that Marian felt sure she had been secretly pining for companionship, and was thankful for the chance which threw them together.

Solitary and secluded as had been her residence at Fernlow Cottage, Mrs Vallens must have exercised the proverbial quickness and closeness of a woman's observation, for Marian soon found—greatly to her confusion at first—that this lady was fully acquainted with her intimacy with a certain good looking young fellow, Phil Hartley, a clerk in the shipping and general mercantile firm of More, Keelby, & Co, one of the principal houses in Sandmouth. When Mrs Vallens had shown how far her knowledge extended, and her kindly manner had won Marian's confidence, she was evidently pleased to lead the latter to speak freely and to receive the little confidences the girl had to impart.

Having commenced our story as it were in the middle, we are debarred from making the usual detailed explanations in regard to the positions and antecedents of our characters, for this the reader should be thankful. We shall merely say, in reference to Marian's friends, that they were in a respectable although not extensive way of business in the town, living, as being cheery and pleasant, in the suburbs. Of Mr Philip Hartley, Mrs Vallens had a pretty accurate knowledge. He was the son of a surgeon who had owned one of the best practices in Sandmouth, but he—the surgeon—was an easy going, careless fellow, clever enough in his profession, but not in much else besides so, when he died, at the age of forty or so, his only son found himself with no profession and no property. He was, however, a clever, energetic young fellow, by no means disposed to let the bread of idleness. Having, by the help of friends, obtained a clerkship in the house of More, Keelby, & Co, he worked with such a will, that he soon obtained promotion, and was now looked upon as the most rising man in the establishment.

The proprietress of Fernlow Cottage encouraged Marian to speak of the young man, and took pleasure in her little history. Provic and commonplace as such a history would have seemed to many, yet there is a halo of romance inseparable from the plainest love story, which is dear to woman, even when she is married and burnt like, as was Mrs Vallens. Not that Marian would now ever allow that there was anything in the least degree harsh or repellent in the temperament of her new friend. It was only manner, the young lady contended—the effect, she was certain, of some early sorrow. Perhaps, Marian used to think, and sometimes say to Philip, perhaps she had once loved as they loved, and had been like happy, thus, in her turn, weaving something of romance about the lady.

One evening, some months after the incidents just related, when spring had grown to summer, and summer was fading into autumn, Phil Hartley called at Mr Dunnett's house, in the Lower Down Road. This was no unusual circumstance with him, but on this particular evening he was to take Marian to a schoolroom hall, where was to be held a rehearsal for a certain local concert, at which the young lady was to sing. She had a voice at once sweet and powerful, and which had been well trained. Although she made no claim to be a finished vocalist of the operatic pattern, nevertheless in ballads and songs she was very attractive, and as it turned out, this concert became something like a turning

point in her hitherto quiet and unobtrusive life.

On this night, too, Phil was full of news, the changes which had been spoken of so long in the great house of More, Keelby, & Co had at last taken place, the style of the firm would be preserved as hitherto, but old Mr More would retire, and a new partner would come in—had come in, he understood. This was Mr Pike, a gentleman of immense capital, and still more immense business capacity and energy, so Phil was informed. He was to be the managing partner, the ruling spirit everything, in fact, and under his sway, the firm might possibly grow to tenfold its present extent. Then, when Marian was walking by his side to the rehearsal, Phil added a few sketches to these particulars, which he had not deemed necessary to draw before the family circle. This sketch had reference to the wider field opened to the staff of the firm by the change, their bettered positions, their early, and of course always happy marriages, and the possibility of some one of the number being selected to take charge of the account at the London branch of the house. If this were so, the delights of living in the metropolis might fall to the lot of Mr Phil Hartley, and his wife—that would be, and they, like all residents in the provinces, thought of London very much as we are told their predecessors thought of it in Whittington's time.

Much of the information apart from this sketch, which, as we have explained, was reserved for a select listener, was earnestly discussed by Mr Dunnett, to whom it was as interesting as to Philip himself, as the former did what was, for him, a large business with the firm, and it was of importance that he should know whether certain facilities for transacting this business would be increased or diminished by the change. Philip took a very sanguine view, basing his conclusions upon the character which had procured the new partner, who was said to have no old-fashioned notions which would impede and retard the business, such as Mr More sometimes laboured under. No, he was one who liked the customers to "go ahead, the faster and further the better." These were evidently agreeable tidings to Mr Dunnett, and he was as thoroughly prepared as Philip himself to rejoice in the coming of Mr Pike.

Both before and after the rehearsal, which was but of short duration, this kind of conversation prevailed, and Philip having seen Marian to her father's house, left in even higher spirits than he came, at the prospect which the advent of the new partner opened to himself and his friends.

Phil's home was in Sandmouth, and as he entered a suburb of the town, he heard the sound of angry voices, and turning a sharp angle of the road, came in sight of the speaker. A gentleman on horseback was engaged in altercation with a man at the roadside; the latter was holding some object in his arms, in the darkness, Philip could not at first accurately make out what this was. Two or three men from a neighbouring bar-house had come out at the sound of the voices, and stood looking on and smoking, with but a languid interest, as no chance of a personal conflict seemed likely to be evolved.

The man on the footpath was a low looking, glabrous faced fellow, not of the rustic or labouring type, but rather of the 'fresh townsmen' order, being indeed just the man upon whom a police officer's eyes would turn by instinct.

'That's a lie, and you know it,' he said bitterly, in continuation of some earlier argument. 'The dog was trying to get out of your way, till you hit him with your whip and drove the poor brute under your horse's feet. I wish I had you off your horse out on the Downs here, I would give you something to remember him by.'

'Why, I have seen you before,' exclaimed the gentleman. 'Now you move into the light, I recollect you.' The man shrunk back a pace or two here, so as to avoid the rays of a light which shone from the neighbouring beerhouse. 'Oh! you need not shrink back,' continued the horseman, 'I know you.' I saw you on the race course yesterday. You are a thimble-rigger, a three-card man, and a pick-pocket into the bargain, I have no doubt. If I could see the police sergeant now, I would have you locked up at once.'

A murmur from the lookers on implied that this was not fair fighting, and had nothing to do with the points under discussion.

'Look here, sir,' said the man, encouraged probably by this token of sympathy, and turning to Philip as the most important member of his audience, 'you see this poor dog?—he opened his arms as he spoke, and showed that what he held was a little brown dog, dying or dead, so Philip judged from the helpless manner in which it was lying.

'Poor fellow!' said Phil, in the pitying tone one instinctively falls into on seeing a suffering dumb animal.

'Are you one of the gang?' demanded the rider, who was clearly not distinguished for good temper.

Phil looked rather anxiously up at the speaker, and met his eye. He was a man of middle age, dark complexion, and with remarkably long whiskers, while his eyes were keen unfading eyes. 'So though Phil, as he noted them in a single glance by the gaslight. 'I know no more of the gang than yourself,' retorted Phil. 'I am only sorry to see the poor little dog in such a state. The man seems fond of him, and you cannot wonder if he feels its loss.'

'He should feel something else, if I had my will,' returned the horseman, 'and if you are not one of the gang, you had better be careful how you pick your companions, for if I meet how you pick your companions, for if I meet a policeman, I will come back with him, so you had better clear off.' With this he put spurs to his horse and was out of sight directly.

'What made him so terribly out of temper with you?' said Phil. 'Had you had much of a quarrel before I came up?'

'Yes; we just about did have a row,' said the man. 'He killed poor Tiny, and he did it on purpose. If we had been in a quieter place, out on the Downs, for instance, I would have put him'—The man did not finish his sentence.

'What made him say you were a cardsharp and so on?' asked Phil, who regretted the indirect question the moment he had asked it.

'What made him say it?' echoed the man.

'Why, because I am one, that's why. I have been working the race meeting down here, but with better bad luck I have tried the cards; I have tried the pique table, I have tried all I know, but couldn't draw a coin from the stony chawbacons about here. I lost every shilling I put on the horses, and now me and Tiny was on the tramp, and this pipe of tobacco what I was smoking was the last I had got, and neither me nor Tiny knew where to get our supper to night nor our breakfast in the morning. But we had been in such a fix before this, and I would have gone without a meal for myself—and have done it, mister—before Tiny should have gone without his, and now he's dead. I always had a friend while he was alive, and now'—The tramp, for such he clearly was, faltered in his speech here, and under pretence of pushing back his ragged hair, Philip saw him draw the cuff of his sleeve across his eyes.

The young man hesitated a moment, then drawing half a crown from his pocket, offered it to the other. 'This is not a great deal,' said Phil, 'but it will help you to get a lodging for to night, and to-morrow something may turn up.'

'Well!' exclaimed the tramp, after a pause of astonishment, 'I didn't expect this, mister—I didn't indeed. I'm very much obliged to you for it, but if you think I was working the race for this, in telling you what I did, I'm blessed if I want it. I don't really blagging in a barn is nothing fresh to me, and I shouldn't like you to think, though I am a thimble-rigger, that'—

'O nonsense!' said Phil, 'I give it to you for poor Tiny's sake. I am fond of dogs myself, so I quite understand your sorrow at his death.'

'Thank you, mister, I thank you kindly for this half-crown,' said the man. 'But though you see it as a feeling heart, you can't understand what I feel at losing this dumb creature. But if ever I get a chance of squaring it with that fellow'—

'Come! don't talk such dangerous nonsense,' said Phil. 'I surely he has forgotten all about you by this time, at any rate he did not come back with the police. You know you ought not to talk like that.'

'He's a bad one—a rank bad one, spite of his horse and his swell clothes,' retorted the other, 'and always was.'

'Always was!' repeated Phil. 'Have you ever seen him before?'

The man looked at Phil with a curious smile before replying, then said 'Did you see me move out of the light when he said he knew me?—You did. Well, I didn't want him to recollect too much. Perhaps he did see me on the racecourse, for, I tell you freely, I have been there with the cards, but please he did not. It's just as likely he only thought he did. Directly I spoke to him and told him my opinion, before you was there, you know, I saw a look come upon his face, as if he was trying to recall something he had seen or heard a good while ago.'

'Well, good night,' said Phil; 'I wish you better luck and a better trade. Get out of Sandmouth anyhow.'

'Good night, mister, and good luck to you,' said the tramp. 'As to my trade, it's pretty near all that is left to me. I think I saw you in a certain warehouse to day; and if I am right, you will find there are people in other trades quite as bad as me. But you've got a kind heart, mister; and if ever I can do you a good turn, I will.' And with this, they parted.

## A CHINESE FUNERAL

I WAS disturbed one day during my mid-day meal at Hong-kong, by a commotion in a street adjoining the one in which I was residing, caused by a Chinese funeral of more than the usual pretensions. As very little is known among foreigners, even those residing in China, in regard to 'celestial' obsequies and their meanings, I took some trouble to gather information regarding the strange pageantry which I that day witnessed.

It is the general custom in China, when a man is about to die, for the eldest son to remove him from the bed to the floor of the principal room of the house, where he is laid with his feet to the door. The inhabitants of the province of Fukien are in the habit of placing a piece of silver in the mouth of the dying person—with which he may pay his fare into the next world—and carefully stopping up his nose and ears. In certain cases they make a hole in the roof, to facilitate the exit of the spirits proceeding from his body, their belief being that each person possesses seven animal senses, which die with him, and three souls, one of which enters Elysium and receives judgment, another abides with the tablet which is prepared to commemorate the deceased, and the third dwells in his tomb.

Whether all these practices are observed in Hong-kong, I am unable to say, probably the setting open of the windows and doors is regarded as a preferable proceeding to making a hole in the roof, more especially when the death happens to occur in the lowest room of a three-storied house. Here, however, as elsewhere, the intelligence of the death of the head of a family is communicated as speedily as possible to all his relatives, and the household is dressed in white—the mourning colour of China. Priests and women hired to mourn are sent for at the same time, and on their arrival, a table is set out with meat, fruits, lighted candles and joss sticks, for the delectation of the souls of the deceased, and the wailing and weeping by the mourning-women is relieved at intervals by the intoned prayers of the priest or the discordant 'tom-tomming' of 'mourners' who have also been called to assist in the ceremonies. The women weep and lament with an energy and dolefulness which, if genuine, would be highly commendable, but ungenerous 'barbarians' of extensive acquaintance with the Chinese assert that this apparently overwhelming grief is, at least in the majority of cases, mere sham. In regard to the nearest relatives of the deceased, it would be uncharitable to presume there is not a considerable amount of real grief beneath all this weeping and wailing; but hired mourners, who are usually the most demonstrative on these occasions, can hardly be expected to launch every

other day into convulsive lamentations of a genuine nature over the death of individuals they hardly know by name. As it is the priest usually directs these emotional demonstrations, much in the same way as a conductor controls the performance of a band of musicians, now there are a few irregular wails, then a burst of them, relieved in turn by a few wail notes from the priest, the intervals being filled up by the 'tom-toms,' and an occasional titter from the latest comers.

One of the strangest features in the obsequies I witnessed was the erection of a structure in front of the house in which the death occurred, to enable the confined body to be brought down to the roadway from the room in which it was lying. The house being a three-storied one, and the body lying in one of the topmost rooms, the erection, which furnished a sloping footway of planks from the room to the road, and a landing at the top, had necessarily not only to be lofty but substantial. Communication was of course had with the room through the window. These structures are, I believe, erected for two reasons—first, because strange families in a house object, on superstitious grounds, to a corpse being taken through their rooms, and secondly, because it is almost impracticable to get a heavy Chinese coffin down the narrow tortuous stairs of many of the native houses. For a similar reason, no body in course of transportation from one part of China to another for the purpose of interment is allowed to pass through any walled town. No corpse, either, is ever allowed to be carried across a landing place or to pass through a gateway which can in any way be construed as pertaining to the Emperor. The Chinese are indeed so superstitious in regard to death as seldom to mention that word itself, preferring to take refuge in a circumlocution, such, for instance, as 'having become immortal.'

What may be particularly as the public obsequies of the deceased, on the special occasion I refer to, were commenced by a procession issuing from the house on the mission known as 'buying the water' wherewith to wash the body of the deceased. First came the 'musician' (save the word), then a priest, wearing a long robe of a dark red colour and a sort of college cap, and lastly, the white-clad mourners. On the mainland, the procession would probably have repaired to the nearest river, well, or even the wet ditch of the city, for the water, but these antiquated conveniences being scarce in Hong-kong, the mournful cortege on this occasion was compelled to wend its steps to the government hydrant at the end of the street. The leading actor in this ceremony of 'buying the water' was, as usual, the eldest son of the deceased, a boy about seven or eight years of age. Notwithstanding his youth, however, his part was performed with an exactness that must have resulted from a considerable amount of previous instruction. Bearing in his hand a wand covered with white indented paper, supported on each side by a female relative, and bending nearly double in token of his intense grief, this young scion of the deceased proceeded slowly and gravely in the direction of the hydrant, the 'band' mourners while doing their best with the tom-toms and that close imitation of the Scotch bagpipe, the

Chinese pipe. Arrived at the hydrant, the party knelt around that useful apparatus, the 'musicians redoubled their exertions, and the priest his prayers, more incense was burned, and a tremendous burst of wailing and lamentation went up from the mourners. While these performances were in operation, the youth to whom I have just referred drew, with the requisite prostrations and solemnity, a basin of water from the hydrant, and then scattered a few coins on the ground by way of payment. It is essential in this ceremony that the water should be paid for. The procession thereafter returned to the house, where doubtless the body of the deceased was washed by the boy, in conformance with the custom of his country.

After the body of the deceased is washed in this manner, it is dressed in the best clothes which belonged to the man in his lifetime, a hat being placed on his head, a fan in his hand and shoes on his feet, the idea being that he will be clothed in these habiliments in Elysium, and consequently that he must appear there as a respectable and superior member of society. At intervals during these and subsequent ceremonies, gilt and silvered paper in the shape of coins and eyes bars is burned, in the belief that it will also pass into the invisible world where it will be reckoned into solid cash, and clothes, sedan chairs, furniture, buffaloes and horses, made of paper, are transferred on the same principle to the 'better land for the benefit of the dead.

The body was now brought through the window and placed in the coffin on the stage at the top of the temporary wooden structure. It is the practice with the richer Chinese to keep the coffined bodies of their relatives in their houses for long periods, sometimes for years. This custom was not followed on this occasion, for the funeral took place immediately after the ceremony of 'buying the water.' Large sums of money are expended on coffins by the 'ecclesiastical,' and a dutiful son will see that his parents are provided with these melancholy receptacles sometimes many years before their death. They are made of heavy boards four or five inches in thickness, and rounded at the outer joints, and appear to invariably take the form, in this colony, of the polished trunk of a tree. In fact, they appear to be lined with a sort of mortar; the joints are all carefully closed with a similar substance, but a small hole is drilled through the coffin over the face of the deceased, so as to leave a channel of escape and entrance for the spirits.

It was a work of some difficulty to bring the coffined body down the steep footway from the window to the road, but the task was finally accomplished without mishap, amidst the renewed wailings of the mourning women, the shrieks of the pipe, and the labouring of the tom-toms. Awaiting the arrival of the coffin in the street were some twenty elaborately carved and lavishly gilded sedan chairs, constructed especially for use on such occasions. These chairs contained meats, fruits, and cakes—real and artificial—in profusion. Among other articles displayed were two excellently cooked sucking pigs. Two or three altar pieces, emblazoned with the name and age of the deceased, were also carried in the procession,

also banners, the deceased's tablet and photograph, and other articles—the burials all being dressed more or less in mourning costume. Before the procession started for the burial ground at Mount Davis, there was more wailing, more incense burned, more shrieks from the 'gusty pipe,' and more prayers from the priest. One of the last acts of the mourners was to walk round the coffin, and then the procession moved off, the coffin taking the last place in the cortege.

At Mount Davis the body was consigned to the earth with much lamentation, incense-burning, and praying. There was, however, apparently but little difference between the ceremony employed in at the grave, so far as the priest, the mourners, and especially the 'musicians' were concerned, and those earlier in the day. The deceased's tablet is carried back in procession to the house, and there set up in a room specially reserved for such purposes, with other tablets of the family. Before these tablets, incense is duly burned and prayers offered. The food carried in the procession is, we believe, commonly distributed among the poor, sometimes, however, a portion of it is consumed in the house.

The burial places are sometimes selected by necromancers, and if the family be rich, this selection is often made a matter of considerable difficulty and expense. A good view for the entombed spirit is one of the chief requirements for a grave. The side of a hill overlooking water, a copse, or a river near a hill top, are highly favoured spots. About the 5th April in each year, the population of the country may be seen flocking out to their tombs to repair and sweep them and make offerings. A Chinese tomb in the south of China seems invariably, so far as the outline on the ground is concerned, to take the form of the Greek letter Omega,  $\Omega$ , and when raised to any height, it usually much resembles a huge armchair with a round back, the coffin being placed in the seat.

### 'DANDY'

THE late Charles Dickens somewhere describes the relationship existing between dogs and the persons with whom they reside as of two kinds. In the one case, the owner may be said, in ordinary phrase, to keep the dog, in the other, the dog, being allowed its own way and much more, may be said to keep its reputed owner. Our own experience furnishes a third instance, in which no actual ownership existed expressed or understood—nothing, but a tacit agreement or sufferance on either side.

It was late on a wintry evening that the arrival of which we write first attracted our notice. During our many years of sojourn in the Scottish metropolis, we had no previous acquaintance with him, and it is probable that he made choice of our particular doorstep as a place of refuge in distress, for no other reason than that ours was the last house in the row, and because his strength did not suffice to carry him any farther. There, at all events, we found him, crouched as far out of sight as possible behind

one of the porch pillars, a filthy and shivering animal, apparently in the last stage of exhaustion. Hunger and cold had weakened him to such an extent that he was unable to do what he would otherwise have done, namely, to beat a retreat on being discovered. Too much accustomed to the brutalities of street boys, he at first resented our friendly advances, but in a feeble manner, and it was not until we opened the door and admitted him to warmth and shelter, that he seemed reassured. Like the dog which Robinson Crusoe fetched from the wreck, he would speedily have ended himself, had we permitted him, with the food he so evidently needed, but after a time he began to recover, and a prolonged series of ablutions—to which he apparently objected on principle—at last revealed him, literally, in his true colours. He stood confessed as a small and bandy-legged animal, which it were gross flattery

departure than otherwise. After some weeks, and when we had quite forgotten him, he suddenly reappeared, a shade less dirty, but as exhausted as before. Giving him one more chance, he remained three days with us, made another short sally out, returned next evening, and then stayed with us—he evidently found he could not do better—for, in a few years and seven months we called him Dandy.

Apart from his natural inability to tell us of his antecedents, he was in many ways a puzzle to us for a long time. It was difficult to say in what sphere of life he had been brought up, or if he had been trained at all. His single accomplishment—very imperfectly performed—consisted in standing erect on his hind legs for a few seconds at a time, in a attitude which became him so wretchedly ill, that most people, not dog-lovers, viewing his ungraceful proportions, would have pronounced him, on the instant, a low bred whelp, while others, more discerning, would have added

credit of that famous breed, it must be added that he was, every inch of him, a cur of low degree, from the defective murrel and the tattooed ears to a nondescript tail docked to some two inches in length—a plucky animal, and most probably a homeless outcast.

We had no dog of our own at the time, but nevertheless we were disinclined to adopt this ungainly specimen. In the past, we had been proudly proud of our terriers, they were uniformly animals of aristocratic appearance and faultless pedigree. Putting aside the chance of this one being claimed—not a very strong one, we instinctively felt—it was impossible, considering our traditions, that we could be associated, publicly at all events, with a dog of this degraded type. It was an understood thing, also, from the time that the long dynasty of dogs in our house came to an end, that none were to succeed them. The successive deaths of our former pets had so deeply affected the younger members of the household, that the clerks had registered a mental vow that we were not to have any more dogs. We had thus no vacancy, and yet we were reluctant to set this poor wanderer again adrift. At last it was agreed, as a compromise, that he should be kept for a few days, in order that his description might be advertised. Notice was accordingly headed in at the nearest police station, and an advertisement of his pointer—they were painfully weak—inserted in the newspapers for several days. It must have been, we think, our low estimate of his market value which prevented us from giving the customary warning that he would be sold to pay expenses if not claimed. We did not, at all events, employ this threat. It is extremely doubtful, even if we had found a purchaser, if the price would have repaid us for the cost of one of the advertisements.

Perhaps it was the dog's own delicacy of feeling at causing so much irrecoverable outlay, perhaps it was only his restlessness, but, in any case, while in course of being advertised, he suddenly disappeared. Taking advantage of an open door, he had, we were told by an eye witness, fled precipitately. We were rather relieved by his

were, however, with us previously anticipation, as, through the mistaken kindness of our domestics, he invariably had in too much to eat. He was a gourmand rather than a gourmet, so he had little temptation. But we would not have trusted him if hungry, believing that from lack of early training he had no great depth of moral principle.

There were profound depths in him, nevertheless. As the result, we believe, of having had to fight his own way from an early age, he was, in the vulgar acceptance of the term, 'deep'—principally shown in a surprising acquaintance with the ways of town life generally, and an easy familiarity with the thoroughfares in particular. Take him from one extremity of Edinburgh to the other, contrive to lose him in the most out of the way streets, and in all probability he was home before you had some short cut of his own. But as a rule, he preferred to ramble alone, and did so haltingly. He always showed, however, a fine discrimination as to returning for the dinner hour. We think we see him yet, setting up the street, with his characteristic slinking trot marked by a slight hump, ever on guard against message boys who threw their empty buckets at him, and watchful for street Arabs who might have designs against his life, for this reason, affecting, when piteous, the roadway rather than the pavement, generally a dog about town, and not to be taken in with its snares and pitfalls. He did not make friends abroad, was utterly deaf to the addresses of strangers, and had a custom, when meeting errand lads in the street, of making a cautious detour to avoid them, which was a sight to behold. Such was his outdoor temperament.

But—to use a stereotyped biographical phrase—it was in the family circle that his amiability shone forth, for he was deep in his affection also. Of all the dogs we ever possessed, he was by far the most human. Instinctively, he divined the character of those living in the house, knew well those who liked him, and those who were cold to him, and won, with all his pliancy—and it was not little—the hearts of all the servants. To those attached to him, he showed

himself sympathetic with dog sympathy, and had the most uncouthly winning ways, which were irresistible. To those who know what dog companionship is, it may suffice to say that he was a true and loving friend. Remembering his amiable traits, we cannot forget that his whims and fancies were endless. A love for strong tea, apparently with him a familiar stimulant, and his futile pretence of searching for rats, of which he he never caught one, a rooted aversion to hearing any one reading aloud, were amongst the best. For the last reason, he systematically absented himself from family prayers, reappearing, at their conclusion in the highest possible spirits, as in regard to a matter finally disposed of.

To the reader, it may appear singular that a dog so evidently well acquainted with the city, if he really belonged to any household within its boundaries, should not succeed in finding his home. Our own conclusion was that his owner, if he really had one, must have left the locality; otherwise his dog, in his many wanderings, would soon have discovered him. This proved to be the case, for we obtained literally one inkling, but only one, as to the dog's former career. It happened in this way. Taking a walk one day along a country road in the outskirts—with Dandy at our heels, for a while—we happened to exchange a few remarks with a working man walking in the same direction. He seemed to eye our dog with some curiosity, and at last inquired how we became possessed of him. We told him the circumstances. He laughed, and remarked, 'I've seen that one before. He's a well-known dog that, sir, on the line.'—'On the line?' we echoed inquiringly.—'Yes,' he replied, 'on the North British Railway. They'll know that dog about the loco sheds at the Waverley Station and St Margaret's, I expect, if you want to take him there. Why, he was an engine dog, that.' So it seemed, indeed, for our informant went on to tell us that our Dandy had formerly been the companion of an engine driver, and that—a common enough thing,—the dog used to ride with him on his trips. Further, that the man had for some reason or other quitted the North British Railway and the town, and, curiously enough, left the dog behind him. 'He's a sharp dog that, sir,' ended the narrator—'an old-fashioned character.'

That was all we ever heard about Dandy's former life. It was probably true enough. The estimate of his abilities was assuredly correct. One thing is certain—a dog so accustomed to find his way in the maze of the station traffic, and to play hide and seek between the wagon wheels, would be but inconvinced with a lengthy tail. It might get him into mischief, and be in the way generally. It was probably on this account—if not as the result of an accident—that our Dandy had been prudently docked. This mode of life would also explain much of the dog's habitual restlessness. From a daily ride on a locomotive—no one can say for how long—to a settled town residence, must have been a great change.

There is little more to be told, but what remains is as mysterious as the beginning. Our dog grew old. Changes which might not formerly have affected him, now seemed to distress him. He grew strongly conservative, and when we

changed our town residence, Dandy never took to the new house, and went back to inflict himself on the tenants of our former one. Through old age or ill temper, or both, he would not be comforted at home. One day he went out, which was nothing unusual, and never returned, which was quite unlike him, as he was essentially of a recalcitrant type. What befell him, we never knew. We alleviated his description widely, and mourned for him not a little. As he came, so he went, and he returns no more. We prefer, as he was old and partially blind, not to speculate as to his end. We shall not readily forget him. These to his memory. We have never had a dog since.

#### THE BLIND BOY TO HIS SISTERS

My Sister pray what is Light?  
I oft hear you say as you speak of the day,  
'Tis beautiful its bright  
And I marvel I might be as happy as thou,  
Could I know aught of Light.

Is it like an angel's sound?  
Does it warble alone, with the sweetness of song,  
Or spring on high with a bound  
Like the swell of a chorus throwing o'er us  
Music's enchantment profound?

Oh I can't see a lovely thing  
A heartless creature if you'll please,  
Of joy a perpetual spring,  
The soul of devotion's rapture emble,  
Blest, for ever on your smiles wait.

It runs in the lily's voice  
Like the carol on high of the lull in the sky,  
When the young girl's heart rejoices  
It bids hence cease whispers hope to fly;  
And I speak through my blind voice.

Or is it like the song of birds  
When they chant their loves mid the depths of the groves  
In melody sweet without words?  
Or the ripple of the rill, when the wind is still,  
Or the ripples that pave the ford?

Ah! vain are my fancies, I see,  
With that inward sight in my child's night  
Which tells me my Sister of the  
But I know Light is real, though you cannot reveal  
Its gorgeous nature to me.

You say 'tis ineffably bright,  
But its glory and glow I never can know  
Till God shall endue me with sight  
And you pray this may be, when together we  
Shall enter His realms of light.

You I love as I loved my mother,  
Whose spirit has flown and left us alone  
To bless and console each other  
And how good you must be to pray for me,  
Your loving, but poor, blind brother.

Printed and Published by W & R CHAMBERS 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF  
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

*Sixth Series*

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No 1007—Vol. XX.

SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1853

PRICE 1<sup>d</sup>

## EXPLOSIVES

THE numerous outrages which have of recent years been committed by means of explosive compounds, as well as the many accidents which have taken place in their manufacture, conveyance, and use, have produced a general, though probably an undefined feeling of uneasiness in the public mind regarding such compounds. We believe nothing will conduce so much to allay this feeling of danger in the legitimate use of these explosive compounds, as a knowledge of what they really are and with purpose, therefore, in the present article to notice very shortly the preparation, composition, and chemical and physical properties of the more important of them. Explosive compounds, though very numerous, are but limited in their origin, that is to say, the oxidising or explosive tendency of one or two substances is so modified or increased in various ways, and by means of various mixtures of what may be called secondary substances, as to produce the almost endless variety of explosive compounds known at the present time.

For our immediate purpose, it will be sufficient that we divide these various compounds into two classes—namely, those explosive mixtures obtained by combining nitrate or chlorate of potash with different combustibles, and those explosive chemicals obtained by the action of nitric acid upon substances of organic origin. Of course, outside of either class are many explosive compounds, known chiefly in the laboratory of the chemist, such as the iodides and chlorides of nitrogen and the fulminates of mercury—used for passing percussion caps—and silver, but none of these, or others which might be mentioned, are known commercially, and certainly the majority of them have never been applied to any useful purpose, nor have they ever been named, so far as we are aware, in connection with any recent accident or outrage, so that we may dismiss them from the category of ordinary explosives. Many of these chemicals are, however, very explosive, the chloride of nitrogen,

for example, exploding with fearful violence at ordinary temperatures if it comes into contact with almost any combustible, particularly of a fatty nature, while fulminate of silver, for instance, explodes even when in the moist state on the least friction, and when dry, the touch of a feather is said to be sufficient to set it off. Practically, this very susceptibility to decomposition plus such chemicals beyond the possibility of using them for any of the ordinary purposes for which explosive agents are generally required, and this of itself puts a bar upon their manufacture, even where the risks are very much less than in the cases mentioned. There is, moreover, another element which operates, though probably in a less degree, to keep the majority of such dangerous chemicals within the confines of the laboratory—namely, the cost of their production (compared with those which we are about to consider, they, in short, present all the disadvantages of extra risk and cost in their manufacture, without a single compensating advantage in return.

When nitrate of potash or chlorate of potash is intimately incorporated with such substances as the phosphates of potash, or sugar, or starch, or flour, &c., a species of gunpowder is produced. Some of the substances named, probably all of them, when in a minute state of subdivision, and the particles suspended in the atmosphere, form an explosive element if they come into contact with an open flame. This, in fact, finds illustration in the way in which sheet-lightning is frequently simulated in our theatres, where lycopodium powder—the fine spores of a species of moss—is thrown into the air, and made to burn with a bright flash, and probably also accounts for many an explosion in flour mills and factories. Such substances, however, it will readily be understood, are not in the mass explosive. They may be subjected to any amount of friction or concussion, or a lighted match may be applied to them, without any result whatever. When mixed, however, with either of the potash salts mentioned, and particularly the



chlorate, a compound is obtained, violently explosive under friction, concussion, and heat. Such compounds have frequently been named white gunpowder, German gunpowder, and other fanciful names, according to the various ingredients, or the relative proportions in which the ingredients are made to enter into the compound.

It would be tedious, and would, besides, answer no useful purpose, to enter into a description of all the potash compounds which have from time to time been manufactured or suggested. Much ingenuity has been expended in attempts to produce mixtures combining the maximum of explosive force with the minimum of risk. In addition to the substances already mentioned, they have been combined with spirit tin, with sawdust, with resin, and with various other substances, and they have also been produced in a variety of forms, such as in pellets, discs, and cylindrical balls, but in every case with questionable advantage. They are at the best a hazardous set of compounds, being liable in many cases to spontaneous combustion, exploding with the least friction or concussion, and in the case of the chlorate of potash compounds, unable to resist the decomposing effect of the slightest trace of free acid. Ordinary gunpowder, it need scarcely be mentioned, belongs to this class of compounds, the charcoal entering into this compound supplying the place of the combustible in the mixtures just referred to. In this case, next to the proper proportioning of the three ingredients entering into its composition, very much depends on their intimate saturation in the moist state, and subsequent granulation, for obtaining the maximum explosive effect. Chlorate of potash cannot be substituted for the nitrate in a mixture of this kind, as it forms a dangerously explosive compound with sulphur. This may be shown by brackly saturating a small quantity of each in a mortar, when the probability will be that they will explode in the process.

The second class of explosive agents mentioned—namely, that obtained by the action of nitric acid upon substances of organic origin—are a much more important class, not only because they are now in several cases extensively employed as invaluable aids to mining, blasting, and other operations of a similar kind, but also because they are in many cases largely used in the arts and sciences. They are all closely connected in their chemical constitution, though differing very materially in their physical characters. Picric acid, for example, one of the first discovered products of this kind known to possess explosive properties, occurs in crystals of a beautiful light yellow colour, and is now extensively used as a cheap but useful yellow dye. It was originally obtained by the action of nitric acid on indigo, but is now commercially manufactured either from coal tar oils or impure phenol, a coal tar product better known as carbolic acid. When nitric acid is added to impure carbolic acid, a very violent reaction immediately takes place. On this first action ceasing, more nitric acid is added, and the mixture thus heated, to quicken the process of decomposition. On cooling and washing with water, to remove excess of acid, a yellow, intensely bitter mass is obtained, consisting of impure picric acid, known also as carbasotic

acid. This substance is explosive on percussion; but if mixed with nitrate and particularly with chlorate of potash, an exceedingly explosive compound is obtained, approaching in violence some of the most powerful explosive agents afterwards to be mentioned. Thus acid forms salts, such as picrate of potash and picrate of ammonia, which are also explosive, but which form much safer compounds with the potash salts named than the acid itself. Indeed, Professor Abel recommends a compound of picrate of ammonia and nitrate of potash as one of the safest explosive mixtures of the more violent kind yet discovered, and the same substance has frequently replaced nitrate of potash in continental gunpowders. Picrate of ammonia also enters largely into many pyrotechnic compounds.

Gun cotton—technically known as pyroxylin—is probably the best known of all this class of compounds. It is prepared by immersing cotton in a mixture of water nitric and sulphuric acids, if a soluble cotton is desired, or of strong nitric and sulphuric acids, if an explosive cotton is wanted, and afterwards washing it thoroughly in water. The former preparation, dissolved in ether and alcohol, is largely employed in surgery and photography, the latter is extensively used for blasting purposes and for gunnery. Cotton after its treatment with the acids, and subsequent washing and drying to all appearance has undergone little external change. It has still all the appearance of ordinary cotton, although the regularity of its structure is lost to a considerable extent, and it has acquired a crisp heavy feeling, which cotton does not possess. In the air, it burns with a flash, while ordinary cotton burns slowly. When exploded in a confined space, its force is variously estimated to range from two to eight times that of ordinary gunpowder, according as the solution operated upon forms a more or less resisting medium to its disruptive influence, and according also as it has been prepared with stronger or weaker acids, which materially affects its explosive properties. With several minor disadvantages, among which this variation in the explosive force of the gun cotton is probably the most important, it certainly possesses many advantages over most other explosives, and particularly in this, that it may be stored in the wet state, in which condition it is practically harmless. Its exploding point in the dry state under given circumstances of heat varies, but it is sold in water two hundred and fifty degrees Fahrenheit. Thus it may be stored in considerably unclean gunpowder, but a gun cotton explosive at this temperature is probably the exception, and three hundred degrees Fahrenheit may be considered as near the average.

Nitro glycerine (also known as blasting oil), one of the most important, and one of the most powerful and dangerous compounds of this class, is produced by treating glycerine with a mixture of strong nitric and sulphuric acids at a low temperature. It is a heavy, yellowish, oily looking liquid, forming at a temperature between fifty and fifty five degrees Fahrenheit, a powerfully explosive under all circumstances on the least friction or concussion, and is said to have a destructive power at least ten times that of an equal weight of gunpowder. The extraordinary disruptive force which it exerts

makes it well adapted for blasting purposes in mines and quarries, but its extreme susceptibility to explosion from friction, and spontaneous decomposition, cause its employment to be attended with considerable danger. In fact, not a few serious accidents, involving great loss of life and property, have occurred in its use, and under no circumstances can it be said to be free from danger in its commercial form. The very freezing of the compound, which, as we have mentioned, takes place at an unusually high temperature, is said to form one of the great sources of danger, from the fact, that the friction of the crystals in process of transport is sufficient of itself to cause explosion of the mass.

One peculiar feature of this substance is, that explosion of the mass will only take place on the application of heat in the event of the heat producing some chemical decomposition within the mass. A light may be applied to the surface of the nitro glycerine, and it will burn with a flickering flame, the probability being that the flame would go out if the light was withdrawn. If the light, on the other hand, is inserted into the mass, or if it is applied so as to cause any disturbing or decomposing influence, not on the surface, but in the body of the mass, explosion will ensue. Nitro glycerine has been known chemically for a considerable period, but it is only so recent as 1864 that Nobel, a Swedish chemist, first applied it to mining purposes. Since then, it has come extensively into use, and has been much identified with Mr Nobel's name. He discovered that by mixing it with wood spirit it might be safely stored, being thus rendered non-explosive either by percussion or heat. From the spirit, it can again be recovered by the addition of water which precipitates the nitro glycerine. In 1867, Mr Nobel made the further important discovery, that its explosive tendency and power was not reduced by adding to it other substances in themselves quite inert, while the addition of such substances in several instances made it safer for transport and use. This at once led him to produce a new compound, which he named dynamite.

Dynamite, it will be understood from this, is nothing more or less than nitro glycerine with a certain amount of inert matter added, which changes somewhat its physical appearance, but not its chemical or explosive properties. Various substances have been added to nitro glycerine, and fanciful names given to the mixture, but the substance originally added to it in the production of dynamite, and which has in every respect proved the best adapted for the purpose, is a kind of porous silicious earth, known in Germany as *Kieselguhr*. This substance absorbs the nitro glycerine, so that when in the proportion usually adopted in its production—namely seventy five parts of nitro glycerine to twenty five parts of *Kieselguhr*—the consistency and appearance of the dynamite approach that of newly kneaded flour without the adhesive properties. In short, this earthy substance does to the nitro glycerine what blotting paper does to ink, but inasmuch as the nitro glycerine is of an oily nature, and requires to be in considerable excess, it was found that with increase of temperature, and under other circumstances, such as slight pressure, the nitro-glycerine was apt to exude from

the compound. To obviate this, dynamite has hitherto been supplied in the form of cartridges, the formation of which permits a certain amount of pressure in their production, so that any excess of nitro glycerine can be absorbed, and the risk of explosion from the presence of free nitro glycerine reduced to a minimum.

Mr Nobel imputes nearly all the calamities which have taken place from nitro glycerine to leakage, it being almost impossible to prevent this, however perfect the cases are in which it is transported, the substance being so oily and penetrating, and he cites as an analogous case that of gunpowder being transported in cases dropping out or continually part of their contents. This probably has something to do with many of the terrible catastrophes which have had to be narrated from time to time, but we are inclined to think that many of them have also been produced by the careless handling of a substance the dangerous nature of which was at least in the first instance but imperfectly understood. In this as in many other things, experience had to be gained, though unfortunately at a terrible cost, and the very fact that few accidents have occurred in the process of its manufacture compared with those in its transport and use, bears us out in this opinion.

Mr Nobel, in a paper read before the British Association shortly after the introduction of dynamite, gave some very interesting information regarding both it and nitro glycerine. We do not intend to review this paper, but we may be excused referring to several experiments publicly made with dynamite, to show that the opinion expressed in the paper of the comparative safety of dynamite as an explosive agent was fully justified. A box containing eight pounds of dynamite—equal to eighty pounds of gunpowder—was placed over a fire where it slowly burned away. Another box containing the same quantity was hurled from a height of more than sixty feet on a rock bulk, and no explosion ensued from the concussion. A still more severe test was that of dropping a weight of two hundred pounds from a height of twenty feet on a box of dynamite, smashing the box, and yet not exploding the dynamite. It is difficult to reconcile these experiments with the opinion popularly held regarding dynamite. We do not think we are exaggerating when we say that it is generally esteemed the embodiment of all that is dangerous and evil in such compounds. The truth lies probably midway between the two extremes. Dynamite it is certain will not always stand the extreme tests here stated, and in whatever case, it must be admitted certain results frequently have happened in the process of handling and using. On the other hand, that it is not so readily exploded as is currently supposed may be granted, although we would hesitate to enforce this opinion, considering that public safety lies altogether in the former belief.

Both nitro glycerine and dynamite are now extensively employed in mining, and other operations of a similar kind, and owing to certain peculiar characteristics which we have not as yet mentioned, they are well adapted for all such purposes. When nitro glycerine or dynamite, or any other compound having nitro glycerine for its basis, is exploded, unlike gunpowder or the majority of other explosives, the effect of the

explosion is expended in the direction of those points in actual contact with the compound. Thus, if gunpowder was exploded on an iron plate in the open air, the disruptive effect would be nil, but if nitro glycerine or dynamite was exploded under the same circumstances, the effects would be the indenting or shattering of the iron plate downwards. In the same way, a gun fired with nitro glycerine would almost certainly burst, even though the quantity employed was not greater than that of an ordinary charge of gun powder.

It will thus be seen how valuable this characteristic of the nitro compounds is when applied to blasting operations, and it will also at once explain how the tedious process known to miners as 'tamping' is rendered unnecessary. Tamping is simply the filling up of the hole bored in the rock after the gunpowder has been introduced, so as to produce as much resistance as possible to the disruptive power of the gunpowder. The hole is filled with pieces of rock, sand, clay, and the like, and the whole is then firmly together. In the case of nitro glycerine or dynamite, however, tamping is not necessary, simple contact with the bottom and sides of the bore being sufficient to produce the maximum disruptive effects. The mode of firing the compounds is exceedingly simple. They are introduced into the blast holes in suitable cases, and a fuse, having a small charge of gunpowder at its extremity, is fixed immediately on the top of the compound, and the concussion produced by the explosion of the gunpowder explodes the nitro compound. The ordinary fuse or the 'straw' used in some blasting operations would be uncertain in its results, owing to the non-explosibility of the compounds under the application of an open flame.

Government have wisely acted strict regulations upon the manufacture, sale, storing, and transport of all the explosives named, as well as the numerous compounds which they are made to form when mixed with each other. Recent events may necessitate regulations even more stringent. No government regulation can, however, secure freedom from carelessness, and this forms one of the principal causes of the majority of accidents. It cannot be too widely known that friction or concussion in all these compounds is to be avoided, and that the great majority of explosives are rendered positively harmless if placed in water.

ONE FALSE, BOTH FAIR,

OR, A HARD KNOT

CHAPTER XV.—SEEKING LEGAL AID

'If you will do it, my dear, of course you will,' said Sir Pagan to his sister, two days after the dinner in Bruton Street. He spoke impatiently, and perhaps roughly, but his heart was not a hard one, and his mood changed at once as he heard a low stifled sob in response to his petulant retort.

'I will do it. It is my duty and my right, and at any cost, I mean to carry it out, was the slowly spoken answer of the golden-haired girl, whose face was half averted from him. 'Right is right, brother, even though you, too, turn against me.'

'I'd have given a thousand pounds'—blurted

out Sir Pagan, and then stuck fast in his unfinished speech, and blushed darkly red as he realised two facts—one the patent truth, that he had not a thousand pounds at his command, the other, that his hasty words might sound unkind. 'I, for one, won't turn against you; hang me, if I do!' said the baronet sturdily.

'And yet, Pagan, you never would really listen to me, never would be, as I had hoped you would, my champion and my friend, helping me—as you should—in the struggle, and!'

'Now, my dear, don't!' was Sir Pagan's almost piteous protest. 'Between you and—her!—he made a great effort here to suppress the word (here, that was trembling at his gates of speech)—'I'm not fit to be umpire. And yet, my girl, I mean to be kind, as a brother should. I'll speak to,' he added desperately, 'anybody if Lady Barbara—'

'Lady Barbara will never acknowledge my right, until the strong hand of the law enforces it,' exclaimed the girl, with a sudden flush in her pale cheek. 'You mean well, brother, but I see that I must attack my own back through three or four links.'

'So I am was asked

'I shall go, then, in the first case to Mr Pontifex, as I said, she continued.

'Why not, if you must go to a lawyer at all, go to my man, as I advised?' asked Sir Pagan, with some sense of injury. 'Wickett isn't dead—I'm a lawyer, I mean—and gives a good deal for his six and eight, or his thirteen and four, in the bill of costs, whereas Pounce and Pontifex are people I should no more go to, if in trouble, than I should ask old Sir Joseph Doublefee, the Queen's physician, to feel my pulse. And Wickett is so sharp! If you have a chance with a jury—I mean in horse races and that—he'll take you up, and retain Beamish or some such shrewd dog, and get you a verdict, likely as not. But if you haven't a leg to stand upon!'

'I'm afraid, Pagan dear, I must manage my own matters in my own way,' was the mild, resolute reply, and Sir Pagan pulled out his watch.

'I'll tell James to have the brougham ready when you like to go out, C—sister,' blundered out the baronet, who had with difficulty conformed on himself the rule to call his newly-returned visitor by no name, thereby preserving his own attitude of judicial impartiality, and also in the hope of avoiding a scene.

It was not very likely that he would return until it should be time to dress for dinner—should it be worth his while to dress, for his bachelor meal—at his club or elsewhere. Few men get less of good or comfort out of the houses for which they pay, grudgingly, ground rent, rates, and taxes, and the bills of slaters and plumbers, than did Sir Pagan. But he had a dim consciousness that a baronet's house, like the monument of the proverbial Englishman, is his castle, and stands him in as good stead as does the shell of the crab to its crustaceous owner. Had he given it up, and gone to dwell in chambers, or St James's Street lodgings, his credit would have gone down to County Court pitch, and the Society journals, so-called, would

have earned a pennyworth by scoffing at the fallen glories of the broken down House of Carew

As it was, Sir Pagan departed, and an hour later, or less, Sir Pagan's shabby brougham, with the Red Hand of Ulster blushing on its painted panels, conveyed Sir Pagan's sister to the classic parlours of Lincoln's Inn. She had the address of Messrs Pounce and Pontifex by heart, and entering the stony court, and passing under the low browed doorway, which frowned down upon her as it had frowned on many another petitioner—on none, surely, so lovingly as she was—timidly mounted the black oaken stair, and rung the bell appertaining to the legal bar of those illustrious magi of British, or at least English domestic law, of settlements, entails, wills, and remainders, Messrs Pounce and Pontifex. A very civil, decent sort of clerk, bald as a billiard ball, came to respond to her summons.

'Is Mr Pontifex within, or Mr Pounce?' faltered out the applicant for admission.

The clerk was an experienced clerk, and knew a lady when he saw one, but had Sir Pagan's sister been the poorest and most bewildered old woman who ever travelled by parliamentary train to London to prove her husband's will, good natured Mr Jupper would have been patient and forbearing with her. 'Mr Pounce is not in chambers now, madam,' said the clerk, as indeed he might have said with perfect truth at most hours of every working day, for the visits of old Mr Pounce to Lincoln's Inn were as rare as those of angels. 'Mr Pontifex, I am afraid, is engaged, but—What name might I mention?'

'Lady Leominster. Mr Pontifex knows me. I am staying with my brother, Sir Pagan Carew, in Bruton Street, and I have come here this morning to consult Mr Pontifex on business.' This was said in the dull mechanical tone of one who repeats a lesson learned by heart, but of which the learner is weary.

Worshipful Jupper, the confidential clerk, screwed up his lips and arched his eyebrow, and then consulted Clerks of the confidential variety are seldom slow in getting to learn the last intelligence as to the more important of their employers hereditary clients, and Mr Jupper had heard something, and guessed more, as to the singular arrangement between the well-to-do widow of the deceased Marquis and her penniless sister. The mention of Bruton Street and of Sir Pagan's name made it plain to him which of the two it was who craved an audience with his principals.

'If—your Ladyship—would please to come in,' said Mr Jupper deferentially, after a moment's hesitation, and perhaps a rictus, with the lawyer in the *bride of Lammermoor*, that nothing was lost by conceding a title of courtesy, 'I will let Mr Pontifex know—This is the way,' he added, pioneering the visitor through the clerks office, where pens scratched steadily over paper, and into a neat dull antechamber, and then, after a minute's delay, into the presence of Mr Pontifex, who had risen from his seat at the writing table, and who came forward with an urban bow to receive the newcomer.

The girl meekly took the armchair offered her, and threw one glance around the room, with its shelves crammed with law books, and other shelves

that supported japanned deal boxes, gold lettered with the names of very distinguished clients indeed. The apartment itself was not ill furnished, with its thick old Turkey carpet and thick red curtains—but it had a gloomy look, and the light poured in in but a subdued fashion, even on that summers day, through the beamed windows. Then she turned her blue eyes full on the lawyer's face as he sat opposite, watching her, with something of pity in his gaze.

'You know me, Mr Pontifex, and my history,' she said, in a voice that had strangely lost its music, and that sounded almost harshly in the speaker's ears. 'who better, since you were at Castel Vaux when?—'

'When the unfortunate misunderstanding arose,' suggested the attorney smoothly, as he rubbed his hands together.

'Sir, rather, when the cruel wrong was done!' flashed out the visitor with a sudden and passionate energy that made the lawyer wince. 'I have come here to-day to ask if you will help me. Will you?'

'Most willingly, if it be in my power—consistently, of course, with my engagements and my duty, was the guarded answer of Mr Pontifex. He was sorry to have to be guarded in his reply to such a one. A good man was the eminent family solicitor, and a good father. His daughters, at their luxurious Morda Hill villa, would have held as high tapers on the notion that any possible papa could be so good and kind and dear as was *their* papa. And he had a very fatherly, sorrowful feeling towards this poor young thing, so beautiful and so misled. But there was some thing in her being, that chilled him. What must be—so he thought, in sorrow, not in anger—the heart of one who could persist so obstinately, so fiercely, it might be said, in a detestable course of self-conducted imposture!

'I am not aware, sir, of the nature of your engagements, or of what your duty may consist,' was the hasty reply. 'Are you in the paw of my enemy?' And as she spoke, she half rose from the great armchair, and her eyes glittered with angry excitement.

Mr Pontifex was struck speechless. Never, in the whole course of his professional career, had he been asked such a question. It took a woman to ask it! It took, and a woman it truly was, at least educated and, as more circumstances. But when a lady is driven out of her narrow conventional vocabulary of lady-like pretences and platitudes, she is apt to say things that astonish conventional husbands. The experienced family solicitor paused for a while.

'Of what enemy, my dear young lady, do you speak?' he said gently, when he had had time to reflect.

'Of her who dwells in my dead husband's house, who usurps his honours and his wealth, and thanks to whom I am an outcast, superseded by all,' was the wrathful answer, and this time the girl springing to her feet, lithe, flushed, almost fearful in her anger.

Nothing could have done her greater harm, in the judgment of so experienced a man of the world as cool kindly Mr Pontifex who had had to do, professionally, with bad nature as well as good—one who had been intrusted with the mission of coaxing rash Lady Maud, or obstinate Honourable

Flora, into giving up a compromising correspondence with scampish suitors, and who had talked more than one doped lady's maid into resignation of 'that diamond necklace, which I know no more of it than the babe in the nursery,' sooner than proper police should be sent for, and herald commitments be made out for the county jail. He was very much vexed now.

'We had better be calm,' he said, more cheerfully than he felt, 'and indeed, in law matters—and you are in a lawyer's chambers, recollect—if we are not calm, we are sure to get into the wrong box. We, P'nce and Pontifex, have acted for the Marquis of Leominster—I speak, of course, of successive holders of the title—for seventy years. We act now for the late lord's widow, for his executors, and for the Lady Barbara Montemery, who is an old and a valued client, but of enemies we know nothing. You, young lady, are certainly not dressed in that category by us. And—here his tone changed to one of persuasion—'it would be one of the happiest days in my life if I could contrive to reconcile'—

'Never!' The word was hissed out rather than spoken. 'I want my own—my rights. There is a law in England, let it do me justice. Then I could forgive her—not till then. I came to you, sir, in hopes that you might aid me, but you will not assist Vawr, Leominster House, the great income—all are mine, and yet you will not befriend me.' Her voice sank almost into a wail here, and Mr Pontifex looked at her, as she hid her face between her gloved hands and bowed her fair head, with sincere compassion. All his previous knowledge was at fault here. He had no fathom line whereby to gauge the depths of a disposition so strange to his worldly lore. That her conduct merited, not sympathy, but punishment, he was certain. And yet it was pity of her. What evil influence could have warped from the path of common honesty a creature so lovely and so innocent! He had heard mention of that Madame de Lalouve whose malignant counsels were deemed to have been the primary cause of the mischance. Mr Pontifex had himself no very good opinion of itinerant counsellors of foreign birth and ubiquitous habits. He shook his head as he remembered the little he had heard of Countess Louise.

'I am an old man—old enough to be your father, young lady,' said Mr Pontifex, not without a sort of dignity, such as earnestness and an honest purpose seldom fail to impart, 'and I do assure you that it would be very pleasant to me to see your sister and yourself on friendly terms again and enter into your own affairs on friendly terms again. I do venture to advise you, as I would advise my own daughter, to give up this hopeless undertaking. I will not, as some lawyers would, set before you as a scarecrow the enormous cost and the tedious length of legal proceedings. Believe me, a long lawsuit is like a long war. It breaks the health, and spoils the nature, and ruins the hopes of many who are innocent of any active share in it. It is even worse for the principals. I know many a rich and titled gentleman who groans over the struggle that pride and prejudice, and the Englishman's stubborn resolve not to be beaten, have made him carry on, amidst denunciations and rebutments, changes of venue, notices of motion, prayers

for new trials, appeals to superior courts, and eventually to the House of Lords. If I were you, my dear young friend, I would take an old man's advice, and accept once more the bright and becoming position in the world for which no one could be more qualified. Your sister's influence would'—

'My master! I cannot listen with patience, Mr Pontifex, kindly as you mean, to such advice as you would force upon me. I have made up my mind, after much thought and much self-communing, and I am not to be turned aside by fear or by persuasion from my destined path in life. I gather from what you have said, Mr Pontifex, though you have been very good to me, that I must look for help elsewhere. I must seek it, then, where I can. Unhappily, I know very little of London, and still less of the world,' said the visitor, as she rose to go.

There was a sort of civilian chivalry in Mr Pontifex that would not let her leave him thus. He, personally, could not help her. He had indeed the worst opinion of her cause, and besides, he was pledged to the Marchioness of Leominster *de facto*, and to her impetuous relative Lady Barbara, but he did not like to see her depart solitary and forlorn, like some damsel of the medieval time who could find no champion to seek a lance for her in the lists.

'One moment,' said the lawyer. 'I will write a note to some colleagues of ours, if I may say so, with whom we have frequent communication—some of the very highest repute—Messrs Hawk and Heronshaw, of Brick Court, Temple—able men and honourable men—I excuse me,' and he pinned a few lines, enclosed them in an envelop, sealed it and almost forced it into the little gloved hand that took it timidly.

'You think ——— she said hesitatingly.

'I am sure,' resumed the lawyer, with perfect conviction, 'that if Messrs Hawk and Heronshaw can see their way to help you, they will do so. They are free in the ties that hamper ourselves, and if they see the case as I most reluctantly am compelled to see it, you may perhaps be induced—to think it over again before a decided scandal or news, which I, as an old well-wisher to the family, should be the first to disclose.—Mr Jupper!'

Accompanied by Mr Jupper, the visitor got away from the legal premises of P'nce and Pontifex, and took to her carriage, which promptly conveyed her to the chambers of Messrs Hawk and Heronshaw.

## THE MAN WITH THE MONKEY

THE Man and the Monkey is not to be confounded with Man and the Ape. The one subject belongs to Mr Darwin and his antagonists, the other belongs to ourselves and to the British public—particularly to the public that congregates at art exhibitions and peeps down from nursery windows. Therefore, though Man and the Monkey is a large subject, we prefer to distinguish our own property jealously as the Man with the Monkey. He is commonly a man with dark hair, darkened visage, and a woe-begone smile—a mercenary smile, that appears the moment you look anywhere within five yards of him. His smile is accompanied by mutterings in Mediterranean French

or Italian, and both unite with the monkey in begging for coppers more plainly than plain English.

The man is a shabby individual. He wears a broad soft Savoyard hat, a velvet coat, with what Dickens used to call small tracks along the seams, corduroy continuations, and dusty boots, the strongest of the strong. The organ strapped on his back gives him a stooping gait when he walks, and in cold weather, his partner in business travels snugly hidden inside the old velvet coat. It has been facetiously given as an illustration of Darwinism that the organ of the street musician develops to a large size when the player has to rely upon its use alone, and that when he uses something else as well in gaining his livelihood, the disused organ dwindles away. *Vide*, it is said, the musician with a monkey on his barrel organ and the musician without.

The music is certainly not the chief attraction in the case of our friend with the old velvet coat. The tunes are out of date and the mechanism wheezy. The very dullness of the melodious whine gives the signal for the scramble to the nursery windows when 'a monkey organ is coming.' The chief attraction is the quater partner in the business, poor Juko—though he is by no means the sleeping partner. The characteristics of the monkey are his flunting, shabbiness, his injured air, and his beseeching look. How the flunting, shabbiness is put together we are unable to say, it is as indescribable in its way as a Parisian bonnet. We have come across the advertisement of a fashion book professing to give 'the latest fashions for children and pet dogs at Brighton,' but the 'fashions for monkeys' we have never heard of, nor found any hint as to their laws of dress or the whereabouts of their costumes. Our impression of monkey costume is a cocked hat, which makes the poor thing doubly unhappy till it is lost in the mud, a dirty red jacket, and a red skirt intruding to black, regulated in shape by the presence of two numble brown legs and a tail that curls out from under it.

The monkey's injured air, combined with his beseeching looks, are as peculiar to his tribe as the pink palméd hands, the jacket, or the curled tipped tail. The pottering dogs never have it, nor his Toby, nor can the cunnies express it, when they are ready to tell the fortune of any lady or gentleman for a penny. The pair of boxing cuts show the nearest approach to it in their natural moment, before they lay back their ears and rear up for another soft-paved encounter. The injured aspect of the monkey is shrinking and cowering, not indignant. He looks so cunning, that one can hardly pity him, but for all that, he is protesting that he is out of his place, that he feels ill at ease in the jacket of tinsel and scarlet, that arca rulings make mean chambering for him when he remembers his frocks in his native forests, holding on by the rope like creepers or by the tails of his brethren. All this he expresses with his eyes, which acquire a complaining and beseeching, if not an ill-tempered look. It may be his human ears of flesh—it may be the redness of his eyes, peering from under hair that makes an unnatural shaggy fringe of lashes—it may be the ugly-

ness of his nose and mouth, contrasted with his old man's air of thinking and observing—it may be the clutched mischievous restlessness of his hairy hands—it may be the inconvenient possession of a tail by a creature who wears a jacket—but somehow, as he sits up, chained to his master's organ, it has always struck us that the performing monkey has the air of an unimpish thing (constrained to unsuitable service), and of a conscious ill-favoured creature, quite aware that it is a marvel of ugliness in contrast with the humankind it is made to ape.

When Mr Mayhew was writing his book on *London Labour and London Poor*, he did not forget to interview and question one of the owners of performing monkeys. The man gave information freely in broken English and French, but somewhat lamely, as he had a frightened impression that in the streets of the town the monkey was 'defended' (meaning *defendu*, forbidden), and that his information might get him into trouble. He never did 'ply de monkey' in town, he said, he went out 'vure dere is so many donkey up a top at dit village.' He stated that performing monkeys were becoming scarce, there were not a dozen 'wot ply in Anglente,' for the reason that 'monkey is "defended" in the streets.' He himself was making about twelve shillings a week, sometimes three shillings a day, sometimes sixpence, sometimes nothing. He had had his monkey three months, having bought him for thirty six shillings.

'I did teach a him all he know. I teach a him vid de kindness, do you see. I must look rough for tree or four times, but not to beat him. I nu trit feed him ven I am teaching him. Some times I buy a happerth of nuts, to give him after he has done wot I want him to do.'

Then he blurted mournfully to this monkey's accomplished predecessor, who could use the sword, dance, and play the drum and the fiddle. 'Ah! but he don't ply de fiddle lik de Christian, you know, but lik de monkey.' On this prodigy of a monkey he had lavished his care and affection, teaching him to waltz with time and step regulated by jerks of the string, and rewarding him with 'buld ruzen.' But just as the *artiste* was conquering the difficulties of the waltz, he indulged in an imprudent meal of red paint, and, as the old proverbs say, 'physicians were in vain,' and he and his tricks came to an end.

Probably this man, like all his Italian fellow-travellers in London, looked forward to saving up a small sum even out of such scanty earnings and some day going back to Italy. It is true that there are other ambitions—to become a *padrone*, sending out other men with his unmusical instruments lured by the day, or to open a small shop—one of the many dingy low-oiled shops with more dust than stock in trade, such as abound among the London Italian colony. But for the most part, the vegetable and the macaroni maker, the exhibitor of a couple of guinea pigs, or of a monkey, and the dulcified organ grinder—all look to a future, when with a little money saved—very little will be sufficient—they can depart from the land of foreigners and fix, to the land of sunshine, home language, and *dolci far niente*, and there buying a scrap of ground and sweetly doing nothing, help occasionally in the vintage or the harvest to replenish their purse. How men ever

accomplish this by selling ices at a penny each to the street children, is one of the mysteries of poor folk's economy; but it is certain that many of them do accomplish it, and triumphantly pack their goods in a bundle, and take ship for Italy with the wife of their bosom and the *dombato*. So this also, let us hope, is the destiny of the man with the monkey.

But he has rough uphill work while he is scraping his pence together. His board is meagre; the knife hidden in his belt is his protection against his associates; and he knows they have the same protection against him in the slightest difference of opinion, whether it be about earnings or about some suspicion of cheating in the game—the ancient classic game—of showing up fingers and counting them while they flash. As for his lodging, it is little better than that of his hursute partner in business. It is sure to be not far from Holborn, somewhere about Hatton Wall or old Ruffron Hill. There, within a stone's throw of the spot where once were the strawberry gardens of the Bishop of Ely, lies the abode of the Italian colony, in many courts, circuitous lanes, and dismal little streets, winded here and there with traces of recent demolition of untenable overcrowded houses. Here, far later than the days of strawberry gardens near Holborn Hill, abounded not many years ago residences of such gentlemen as Fagin the Jew and his pupil the Artful Dodger; here were thieves' kitchens; streets impassable by night, and courts and alleys where human beings were piteously crowded together, with crime and poverty and sickness as inevitable miseries to be shared. Those bad old times have passed. The neighbourhood has been thinned and improved, though not yet as transformed as it ought to be; and in the improved state of things, with enough of dismal courts and pent up lodgings, to form a dark background, the poor Italians of London have settled down.

The owner of the monkey belongs to that colony, as we guess from his costume, and from his Italian broken words, or his French of the north Italian frontier. He lives, perhaps, down one of those courts that are entered by a bricked passage like a bottle-neck. He pays a pittance for his share in one of the houses that lodge a numberless community on each side of the long, narrow, flagged court. His share is a very small one. The basement cellar-rooms of these houses, down into which one may look through a grating near the steps, are odorous of greasy cookery and macaroni-making, and countless strings of macaroni hang drying on their wires above the tables and benches that form the only furniture. This is the kitchen, larder, and dining room, where the monkey shows the organ has rehearsed his tricks for a laughing good-tempered crowd, and where the man eats his nightly supper among his fellow-countrymen. Up stairs there are rooms, floor above floor, each furnished with an array of beds and nothing more, and our Italian, for his daily payment, gets his share of a couch with one or two more of his musical (?) brethren. The musical instruments and the animals are lodged together, either in a room apart or in a shed in the yard at the back. What a strange spectacle this shed must present! Piano-organs and barrel-organs, and all the amazing varieties of

hurdy-gurdy, are come to a dead stop there for a night's peace, like those 'happy families' that under certain conditions can agree in concord in a cage, though any two of their members have never agreed for five minutes elsewhere. There also dwells the monkey in private life, disburdened of the red jacket that held his arms as in a strait-waistcoat, and the skitt that interfered with the branching of his tail. There in their cage are the white mice; and perhaps the canaries that tell fortunes, the timid guinea-pigs of the Italian boy, and the noisy performing dogs, are lodged in the shed next door with the amicable assembly of barrel-organs belonging to another padrone.

There is another kind of little creature that is carried out with barrel-organs in London; its lot is thoughtfully made far worse than that of the monkeys, yet we know its nightly rest is not in the shed, but in the kitchen where the macaroni hangs, where the men smoke by the hearth, where the women gossip in Italian, taking off their flat linen head-dresses, and hugging their babes against skirts and short bodices bright as a rainbow. One subject of our anxiety is the organ baby. Who that walks through London streets has not seen it lying like an inanimate bundle upon the top of the organ, or a little older, crowing from the basket on the hand-cart at the end of the run, 'hundred piano organ! Where are its brains? Will it grow up deaf, or will it shout, haunted all life long by an atmosphere of noise? Has custom become a second nature to those that hear organs all day? Has the baby, strapped on the organ top, an inherited knack of not caring? Will it grow up to hear and understand and sleep like other children? Or will it grow up at all? We can conceive the monkey going mad, and tearing the organ and scattering the crowd, if he were condemned to lie with his head against it all day? But what can the baby do?

Why there should be a baby with an organ, is a query outside our subject, but we may ask why there should be a monkey? Some ignorant, ugly, awkward, cunning, trucksome likeness to humankind there is in this poor creature, that sits up with eager hands and listening, fleshy ears. The likeness, the cunning, and the freaks, are the reason of his servitude, and it is beyond doubt that he pleases the spectators up in the nursery, however much his piteous cry annoys the older spectators that put money in his hursy hand to have him taken away. Just in the same manner, though the mechanical barrel music may be the pest of one neighbourhood, there are others where it must not be denied, because it is a boon, and where, as the only music of the poor, it sets the gulls whirling on the pavement, and the children dancing an infantile waltz for glee. We believe, despite the complaints of men of nerve and brain, and despite laws enacted, the man with the organ has a firm foothold, because thousands of small households are enlivened by him—instead of being driven to depths of melancholy and despair, as more cultured ears may be. But the man with the monkey has not a firm foothold; he and the monkey are slipping away. He is following the long train of misery that has played out its day. He is in the wake of the Maypoles and

the man with the dancing bear, and the trained monkey will follow the performing bear, first becoming, like brown, an astounding rarity, and then an extinct species, to be found no more in civilized life.

OUR NEW MANAGER

IN FOUR CHAPTERS—CHAPTER II

THESE was excitement in the warehouses, the counting house, and the whole of the realms under the sway of Messrs. More, Keelby, & Co., for on the day following the incidents with which our last chapter closed, it was understood that the new partner—the capitalist—would enter upon the management. None of the clerks had seen him save old Mr. Scamler, the head clerk, who had met him at Mr. More's to give certain explanations as to the working of the business, so the staff were allagog to catch the first glimpse of the new emperor.

He was punctual, arriving exactly at the time indicated, but it so happened that Phil had gone round to the docks at the moment, so he did not see the triumphal procession—as one of his comrades called it—through the offices. His curiosity, however, if he felt any, was not long unsatisfied, for through the speaking tube which led from the private room to the counting house, there came a message desiring Mr. Hartleby to attend.

The young man, who had expected some such notice in connection with his visit to the docks, went promptly in, and found all three of the old firm present, with a strange gentleman, and old Mr. Scamler in attendance. 'This is Mr. Philip Hartleby, one of the best of our young people,' said Mr. More to the strange gentleman. Then addressing Phil, he continued: 'As this will be the last time I shall be in this room, on business at any rate, Mr. Hartleby, I feel great pleasure in introducing you to Mr. Pike, and telling him that he will find in you a valuable servant.'

At this, of course Phil bowed to the strange gentleman, and would have said a few words fitting to the occasion, but that he had been utterly taken aback by what he saw immediately upon entering the room. The new partner, Mr. Pike, was the horseman who had held the 'angry parol' with the tramp on the previous evening, and who had been within an ace of forcing a quarrel upon Phil himself.

Mr. Pike, who raised his hat and bowed in return, met the eye of the young clerk for an instant in full, it was but for an instant, and the dark stern features of the stranger were as unremoved as so much marble, yet an ominous feeling possessed Phil, and he could not help fearing that he was recognised, as certainly as he had recognised Mr. Pike. Yet there was a good deal to make this unlikely, for he had been on foot in the shade, and his voice had only once or twice been heard by the horseman; while the latter was far more conspicuous from being mounted and sitting in the direct line of the gaslight, and from having spoken a good deal. Although Phil stole several glances at the new

partner during the interview, he could not detect the slightest approach to an expression of remembrance, nevertheless, he quitted the apartment with a very uncomfortable feeling, and a hearty regret that he should have stopped to listen to a round side quarrel on the previous evening.

Of course there was a great deal of talk in the counting house about the new master during the day, and the general opinion was that he would be a tight hand, a screw, a tartar, with divers other uncomplimentary epithets all tending to the same description of character. A few days passed on, during which Phil saw or heard nothing to make him suppose that he had been recognised by Mr. Pike, so the ominous feeling referred to gradually faded, though it did not quite disappear.

The night for the concert arrived, and it need hardly be said that Phil was early in attendance at the Lower Down Road in order to convey Mrs. Mason and her sisters—for two younger members of the family were to assist in the choruses—to the schoolroom. In this concert was by no means a grand affair, being purely a local, even a parochial display. Not that it was of great importance to the artists engaged, all of whom, including Miss Darnett, had been nervous and excited for some weeks preceding. Mason had tried very hard to persuade Mrs. Vallins to come and hear the music, but although that lady took a great interest in her young friends in general, and was pleased to hear every little detail in connection with the concert, her seclusive like habit could not be broken through, and she would not go to the place.

The description of the concert may be compressed in a line—it was highly successful. The *Sandemouth Gazette* managed to fill nearly a column and a half with its criticisms—or rather eulogiums without criticism—every singer and player in every effort, while the *Sandemouth Chronicle*, having a quarrel with the chief promoter of the concert was content to give exactly six and a half lines to the affair.

To the delight of Phil, the honours of the evening were unquestionably carried off by Miss Mason. Her good looks and attractive manner may have had something to do with this—too often it is so, but in any case, she was the star of the night. A less pleasurable feature was the presence of Mr. Pike, who, to the surprise of Phil, entered with a group of the most influential patrons of the concert. He seemed to be greatly interested in the various items, taking a lead also in the applause which was so liberally awarded to Miss Darnett.

After the performance, the clergyman who presided introduced Mr. Pike and another stranger to one or two of the principal artists—of course including Miss Darnett—mentioning at the same time that Mr. Pike was a gentleman who had just become a resident in his parish, and being an enthusiastic admirer of music, wish it to have an opportunity of saying how much he had been delighted by the admirable execution. Our readers can supply the remainder of the worthy pastor's harangue.

The compliments which Mr. Pike uttered so easily and fluently, confused Miss Darnett, who blushed, but did not look any the less pretty while doing so.



'Had I dreamed of hearing anything half so charming,' continued Mr Pike, 'I should certainly have come provided with the orthodox bouquet to throw to the prim donny, but I must make up for the omission on a future occasion.'

More embarrassed than before, MARRIEN at last retreated from her prominent position, and was then surprised to learn that the gentleman who had been so complimentary was no other than Philip's new client.

Much conversation during the homeward walk was devoted to this incident, which had to be retold and respected upon for the benefit of Mr and Mrs Darnett, the good lady, who prided herself upon her far-seeing powers, expressing her belief that a better thing for Philip and MARRIEN could not have occurred. 'And mark my words,' concluded the good lady, 'you will both often look back to this night—very often now, remember what I say.'

Philip tried to feel the same confidence in this fortunate omen, but was sorely successful. Perhaps it was the unpleasant character of his introduction to Mr Pike which influenced him, but he felt an unmovable dislike to that gentleman, a dislike which was almost akin to dread. He disliked his voice, his face, his whiskers, and above all, his eyes. Yet he tried to "hug" Mrs Darnett's sanguine views of the future, in which her daughter at any rate was an unbeliever, believe.

Some days passed without any incident of great note. The staff of Messrs More, Keelby, & Co felt even thus early that the anticipations which had heralded the approach of Mr Pike were likely to be fully realised, and that the business would receive an impetus from his coming such as it never before had felt. There was an immediate and ceaseless activity in every department, and rumours were rife of huge contracts being undertaken in quarters hitherto quiet outside their sphere of operation.

Among others who were affected by the energy of the new partner was Mr Darnett, who was invited by letter to call at the office on a certain morning, and he did so, although with some trepidation and doubt as to what his visit might result in, for Mr Darnett was 'on the books' of the firm to an extent which, although small to them, was serious to himself, and owing to the unfortunate issue of one or two pieces of business he had lately undertaken, he had not preserved that regularity in his payments which is expected in mercantile transactions. So he was filled with depressing anticipations, which, however, were all agreeably dispelled.

His interview was with Mr Pike alone, and he found the new manager to be quick, decided, imperative indeed, in his manner, and the first half dozen sentences he uttered showed to Mr Darnett that he was thoroughly acquainted with all the bearings of that customer's account. This did not appear like a favourable commencement, but, to the surprise and delight of Mr Darnett, the conversation took an unlooked-for turn, and Mr Pike pointed out how much better it would be if he made more extensive purchases and went in for larger operations. Not only would he buy cheaper, but such petty losses as he had lately met with—Darnett winced as

the other accurately catalogued these—would only affect the percentage of profit, not, as now, determine success or failure.

Mr Darnett began, rather stammeringly, to explain that he should much prefer to do thus, but—

'But, you mean to say,' interrupted Mr Pike, 'that this requires either capital or credit? Of course it does, and as More, Keelby, & Co intend to throw off the sleepy old-fashioned way in which their business has hitherto been conducted, I can offer you, on our best terms, all the credit you are likely to require. So, let us see how you can go to work, Mr Darnett, and you shall not find our house backward in assisting you.'

There was of course a little more conversation after this, but all to the same effect, and Darnett went home elevated to the seventh heaven of delight, and filled with visions of such a surly and an elderly struggling man of business would be likely to picture.

This delight was certainly reflected and heightened in the minds of his wife and eldest daughter, and when the host of the house had driven out to visit a village where he believed some business was to be done—he was a timber dealer, whose chief connection was among small builders—mother and daughter sat down to some needle work in the front parlour, in order to have a long and undisturbed chat over the great announcement of the day. Naturally, much of what they said was in praise of the new partner, his generosity, his delightful manner, how fortunate it was that he had come into the firm, and what an excellent thing it would be for Philip.

In this way the theme was sustained and varied, until MARRIEN, chancing to look up, uttered an exclamation which attracted her mother's attention, and on looking up in turn, Mrs Darnett also uttered an exclamation for there was Mr Pike himself in the act of dismounting from his horse at the garden gate, being in his hand a most lovely bouquet, the very sight of which at once coloured MARRIEN'S cheeks and brow with the brightest scarlet, and caused a meaning look to pass between her mother and herself.

The expected knock was heard, the servant—'How lucky that Betty has got her afternoon frock on,' whispered Mrs Darnett, who studied to think in what a dress their only servant might have confronted the magnate, the servant, we say, announced Mr Pike, and that gentleman entered. He had taken a seat, apologised for his intrusion, and put Mrs Darnett entirely at her ease within one minute of his entrance.

'I dare say,' he continued, 'that Miss Darnett has considered me, ever since the night of the concert, as the most faithless of mortals—I, it not so?'

'I—I did not—I am sure,' faltered out Miss MARRIEN, quite confused by this sudden appeal, 'I never!'

'Why? Did I not promise to make up for my remissness in not coming provided with a bouquet?' said he. 'Well, here is the best I could get, for having to wake up the seven sleepers, or rather six, at our doorway place, and having to be in a dozen different departments at once, all day long, I really have not had time to see about so small, yet so essential a matter until to-day.' So saying, he handed to MARRIEN

the 'lovely bouquet' already admired. The quick eyes of both his listeners saw that it was clasped by an elegant silver holder.

After one or two ejaculations of surprise and pleasure from both, Marian managed to say 'But this is far too beautiful and—costly for me! Only great singers ought to have such offerings, Mr Pike. I ought to refuse it, I am sure.'

'Well, if you think it too much as a gift, the only thing left is for you to purchase it, Mrs. Darnett,' continued the visitor, 'and that can be done at once, by your singing me another song. I had not sufficient courage to ask such a thing at first, but I confess that I took advantage of my first leisure hour to ride over in the hope of hearing one.'

This was more overpowering still, yet it was impossible to refuse anything to so potent and generous a patron, so Marian sang, next only at first, Mr Pike offering to do his best as accompanist. His best appeared to be about as good as it was possible to be, for he was a master of the instrument, and then he showed that he was an admirable singer. In a splendid baritone voice he gave songs from the opera of which Marian had only read, so delighting her, that when she owned she had never heard an opera, he declared that it was cruelty to allow her to be pleased with such a pitiful imitation, and that he would see that Mrs. Darnett had tickets sent her every night during the approaching visit to Sandmouth of a great opera troupe. After this promise, he departed, leaving Mrs. Dun its invitation to partake of a cup of tea—it which refusal that lady, hospitable as the rule was, was secretly rejoiced, directing her resources upon so short a notice—and leaving his hostess and her daughter bewildered and delighted beyond all precedent.

This pleasing excitement had not subsided by the time Phil paid his customary evening visit, when all particulars had to be rehearsed to him, and all sorts of variations rung in praise of the new partner. Phil was much astonished at hearing all this.

'He does not seem that sort of man to me,' was his comment. 'I cannot say that he has done anything at all harsh or out of the way in the warehouse, yet I am quite sure there is not a man in the place who likes him now, or who does not feel afraid of him.'

'Well, Phil, dear, you at any rate will never have cause to feel afraid of him,' said Marian, logically following up her impressions, 'in as he takes such interest in my father, and shows such kindness to my mother and myself, he will be sure to thank you at least more of you, who are such a help to him. I should not wonder if he made you head clerk, when old Mr Scamler retires.'

Phil shook his head, as though he scarcely indored this summary, and then, after a moment's hesitation said 'I never told you, Marian, of a quarrel which I saw one evening between a gentleman and a tramp, and in which, indeed, I may almost say I took a part.'

'No, of course you never did!' said the young lady. 'What was it, Phil?'

In reply, Mr Hartshy gave a detailed account of the adventure, in which Marian was greatly

interested, and when she heard of the identification of Mr Pike with the horseman, her look changed to a very serious one.

'I hope he does not remember you, Phil!' she exclaimed. 'I should not think he did—should you?'

'I should not think so,' returned Philip earnestly, 'only, that whatever you do not to happen, and whatever you do want to happen, is exactly what always does happen. Yet I must own that he has never dropped a word which could lead me to think he recollects me, and but for something in his eyes when I first met him—in the office, I mean—I should feel pretty certain that he had forgotten me. But only think, Marian!—I saw that very tramp to-night, as I was coming here.'

'I hope he will not get into any more quarrels, and involve you,' said Marian. 'Why does he not go away somewhere else? He ought to do so, you know, if he is a tramp!'

'I think it is because he does not know where else to go,' replied Phil, with a laugh. 'I saw him at the circus, when he has recently come to Sandmouth, and which is likely to stay there a long time, I hear. I did not know him, I merely saw there was a shabby man, who was leaning against the woodwork by the side of the building and smoking a pipe, but as I passed, the man nodded and said "Hi pe you are well, sir?" Of course I looked closer at him then, and I recollected where I had seen him. He told me that he had got work at the circus. I was not particularly glad to hear this, for I have a kind of instinct which makes me wish him quite out of my way. To my surprise, he asked me how I liked my new "governor," saying that he knew who Mr Pike was, and then I remembered some old words he had used on the night of the quarrel, which I paid no attention to at the time, but which I now see had the same meaning. I laughed, and advised him to keep out of Mr Pike's way. He laughed too, but in a very unpleasant style, and said "You bet I shall. I have been doing it for a good while, and it will be just as well for him to keep out of mine."

'What could he mean by his strange language about Mr Pike?' said Marian, going straight to the point which had impressed her most. 'Do you think he can be mad? Ought we not to tell Mr Pike about him?'

'No! I do not think he is mad in the least,' replied Hartshy, 'and from what little I have seen of Mr Pike, I doubt if that gentleman would approve of my meddling in repeating such a conversation. But we will not talk of my friend the tramp any longer.—What do you think I heard to-day, Marian?'

To this query Mrs. Darnett was obliged to return a reply declaring that she could not guess, and Phil then told her that a rumor of Mr Scamler's speedy retirement was rife in the office, and, as a matter of course, speculations as to the changes consequent thereon were rife also. As these speculations included the promotion of Mr Philip Hartshy, and as his promotion involved a larger salary, and as a larger salary would justify his immediate marriage, it will at once be seen that the fresh line of conversation suggested was substantially uninteresting in its interest to banish all recollection of minor subjects, and

to supply an ample stock of materials for castle building, with visions of fury inl in general, for the remainder of the walk, on which, according to custom, they now started

### THE MOON'S ROTATION

BY PROFESSOR HAFST SMITH, ASTRONOMER ROYAL FOR SCOTLAND

Of all the permanent heavenly oiba, there is none that is so near us, is seen under so large an angle—or, if you prefer it, of so large an apparent size—and is at the same time so gently illuminated as to permit men to gaze at it uninterruptedly, and is so abundantly marked with diverse figurings of brighter and darker parts all over its surface, as the Moon

The well known changes in general form of the luminous part of the disc or sphere, known as the phases of the moon, arising from the different manner in which it is illumined by the sun in the course of the month as seen by us on the earth, and resulting in the popular names of New Moon, First Quarter, Full Moon, Third Quarter, and New Moon again—sharply interfere with the regular observations of the number markings and details of the surface above alluded to. But the phase effects are easily allowed for, and then there comes out this conclusion, or statement, in which all observations both past and present agree—namely, that the moon always turns the same face of itself towards the earth, during the whole time of every monthly revolution she makes around it\*. Hence also comes the equally undisputed fact, that mankind is acquainted with only one side of the moon, and never will, in the ordinary course of nature, know what markings or features, say of sea or land, plains or mountains, there may be on the other side

How this effect comes about, and by what physical means it is kept up, not only throughout the revolution of a single lunar month, but for tens of thousands of such periods, in fact throughout all history—is an interesting branch in the physical astronomy of modern times, but not for us to enter into now, for we have a preliminary question given to us as our present task—namely, with regard to the general and indubitably observed fact above alluded to and which question may be formulated thus: What are we to say or believe as to 'the rotation of the moon,' after having ascertained that it keeps one face steadily towards the earth, during the whole of a monthly revolution around it?

The answer ought not to be difficult, and indeed so early an authority as Ptolemy, a Christian astronomer in the fourth century before

Christ, is recorded to have come to the true judgment; for he announced that the moon rotates once on its axis in the same time that it revolves once round the earth, and that opinion has been held by every practical astronomer, mathematician, and scientist since the time at least of Francis Bacon

But these titles, or professions, by no means include all men, even of education, for some are occasionally violent on the other side 'It is curious,' said one of our latest and most brilliant of mathematical philosophers, Clerk Maxwell, 'to see how speculators are led by their neglect of the exact sciences, to put themselves in opposition to them, when they have not the slightest point of contact with their systems' And it has always been so: Whenever we find that in the sixth century A.D. a logician named Simplicius must needs come out to oppose Ptolemy and the astronomers by declaring that the observed fact of the moon always keeping the same face to the earth during a revolution around it, showed that it, the moon, did not rotate on an axis at all

Now, if Simplicius had meant that he was only speaking with regard to what may be termed 'apparent astronomy,' he would have been excusable enough, so far as that mere temporary stepping stone of apparent, in place of real and absolute, astronomy is concerned. But, unhappily, he did not mean that. He wished, on the contrary, to expose what he believed to be an outrageous blunder of the astronomers at the very beginning of their own science, and to have the honour himself of teaching the world his own discovery, by a true interpretation of the observed and common facts of observation, that the moon in space does not rotate, or turn on an axis at all

It is strange, were the astronomer Arago, in the beginning of the century, that this class of men cannot see, that if the moon did not turn on its axis, and still keep one part of its face always pointed to one particular direction in space, that we, on the earth, would then necessarily behold one side of the moon in one half of its monthly revolution round the earth, and the other side of the moon, through the remaining half. But that class of men who exist still, are obstinate in not seeing or understanding the case in this way, and hence they rush into the open to declare astronomers mad

Thus, at the Bath meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science there was quite a noisy and abusive implosion of these men, pronouncing that the idea of the moon rotating on an axis, when it always presented the same face to the earth, was folly. Although, too, they were admirably inverted then by the learned Master of Trinity, Dr Whewell, they came out a month after at the Royal Astronomical Society in London. One of the party, too, purchased there an absurd child's toy, hoping to make his opponents look ridiculous. For he had therein set up a doll dressed as a military general in the centre, and put a figure of a soldier, with his face to the general, on the end of a lath revolving around that centre, when, of course, the soldier kept his face resolutely towards his chief during the whole of a revolution around him. And then said party showed that the

\* In an article, 'Is the Sun Wobbling?' in a recent number of this Journal (No. 933), the words were used 'That the moon does not rotate is manifest from the fact that it always presents the same face to the earth.' This has led to some misapprehension which we all have been avoided had we said, 'that the moon does not apparently rotate,' &c.

soldier having been firmly fixed by two nails to the lath, could not possibly have turned on an axis at all. 'No, not with regard to the lath,' said a Cambridge man; 'but as you continue to revolve him by means of the lath, he rotates round my finger; as he held that down over the little soldier's head from above and from outside all the doll machinery; or as from a region representing infinite space, where directions, as of the cardinal points, are everything.

In other words, if one celestial body revolves round another, keeping the same face always to it, the former must change its face at the same time with respect to circumambient outside space; and in such space, which is astronomical space, a body rotates on an axis, when it changes its surface directions continually towards any fixed point in such outside and infinitely removed circumference; equally, too, whether the said body be in general movement through space or not, that is, revolving round another, or not. When I was my draw the happy final conclusion for the rising and learning generation, that all the known text-books on astronomy by astronomers in every country are perfectly correct when they state, in spite of logicians of the school of Simplicity, that the moon rotates on its axis once in each of its revolutions round the earth.

## HOW PIRATE GOW WAS CAPTURED.

A STORY TOLD MANY YEARS AGO.

Yrs, sir; I am, as you say, of a good old age—ninety two come August, and hale and hearty for my years. I've gone through a deal of tear and wear in my time, sir, served my king and country by land and sea under the immortal Nelson, and remember Trafalgar as though it was yesterday—Do I come of a long-lived race? Well, father he was drowned when a young man, but grandfather lived to be ninety-eight—Did grandfather know anything about Gow the Pirate? That he did; wasn't he servant to Mr James Fen of Eday, who captured the buccanar? I wish I had a crown for every time old grand-dad told me the story of the capture—Will I tell you the story? Gladly, your honour; but if you'll allow me, I've got the whole account as written by grandfather himself; here it is, and you can read it for yourself.

I was born in 1703, in a little cottages in the island of Eday, in the Orkneys. We were fisher-folks, my father being a tenant of Mr Fen, who owned part of the island. The young laird—Mr James, we called him—was fond of fishing; and when living at Carrick House—his father's residence in Eday—used often to go out in the boat with father and me. I dearly loved Mr James. He was a gentleman every inch of him; open-handed and handsome, brave as a lion, with the sunniest smile you ever saw. Such was the young master ere his troubles came upon him. It was a proud day for me when he asked if I should care to be his servant. Of course I cared. I remember telling him I would willingly follow

him to the world's end. He laughed in his pleasant way, remarking that at present all he required of me was to follow him to Carrick House. Those were happy days! I loved my master dearly, and small blame to me, for he paid liberally, and, what I valued far more, talked to me sometimes as though I were a friend, rather than a servant.

The master liked society, and usually spent the winter months in Kirkwall and Stromness, often riding from one town to the other, fair weather or foul, when a ball was afoot, and back again next day to another dance at the place he had left. In each of these places Mr James had rooms of his own, and a spare wardrobe.

Mr James had never been in love—seriously, I mean, though of course he had had his passing fancy, like most young gentlemen. But the time drew near when he was to know what real love meant. It was the Yule of 1724; and my master had been invited to a ball at Stromness, given by a gentleman whose daughter had just returned from France. You see, the young ladies of those days were educated in French convents, and were sent home with quite grand airs.

I remember Mr James remarking, as we rode together through the blinding snow, scarce able to keep the track, so dark was the afternoon—'Nul,' says he, with a laugh, 'there's a saying, the Mounseers are half-monkey half-tiger; but I hope they have made Miss Hilda neither the one nor the other. She was such a dear little thing before she crossed the Channel!'

I said I believed Miss Hilda was far too sweet a young lady to be spoiled by the Mounseers. The master laughed, clapped spurs to his horse; and away we went, dashing past farmhouses where the good folks held high festival; until presently we were clattering through the streets of Stromness, and had pulled up at the little hostelry.

I don't think Mr James ever showed to greater advantage than he did that evening, entering the ballroom with the air of a lord. He looked so noble, his eyes the colour of the blue ribbon confining the golden love locks which strayed over his velvet coat, on the breast of which bloomed the white rose, emblem of the exiled king. With sword on thigh and head uncovered, he walked to the end of the room to greet the host and hostess, and renew his acquaintance with Miss Hilda. From the door where I had posted myself I could see the master's every movement—how, when his glance rested on the young lady, he started, blushed, and then such a light came into his eyes, as made me feel a sort of pain at the heart, which I believe was a foreboding of the evil days to come. The next thing I saw was my young master leading out Miss Hilda to the minuet. Quite a burst of admiration arose as they paced through the courtly dance; she, fair as a lily, dainty and sweet; he, grand and handsome, like the sea-kings whose blood flowed in his veins.

Mr James had intended returning to Kirkwall the day after the ball; but he lingered for many weeks in Stromness; and wherever Miss Hilda

went, there my master was sure to be, they had so much in common—beauty, youth, and health, besides an ardent attachment to the *St. Aris*, for the lady also wore the white rose.

Time passed, and my master's passion for this lovely young lady continued to increase. But though she liked his society and accepted his homage, she did not altogether return his love. Mr James was blind, he could not see that the love was mostly all on his side, yet he slunk from putting his fate to the test—All this I gathered from my dear master's behaviour.

One day there came a letter from his lawyer, begging him to ride off once to Kirkwall to settle some business matters. He stood twisting the letter about in his hands, and I heard him mutter 'I will not let the coward no longer!' Then observing me 'Ha, Na, I, I, are you there? This is a case of honour and risk, so bring the horses to the door within the hour,' and as he spoke, he strode from the room, and I saw him pass down the street in the direction of *Miss Hilda's* inn.

It was with a heavy heart that I saddled the horse and brought them round, for I expected to see Mr James returning, the picture of despair. But no, in a few minutes he returned all smiles, joked me about my inguinitis, sprang into the saddle, and cantered gaily down the street. I followed, wondering what had wrought this sudden change in his behaviour, but the mystery was solved when I saw *Miss Hilda* at her window kissing her hand to my gallant master, who doffed his hat to the lady with such a glad light in his eyes as I had not seen for many a day.

So we fared merrily to Kirkwall, Mr James singing a gay French song. Presently, he laughed, and said 'Well, Sir Knight of the Redful Countenance, how goes it with you now? Ah, I'm pleased to see a smile on your grim visage, the rather that I have pleasant news for you. I'm the happiest man in Orkney, Ned *Miss Hilda* has promised to be my wife. I am not worthy of her, but, please God, I shall try my best to become a better man.' And as if thinking on the past and the future, he fell into a reverie, which lasted till we rode into Kirkwall town.

'Happy is the woman that vent long adown,' so runs the proverb, and had the master had his way, *Miss Hilda* would have been the young mistress of *Carick House* before me. But she always put off the wedding on various pretences.

In the autumn, my master was obliged to go to *Cathness* on business, and I, as usual, accompanied him. We were only about a fortnight, but on our return to *Stromness* found great changes had taken place in the interval. The war ship *Revenge* lay in the harbour, her crew paraded the streets or thronged the taverns, and Mr James found *Miss Hilda* surrounded by a group of officers, conspicuous among whom was the commander of the *Revenge*, Captain *Gow*.\*

Had you searched the world over, you could not have found a greater contrast to my master than the captain. The former was fair, with a countenance open as the day, the latter, dark, black bearded, and swarthy. He was indeed

handsome after a fashion, and always dressed richly, usually wearing a crimson velvet coat lined with gold, and the finest ruffles. But there was something uncanny about the man, he always appeared to be acting a part. Probably, Mr James felt this, for he gave him but a curt welcome when introduced by *Miss Hilda*. (It was the fashion at this time to rave about the handsome commander of the *Rifuge*—my master thought of him his friendship.) And *Miss Hilda* she seemed glamourized by the bold sea rover, yet she was kind as ever to her betrothed. He could not shut his eyes, however, to the fact of her evident preferences for Captain *Gow*, with whom he would have picked a quarrel, had not the lady, divining the thought, made him promise to keep the peace for her dear sake.

I knew Mr James was racking his brains to devise some plan to get rid of *Gow*, and it occurred to me I might help him. Hitherto, I had kept aloof from the crew of the *Revenge*, but now I resolved to mix with them, and try if—when the drink was in and the wit out—I could not hear something which might serve my master, for I hardly believed Captain *Gow's* statement that he was a pret captain in His Majesty's navy. My investigations were successful. I learned from one of the crew, in a fit of drunken confidence that his commander was what he called a *Free Lancer*, a sort of scoundrel.

I made haste to impart this information to my master, who exclaimed 'Ah! a felon, as he is called. But he shall not be condemned with out evidence. I shall write to a friend in London, and ask if *Gow's* name appears in the Navy List.'

The letter was despatched, and in the meantime Mr James, but as well as he could, the latter openly expressed admiration for his betrothed.

My master received an answer to his letter in due course. No such name as *Gow*, with his correspondent, appeared in the Navy List. But all Europe was raving with tales of the atrocious perpetrated on the high seas by one *Johan Gow*, a pirate commanding a ship called the *Revenge*.

Mr James was greatly excited at reading the letter. He paced the floor hurriedly, and presently remarking that the room was dark, snatched up his hat and quitted the house. After leaving the inn, he hurried to the Lookout, in circumstances about half a mile from *Stromness*, where he came unexpectedly upon *Miss Hilda* and *Gow*. The lady's hand was clasped by the pirate, who whispered words of love into the willing ear of his companion. Being to the quick, my master caught the lovers, poured a torrent of reproaches on the head of the faithless lady, and in no measured terms informed her of the character and calling of the man she had admitted to such intimacy.

*Miss Hilda* refused to credit the statement, upbraiding him for defaming the name of a better man than himself. Mr James dared the pirate to deny the accusation, but *Gow* only laughed mockingly. He did not consider it necessary to vindicate his honour to a jealous love-sick boy, he said. He added by the way, my master drew his rapier, calling upon the pirate to defend himself, which he was not slow to do. They crossed swords, but here *Miss Hilda* interposed, commanding them to forbear. She spoke

\* For another episode in the career of *Gow*, see *Chambers's Journal*, No 990.



executioner I covered my face with my hands, for my nerves gave way, and I never looked up till I heard the crowd dispersing.

Two days after the execution, as I strolled along the strand, a closely veiled lady approached, put a letter into my hand, and before I could speak, disappeared among the crowd. I recognised her even in her disguise, it was poor Miss Hilda. The letter was addressed to Mr James. Later, I learned how the poor lady had come to London, hoping to see her lover. She was too late, he had been executed the day before her arrival. It is said he left a letter in which he begged her to pray for the repose of his soul, and that, in compliance with his last wish, she proceeded to France, where she entered a convent and took the veil. Whether such was her fate, I know not, for from the time I saw her in the Strand, she disappeared utterly, and I could never learn any thing of her.

I blame Miss Hilda's letter for a very serious illness contracted by Mr James at this time. He fell ill very soon after reading it, and in his delirium raved about her cruelty in calling him a murderer. I suppose the poor lady, distressed at the dreadful fate of her lover, and consequently seeing things in a distorted light, had accused my friend of being his destroyer.

I was glad when Mr James recovered sufficiently to return to Orkney. His native breeze quite restored his strength, but he never entirely recovered his spirits. Misfortune dogged his footsteps,—but harvests and fortunate lawsuits won his patrimony, and made in old time of him before his time. After some years, he married a sweet, gentle, little lady, who worshipped him, children were born to them, and his life not been for pecuniary anxieties, his life would have been a very happy one.

My story is nearly done. Mr James was out in the 'Forty five,' and I shared with him the glories of the campaign, and the defeat; too I weep when I think of Culloden, and the gallant young Prince wandering homeless and unfed, hunted like a wild beast in the land of his forefathers.

I lived to see my dear master laid in the grave, and his estates pass into the hands of strangers. Then I went to Portsmouth, to live with my boy Charley, for Orkney was never the same to me after Mr James was gone.

\* \* \* \* \*

Well, your honour, you've got through a tough yarn. You see grandfather was a bit of a scholar, read plays and such like, and he picked his words more like a gentleman than a common man. I often heard him tell it by word of mouth, and he never ended but with tears in his eyes, for my grandfather was as tender as he was true.

#### STRAW AS FUEL

In Russia, Wallachia, and many other districts, straw is so abundant, corn being so largely grown, that it is a perfect drug in the market, and has to be burnt in large stacks, merely to get rid of it. There are now engines made, more particularly the portable steam-engines used largely for farming purposes, which are so arranged that straw can be used as fuel for generating steam,

without the employment of either wood or coal. The arrangement that is found most favourable is the engine on Head and Schenck's patent—constructed by Messrs Ransomes, Head, and Jeffries, Ipswich—in which the straw is automatically fed into the furnace by means of toothed rollers, very similar in action to a chaff cutting machine. To enable our readers to further understand the advantages of such an invention, we should add that in addition to straw, almost every other description of vegetable refuse may be burnt, for instance, cotton and maize stalks, gorse, jungle grass, &c., and by simply removing the piston feeding apparatus, the furnace can also be fired with coal and wood in the ordinary manner. It is hardly necessary to point out that by means of this invention, steam power can now be introduced into distant countries, which, on account of the absence of coal or other suitable fuel, have been hitherto debarred from its many advantages.

... was in the line ...  
something which might give my naturally believed Captain Gow's status as a post captain in His Majesty's regiments was successful. I think of the crew, in a fit of drunkenness, his commander was what he called a sort of scoundrel.  
... to report this information to the ... 'Ah! a fellow, ...  
But he shall not be ...  
I shall write to ... in Lord Gow's name appears in the ...

... was despatched, and in the mean time as well as he could the ...  
... a situation for his ...  
... received an answer to his letter.

No such name as Gow, ...  
... appeared in the Navy List ...  
... was ... with titles of the ...  
... on the high seas by one John ...  
... a ship called the ...  
... was ... after ...

He pulled the floor ...  
... that the room was ...  
... up his hat and quitted the house. ...  
... the inn, he hurried to the Lookout ...  
... about half a mile from ...  
... unexpectedly upon Miss Hilda and ...  
... hand was ... by the ...  
... words of ... into the ...  
... plain ... to the quick, my ...  
... the lovers, poured ...  
... on the head of the faithless ...  
... assumed terms informed her of the ...  
... calling of the man she had ...  
... my

Hilda refused to credit the statement, ...  
... him for defaming the name of ...  
... than himself. Mr James dared ...  
... deny the accusation, but Gow ...  
... mockingly. He did not consider ...  
... to vindicate his honour to a jealous ...  
... he said. Maddened by the insult, ...  
... drew his rapier, calling upon the ...

Printed and Published by W & R. CHAMBERS, 47, Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 239 High Street, EDINBURGH.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF  
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

*Fourth Series*

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No 1009—VOL. XX

SAURDAY, APRIL 21, 1883

## PHILOMEL

It is late on a fine night in early May I am alone. Yet why should I say so, when for me at least there is no loneliness? Various books strew the table, others look down on me from the shelves, ready at any moment to hold sweet converse with me. From the walls, the semblance of the Venus de Milo is smiling on me, and that view of Lough Lisk in far away Donegal speaks to me of long vanished days. I throw open the window to enjoy for a few minutes the fresh and perfumed air, and to look out on the starry sky. When, hark!—what is that 'long entrancing note' that breaks on the stillness? It stops. Again, what a tempestuous burst of melody! Another brief pause, and then, those low, sweet notes, long drawn and sad, in a few moments breaking once more into loud song, in which the tones of challenge, mockery, defiance, mingle with 'pity pleading strains,'—the whole marked from time to time with such a vehemence of utterance as to suggest the workings of an imagination whose creations are so rapid that hardly even the feathered performer's wonderful organ of expression can keep pace with them. It is the song of the nightingale—the Philomel of the poets—and as I listen, Keats's lines come to mind:

Now more than ever seems it rich to die,  
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,  
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad  
In such an ecstasy!

Six weeks had passed, and once more, as on that May evening, I opened the window for a last look out before going to rest. The sky, as before, was brilliant with stars, the soft air of a June midnight breathed its sweetness on me, but the song of the nightingale—that song which so lately had heightened the charm of the forenoon, and filled the darkness with its melody—where was it? Even already with the past! Thus early some of the charm of summer had departed, and the song and the season had alike become the emblems of life's vicissitude.

Vicissitude! The word summarises half of all the sensations born of the conditions under which we find ourselves in the world. In the course of the seasons alone, as they wax and wane—as the flowers brighten and fade, as the sun breaks into song and relapses into silence—this transformation is set for ever before our eyes. Hardly has winter melted in the embraces of spring, than the young verdure of the latter season is overwhelmed in the voluptuous foliage of summer, and hardly have we rejoiced in the developed exuberance of summer, than its ardent suns begin to mark it with the tappings of decay. So, too, in the world of mortal life, more vividly in our life than elsewhere, all continually testifies to the same silent law, the unfurlingness with which vicissitude twines itself round and makes its own of all things so soon as they come into existence or commence their course. The cessation of the nightingale's song is one of the earliest signs that the summer is already on the wane. Other generations than ours, and with as varying sensations, have listened to that song.

Perhaps the self-same song, that found a path  
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,  
She stood in tears amid the alien corn.

These generations, moreover, may have discussed, as we still do, whether that song is to be considered melancholy or glad, each section of debaters finding the data of their respective conclusions not in the song itself alone, but in the varying temperaments and as varying imaginative capacities of themselves while listening to it.

Some men are grave of mood, others gay, some highly sensitive, others hardly so at all. To some, the wondrous creations of their own imagination are half, or far more than half, of the world they live and move in. To others, imagination yields little or nothing at all, and these plod on their unvarying way through the realms of dullness. Some men are for the time being lifted by music into a world in which earth has no part, while for other men, that world of intense and exalted joy has no existence



Moreover, between each of these extremes there are countless gradations. In short, as regards variety of temperament and imaginative capacity, men may be compared to the strings of an instrument, any one of which vibrates if its own note be struck on another instrument tuned in unison with it, but to no other note, be it a undertone or so loudly, makes any noise. Not only is it not strange, therefore, but quite as might be expected, that we have very diverse accounts of the nightingale's song. It makes different impressions on different individuals, and each one with equal truthfulness records his own. So is it that Isaac Walton declares that the song "might make mankind think minutes are not cease!" and that those who hear it "might well be hitted above earth and say, 'Lord, what music hast thou provided for the saints in heaven, when thou affordest but men such music on earth. On the other hand, Portia (or Shakespeare) was of opinion that

The nightingale, if she should sing by day  
When every goose is cackling would be thought  
No better a musician than the wren.

while Mr Hume strangely describes the song as 'a single but not unpleasantly loud whistle, which on the whole it would probably be true to regard as 'dull, monotonous,' and unimproving.'

Certain features of the song, however, are not mere matters of subjective truth or falsity. For instance, the very common notion that the nightingale sings only at night, is entirely at variance with fact. On this point, Portia's words in her remark to Nerissa, already quoted, show that Shakespeare accepted the common notion. But let any one take a ramble in the nightingale districts—say, the copes on Lord Belton's property, a little north of Kimbolton in Hampshire, or those lying between Bradfield and Ashampstead, in Berkshire—about ten o'clock in the forenoon or four in the afternoon during the singing season, and he will learn how groundless is the notion, and also satisfy himself that, evening or morning, the nightingale as soon as heard disunices all other competitors, while Portia's 'wren' is nowhere. Again, it is difficult to see how the epithet 'monotonous' can have been used with reference to the song, by any one who has ever heard it. Indeed, the hurrying rush of melody at one moment, then the perfect trill, then the slow and questioning notes dropped singly out, then the loud exulting tones that suddenly fill the night air far and near—the adagio, the presto, the forte, the piano, the mesto, the vivace, which a turns mark its style—not only give it exceptional variety, but seem to bring the varied pulses which find vent in the song almost within the category of human sentiment and human pathos.

On a further point—the difficulty of teaching a nightingale any other art than its own, or other of getting it away from its own inspirations—it would seem that, like a true poet, it must utter what its own *dæmon* bids it, or nothing comparing it with the canary in this respect, as often says 'If the nightingale is the songster of the woods, the canary is the chamber musician he first holds wholly by nature, the second asks the aid of art . . . The nightingale, prouder

of its own gifts, seems as though it would rather preserve them in their purity, at least he seems to set so little value on our teachings that it is with difficulty he can be taught some of our art. The canary can talk and whistle, the nightingale despises talking and whistling alike, and reverts continually to its brilliant warblings. His throat, its powers for ever new, is a *chef-d'œuvre* of nature which human art cannot change or improve.' In an amusing fable told in *Method and Genius*, an apologue by Diderot, the nightingale itself is represented as marvelling on this characteristic of its singing. In the woods . . . day . . . the fable—a dispute arose between a nightingale and a cuckoo on the merits of their respective songs. 'What bird,' said the cuckoo, 'has a song so easy, so simple so measured as mine?' 'Nightingale' 'What bird has a song, sweeter, more varied, more brilliant, more touching than mine?'

Cuckoo 'I say few things, but they are things of weight and of order, and people retain them.'

Nightingale 'I love to use my voice freely, I am always fresh, and I never weary, I inhabit the woods. But as for the cuckoo, he makes them dumb by his monotony. He is so wedded to the lessons of his mother, that he never ventures on a single note that he has not been taught by her. Now, for my part, I recognise no master, I laugh at rules, and what comparison is there between the cuckoo's pedantic method and my glorious bursts?'

After a good deal more talk on both sides, they agreed to refer the matter in dispute to a third party, but what were they to find this arbitrator, equally competent and impartial? After much thought and flying here and there, just as they crossed a meadow, they spied an ass.

'Ah,' said the cuckoo, 'our neck is excellent. Our quarrel is a matter of ears. Here is our judge, providence doubtless made him for the very purpose.'

As there seemed nothing else for it, the nightingale, despite some misgivings, assented, and they applied to the ass accordingly. He took no notice of them. The birds protested. Still he went on browsing. At last, his hunger being appeased, the ass turned to them with the air of a chief justice crossing Westminster Hall, stretched himself flat on the ground, and said: 'Begin, the court listens.'

Each of the birds gave several specimens of its style. Carried away by enthusiasm, the nightingale would have been singing still, but the ass, who had already yawned more than once, stopped him and said 'I suspect that all you have been singing there is uncommonly fine, but I don't understand a word of it. It strikes me as barbaric, incoherent, and confused. It may be that you have more genius than your rival, but he is more methodic than you, and for my part I am for method.'

The question as to whether the song is to be regarded as sad or joyous, is twofold. In the first place, it may refer to the sensations of the bird itself while singing, and if it be that he sings with the deep thorn in his breast, as was of old imagined, he is in this respect closely symbolic of those great human singers who 'learn in suffering what they teach in song.' This point, however, must remain wholly a speculation, since we can

have no knowledge of the nightingale's feelings  
As Miss Rossetti puts it

'We call it love and pain,  
The passion of her strain  
And yet we little understand or know  
Why should it not be rather joy than so  
Throbs in each throbbing vein.

In the second place, the question of the sad or joyous nature of the song may be referable to the effect produced on the listener himself. One probable ground of the diversity of opinion among those writers who have described the song has already been mentioned, namely, the state of mind of the listener himself. Abundant opportunity of hearing the song both by night and day confirms me, however, in the belief that a certain amount of the discrepancy means also this: that while some describe it from actual experience, others speak of it merely from their knowledge of the conventional traditions regarding it.

Wordsworth's account of the nightingale's song is peculiar, in so far as he does not give us the impressions directly communicated to his mind by that song, but rather gives us these impressions in contrast with those produced upon him by a bird of very different voice, namely, the wood pigeon. With the soft cooing of the latter still in his mind, he draws a comparison between it and the strong fiery outburst, the unrestrained passion, of the literary midnight singer

O Nightingale thou surely art  
A creature of a fiery heart  
Those notes of thine—they pierce and pierce,  
Tumultuous harmony and fire!  
Thou singst as if the god of wine  
Had helped thee to a Valentine,  
A song in mockery and despite  
Of silens and dews and a lull night,  
And steady bliss and all the loves  
Now sleeping in these peaceful groves

The prominent idea suggested by these lines does not refer to any question of cheerfulness or the reverse in the song itself, it refers rather to the strange intrusion upon the quiet of sleeping nature of this nocturnal songster revelling, as if inspired with wine, in the delight of his own melody. This view is forced upon the poet by his still having upon his mind the rumour-brance, as already stated, of what he in the next stanza so beautifully describes, regarding the wood pigeon

I heard a stockdove sing or say  
His homely tale, this very day  
His voice was buried among trees,  
Yet to be come, yet by the breeze  
He did not cease but cooed—an I cooed,  
And somewhat pensively he wooed  
His song of love with quiet blending,  
How to begin, and never ending,  
Of serious faith, and inward gloe  
That was the song—the song for me!

The question here raised is therefore not one of musical preference; indeed, it would be absurd to think that Wordsworth could, in the matter of musical ability, give the palm to the wood pigeon. The question is one relating to the power of association only, and it is not hazardous much to say that few who have listened on a summer evening to the plaintive voice of the dove coming dreamily forth from the cool recesses of its leafy retreat, and have felt the associations which the

sound awakens in the mind, but will sympathise more or less heartily in Wordsworth's preference.

Coming back, therefore, to the song itself, the description which beyond all others perhaps bears surceat testimony to familiarity with it, is Coleridge's

'Tis the merry nightingale  
That crowds and hurries and precipitates  
With fast thick warble his delicious notes,  
As he were fearful that an April night  
Would be too short for him to utter forth  
His low chant and disturben his full soul  
Of all its music!

He, it is clear, must have heard the song in all its marvellous variety—listened to it after night to the songsters in their native haunts. That song, as has been already pointed out, was heard and described by Wordsworth while under quite other thoughts than those that dominated the description of Coleridge, yet when we find this difference in two poets, both of whom, however diverse otherwise, were genuine lovers of the rights and sounds of nature, it will be all the more readily admitted that the question of the predominance of joy or sadness in the song is in the main subjective—depends on the differing casts of mind of those who listen to it, and even on the varying moods of mind, due to varying circumstances, in which the same individual may listen to it at different times. Coleridge, in the exquisite poem already adverted to, after quoting Milton's description of the nightingale's song, from *Il Penseroso* ('The Melancholy Man'), as 'most musical, most melancholy, exclaims

In nature there is nothing melancholy  
But some night wandering, man whose heart was  
pured  
With the remembrance of a grievous wrong,  
Or slow dis temper or neglected love,  
(And so poor wretch! filled all things with himself,  
And made all gentle sounds tell back the tale  
Of his own sorrow) he and such as he  
First named these notes a melancholy strain

A similar explanation is given by Shakspeare, in the night scene in the *Merchant of Venice*, already referred to. Portia coming up towards the house hears music within, and says to Nerissa

Nothing is good I see, without respect  
Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.

And on Nerissa remarking that 'silence bestows that virtue on it, Portia refers to the nightingale's song heard at night in the stillness, and still

How many things by reason reasoned are  
To their right praise and true perfection!

This is so. The times when and the circumstances under which we know or see things, hear music, songs, voices, give a colour or a tone to them, which is indeed something over and above any qualities in these things themselves, yet becomes for us a real and inseparable part of them in all the sentiments of pleasure or sadness with which memory hereafter may recall them to our thoughts. It is thus that a word, a flower, a song, anything nearly, may be transformed in the laboratory of our minds into a medium for

the recall of scenes and events with which it has of itself no connection.

But it has been maintained by some that there is no music at all in the nightingale's song, on the ground that there is no music anywhere in nature, neither harmony nor melody, that the poets have ever tried to throw dust in our eyes in this matter, and that if the truth were told, it would be that music is altogether the creation of man. If all this be so, then rather for me let Truth in this matter still lie at the bottom of her well. Why, in a world not overburdened with joy, should we have for ever pressed on us in all directions so much of the

With an ever on the watch to rob  
 Thy fire alchemy?

The impression of that music, be it of art or of nature, which touches our feelings most deeply, is not one always merely of delight. Is the truth not rather that the more intense the pleasure it excites, the more surely, too, does sadness mingle with the pleasure? Deep indeed in the recesses of our nature there seems to be some common ground on which the apparently irreconcilable passions of joy and sorrow, under certain conditions, meet—some spot where, fire kindled as are their ordinary spheres, they do it thus rush together as to a secret fust. Moreover, the wondrous song of the nightingale, that transitory visitant of our English groves, may well compel a sigh while we listen to its music, and think how fleeting is with other bright and lovely things, is this song-bird of night and its passionate melody.

ONE FALSE, BOTH FAIR;

OR, A HARD KNUT

CHAPTER VII.—BRICK COURT, TEMPLE

THE chambers or offices of H and B, in arrears rent young clerks dubbed those iteratively named lights of the law, Messrs Hawke and Heronshaw, were larger, handsomer, better lighted, and furnished in a more modern style than were those of Pounce and Pontifax. There were not, probably, quite so many gilded and carved boxes inscribed with the names of so many illustrious families, but for all that, Hawke and Heronshaw had a great connection, and must have netted a large income for many a year past. Mr Hawke himself, a big florid man, with shaggy eyebrows and a track of rattling his massive whiskers, received the fair applicant with politeness, expressed his wish to do his best for a lady recommended by his esteemed friends Pounce and Pontifax, and was doctorous and delicate in the questioning, necessary to elucidate the points not touched upon in Mr Pontifax's brief note. Altogether, Mr Hawke had very much the look and manner of a consulting surgeon in great practice, and who has come to look on his fellow creatures as very brittle organisms, sure to have a flaw somewhere. He was very careful and skilful in the diagnosis, so to speak, of this particular case, but when he had made it out, he knit his beetling brows and shook his head discouragingly. 'The thing can't be done, madam,' he said civilly, but with authority. 'I, for one, should recommend you to give up the hopeless attempt, and to effect

a reconciliation with Lady—with your sister— as speedily as possible. Nothing but distress of mind, annoyance, and waste of money, can accrue from the course of conduct which you now seem inclined to pursue. And I suspect that Mr Pontifax has used much the same language as I have held it my duty to use.'

So he had, and so the client felt, but there had been a difference in the modes of expression of these two distinguished legal practitioners. Mr Pontifax, a family lawyer of the innermost circle of legal Brahmins, had never learned to feel a human interest in those for whom he caused notes of parchment inscribed with the time-honoured jargon of the profession to be fairly engrossed, and had cherished a wellspring of sentiment in the midst of that arid desert of legal technicalities wherein he plied his trade. With Mr Hawke it was quite otherwise. He resembled one of those superhuman surgeons who care no more for a patient than the vivisectionist cares for the poor dog that has fallen into his scientific clutches, and who yet cure a great deal for the chance of a cure. With him, law was a game, just as chess and whist, and golf and cricket, are games. The clients represented the bills, or the pawns, or the pieces of painted pretaboard, while the players were the legal advisers. But an honest whist player will not employ the marked cards which form the shrunken's stock in trade, and Hawke and Heronshaw would as soon have stood in the pillory at once, as have undertaken the conduct of a case likely to make their name a byword with press and public.

'You will not help me, then, I must go elsewhere, and the claimant of the Lancaster honours, and as she spoke, her head dropped despondingly forward between her small hands. A sunk-in—Mr Hawke's windows were cleaner than those of Mr Pontifax—streamed through the nearest pane, as the sun broke through the fleecy summer clouds, and fell on that beautiful head, down bent by sorrow. Mr Hawke never forgot that picture, and never could think of it in after life without a tinge of something like regret. So lovely a creature did seem to deserve a champion.

Presently the visitor raised her face and rose from her chair. The blue eyes were hard and terrible now. 'I have responded already on your time, sir, and have only to thank you for your advice—all intended, I am sure, but which I cannot follow,' she said coldly.

Mr Hawke was very sorry, so he said, and so he felt, for the moment. He had dealt with obstinate clients before, bent on their own ruin, doggedly resolved to fight it out to the last expense under the banner of a hopeless cause. But these had been dull necked, choleric men, or, more rarely, gaunt, thin lipped spinsters, soured by some family feud, and eager to pursue the legal vendetta to the bitter end. He had never known a mere girl to persist so stubbornly, and while, like Mr Pontifax, he thought the worse of her for being obdurate to his counsels, he grieved for her too, for he thought he saw better than she could do, the shoals and quicksands that lay before her.

'Law is a very expensive pastime,' he said with a pitying smile.

'I thought the very poorest—and I, until I got my own, am poor indeed, might have justice, here in our own England,' answered the rejected client with sudden spirit.

'Heaven forbid it should be otherwise!' said Mr. Hawke hastily. 'No, no, this is no oriental country, where the cash decides for the suitor who can offer the heaviest bribe. With a very clear case, you may go into court with empty pockets, and win. But—excuse me, young lady—not one case out of a thousand is quite of that transparent clearness that it appears to be in the excited eyes of justice themselves. A long piece is as useful in a lawsuit as it is in actual warfare, securing, as it does the best talent, and enabling, as it does, evidence to be hunted up from every nook and corner. It is the truest kindness to tell you the unwelcome truth at once. No solicitor of standing would take up this case of yours without a guarantee for heavy costs, and many, like ourselves, would feel compelled to decline it, even were that guarantee forthcoming.'

A man in her brougham, or rather in her brother's brougham, riding through the warty, un-sympathetic streets, all filled with people jostling, and hurrying along on their separate errands, towards Binton Street, the fair applicant for legal assistance threw herself back in a corner of the shabby little carriage, and sobbed aloud. But not for long; she raised her head, and, and shook off in an instant every semblance of emotion. 'Shall I give it up?' she said, with a strange little smile. 'After all, perhaps I should be happier. But no, never, never, never! No turning back, now. I will go on with it till I die.'

The servant who admitted her when she reached her brother's house, told her that a lady, a foreign lady, as he thought, had called, and would take no denial, and was awaiting her return, in the drawing-room. For a moment she hesitated, but then ascended the stairs, and after another piece of hesitation, opened the door of the drawing-room and found herself, as she had expected, in the presence of Madame de Lorraine.

## CASTLE-BUILDING

BEFORE the rising of this ancient tower upon a plain in the land of Shinar—before the lips of Cuthbert or Gothic architecture—there existed, and shall to all time exist, one species of building requiring not stone or mortar or sound of the workman's tool. The architect only is needed. On the boundless plain of his imagination he sketches his airy plan, spontaneously come stones and mortar to the foundation he has fixed upon, up rise the walls, sometimes slowly, at other times with mighty speed. And now the edifice is roofed, the stately pillars support the proud pinnacles, the pinnacles and towers are added, and lo! a castle, the most beautiful that can be conceived by its author. Many a vacant moment has seen its castle reared. By day and night, in sickness and health, as the building goes on. Architects differ, the castle of each seems to him the most perfect. At one time he rears a structure for himself, at another for a friend. How unhappy

would a man's life be if he could not pass some of his time in castle building! He is depressed by the cares of business, but this art carries him far beyond the trammels of his office. He sees the day when he will rise superior to these cares, he will have a splendid house, with magnificent furniture, numerous domestics, extensive stables. Perhaps he will be a bankrupt in twelve months. Never mind that now! He is happy as he contemplates his improved circumstances. He sees his wife happy, his children enjoying themselves with the costly amusements he has provided. Peace be with him! Time enough to-morrow when the castle falls, let him in this brief moment enjoy to the full his fancy's child.

Every age—childhood, youth, manhood, old age, builds its castles. The child pictures to himself that happy time when he shall be as superior to a child as the schoolboy is to him, and the schoolboy is anxious to realize the important individuality of the undergraduate in his cap and gown. The undergraduate sees himself a Professor, earning fame in the literary world, the Professor paints an old man who has retired into private life to live on the reputation he has gained by the publication of those works which cost so many hours of anxious thought.

Supposing that these dreams were to end only in a start, would the dreamer thank you for waking them to say their castles were but the effects of a mental mist, the idols of a disordered imagination? No, a thousand times would they rather suffer than remain to be raised by the ravages of time or shattered by the bolts of experience, only to be rebuilt with more splendid appendages, than that you should by your forbidding, as a sudden frost nips the opening bud, hinder the progress of the work.

All castles are not built, however, only to be pulled down again, unless the phrase castle building necessarily means only the forming of these projects which shall have no reality, and may not be applied to the visions which seem only remote, but not impossible. Think you, did Homer not look to some of that fun which bids fair to outlast time itself? Did Eschylus think his gorgeous tragedies would sweep in scattered pall past no other onlooker than those of the Athenian theatre? Did Cicero only speak for his client, and had he no visions of the posterity that should wonder with admiring rapture at that eloquence which could move the state? Or can we think that Alexander and Napoleon ventured on their careers of glory without any thought but that of present doing, without any hope of leaving a name 'which posterity would not willingly let die'?

Perhaps children in their thoughtful moments build more castles than any of those whom time has taught to be less imaginative. The boys look forward to the day when they shall have a watch, a pony, or a boat, and fancy themselves an important person; their fellows then as the happy possessors of those treasures now appear

to them. Little girls, as a rule, have a morbid craving to arrive at an age when some Prince of their imagination shall come and wed them. Many an invitation have we had, sixteen or eighteen years beforehand, to 'come to my wedding.' Again, some little nisher in embryo sees herself in the mental mirror taking her young family out in her carriage, as her mother now takes her, or bidding them go to night when they are trotting off to bed, and she has been exalted to the dignity of going out to dinner. How happy the little men and women feel in these blissful moments! Unfettered by care, ignorant of the storms which shall shake and overturn their pretty structures, they build on and on, pile up story on story, flooring and roofing and furnishing, those castles, in which the bright eye of childhood beholds such strength, but which the more experienced gaze of age sees to be weaker even than children blow them! Though we know better, we cannot choose but let the little owners take our hands and lead us through those halls so spacious, those rooms hung round with the pictures in richly gilded frames, those gardens full of Nature's sweetest offerings. And you, little fairy, with your dark hair and lustrous blue eyes, your ringing laugh and loving snugg, how will your castle stand? Will you be the happy mother you fancy yourself, with all the comforts which you think riches can bring! Or will you be the child of adversity, compelled to go out early and come home late, slaving your young life away to earn that scanty pittance which even the smile of contentment can hardly make sufficient to support your ruling mother! Or will the kindly Helper gather you amongst his sheaves, transporting you from the toils and the sorrows of a sinful world to that heavenly choir whose anthem is swelled by the sweet voices of the little children? Who knows? God bless you my dear! It is your innocent gait that brightens the dismal lot of many a struggling traveller over the stony highway of life.

And, Schollie, what plan have you drawn out? Are you going to win the prize every term? Are you to be lifted up over the heads of boys older than yourself? Will you aim at two or three years more to be the 'primus,' the dux amongst your fellows? Will you deliver the Greek oration on 'Speech day,' walk proudly up to receive your last prize, be a practical proof as Captain of the Eleven, that the best at work is often the best at play, and take your leave of the little world in which you have passed the best years of your life—ay, the very best—almost before the sounds of *Auld Lang Syne* and 'Three Cheers for Primus' have died away? Will you carry off the first scholarship at Trinity or Balliol, and proudly ask the 'dear old Doctor' to give the college a holiday in your honour? Will you, while reading hard, win your 'blau' in boxing, cricket, or athletics, and then luxuriate in 'all the decent things the fellows at school' will say of you? And at degree time will you be Senior Wrangler or get a Double First, and so perpetuate your memory among the schoolboy generations which are following you? My dear boy, I hope you will do all this, and more; but remember that every one cannot be head of the school, that there are very few who can take those scholarships you

are striving for, that not more than eleven can uphold their crackling reputation against the sister 'varsity,' that there can be only one Senior Wrangler. Build the castles by all means. Such labour is not only natural but inspiring, and if you strengthen every joint with hard and honest work, it will not be your fault if the walls do not hold together.

And you, Man of Business, who have not seen a brilliant career at the university, what castle are you building? Is it one which is reared slowly, but every stone of which is carefully laid, every aperture thoroughly stopped, every joint firmly secured? Or is it one which, to look magnificent, rises quickly, and apparently just as firmly as the other, but to the careful eye shows signs of scampering, and bad work here and there and yonder? The fortune which is not honestly acquired will not make you happy. To be lasting, your castle must be of the former kind.

And you, Old Man, what are you planning as you sit in your armchair before the fire? Are you putting yourself almost young again, recovered from that hacking cough, or able to see through those half-shut eyes? Or have you given up all hope of recovery, and seem to set in that fire your children in the enjoyment of a happy old age, secured from want by the only labours of their father? Do you see a daughter coming with loving hands to plant on a hallowed grave some few flowers, a small token of her love for him who has gone before? Do not such visions seem almost to reconcile you to your invalid life?

How should we be without our castles? With out them we should be dull at every moment when no pleasure was upon our minds. Small would be our pleasure in children if we could not go building for them. We could not sympathize with our boys and girls unless we are able to remember that when we were boys or girls stately edifices rose in our imagination—only to fall perhaps, their ruins, however, forming the materials for a stronger and more compact fortress.

What a slave to castle building must be the literary man! How rudely have some of the fictions which our poets raised been demolished upon by the world, until, after their creator's death, they were rased anew, and now stand secure. That wonderful success which Milton hoped for his long contemplated epic was for many years little more than an empty vision, until at last, from what seemed almost a profitless heap of ruins, there arose that castle built by the master brain of the old Puritan, having its battlement garrisoned with all the heroes of antiquity.

How many a struggling young doctor or briefless young barrister has been sustained only by the building of castles for his future!

But how many live only by this amusement, omitting to put their shoulders to the wheel of life, but going on from day to day dreaming that there is a better time coming! Such can never prosper. Their experience teaches them, apparently, nothing more than to build on the ruins of the old house, which was itself originally on the sand, and when the rains of adversity descend, and the floods of pecuniary misfortune come, those walls will be entirely swept away, and the builders will then perhaps realise the

fact, that castle building, if one of the pleasantest employments of life, is but a poor trade by which to obtain the wherewithal for filling the hungry with good things.

## OUR NEW MANAGER

IN FOUR CHAPTERS—CHAPTER III

THE weeks rolled by, the year wound to its close, and in the interval the new managing partner in the firm of Messrs More, Keelby, & Co. had quite justified the rumours which had preceded him respecting his energy and dash, as well as his severity in the matter of discipline. Two or three of the oldest servants in the firm had been dismissed for what, in their comrades' eyes at all events, were but minor faults, their places well supplied by strangers, all evidently devoted to Mr Pike, and, as a natural consequence, the whole of the staff felt nervous and uneasy.

Among others, Philip Hartleby felt that he was by no means making way with the new manager, of whom he saw very little. So rarely did he come into contact with him, that he began to think this was the effect of some deliberate arrangement, an idea by no means pleasant. And he was reminded by occasional meetings, that the circus had not yet left the town, and that his friend the trump was still engaged thereat.

Many other things of interest to our characters had happened since the close of our last chapter, but upon these we cannot now dwell.

The wind was howling loudly over the D, was, as it blew in from the sea, and intermittent showers of cold rain were driven before it, rendering the short dark afternoon towards the end of November shorter and darker still. The heavy clouds which drove from time to time before the gale darkened the landscape, as though the coming twilight were already there, while the rain was heard beating fiercely against the windows of Thornlow Cottage, in the front parlour of which sat Mrs Valiens and Mrs Darnett. The latter had evidently just arrived, for the hostess was saying, 'I begin to think I should never see my young friend again, it is so long since you were here, but I certainly did not expect to see you on such a day. You were brave, indeed, my dear, to venture out.'

'It did not rain when I started,' replied the girl, 'and I felt that I must come and see you, and so'—

'Well, my dear Marian, whatever the cause, I am very glad you had the courage to come,' said Mrs Valiens, as her visitor faltered and paused in her speech, 'and now you have to tell me all the news—is Mr Philip made chief clerk yet?'

'No—no,' returned the girl.

'Well, then, has your new manager displayed any fresh excellences?' resumed Mrs Valiens, after a glance expressive of some surprise at the unwonted brevity of her visitor's speech, 'or has he—' But, my dear child, you are ill—or there is something disturbing you. Has any trouble brought you out to me on such a day? It might have been a momentary brightening of

the gloomy sky which enabled her to see her visitor's face more clearly, or there might have been a change in the face, but Mrs Valiens rose as she spoke, and went close to the girl, touching her brow with a tender and sympathetic hand as she did so. This touch was all that was needed to make the waters burst forth, for Marian leaned her head against her friend's breast and broke into a fit of hysterical sobbing.

'Oh, I am so unhappy!' exclaimed the girl at last. 'I am so wretched and miserable, that I came over this afternoon on purpose to tell you all, and to ask your advice. I did not mean to behave so foolishly, she continued, with another effort to smile, 'and I am so sorry I went on so.'

'Surely you have not quarrelled with Philip?' began Mrs Valiens.

But the girl interrupted her passionately. 'Oh, no, no! My dear Philip is as deplorable as myself, she exclaimed. 'It is all through that wicked, cruel man whom we thought so good—that Mr Pike.'

'Mr Pike!' echoed the elder lady. 'I thought that he'—

'So did we, cried Marian, anticipating the remark. 'But oh! he is so wicked and so cruel. You know how he helped my father to enlarge his business, and you know how he came over after that concert. Well, he never would settle the terms upon which my father was to have all this timber, and so forth, he always turned every discussion off with a jest, so that father believed he could settle on his own terms. Then he came over to our house three or four times a week, almost every day indeed, and now all at once he demands large payments from us, and says he must employ a solicitor. If he does, it will quite ruin us, as father has sold all these goods on long credit. We expect to have a suit served on us at once, perhaps this very day, unless—unless—here the girl wept so bitterly, that she was obliged to pause. Mrs Valiens did not speak, but her stern frown and tightly closed lips seemed to tell that she already guessed the story she was about to hear—'unless I will give up Philip, and marry him, said the girl at last. 'Philip knows of it in some way from the people at the office, and he is half frantic. One of the principal men advised him to leave, as he was sure Mr Pike was bent upon his ruin.'

'But Philip will never give you up, I am sure,' began the elder lady, 'he had better resign.'

'He would resign, to be sure,' exclaimed the girl. 'he so divides and detests this man. But what is my father to do?'

Mrs Valiens tried to soothe the excited girl, though unable herself to suggest any real consolation, especially as further questions showed, so far as Marian understood the business, that her father's position was extremely hazardous. The lady had decision enough, however, to advise the girl not to sacrifice herself on any account, believing, as she told her, that her father would reject it as much as herself, in time to come.

Marian promised to adopt this advice, which was of course in accordance with her own wishes, but her friend could see that this resolve was qualified by the natural horror of being accessory to the distress and downfall of her father.

After this conversation, Marian declared she

must go home, having promised to return early. 'You cannot think of returning at present, my dear!' exclaimed Mrs. Vallens. 'Listen, how the wind shakes the windows, and how the rain is beating against them! It is quite dark now, so you will gain nothing by hurrying.'

But this would not satisfy Miriam, she had promised to go home, and so earnest was she, that Mrs. Vallens dreaded to excite her further, and so was fain to allow her to set forth.

Mrs. Vallens accompanied Miriam to the front door, which she opened. The night was nearly dark, not quite so black as it would become in a short half hour, but the two ladies could only just distinguish the dull grey road, and the outlines of the trees as they were bent by the blast, which raved past in furious gusts. They could not see the man, but they could hear it.

'It is a fearful night, my child,' said Mrs. Vallens, 'and you will— Ah! there is a carriage.' As she spoke, a vehicle turned an angle of the road and approached the cottage, evidently on its way to Bathfield.

Mrs. Vallens waved her hand and called to the driver. Her call was probably not heard, in the howling of the wind, but there was a light behind her in the hall, and her presence was seen. The wheels slackened, the vehicle stopped before the gate, and the driver, shivering in his streaming oilskin cape, came towards them.

'Are you empty?' asked Mrs. Vallens. 'Can you take a fare to Sandmouth?'

The man did not reply for a few seconds, and thinking he had not understood her, Mrs. Vallens was about to repeat the question, when he said, 'Do you want to go into the town, ma'am?'

'No, it is this young lady,' returned Mrs. Vallens, 'who wishes to go to the Lower Down Road. You can take her, I hope?'

'It is Miss Dunnet, I see,' said the man, touching his hat. 'I have the honour of knowing her friends, so will take her, although I am not on regular business now. I drive only now and then,' he continued. 'Nobody but he expressed any desire for further detail, but he went on, 'I am employed at the circus, but they have taken out a driver's license for me, and I was going to bring a lady and some children to Bathfield.'

Mrs. Vallens at first had frowned at this loquacity, but an idea struck her as to its cause, which changed the frown into a smile, and calling to her servant, she desired her to bring brandy and water into the hall.

'You can drink a glass of something, before you start, coachman, I don't say?' she said.

'Well, yes, ma'am,' replied the driver, who had a curious way of eyeing the person to whom he spoke so closely as to be rather unpleasant. 'Not that I am given much to drink. I have not drunk more than would do me good at any time for this four years.'

'I am glad to hear it, coachman,' said the older lady, as he passed. 'Here is your brandy and water, but do not drink it now, if you have any objection.'

'No objection in the world, ma'am,' returned the man, taking the tumbler, 'and here are my best respects to you, ma'am, and the young lady.' The curious searching look was very strong upon him as he spoke. 'But as I was saying, ma'am,

I left off drinking in consequence of my nearly having a fatal accident. Ah! it must be five years ago, now I come to recollect I was abroad at the time.'

As he paused here to take a second draught, Mrs. Vallens said, 'Now, my dear!' to Miriam. But the driver's narrative was not quite finished.

'Yes, ma'am,' he resumed, 'I was in Gibraltar at the time.'

'In Gibraltar?' exclaimed Mrs. Vallens, with more of interest and surprise in her tone than she had yet shown.

'Yes, ma'am. I suppose you've heard of the Rock of Gibraltar?—You have? Perhaps you've seen it, ma'am?' continued the driver.

'Yes, I have. But my young friend is in haste to get home, and I must ask you not to delay,' said Mrs. Vallens. Her latter words were spoken rather sharply, as if she were vexed with herself for having been led to admit anything to such a man. The driver took the hint, and touching his soaked hat again, led the way to the fly and opened the door, Miriam following and entering the vehicle.

As they drove off, Mrs. Vallens said to Margaret, who was an old familiar servant, 'I almost decided to let Miss Dunnet go with that man, his manner was so strange.'

'Let Miss young, ma'am?' exclaimed the attendant, 'he is all right, ma'am, it is only his wife I know he belongs to the circus, he has been for I have seen him about the doors every time I have gone into Sandmouth, for months past.'

This was to a certain extent reassuring, but the features of the man and the sound of his voice haunted the lady in a most unaccountable manner.

Had Mrs. Vallens, or any one else in the household, been desirous of testing the correctness of Miss Dunnet's story, no great trouble need have been taken to prove its perfect truth, for, as it happens to most men who fall in love when past the heyday of life, Mr. Pike displayed more earnestness in pressing his suit with the girl of whom he had so suddenly become fascinated, than would have been shown by many a man had, who had the hot blood and impetuosity of youth to excite him. He may have intended to be guarded at first, but the opposition it met with irritated the torrent it was intended to check, and while half Sandmouth was aware of his suit, the whole of his establishment made common discourse of his infatuation.

Possibly Mr. Durnett had been too common a cave among his friends, perhaps it was merely official well-wishes which gave an inkling of the secret, but certain it was that several of the staff in Mr. Pike's offices were very well informed of the position of affairs—as Philip Harkley found. He had received several plain hints, and some well meant advice, while the distress of Miriam, and the ominous silence of her father, showed that those who took the gloomiest view of Mr. Pike's tactics were likely to be right, but he had never received such detailed and definite information as was given to him on one particular afternoon, just as he was leaving the office. He happened to be the last who left on this occasion, and as he closed the office-door after him, he found, standing outside, a clerk whom he had

seen go out fully five minutes before. With a friendly nod and word of greeting, Phil was passing on, when the clerk stepped close to him, and said in a low tone 'I was waiting to see you, Mr Hurlby. I will walk a little way with you, if you have no objection.'

Phil was rather surprised at this mysterious commencement, but expressed his willingness to have the young fellow's company.

The latter continued 'I hope you will not think me intrusive, or as meddling with what does not concern me, Mr Hurlby, if I tell you that I have learned something about Mr Duncett and his family.'

Phil started visibly upon hearing this, but did not speak.

'I have no doubt you know,' continued the clerk, 'that what the governor wants, and will have by fair means or foul, is to get Mr Duncett's daughter to marry him?'

Hurlby could not repress a slight frown in reply.

The young man looked at him for an instant with an air of commiseration, in which he thoroughly sympathized with him, and then hurriedly proceeded 'He will have her too, sir, if it is to be done. I know that some of the men who have fought from old Duncett cannot meet their bills, which were given on the express understanding that they should be renewed, but—and here comes in the worst—Pike's solicitor has got them from the man who discounted them—of course you can judge who set him to work—and he will not renew. The consequence is, there will be a smash, and poor old Duncett will go first. I am afraid you can't do much, Mr Hurlby, but although it was hardly better like for me to mention what I had heard, I could not help giving you a chance to see if anything could be done.'

Hurlby wrung the young fellow's hand and thanked him briefly, but as the other disappeared, his heart sunk to think how truly his informant had spoken when he said he feared Philip could not do much. What could he do? If he held Murray to her engagement he believed she would be true to him, although she died in the struggle. She must suffer, while her father would be ruined, and his gray hair indeed be browned with sorrow to the grave. That he himself would suffer also, was certain, but he was manly and resolute enough to care comparatively little about this, even although he had reason to think his dismissal with disgrace was included in the programme.

In this depressed mood, he felt no inclination to go home, but walked aimlessly about the town until—when he had quite forgotten where he was—he turned a corner, and came suddenly upon the great circus, now just bursting out into a blaze of gas, preparatory to the opening of its doors for the evening. As Philip crossed, to pass down the by street along which the side of the circus ran, he heard his name pronounced aloud, and looking round, saw, somewhat to his vexation, the man who had been engaged in the quarrel with Mr Pike. At the moment, he would have preferred seeing almost any one to this man, so, with a brief answer, he was hurrying on, when the other called to him again.

What do you want?' returned Phil, with a touch of irritation in his voice.

'Why, I want you,' was the answer. 'I've been trying to get round to your place all the afternoon. Can you see me after the show? We close at a quarter after eleven.'

'What for?' was the natural inquiry of Philip.

'What for?' echoed the other, with an expression of contempt. 'Why, if I had got time to tell you now, do you think I should want you to come round then? It is on your business, not on mine, that I want you, and the question is, will you be here at a quarter after eleven, or won't you? Just say yes or no, for I've got to dress and be in the ring in half an hour.'

'Yes,' said Philip, who was impressed by the man's earnestness.

'All right, mister,' said the man. 'I will be there to, and your time won't be thrown away.' With this, he vanished behind the canvas door at which he had been standing.

During the remainder of that evening, Phil kept up an incessant speculation as to the reason of this extraordinary appointment. Somewhat he almost made up his mind to disregard it, as founded on the invitation of a worthless vagabond, but on this resolution was fairly floundered in his mind, the remembrance of the man and his strange circumstances ritally brushed it and left instead something like alarm, and a dread of some yet more unwelcome revelation.

He did not, however, fail to keep his appointment, and stood in the shade of the circus walls just as the nearest church clock chimed the quarter. He had met the crowd, which flowed like a tide from its gates, as he arrived, showing that the performance was concluded, his associate was not long behind him.

'Here you are then, mister!' exclaimed the latter, as he emerged from the circus, huddling in his shabby greatcoat as he came. 'That's all right! Now, I won't keep you long. Just come into the *Fisherman's Arms*, for it is precious cold here, and I will get to business in a minute.'

The circus man—Phil did not know his name—ordered some ale and then, after making sure the door was carefully closed, said 'Look here, Mr Hurlby! I told you I would do you a good turn whenever I could, and I am going to do it now. I've knocked about the world a good deal, and I never knew any one do a kinder thing than you did when you gave me that ball crown on the night when poor Tim was killed. Says I "That young fellow is a good un, and I'll see after him if I can."

'You were quite welcome'———' began Philip.

'Of course!' I saw that,' exclaimed the other. 'But don't you interrupt me. Now I kn a just how affairs are with you and that pretty girl in the Lower Down Road, who used to be so smiling when I first came here, but who droops so much now. Not that there is anything wonderful in my knowing it, for I believe all the town knows. One of my friends—as friends go, you know—is a lawyer's clerk here, and he owes me a little money. As you know what I have been, I don't mind telling you that I won it at cards. Well, I have heard a little from him. I let him off easy, on account of his giving



me the straight tip I know he could do it, if any one could, because his master is the lawyer employed by your precious Mr Pike. I know Pike. I go here under the name of Jem Whittaker, which is no more my name than it is yours, but it is as much my name, as Pike is his.

'Indeed!' exclaimed Philip.  
'I did not want him to get a good sight of me on that night, because—well, for the same reason which keeps me from coming forward now,' resumed Mr Whittaker. 'If I wasn't going on in advance for our people in a couple of days, I don't think I should like to interfere in the matter at all. Now, I want you to promise me to do something,—will you give me that promise?'

'I will, if I can, do anything reasonable to serve you,' said Philip, after a moment's hesitation.

'Serve me! Why, it's you that is to be served!' exclaimed Mr Whittaker. 'Now, listen. Speak to that pretty girl, and tell her to get her friend from Kewslow Cottage to be at her house to-morrow.'

'What! Mrs Vallens?' cried Philip. 'Why her—and why to-morrow?'

'Mrs Vallens, I don't say it is,' returned the other. 'Anyhow, we'll try so. To-morrow, I can tell you, from my friend, Mr Pike, will call at the house in Lower Down Road for his answer, and he will have it, one way or the other. Now, mind you tell Mrs Darnett to have Mrs Vallens present at the interview, just to act as his friend, that's all. Without her, the girl will be crushed and frightened into saying anything, but I know Mrs Vallens influences with the family will save her. Do you promise?'

'I will,' said Philip firmly.

'That's enough,' said the other. 'I'm off now. You want see much more of me, but you may hit it from me. You will soon know whether my information is good or not. If you don't get the sack from your place to-morrow, put me down as a duffer. If you do, you will know I have had the straight tip. I have paid you back your hall crown now, and returned your kind feeling for your lady.' He went out at once, and Philip, finding no further reason for delaying, followed his example.

### LONDON AT SUNRISE

On a bright May morning, one may claim pardon for touching upon a theme which, old and well worn though it be, is not threadbare, and can never lack novelty, even though its novelty arises only from want of familiarity, on the part of the vast majority of Londoners, with the great city under its most favourable aspect. But Ben has already tolled the hour of three A.M., but the light in the clock tower shows that the House has not yet finished its night's work. A crowd of hansoms and a few carriages surround the door of Westminster Hall, their drivers looking fagged and weary in the gray twilight, yet waking up into momentary activity on the approach of a pedestrian. 'Cab, sir?' comes from numerous lips as we emerge into Palace Yard, but 'the air bites

shrewdly,' and a brisk walk along the Embankment will be more agreeable this morning than facing the east wind over the door of a hansom. So, crossing Bridge Street, and lighting a consolatory cigar for companion-ship's sake, we choose the river side of the great London boulevard, and set our faces eastward.

The Thames is at its best, the tide almost at full flood, and daylight still dim enough to conceal the muddy hue of the stream, and the floating refuse which experience tells us is scattered over its surface. The gas lamps on Charing Cross and Waterloo Bridges show pale against the eastern sky, and are scarcely reflected in the water, which is already assuming the cold steel tint of the coming dawn. Half a dozen heavy sombre-looking barges are lazily floating up against the tide in mid stream, their occupants idly smoking their pipes on the deck, and occasionally taking a pull at the sweeps, to guide their craft safely beneath the dark arches. From under the busy shore comes the puffing of an officious river tug, which, in its busy bustling method of proceeding, seems to claim for itself an undue share of credit for being up and doing at this early hour. A few carriages pass us, bowling silently over the gravel road, on their way home from some City Company's ball; but the pedestrian element is awaiting, save for the blue coated policemen, whose presence in unusual number, coupled with that of three or four mounted patrol, calls to mind the evil not rarely which the Embankment has recently acquired.

Daylight is asserting itself boldly by the time we reach the railway bridge at Charing Cross, and as an early morning train enters the terminus, there is no longer sufficient friendly twilight to hide the deficiencies of the comfortable boxes which the railway Company consider good enough accommodation for their heavily mulcted passengers. And now the finest scene which the Thames in London can afford has open before us. In the foreground is the rippling surface of the stream, spanned by the handsome arches of the finest of the metropolitan bridges. Rising apparently from the very centre of the bridge is Sir Christopher Wren's massive masterpiece, the cathedral dome of St Paul's. On the left shore rises the lofty Shot Tower, looking quite picturesque in the half light, which does not yet reveal its unpicturesque surroundings, while on our own side the gray facade of Somerset House appears in the best advantage, set off by the young foliage of the Embankment gardens between us and it. Through one of the arches we can catch a glimpse of the Temple, and beyond it, of the fresh white frontage of the new City of London School, while in the distance, Blackfriars Bridge shows a line of glimmering lamps, and mercifully conceals the unsightly iron span of the Chatham and Dover Railway beyond. Three or four heavily laden market carts, piled high with green stuff for Covent Garden, crossing Waterloo Bridge, and a smart crew of the river police, making their boat jump through the ripples, serve to give life to the scene, while the sky is already putting off its gray mantle, and shows blue enough for Italy herself, promising a summer like none, and at present dappling the clear surface of the river with spots of shadow from the fleecy

cloudlets which drift westward before the rising breeze.

But Somerset House and the river front of King's College are already passed, and our route takes us up the steep ascent of Arundel Street into the busy Strand, busy even at this abnormal hour with the unresting traffic of the great city. Hansoms crawl lazily along in languid expectation of a belated fare, but there is a ceaseless rattle of hoofs and wheels, as the red cabs—each bearing the legend 'W. H. Smith & Sons,' some with one horse, some with a pair, and all piled high with bales of newspapers, the driver sitting half buried amid the records of the events of the last twenty-four hours—hasten about their business. One stream sets westward, coming fresh from the printing houses to the headquarters of the firm. Others are already starting for the railway termini, to deliver up their loads in time for the news paper trains. Boys lurching under portentous loads of papers push and struggle along the pavement with supplies for less enterprising news vendors, and the investment of a penny enables us to read at Temple Bar the telegram despatched a short hour or two since from New York, as well as the speech delivered an hour ago at Westminster. But the newspaper will keep till breakfast time, and must not be allowed to interfere with the unwonted opportunity of studying the Strand itself.

Few of those whose daily occupations lead them to traverse the London thoroughfares could give the slightest description of the buildings they pass. Time is too precious, and the necessity for keeping a sharp look out on all sides too urgent, to allow the eyes to wander many feet above the pavement, and it is only at these quiet hours of the morning that the wayfarer can look about him with impunity. There is something peculiarly quaint about the architectural features of the Strand, and the three quarters of a mile which separate Charing Cross from the Griffin Inn—perhaps the most irregularly built street in the whole of the metropolis in area. The houses seem rather to have dropped into their places accidentally than to have been built with any design, and the churches of St. Mary and St. Clement have an equally miscellaneous appearance. But it is only the eastern end of the river-street which concerns us now, and of it so much has recently been, or is at present in process of being, rebuilt, that its quaint character is almost a thing of the past, and we find a difficulty in realising the tower of St. Clement's crowded with cannon to overawe the turbulent Earl of Essex in his mansion at the corner of Ewer Street, or in more recent times, the meetings of the town with at George's Coffee-house, now the *George Hotel*, and the adjournment of the hot-headed disputants from the *Grecian* into Devereux Court, in order to settle their differences as to the etymology of a Greek word by an appeal to the sword. The *Grecian* is now let out in chambers, and Devereux Court is an orderly thoroughfare. Temple Bar has resigned in favour of a monastery; and the famous *Chef*, though its sign still stood resplendent over the doorway, until but gloriously removed from thence one night during the last year, is shorn of its former glories. Dick's Coffee-house survives only in name and in the pages of the *Teller*, and the *so-called* Palace of

Henry VIII. and Cardinal Wolsey is a hair-dresser's shop.

From these scenes of past glory we turn through the Temple gate into the quiet sleep-bound precincts of the law, undisturbed as yet by the footfall of the matutinal 'laundress,' or the shrill whistle with which the boy clerks will make noontide hiccups in the course of a few more hours. We pass the vacant space which a short while ago stood the ancient dwelling place of Oliver Goldsmith and Sir William Blackstone, and as the clock of the Middle Temple Hall strikes four, we pass beneath the archway and look down over the well kept grass plot and as yet empty flower-beds of the Inner Temple. The air is full of the chirping and twittering of innumerable sparrows, which make their haunt in the Temple plane trees, and seem to be striving to delude themselves and their audience into the belief that they can vie in vocalism with the best of country birds. Nest-building is progressing rapidly under the sheltered window ledges, and even as we glance upwards comes a vibrant cock sparrow bearing in his beak a most unsultry straw, a very beam for his modicum of building purposes. He alights on the ledge, and with the aid of his mate, strives to accommodate his prize to the purpose for which he brought it, but it proves too much for his powers, and as in an unguarded moment he loses his hold, it floats gently to the ground. Unhindered by his failure, he instantly follows it to earth, but a rival claimant is already in the field, another watchful gentleman of the same tribe has secured the treasure, and at once a battle royal ensues for its possession. Flitting, pecking, screaming, they wheel round and round the beam of contention, growing at last so eager for the settlement of their rival claims, that neither notices how a light gust of wind has stolen round the corner and swept away the subject of their dispute. Ah, foolish birds! not to recollect, even in the very sanctuary of the law, how frequently the substance of litigation passes from the would-be grasp of both litigants into the hands of the third party who steps in to settle the dispute!

The quarrel thus decided, we climb to our domicile, to experience, as the first who enters a room in the morning must always feel, how cold and cheerless the familiar spot looks in the morning light, with empty grate, and all the litter of the previous day as yet undisturbed away. Books and papers look less in viting than usual under such circumstances, and we turn all the more readily to our more glimpses of the outer world. It is a scene not to be forgotten. The clear blue sky is unclouded by the smoke and sombre hues of London noontide. Here and there, a streak of pure white steam marks the spot where the busy press is still panting and throbbing forth its mighty message to the world. The spire of St. Bride's peers over the red tiled roofs of King's Bench Walk, looking like a Gargantuan telescope which some dazed and gone astronomer has forgotten to close and put away, while above the slabs of Paper Buildings rises, solemn and stately, the majestic cathedral dome, tinged already with the coming brightness of day, its golden ball shining like a mimic sun, and the cross above it standing out in bold relief against the sky. Five minutes more, and the grandeur of the scene is complete, as the sun rises into sight

directly behind the cathedral hooding, with light every shadowy corner of the time-honoured buildings around us, and showing that the very city itself can appear picturesque, and even beautiful, when divested of its ordinary busy crowds of toil-worn, anxious-gated men.

### A DRAWING ROOM COMEDY

MR THOMAS BILBURY is the junior partner in the great firm of Bilbury, Pluckthorn, & Co., tea merchants, of Calcutta and London. The senior partner is Mr Joseph Bilbury, his father, who has a very nice house at Kew, and until within a year or two ago, there was a third member of the firm in the person of Thomas's uncle, Mr Pablin-ton Pluckthorne, the Calcutta representative of the establishment. But, unfortunately, Mr Pluckthorne, like many Englishmen who live in India, drank too much Scotch whisky and brandy, and ate too much curry and too many 'Bombay ducks,' the result being that at the age of fifty-five his liver declined to bear the strain put upon it and collapsed, leaving its owner so weak and ill that he had barely time to die to telegraph to his partners in England a brief notice of his resignation. This alarming dispatch arrived at a particularly inopportune moment. Mr Thomas Bilbury had on the day previous married a very charming young lady, Lydia Lupples, by name, and the intelligence of his uncle's sad condition necessitated that the newly-made husband—whom, by the way, had only become acquainted with his bride at an six weeks before marriage—should without a moment's delay take the train for Dover, cross to Calais, and thence go by the quickest route to Calcutta. The affair was pressing. Mr Pluckthorne's death would certainly throw the business into confusion, and any hesitation on the part of the English partners might imperil the future of the firm.

'Go at once, my dear boy,' wrote Mr Joseph Bilbury to his son, who was in the thick of Wight, 'and send your wife to me. I will take care of her and see her settled in your new home at Richmond. I would do myself, but my gout won't allow me. And above all things, take care of your liver.'

There was no help for it. Mr Bilbury, junior, felt that he must, so he did, putting the best face on the matter, and bidding a very long and tender good-bye to his poor little wife. He escorted her as far as Portsmouth, put her into a London train, kissed her, saw her off, and then took the next train for Dover.

She settled down in her new home on Richmond Hill, and he for many months afterwards worked hard at his desk in Calcutta, arranging the worldly affairs of his dead uncle, and from time to time sending home reports of his progress, and love letters to Lydia.

Two years, in fact, elapsed ere he was able to return to England, and then he returned, as

he had gone out, at a moment's notice. Unforeseen circumstances suddenly left him free, and, unwilling to lose a day, he took the first homeward-bound steamer, which, so it happened, was also taking to Richmond a letter, written a few days earlier, in which Mr Bilbury, among other matters, re-iterated to his wife that the pressure of business would not leave him at liberty for at least a month.

He travelled home without adventure, landed in due course at Dover, arrived in London late at night, and, without having written a word of warning to Lydia, hurried on next morning to Richmond Hill. Why he did not write or telegraph, we cannot say, perhaps he thought his sudden appearance would agreeably surprise his wife, or perhaps he was too excited to be able to think at all. But in any case, he neither wrote nor telegraphed a single word of preparation.

It was a fine sunny morning in summer, Mr Thomas Bilbury had scarcely seen his new home, which he had taken in a hurry immediately before his wedding, and he was walking eagerly up the short carriage-drive leading to the house, when, happening to cast his gaze towards the upper windows, he caught sight of a fair, white-draped figure, which was watering some flowering plants that stood in a row on the sill. He at once recognised the figure as that of his wife, and was about to utter a cry of salutation, when he suddenly became conscious that she did not recognise him, for, with graceful modesty, she withdrew from the window and disappeared as soon as she became conscious that he was watching her. An idea struck him. It was a flash, but not wholly unnatural one. He would pretend to be some one else—a friend, say, of her husband's, and would seek to see her as such. Of course she would at once recognise his voice, but then the surprise, and the consequent pleasure, would be the more complete if he thus deceived them. He knocked, therefore, at the door, and to the servant who appeared, announced that he had just returned from India and desired to see Mrs Bilbury. He gave no name, but he was admitted, and shown into the drawing-room, where, in some perturbation of mind, he awaited the advent of the wife from whom he had been so long and so cruelly separated.

'I suppose that she will know me,' he reflected, as he stood with his back to the window, 'but it is true that I have grown a tolerably big beard since I went away, and that I have become considerably tanned. However, the beard ought to make no great difference. I suppose that she would know me if she saw me in my shirt sleeves, or with both legs cut off at the knees. On the other hand, she thinks that I am still at Calcutta, for she must have had my last letter this morning. I hope my sudden appearance here won't upset her. I must be careful.'

Here his thoughts were switched aside by the unmistakable sound of rustling skirts in the

passage without, and as the door opened, he involuntarily turned and gazed into the garden, at the same time coughing nervously.

'May I offer you a chair? I am afraid that you find the open window too much for you,' said a soft voice behind him.

'O no, not at all!' he returned, fixing his wife for an instant, and then hastily resuming his survey of the garden.

Mrs Bilbury did not in the least recognise her husband. 'Do let me order a fire to be lighted, she urged.

'O no, not for worlds!' ejaculated Tom, as he turned slowly round, conscious at last that even his nervousness was no excuse for his rude manners. 'But the fact is, Mrs—'

'My name is Mrs Bilbury.'

'Oh! thank you very much! The fact is, Mrs Bilbury, that I am not yet entirely reconciled to this abominable English climate. I—ah—that is to say, a man who has existed in groves of mango—ah—and has lived on curry and chutney—ah—with the thermometer standing doggedly at a hundred and two in the shade, is—ah, but I dare say you understand.'

'Oh, perfectly, Mr— I think I have not the pleasure of knowing your name.'

'Who am I?' thought Mr Thomas Bilbury. 'My name,' he said, after a slight pause, 'is Bilbury.'

'What a curious similitude!' said his wife—

'Yes, I can readily believe that people coming home from India find this climate very trying. At first, even in summer. My husband writes that the heat in Calcutta has been excessive. Possibly, Mr Bilbury, you may have called to give me some news of him? I hope so. I thought that his last letter was not written in very good spirits.'

'That is satisfactory,' thought Mr Bilbury. 'The lapse of two years has not altered his love for me.'

'Yes,' he said aloud, 'I can give you some news of him, for, a month ago, I was at Calcutta.'

'Indeed! How delightful!—Do sit down, Mr Bilbury. It is very pleasant to meet any one who has seen my husband so recently, for I gather from what you say that you have seen him. How was he?'

Mr Bilbury was by this time much exercised in his mind as to what to say next. On the one hand, he was afraid to disclose himself, for fear of frightening his wife, on the other, he rather enjoyed the situation. He therefore determined, for the present, to return his inquiries.

'He was,' he said with deliberate hesitation, 'as well as could be expected.'

'As well as could be expected?' repeated Mrs Bilbury with alarm. 'Do you mean that he has been ill?'

'Well, not exactly ill,' prevaricated Tom, who had not yet quite made up his mind as to what he should say.

'But I do not understand you. Tell me, please. What has happened to him?'

Mr Bilbury wondered what the end would be. He heartily wished that his wife would recognise him and settle the difficulty by throwing her arms round his neck.

'Nothing very serious,' he said. 'I dare say he has told you that he has become very fond of tiger shooting?'

'Ah, that is! Tell me, Mr Bilbury, tell me!'

'Well, he went out tiger shooting one day as usual—ah—he was accompanied only by his servant. They entered the jungle! Suddenly, and without warning, a huge feline tiger sprang upon your husband and bore him to the earth. The native fled for assistance, help arrived, and the victim was found faint from loss of blood, with his right arm torn out at the socket, his left eye destroyed, and the calf of his left leg—ah—deeply scored by the cruel claws of the ferocious monster.'

'Dear me, how alarming!' commented Mrs Bilbury, and the exclamations seemed so out of proportion to the gravity of the story, that Mr Bilbury felt a morbidly disappointed. 'That fully accounts,' continued Lydia, 'for his bad spirits. His right arm—'

'Yes, torn out at the socket, Mrs Bilbury. He has learned to write with his left hand.'

'Ah! dreadful! And his left eye destroyed?'

'Yes, he wears a glass eye, poor fellow!'

'It must be agony! And the calf of his leg deeply scored by the cruel claws of the ferocious monster! Terrible misfortunes! And when you left him, Mr Bilbury, how was he? Will he survive?'

A new light seemed to break upon Mr Bilbury. Did his wife want him to survive? He felt by no means sure of it.

'It is impossible to say with certainty,' he said, 'but you must hope for the best. Let me beg of you, my dear Mrs Bilbury, to keep up your spirits.'

'Oh, Mr Bilbury, I don't see why I should be miserable. There is very pleasant society down here at Richmond, and, you know, there are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it.'

Tom's worst suspicions were by this time more than confirmed. 'The heartless woman!' he thought. 'This is how she receives the news of my being mangled and disfigured! But still, unwilling to give up hope, he continued aloud: 'Poor fellow! I assure you that in my delirium your name was very often on his lips.'

'Indeed! Then he had not quite forgotten me.'

'Forgotten you?' repeated Tom, his feelings for an instant getting the better of him. 'O no! I think that it is the lot of but few women to have a husband so utterly devoted to her.'

'And of but few men to have a wife!—'

'So charming,' said Mr Bilbury, finishing the sentence.

'Oh, Mr Bilbury!—But excuse me. Of course you will stay to luncheon. Do, to please me! You know that a woman hates solitude little less than smallpox—One moment. I will just go and give the necessary orders.' And Mrs Bilbury rose and quitted the room.

'Well, this is awful!' reflected her husband as soon as he was left alone. 'She doesn't recognise me, and apparently she doesn't want to care for me much. She reminds me that there are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it. That, I suppose, means that if I would only die and

liberate her, she would promptly marry some one else. A nice instance of the faithfulness of women! Perhaps I should do well to leave her at once, and never let her know the truth, but I can't do that. I love her still, indeed, I'm afraid I love her more than I ever did. No, I will see this affair to the end. If she is unfaithful, I will find her out, and then—

His meditations were cut short by the return of his wife, who informed him that she had ordered some luncheon, and that he must mean while do his best to amuse her, as there was no one else in the house except the servants. This style of conversation made Tom more and more restless, and at once he lunched out into an account of an imaginary moonlight picnic at Aden, where—so he let it appear—he had broken the hearts of several charming girls, and upon the whole had behaved in a highly reprehensible manner.

'It must have been very delightful,' said Mrs Bilbury. 'I wish I had been there.' Sometimes we have very pleasant evenings here. Of course, I know every one in the neighbourhood, and, as a married woman, I ask whom I like to my house. You must come one night, Mr Tilbury, and sup with us afterwards.'

By this time Tom was perfectly frantic. 'I'm afraid I shan't be here for long,' he said bitterly. 'I am going abroad. I cannot rest anywhere.'

'You are worried, I see,' said Mrs Bilbury. 'I can sympathise with you.'

'Yes, family matters and disappointments, you know.'

'Disappointments! But you are young, and, if you will excuse me, not bad looking. Perhaps you have really lost your heart to one of the young ladies at Aden.'

'O no,' he replied. 'And, to tell the truth, I am doubtful whether any woman would be worth worrying about.'

'Don't be cynical,' said Mrs Bilbury with a smile. 'Perhaps you expect too much from women.'

'I expect sympathy, fidelity, and consideration,' answered Mr Bilbury gravely.

'But, let me ask you, do you yourself indulge in those virtues? Ah! men are very inconsistent, I fear. However, I hope that you do not believe that women are bad as a rule.'

'Well, I know to my cost that some are bad. Yes, some even betray their husbands.'

'And in such cases I'm afraid that the husbands are also to blame.'

'I don't think so,' said Tom earnestly.

'But you are worrying yourself, I see, although you try to affect indifference. What is it?'

'Worrying myself? Not a bit!' cried Mr Bilbury.

'I am glad to hear you say so,' returned his wife. 'I don't worry myself. Cozy suppers and—'

'But the probable death of your husband!' intercalated Mr Bilbury.

'Oh, I am philosophical. We only lived together for two days, we only know each other for a few weeks. What am I to him? What is he to me? Life is still before me.'

'That is rather plain speaking,' thought Tom. 'I wonder whether she would like to get up a flirtation with me. I will draw her on a little.'

'Ah!' he said aloud, 'you have happiness within your grasp, and you can make another happy. It is not every man who is so fortunate as to meet with a woman like you. Now, I confess that I have been unfortunate in my experience. But if I thought that I might hope for your sympathy'—

'Surely, Mr Tilbury, it would be unwomanly of me to refuse it.'

Tom drew his chair nearer to that of his wife, and continued, 'Oh, if I might hope for your sympathy, and I look for your regard and pity, my dear Mrs Bilbury, life, I assure you, would soon assume a new complexion to my eyes. Let us be plain. Can you not make me happy, and bestow your sympathy, your love, and your pity upon one who will value such gifts at their true worth?'

Mrs Bilbury, evidently amused, rose. 'Really,' she exclaimed, 'I was not prepared for all this. I feel the need of love, love such as yours, but—' And she buried her face in her hands.

'This,' thought Mr Bilbury to himself, 'is my faithful and devoted wife!' yet he was unable to refrain from seating himself beside Lydia and putting his arm round her waist. 'Dear Mrs Bilbury,' he said, 'I love you! Do you, can you love me?'

She gave a scarcely perceptible gesture of assent, and Tom, now thoroughly convinced of his wife's unattractiveness, sprang up and confronted her.

'Mrs Bilbury,' he said, 'what would your husband say to this? You have disgusted him!'

She looked up, and held out her hands imploringly.

'You are a virtuous woman!' he continued unrelentingly.

'Then why just now, did you ask for my love?'

she demanded. 'Because I wanted to assure myself that you were as virtuous and worthless as I now know you to be. As for loving you—I despise you! Ah! if you were only a good woman!' And he approached her and took her by the hand. For an instant he stood thus, then he raised the hand and kissed it, and finally he kissed his wife on the cheek.

'Are you going, Mr Tilbury?' she asked.

'Yes, I had better go, it is for the best. We could not be happy. Good bye!' He kissed her again, and then moved slowly away to the door, where he stood, painfully regarding her.

'Good bye!' she echoed. 'But,' she continued in another voice, 'Tom!'

'Tom!' repeated Mr Bilbury, starting and colouring. 'Who told you my name was Tom?'

'You did, you foolish fellow, about two years ago.'

'And you know me, Lydia?' he cried, as he quickly returned to her. 'You have known me all along!'

'No, I did not know you until you told me that tremendous story about the tiger. There was no mistaking you, then!'

By this time Mr and Mrs Thomas Bilbury were embracing each other so affectionately that the conversation was rendered very fragmentary and disjointed. It is therefore almost impossible

to chronicle what they said, but it is certain that they forgave each other, and it is a matter of notoriety that there has since been no happier couple on Richmond Hill

ON RESTRICTING THE OUTPUT OF COAL.

A few years ago, the coal industries of this country were in a state of unprecedented prosperity, employer and employed receiving the highest remuneration ever known. A variety of causes, however, brought about a decline, and this decline continued until at last the coal industries and the wages paid to coal employers sunk to their former condition. During the continuance of the 'good times,' neither the miners' leaders nor the miners themselves give a due amount of thought to the cause of the prosperity they enjoyed. But when the decline came, and they found themselves enjoying grand wages no longer, they began to inquire into the cause of the decline. This was easily found. The remuneration obtained by mine and mine owner at the time of prosperity served as a lure to other labourers and capitalists, one class going into the mines, the other becoming mine owners. This influx of capital and labour into the coal industries greatly augmented the output of coal, so that the supply exceeded the demand, when, of course, prices fell, one coal pit undercutting another, so keen was the competition in the market.

As a result of this inquiry into the cause of the decline in miners' wages, we have the theory of restriction, and without doubt the general body of the coal miners of the United Kingdom believe that by restricting the output of coal they will be able to bring back the 'golden age' of mining. Meetings representative of almost all the colliers in the three countries have been held at Manchester, at Leeds, and in various other places, and resolutions in favour of restriction were unanimously carried. So implicit is the belief in restriction, that the man who dares to question its worth is looked upon by his fellow miners just as a man would be regarded who denied the attraction of gravitation. As a miner, the writer can speak from experience when he returns his readers that almost all miners regard restriction as a self-evident truth.

The believers in restriction uphold their theory thus: 'The price of every commodity, they say, is governed by the laws of supply and demand. If the supply exceeds the demand, prices have a tendency to fall, and inversely, if the demand exceeds the supply, prices have a tendency to rise. These are natural laws, their truth is undeniable, and the inference we draw from them is clear. We purpose restricting the output of coal till the demand exceeds the supply, when, of course, prices will rise, and our employers receiving better prices for their coals, will be able to give us better wages.' Such is the reasoning on which is built the theory of restriction, and to a limited extent, it is sound. But in order to perceive the shortcomings of this theory, it becomes necessary to follow restriction to its logical consequences

—a thing restrictionists are not always disposed to do.

In order to test restriction fairly, we will assume that the miners of Great Britain unanimously agree to restrict the output of coal in the most approved fashion, namely, that of working five days a week and eight hours a day. A restriction of this kind would certainly be thorough, for, whereas the colliers formerly worked from fifty-five to sixty-five hours per week, they would under the new system work only forty, and the change would entail in the hours of labour a reduction of about twenty-five per cent. Under this system of restriction, the colliers would work three-fourths of the time they formerly worked, they would produce three-fourths of the coal they formerly produced, and finally, they would receive three-fourths of the wages they had received previously. The first phase of restriction presents a far from pleasant aspect to the collier. In order to obtain good wages at some unknown future time, he voluntarily reduces his present earnings to the extent of twenty-five per cent, in the hopes of enjoying a future good time, he makes of the present a bad time. The colliers who formerly earned on an average thirty shillings a week, would under the new system earn seven shillings and sixpence a week less, and as it would take, say, three months, for the decrease in the output to affect the market, the loss to each collier would be considerable.

'But what if that?' restrictionists will exclaim. 'The increased wages we should then receive would more than redeem our losses.'

We think this would not be the case, and hope to show its improbability. We will suppose that restriction has been in existence for just a year. As it would take, say, three months of restriction to affect the coal markets, the first quarter of the year would entail on each collier a loss of one-fourth of his former earnings. At the beginning of the fourth month, however, the supply falls beneath the demand, prices rise, and the colliers get an advance of ten per cent. Two months after, they get another advance of ten per cent, and two months after that, they get a similar advance, and so keep advancing every two months of the year. Would all the advances received—fifty per cent—recoup the voluntary losses of the collier during the first half year of restriction? No! At the end of the first year of restriction, every collier whose wages had formerly averaged thirty shillings a week would have lost more than ten pounds sterling, and this notwithstanding the fact that his wages had advanced fifty per cent.

And here other considerations arise. To what an enormous price coal would rise during the restrictive year, and what an ill effect this augmentation of price must have had on other industries. All the varied industries of our land are linked indissolubly together. One industry cannot be tampered with without disturbing its fellows, and this great advance in the price of our staple fuel would have a tendency to increase the productive cost of many thousands of commodities, for which the collier would have to pay an increased price. Take, as an instance, the iron industries, where hundreds of thousands of tons of coal are used annually for smelting

and other purposes, and it needs no philosophic insight to perceive that the price of the coal in France the price of the finished product. It is impossible in an article like the present to do more than touch the fringe of the subject, and we return to that part of it which most intimately concerns the collier.

'But,' says the restrictionist, 'though the colliers may not recoup themselves in the first year of restriction, they will do so in the second year. The great wages they would get in the second year would more than compensate them for the first year's losses.'

Yes, we reply, if all went on as smoothly as you imagine. But your restriction would kill itself, and just at the time of its fruition. How would you find yourselves at the end of the first year? Probably enjoying short hours and long wages, and what would ensue? Why, the very causes which came into operation a few years ago, would come again into active existence. Your short hours and splendid wages would lure thousands to the mines. The refuse of every other vocation would scramble for places in your pits, and new pits and new pit owners would spring as quickly as mushrooms into existence, just as they did half a score of years ago. There are no gates to the mines to exclude new comers, no laws to prevent the sinking of new mines, and whenever mining and mine-owning become highly profitable, miners and mine owners will burst into being. And when this influx of labour and capital occurs, restriction vanishes into 'thin air.' The new comers help to swell the markets, the supply exceeds the demand, competition sets in, prices fall, and soon the old order of things would prevail.

THE POTATO DISEASE

A very moderate calculation puts down the loss caused to the country by the potato disease at a million pounds a year. It is doubtless much more than this. Indeed, the loss in Ireland alone in the exceptionally bad year of 1879 was put down at eight million pounds! So long as the disease remains unconquered, the loss will continue. But the dawn seems breaking. Hitherto, efforts have been made to fight the disease. Now we are beginning to learn to avoid it. In 1860, to supply our wants, we had to import potatoes valued at two million eight hundred and sixty-seven thousand and twenty-seven pounds. In 1881, on the other hand, we not only had enough for ourselves, but we exported large quantities to America and Ireland. How did this come about? Simply that farmers planted maximum bonuses and brock champions kinds that, because of their strong constitution, are not only great croppers, but in a great degree disease-resistant. Strength of constitution is what is wanted in order to combat the potato disease. For this reason, we are glad to see that the Highland and Agricultural Society have agreed to offer prizes for new potatoes of rural merit. There can be no doubt that, so far, agriculturists are travelling in the right direction, and it is to be hoped that what has been done for potatoes may be done for every kind of farm-crop. Already, farmers have begun to reap the benefit, and instances are not wanting of profit of from thirty to seven ninety pounds an

acre being gained by growing proper kinds of potatoes and securing the market at the proper time. Some account of the above facts may be seen, with the details, in a pamphlet issued by Messrs Sutton and Son of Reading, Berks, which may be had for a stamp by any applicant. It is well worth the attention of farmers and market gardeners.

IN MEMORIAM

D X

Bred out, ye spheres! ring out my mournful tale  
And oh ye groves your solemn music lend  
To my great grief, in plaintive, sorrowing wail,  
For he is dead, my Husband and my Friend!

And oh thou Love, the sunshine of my youth,  
New lend thy strength to every note of woe,  
While I in sorrow learn the bitter truth—  
The lonely hours this widowed heart must know

O Love, O Sorrow wherefore are ye twain,  
The rival basis of my bereaved breast!  
Where in successive annals ye remain  
Till strengthening such in anguish and unrest!

The tones of bliss which I was wont to hear,  
And bear with rapture from his loved lips  
Are silent now! Where shall I find his part?  
To me the world is shrouded in eclipse!

For dark are all the scenes where he is not  
And tune are all the sounds without his voice,  
Pal Gust is now my silent lister lot  
Though the rain would should say, Bajan, rejoice!

But he has passed to purer Light above,  
And so I hold it sin thus to complain,  
With me be left to great unyielding love,  
And nothing but the holier than his reman

These will I cherish till the Brial Song  
Of the Eternal Kingdom shall unite  
My soul with his in with the glorious Throng,  
Fast by the throne of Majesty and Light!

There shall the voice which beds the billows cease  
Their tumult on the Lake of Githin  
Be heard in thrilling tones of Love and Peace—  
Of Love so full of joy and harmony!

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Printed and Published by W & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

*Fourth Series*

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No 1009—VOL. XX.

SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1893

PRICE 1½d

## THE STRANGE STORY OF A WOOD PIGEON

THE following appears to be an almost unparalleled instance of chosen domestication and personal attachment on the part of one of the shyest of wild birds, the wood pigeon.

A friend of mine in one of the northern counties of Scotland (says our correspondent), lives in a cottage in the heart of a wood, and is employed on a little as forester, gamekeeper, and land steward. His name and address are as follows: Mr Peter Wright, Barra Cottage, Bourne, by Old Meldrum, Aberdeenshire. (The proprietor of the estate is Major Ramsay of Straloch and Barra.) Mr Wright, who is unmarried, had resided there for a good many years with his aged mother, whose decease he had recently cause to deplore. One oppressively hot day I had called to see him, and while sitting together engaged in conversation, the door being ajar, there came walking in with the greatest deliberation, and full in view of us, a stranger pigeon. (It may here be remarked in passing that there were no tame pigeons kept about the place.) Having entered, the pigeon came right forward without any seeming fear, hesitancy, or halting, into the room, and stood respectfully before us. My friend remarked, 'There's a *doe* [pigeon]. I wonder where it's come from.' At first, it was supposed that the stranger was probably some neighbour's tame pigeon that had straggled in, and through inattention, we did not at that time observe that it was really a cushat dove or wood pigeon finding itself unchecked and not ill received, it marched forward past us and through the room to a bedroom at the back, into which it coolly walked, as if to say 'Here I mean to stay.' My friend followed and held out his hand towards it, uttering familiar words in winning tones. The pigeon at once, without any sign of fear, put its head into his hand, moving its wings and chirping confidently, as a young pigeon does in pressing on the parent bird to be fed. A few crumbs of bread were

placed before it, some of which it ate readily, but not by any means in a ravenous manner, and indeed it did not seem as if famished. Although evidently a young bird, the pigeon was far enough grown to be quite fit to provide for itself, more especially at that time of the year. The tail, however, was awing, having seemingly been pulled out by a cat, or perhaps by a hawk. Yet it did not appear as if it had been pursued and forced to seek shelter and safety from an enemy.

The pigeon continued to stay on, but on account of his domestic behaviour, the gamekeeper almost forgat about it, and no pains were taken to tame or familiarise the strange visitor with its now chosen companions or its new abode. The woman who kept house for the gamekeeper merely gave it food, and it at once made itself at home, and at night lodged in my friend's bedroom, perching itself unbidden on a clothes peg. For a while it moved about very quietly, but by and by it would, in the early morning, fly from its perch on to the bed. At other times it would follow the gamekeeper, and seem dejected when he was out of sight. After a while, he began to observe its movements more particularly, and its peculiar attachment, and speedily a strong regard arose between man and bird.

It has now (March) been nearly seven months in the house, and its devotedness to its master is amazing. It would follow him wherever he goes, were it not restrained, and lest it should be taken in any of the rabbit traps, it has to be shut in when he leaves the house to go through the woods and ground. When at any safe work, it is permitted to go with him, and from morn till night it will stay close beside him watching his proceedings, accompanying him to meals, and returning again when he resumes work. It is interesting, and also somewhat amusing, to observe its diligent labour. For example, one day he was trimming the borders of a long walk, and all the time he was cutting the edges of the grassy sward, the pigeon kept tame, pecking the edge close to his feet, as if determinedly assisting in the work. When



any one came near to speak with its master, it would withdraw to a distance, and when the stranger went away, it would then at once return and resume its occupation. At meals it takes its place on a chair close by him, where it has its dish of food and its cup of water, and will remain there just till he moves, when it promptly goes with him, if allowed. Some times, when it has fed, it will perch itself on the back of his chair, or on his shoulder, upon the slightest token of inducement or permission, or on his head or hand, and nibble around his eyes, or over his hair, neck, beard, and face, in the most loving-like manner, and when spoken to indulgently, it will look archly and knowingly, holding its head to one side, and moving its bill with a light crunching like sound in opening and shutting, as if in attempt to speak or imitation of the movement of his lips in return. Indeed, so intelligent a creature is it, that one can secure help frequently; that it is not only listening pirot-like and undisturbedly, what is said, but also labouring to acquire the faculty of using human language, so as to be able to reply.

To prove the intense personal devotedness of this stranger from the woods, one striking instance may be given. Some weeks after its appearance, its master had to be away on business for three days. It was painful to see its increasing restlessness and evident distress at his protracted absence, and painful to note its delight when he at last returned. But that was not all. It seemed to have firmly resolved not to lose him again, and next day, when he set out to go through the woods, it determinedly followed, and would not be hindered. Its power of keeping in view and not losing him being sight, and not scent, it had at last lost him in the thickets, and could not find him again. Like some wiser birds in such circumstances it seems to have concluded that he, not it, was lost, and consequently it must have continued its fruitless search till night fell, when it had to lodge in the wood. Next morning it probably resumed its search, for only at mid-day did it appear to have been struck with the thought, that possibly its master had got home without it. On returning the cottage, the delight of the bird was cordially reciprocated by its protector.

Whenever it is detained at home, if not allowed to accompany him, the pigeon will remain pretty much about the house, and a good deal inside. Sometimes it will go through the woods on an exploring tour, or for exercise, and return way for several hours together, but always unflinchingly returns. Mostly, however, when the keeper is absent, it will go out and in and around among the outhouses, occasionally perching itself on the top of a building, and sit as if dozing. When he appears, at a word it will open its eyes, pick itself up, and fly to him. If he says coaxingly 'I am going to dinner, come—are you coming?' it will

light on his shoulder or head, and, thus carried, enter with him, and take its accustomed place. When he is present, it cures for no other. Still, when he is away for only the usual short intervals, it is quite at ease with the house-keeper, and will at times, as if in frolic, fly on to her head or back when at work. It will sit about on tables, chairs, window sills, take a look into the mirror, lift a comb or other small article, and make itself as it were generally useful. The cat and it are quite safe and easy friends, but without much familiarity on either part. It dislikes, however, the presence of a dog. It seems also to have a strange antipathy to blue, which it shows if an article of that colour is held before it. It is quite familiar with me, and always seems pleased to see me. The second time I saw it, a short while after the day it arrived, it approached me once to look at me knowingly, as if to say 'O yes, I have seen you before. I know you are a friend of my friend, and you were here when I came. You are welcome, and I shall always be glad to see you.' It allows me the fullest liberty with it, and it will readily come upon my hand or finger, and permit me to carry it about anywhere, out or in, around the house in broad day, without seeking to fly off, and if I place it on anything outside, leave it, and I go into the house, it will speedily come flying in after me.

One day that I called, it was abroad on a visit through the wood, but very soon it came in and lighted on the table near me. I began to talk to it, and take it on my finger, placing it near my face, when, instead of being frightened or shrinking from me, it began to peck gently and incessantly around my eyes, beard, head, and neck. But although so familiar and seemingly pleased with my presence, it never seeks to follow me when I leave the house, as it does my friend. He is clearly the one supreme object of its attachment and solicitude. As before hinted, it is stupid of no one, but it permits carelessness and familiarity only to a man, and at times shows hearty displeasure. It not only has its peculiar and strong liking, but it has manifested somewhat fierce individual dislike, in one instance, at least, strikingly so. A nephew of my friend had found it impossible to be present from a distance at a new relative's funeral, and made a visit a short time after. When seated in the house, the pigeon approached, and set upon him with bill and wings more in manner of a hawk eagle than in a gentle dove, and as if determined to drive him from the house. Usually, however, if it shows no special liking, it is quietly indifferent, unless when too closely approached and liberties taken with it, when it will vigorously defend itself, pecking and striking furiously with its wings. If teased by its accented friends, it will peck more or less severely, but rather in a playful manner than otherwise.

Its coming, and at such a time, and its peculiar ways and habits, are wholly inexplicable upon any natural or recognised principles, and it can scarcely be wondered at if my friend should not only have an affectionate regard, but something like a reverential love for it, and without any undue superstitious notions, one could hardly be blamed for conceiving that there must be something supernatural about its visit and manners, nor

should it be thought specially odd, or very improper, if neighbours do, as if with bated breath, whisper 'It looks just as if it had been sent.'

It has now become a very plump and pretty bird indeed—a most perfect and beautiful specimen both in figure and feather. One of its chief delights is to wash itself, and it seems to take pleasure in occasionally dribbling in water. If a tub well filled should be at hand, it will at least once a day get into it, swim and paddle about, and dive overhead like a duck, and all the more will be its evident satisfaction if it can have a shower bath at the same time by run running from the house upon and over its back. When satisfied with its bath, it will, if the day is cold, go inside, and place itself near the fire, and commence to preen its feathers in the manner common to fowls. Indeed, its fresh, and its familiarity and intelligence, seem to be of a far higher order than those of any other bird with which I am acquainted.

It has repeatedly been suggested that this intelligent pigeon may not be tamed, and come from somewhere not far away. Well, supposing it were so, it would still remain not countable how it should live of free choice so decidedly taken up its abode in a strange habitation, and attached itself so persistently to a particular individual. But no information of a tame wood pigeon near or far can be found. No doubt wood pigeons may be tamed, though I cannot from my own experience speak to the fact as being of common occurrence. There is no evidence that the pigeon in question had been previously tamed, and if there were proof, it could never satisfactorily explain so sudden and intense an attachment to a stranger. Neither is it of importance to try fully to account for the fact by supposing that the pigeon had been driven by flight to seek shelter. There is no evidence that it was so, and the deliberate manner in which it presented itself gave no appearance of any such fact. He idea, had it been so it would more than probably have gone away after a while, when the flight was over, and if the terror should have remained, it would not readily wander abroad through the woodland, its natural haunt, as it has been in the habit of doing, alone and unconstrained. Neither, had it been driven in for shelter and protection, could such a fact account at all for the peculiar personal attachment so assiduously manifested and maintained. A rascal, except too—the natural enemy of its marvellous tribe—is surely not the most likely protector to be sought, unless, indeed, considerable reasoning power could be predicated of the bird, reckoning on the principle that its most dangerous enemy, should it gain his favour, would prove its best protector. Nor will the theory of ostracism fit much better than that of fear. Results being considerably improbable that so young a bird should have been shunned by its kind, the fact of its going so readily abroad and staying for hours together in its natural haunts, would militate against the likelihood of such a supposition as ostracism. By no reasoning and on no natural principle does it seem that a satisfactory theory can be adduced. The attachment is so extraordinary in all particulars, that

nothing equal or akin to it, to my knowledge, be produced with regard to any wild animal, and all the less to one of a species naturally so shy of man.

ONE I ALSO, BOTH FAIR;

OR, A HARD KNOT

CHAPTER XVII—CHIVVY JACK

A DARK night on the river. It was summer; but there was a raw damp chill in the moor air. The day had been fine, but now a high wind had set in from the seaward, eddying, a noisier splash and ripple than usual from the rising tide, that swirled around the quays, and tumbled the moorings of the many barges and light craft at anchor there, above bridge, on the London Thames, that is so different from the silver Thames beloved of swans, some score or two of miles away. There was no moon, and a haze of rain kept falling from the murky sky. It was not in evening, evening, nor was the up—a dull little whiff, at the foot of one of the seduking streets that run steeply down from the Strand to the river—a tempting one. Yet, in this delightful solitude, seated on a sturdy stump of battered timber—it had been a fragment of a mast, possibly, to which, when convenient, chairs or tables were made fast—was a well dressed man, surveying the black stream and the dim outlines of the neighbouring buildings, as contentedly as though he had been alone at the loveliest prospect in the world.

It has been said that the man was well dressed. So he was, in the sense that his clothes, of shiny black broadcloth and fine texture, were new and good. They hung loosely on him, though, as if newly made. The hat was new and glossy, too, and so was the silken neck scarf with its glittering pin, and so were the boots, well blacked and bright. There were no jewels on the lean brown hands, but several rings glistened on the long little fingers, which had that peculiar plasticity that we habitually associate with the hands of a sailor. And indeed, the man's apparel might very well have been, in its first maiden freshness, the shirt-going attire of some officer of the merchant service, a maritime dandy in his way. There he sat, and there he smoked, an ugly snuff, meantime, lurking about the corners of a mouth that was by no means anything but repulsive to look upon. A fine looking man enough, tall, thin-framed, broad across the chest, exactly the sort of recruit that in the army they call a 'sargeant-major's man,' and whom judicious colonels put in the front rank. He was not young—in the prime of life, perhaps—for there was a little silver mingling with the dark Auburn of the hair and beard, while the face, handsome so far as features went, was tanned to a swarthy brownness by the tropic sun, and marked by innumerable wrinkles, as fine as if their delicate lines had been traced by the point of a needle. The eyes of themselves would have attracted notice anywhere, so bright were they, and yet so chameleon like in colour and expression. It could have been no common character to whom those restless eyes belonged.

There he sat, alone, listening to the melancholy sound of the last rising tide, and the barking of dogs on board of vessels far away, and the distant

rear of the great thoroughfare at the other end of the steep and narrow street that debouched upon the wharf.

'A cheerful look this,' he muttered to himself, from beneath his bushy beard—'a cheerful look for a philosopher to choose for the scene of his meditations. I've known wise, though,' he added, with a sort of chuckle, die, probably, to some misadventure that suddenly occurred to him—'very much worse. Pusanatta Point is not an earthly Eden, nor is the prison of the Bird of Punishments at Peking exactly an abode of bliss. Pity, that Dark before he wrote his *Infamia*, could not have known about the world as I have done, and seen some of the sights that I have seen—such as Old Ilmorog could not show the poet.'

The speaker's intonation was perfect and his voice a good one, but there was something in the peculiar ring of it that would have jarred upon the ear of a listener, something cynical, but it could for a while be smothered in silence, and then, with a sort of involuntary shudder, tossed away the end of his cigarette and watched the little fiery spark as it floated for a moment on the black water below the wharf's edge, and then went out.

'It's chilly here, he muttered. 'F'n,lan I give but cold comfort, as usual, to the prodigal returned from summer climates. And yet—ah! yet, there is more to be picked up under this foggy sky, than anywhere I know of from Peru to Zanzibar. Will the great prize in the lottery turn up for me this time? Dame Fortune certainly owes me a successful spin of her ladyship's wheel of misfortune now, for the world has dealt but hardly of late years with Chinese Jack. B was picked on a South Sea island, bonnet to a Chinese gambler's house, captain of an Arab slave dhow, that the boats of Her Majesty's ship *Fulmar* captured in the Red Sea. Lucky for me that I was able to play as well as to draw the character. Little did Her Majesty's officers—how well I remember them in the gold-headed caps, on the main deck of a quarter-deck, as I used my shuckled hands and made my respectful salaam—little did those navy lads think that I, the prisoner, the Arab slave dog, understood every word they said as well as they did themselves—'Not half bad'—wasn't it? It was a lieutenant who said so, and then the purveyor added, 'That religion, you know?' Will read young fellow, that purveyor? He knew all about us Moslems, didn't he? Am I a Moslem, by the way, or is it Confucius that I stand by?—as when I was head secretary to that poor fellow King Tse, the mandarin. At any rate, the British naval officers never dreamed that Ali Hassan, the tubbed skipper of the dhow they caught at anchor, with a cargo of five ebony on board, was John, only son of the Reverend!—Here an expression of genuine pain came across his reckless face, and he sprang up from his seat with a wicked look in his flashing eyes, as though his conscience pricked him, and he would have been thankful for some scapegoat for his anger. A moment afterwards, and he was able to laugh at his own emotion. 'I really thought,' he said cheerily, 'that I saw the old place again—the paragon's gate, my sisters, poor girls, coming home from church in their spruce Sunday frocks, my father,

worthy man, with rebuke in his eyes, because I had killed the time that night, but have been spent in harkening to the sermon it had cost him many a painful hour to prepare, the blue mountains—Alps as I thought them then, mole hills as I know them now to be, since these crows have looked on Andes and Himalaya—in the background, and in front, the real of my lord, Castel Vawr. Yes, it is very real and very rich, as Castel Vawr.'

He laughed briefly, and then, quitting the wharf, ascended the stony little street, at the upper end of which, full of bustle and flourish like, was the busy strand, while below, in black and swift and silent, the great river, without which London would never have been the London that we know. In the middle of Jane Seymour Street—all these parallel alleys seem to bear the names of those whom our crowned ruler, King Henry, sent to the block—is an odd little private hotel, which takes, through the medium of fly leaves in *Bradley's Directory*, and of advertisements in ninth country newspapers, to convince an economic public that it is very cheap. This place of entertainment is known as *Budger's Hotel*. It is, strictly speaking, and has been within the memory of man, *Mrs. Budger's Hotel*. There may have been a Budger's of the name once, but he must have died very long ago, since the oldest frequenter of the Jane Seymour Street hostelry remembers that pretentious black bouc with the red artificial flowers. In this private hotel, is dining room, and suite of a den as can well be matched in London, the soloiquet of the wharf was evidently a valued guest.

'Any letters for the Captain, B b?' called out Mrs. Budger to the party faced water, in response to the inquiry of her newly returned inmate.

'No, ma'am, and B b, as his unwholesome complexion and the dirty napkin twisted round his professional thumb be some visible in the doorway of the continental floor room, "nothin'.'

But Bob the water ducked his head respect fully, as 'the Captains' busy eye encountered that pseudo optic of his. Manifestly, the bronzed guest was not known under that roof by the queer name of Chinese Jack, and manifestly, too, he was considered as a solvent and a liberal customer, worthy of lip loyalty and of consideration. Mrs. Budger of Jane Seymour Street had the oddest clients out at elbows clergy men, with anxious eyes and many manners of strange little sects, from Wales or Cornwall, her lectures in flapping coats, and whose careers to exhaust all London from the pulpit was only equalled by their self-denying thirst, for northern farmers and rough mining man, and sun-banned persons from the other side of the world, who did not seem exactly to have made the fortune that they sought, either by wool or gold. All these varying clients had one point in common—in whatever dialect to putting, except upon compulsion, with a stray sixpence or an extra shilling, a quality more hateful than any other in the eyes of a struggling merchant. Now the Captain was, according to Jane Seymour Street ideas, pretty much what a Russian Prince or an American Silver King appears to the managers of the *Grand Hôtel* in Paris.

'Never mind—Nice evening, Mrs. Budger,' said the Captain genially, as he leaned his elbow

on the low narrow counter that crossed the half-door of the frowny bar

Mrs Budgers coughed behind her black worsted mittens. She was used to hear tirt complaints from curly men and discontented women, from the country, of the damp, the darkness, the gloom, and uninviting aspect of Jan Seymour Street. She was unused to praise of any sort, and with reference even to so humbles a subject as the weather, and she almost feared that her customer's eulogistic words might veil a sarcasm. It was a nasty night, but then it was just possible that the Captain, freshly returned from abroad, as she knew, might have come from foreign parts where the nights were nastier, and might regard that chimney evening in the Strand publicans as some thing cheerful and exhilarating.

'We must take 'em as they come,' was the Landlady's hesitating answer, 'and what I always do say is, that with water above and water below, and so central, the situation is the healthiest in London.' There may have been a few nuances in the reasoning, but Mrs Budgers had made the statement a few times before, and believed in the truth of what she said, as we all get to believe in the truth of what we habitually say.

'I should judge so by your looks,' Mrs Budgers, returned the guest smotherly but archly—a polite person, that Captain—and as a woman is never too old for a compliment, Mrs Budgers blushed, and blushed a darker crimson than before.

'Won't you take something, sir, before you go up stairs?' asked the smiling, indolently, motioning, with her black worsted mittens, towards a shelf stocked with various bottles, pointed all over with golden grapes, but the contents of which probably owed less to the grape than to grain and potatoes.

The Captain would take something. He tossed off the glassful of liquid fire that Mrs Budgers poured out for him, politely preferring the diamond 'Your health, my man,' and then, with a nod, pressed on, up the duck and irregular stairs, and reached his room.

The Captain's private sitting room was on the first floor, and the Captain's bedchamber adjoined it. Both were low ceiled, and inflexibly dingy, and to the furniture and general appointments. But the gas in the first-mentioned apartment was blazing brightly, and gave an air of almost cheerfulness and almost comfort to the shabby surroundings. The Captain unlocked a neat little writing case of shiny yellow leather—all his luggage, as might be seen by peeping through the door, now ajar, of his bedroom, was neat and ostentatiously new, like his wearing apparel—and took from an inner compartment a sealskin tobacco pouch, a small brass-mounted horn such as Moors use for carriage of the fine gunpowder they still employ for priming, a very little horn spoon, and a bundle of empty cigarette papers. Clearly, the Captain preferred making up the cigarettes for his own consumption, to buying them, as less careful smokers do, ready made. Very dexterously and quickly he manœuvred the fragrant light hued tobacco from the pouch with a gray, pungent smelling, sticky drug, which, by the aid of the tiny spoon, he extracted from the horn, rolled up with practised fingers some dozen or so of the cigarettes, and kindling one of them, sat down in the biggest and comest of the arm

chairs, and with his head thrown back, smoked for a while silently, and with an air of dreamy enjoyment, such as a painter might have shown when basking on a sunny bank in some inaccessible forest of the Tera.

Next, it might safely have been said, had so incompunctible a customer darkened the doors of Mrs Budgers's house of public entertainment, portals which nevertheless had opened in their time to give admission to odd samples of humanity. This man was a living enigma. Unscrupulous, designing, artful as he evidently was, he had yet returned, through who knew what experiences, a certain charm of manner, which is never found except among the educated. It suited him just then to play the modern merchant captain returned from a prosperous voyage, and probably he could have sustained the part with perfect ease even at that time honoured skippers' house of call, the *Terrace Hotel*. The old salts of a rougher school who frequented the place might have growled at him as a Jimmy Jessamy and a dandy, but they would have credited him with being seaman enough to fight his vessel manfully through white squall or typhoon. Had he chosen to act the soldier, or the commercial traveller, or the thoughtful artisan of superior attainment, or the most difficult character of all to assume—to pose as a gentleman of refined manners and cultured mind, he would have acquitted himself equally well. And yet in every one of these parts there would have been a lurking glitter in his keen eye, a mocking ring in his not unmannish voice, a cry, *Be ware!*

He smoked the first three of his medicated cigarettes in silence, and then, in a low but distinct tone, resumed the self-communings which had been interrupted when he left the wharf. 'An odd trick, this of mine, of talking to myself,' he muttered, 'but it has served to prevent my tongue from growing rusty, as, and my English from slipping its cable altogether, and keeping me with nothing but a score of queer dialects jumbled together in my memory. Welsh, perhaps, might have stuck to me longer. It was in Welsh, I'm sure, that I crawled abroad for help, when that rascally Dyak sea robber, my master, had burnt me, his Christian runaway slave, neck deep in the entail on the beach, and, as good-luck would have it, the war fleet of the opposition pirates landed their cut throats just in time to prevent the ants from picking my bones as white as ivory. I have brushed through, by the skin of my teeth, as our Yankee cousins say, pretty often for one man,' he added boastfully, and yet with a sort of sadness in his tone.

He lit a fresh cigarette, and then went on, dreamily, but yet in a voice that in one of the old aristocratic saloons of the Faubourg; St-Germain would have been hearkened to with respect, as having the old aristocratic ring, so sweet, so true, so confident, in the modulations of a life's training. 'I am set aside—I am sure I am,' he said, between the puffs of the slender cigarette, 'for a purpose. I must do something, I am certain, worth the doing, before I lose the number of my men. Well, well, we cats of nine lives—mine should be of ninety—and mine—when I reckon Negroes and Chinese, Malays and Turks and Melanians, as among those who wanted, not to "watch over the life

of poor Jack,' but to shorten it with crooked sword and spear and war club, and poison—ought to accomplish something, on this side the grave. We have—so the proverb says—three chances. Perhaps my greatest chance was when I was King Tsu's chief secretary—he was a man, a lump of flesh and silk, with the red coral Viceroy's button on his black cap—and all the dollars and cash strings, in silver bars, the jewels, the silk, the tea, of the frightened taxpayers of the province running into the vice-regal palace as fast as lichen plants and hurrying bullocks could bring them. How could I tell that our province—*Szechwan*—was selected for the total squeeze, that the golden sponge was to be wrung dry for the benefit of the Peking Treasury, that the Emperor's uncle wanted a new mumble palace and gardens and handpans, out of the spoils of his discarded Excellency, my master, whom they—Did they stangle him? or was it mere transportation to Tibet? At any rate, they took away all my hoard—I had furnished my nest nicely—there were rubies and pearls, as well as the heavy gold and silver, but the Chinese know how to search. I was a beggar when I worked my passage from Macao to Singapore, but then I was young and strong and had the world before me.

'My English captors the other day,' he resumed after a few more whiffs, 'were very gentle with the poor misguided Moslems who bought cheap blacks in Africa and sold them dear in Arabia and Persia. They never thought of looking in my coarse cotton cumma shroud, where Ali Hassan had stowed in the good heavy ounces of gold dust, bought with a good flesh and elephant tusk, and a flight sometimes, among the baobab trees of Africa. They actually subscribed a few shillings apiece to send the Arab captain—since he was so respectable a Mussulman, five times a day ready with the basin and the prying carpet—from Suva to Cairo and Alexandria. Then it came about that the *sereno*—the native boatswain—of the *Cyprus* should be hanged and shot, and I, who can patter him instant as a bud that monk his invocations, should be chosen to take his place, as Ali Hassan, always. Even the Indian lineer follows called me Halil Ali Hassan, and thought me a sort of sailing saint. And then those two lovely creatures came on board, and I heard the old name and set it on the labels of the luggage, and remembered Castel Vanzo and the Welsh hills, and soon learned from the gabble of the prating passengers, who deem'd the *sereno* boatswain a nobody, the story of the widowhood and of the rich inheritance.

'And then I saw her. I saw her, again and again, and though she has the eyes of a lynx or raven, if she did see me, under the shelter of my beard, my turban, and my tanned face, that I was—' Ah, well! She, of all women, to be there. Not for nothing, I know, when I saw her hovering about those gulls like an eagle round a dove's nest. She was on the scent of prey. Of course she won. She always wins. But little did she dream, that wet, wild morning after the storm, that somebody—somebody whose bare feet made no sound upon the deck—listened behind the boat, and understood—what no Mohammedan could have gathered, from the

talk—'Ah, well,' said the Captain sleepily, 'it seems to me as if a fortune ought—But I think I can spoil her little game—and then he ceased speaking, and presently went to bed and slept soundly.

(To be continued.)

### THE RECLAMATION OF THE ITALIAN MARSHES

A PROPOSAL has been laid before the Italian government by Signor Toralli which deals with the above subject, and with others which at first sight have no apparent connection with it, but which in reality it much affects. The emigration question and that of the productiveness of railway property are allied, it would seem, in a closer manner with the subject of the reclamation of the marshes than might be looked for.

Previous to the year 1860, the *malaria*, or pestilential disease caused by the exhalations of the marshes, was confined to certain districts, such as the Tuscan Maremma, the Roman Campagna, the Pontine Marshes, Calabria, &c. The clearing away of large tracts of forest and other causes have tended, since the unification of Italy, to extend the noxious influence of the *ars cattiva*. Out of about five thousand miles of railway in Italy some time ago, it was calculated that about two thousand three hundred and fifty miles were within the area known as being subject to *malaria*. On these portions of the railway system, night service is often impracticable, as the officials have to be conveyed at sunset to a spot not subject to the fatal exhalations, and high wages have to be paid to such men as risk the dangers incidental to the carrying out of their daily work. A recent investigation made by order of the government showed that out of the sixty-nine provinces of Italy, only six are free from traces of *malaria*, and that fifteen out of a great extent rendered uninhabitable from that cause. The important nature of the question at issue may likewise be estimated from the fact, that, according to statements recently published, there are every year, on an average, seventeen thousand cases of malarial fever among the soldiers of the Italian army.

Simultaneously with the spread of malarial disease there has been, within the last twenty years, a marked increase of emigration, more particularly amongst the peasantry, which is referred to the causes already indicated. There has been also a gradually increasing burden for the state in the shape of the subsidies which the railway Companies are in many cases obliged to receive from the government in order to carry on the traffic. The most unproductive portion of the Italian railway system is that which runs through the district anciently known as *Magna Græcia*, where at one time a number of populous and wealthy republics flourished, but which now marshy plains form a dismal landscape. The cost of working some portions of the Italian lines is fifty per cent more than the gross revenue, as a normal proportion, but accidental disturbances sometimes render the disparity between the gross earnings and the cost of the service to be in the proportion of one hundred to two hundred and fifty-two. The sum which the Italian Legislature has to contribute to the working expenses of the

national railway system is calculated—according to the Roman correspondent of the *Cologne Gazette*—to amount to two hundred and twenty thousand pounds sterling.

Signor Torelli does not propose to discontinue financial help on the part of the state. His plans are in part suggested by the fact that manual labour is required for the reclamation of the marshes, while residence on some of these pestiferous localities is usually fatal to life. He therefore proposes that the labourers employed in the work of improving the districts in question should be allowed to travel free to healthy quarters every night, returning in the morning to work without paying any fare. It is suggested that there should be every inducement held out to capitalists to take up the matter, and that the state should exercise its right of abandoning the ownership of the lands which are known to present the greatest danger to life in their being reclaimed. It is also proposed that the advantages offered should be so classified that the chief rewards should fall to those who have reclaimed an area of not less than three thousand five hundred square yards. The transport of colonists on the railways serving the respective localities would be facilitated by low fares.

The scheme likewise includes the admission free of duty of the implements and machinery required for the work. Contracts and agreements would also be free from registration duty, and there would be no increase of the taxes levied on the reclaimed land during forty years to come. All buildings erected would be free from taxes during a like period, and every colony of two thousand souls would receive communal rights, and would be allowed to choose the name of its place of settlement. The government would be empowered to make advances for the construction of sewers, &c., and rewards would be given for the planting of trees on a large scale, more particularly for the successful introduction into the reclaimed districts of the eucalyptus tree. The proposal of Signor Torelli has been favourably noticed in leading continental journals, and is considered by them worthy of the careful attention of those interested in its adoption.

## OUR NEW MANAGER.

### IV FOUR CHAPTERS.—CONCLUSION.

Next morning, Phil continued to see Marian, and impressed upon her the necessity of securing the presence of Mrs Villars that afternoon. He found Marian quite willing to ask her, as she had great trust in that lady.

He saw nothing of his chief during the morning, but this was by no means unusual, and his thoughts had been so occupied and excited by his visit to Marian, that he had quite forgotten the parting words of Whittaker in reference to himself. He was soon reminded of them. After the usual interval for lunch, he heard on his return that Mr Pike had just gone out, and then he was sent for to the head clerk's room. Whittaker's warning at once occurred to him, and he knew to a certainty what he was to hear.

His foreboding was right, the warning was

correct. Mr Scamler, after a prefatory cough of the most impressive character, expressed his regret at having to perform so painful a duty, but stated that Mr Pike had seen great reason to be dissatisfied with Mr Hurdley's conduct, and having borne with it as long as he could, was compelled to dismiss him. He handed Philip a cheque for an amount which included a month's salary instead of notice, and said that the young man need not come any more to the office. 'And—I regret to say,' added Mr Scamler with fresh impressions, 'but Mr Pike feels unable to give in this instance the testimonials to character and ability which is set of our young gentlemen have received upon leaving the establishment.'

Philip smiled bitterly at hearing this harangue, entertaining no ill will for the speaker, because he was a harmless old fellow, and had, as Phil knew, no choice in the matter. Mr Scamler coughed again, and nervously pulled his gray whiskers.

'I presume,' said Philip, 'that it does not greatly matter if I leave it once.'

'Certainly not, my dear sir, and the old gentleman, evidently greatly relieved at hearing nothing worse than this—'certainly not. If you would prefer to leave as soon as you have checked the invoices, you are at, I am sure Mr Pike would have the greatest pleasure—I mean there would be no objection at all.'

With this permission, Philip hurried through the trek on which he was engaged, for he had made up his mind to a full proceeding, on which he had been dwelling for some time. He resolved to confront Mr Pike on his visit that afternoon, to exclude Marian from his grasp, if possible, and to urge Darnett to defy the worst, rather than sacrifice his daughter.

His arrival at Lewel Down Road occasioned some surprise. Marian, who saw him first, was flushed and agitated. On his asking her if she had seen Mrs Villars, she replied in a hurried whisper, 'Yes, she is here now with my father and mother, in the other parlour. I found some difficulty with her than I expected, for she had received in anonymous letters this morning, so strongly urging her to be here, and couched in such vaguely foreboding language, that she would have felt inclined to come, even if I had not called for her. Yet she does not know what good she can do by'—

Here the entrance of Mr Darnett interrupted her. The latter greeted Philip warmly enough, but said in a tone which was too clearly a desponding one, 'I am sorry to see you in my house, my boy, to-day. Do you know who is coming here directly, and why he comes?'

'I do,' said Phil.  
'Then I fear your visit will only give you pain,' continued the elder. 'I know what young people feel, although my day is past, but do not quarrel with fate.'

'Inte.' You do not call the wild and crafty plottings of such a man as this Mr Pike, fate? You do not?'

More Philip would probably have said, but a loud knock at the door announced the arrival of the person he was so anxiously denouncing. In a few hasty words, Darnett begged him to retire, for the time it suited. Philip agreed to do so, but added 'When Marian is called,

as you know she will be, I will come with her. What is to be said, shall be said in my presence.' With this he disappeared, leaving Mr Darnett to nerve himself for the coming interview, with as little comfort in the prospect as it was possible for any man to feel.

What passed between him and the visitor in the opening of this interview, was not known, but those who were in the next room could hear that one voice grew more plowing, the other harsher, as it proceeded. At last Mr Darnett opened the door and called for his wife and daughter.

'One moment, Mrs Darnett, exclaimed Philip, 'let me enter with you. My wife can follow us in a couple of minutes—I must. It is the last time I shall have an opportunity of speaking, and I will speak now.'

Overpowered by his manner, Mrs Darnett, weak and irresolute at any time, suffered the young man to accompany her, and they entered the parlour together.

Pike was there of course, and turned to the door with his blandest smile as he heard the sound of feet. In an instant his expression changed to the sternest scowl, and turning to Darnett, he said 'What does this mean? Why is this fellow here? Are you conspiring in some trick upon me?'

'No! I—I didn't wish Mr Hurtleby to'—began Darnett.

'You hear that!' exclaimed Pike, addressing Philip. 'Leave the house, sir! A disreputable, characterless servant ought to be led to skulk anywhere out of his master's sight. Leave the house, sir!'

'When I skulk from you you may call me characterless in deed,' retorted Philip. 'I am here by an older and truer right than you possess. I am here to protect the girl who has promised to be my wife, and I will do it. You are a coward, I tell you that to your teeth.'

'Darnett!' cried Pike, turning, with his dark face livid with rage, to the old man, 'do you countenance this fellow? I know him to be the associate of thieves and sharpers. Do you countenance him in this?'

'N—no,' stammered Darnett feebly. 'I have told him already.'

'Then, by Jupiter!' shouted Pike to Philip, 'if you do not stand aside and allow Miss Darnett free entrance, I will horsewhip you out of the'—

He stopped with such abruptness here, and glared so wildly into the hall over Philip's shoulder, that the latter involuntarily glanced round also. Myra stood close behind him, leaning on the arm of a lady dressed in black, whom he had seen in the further room, and known as Mrs Vallens.

When he had previously seen her, a heavy black veil hid her face, this was now lifted, and showed pale but set and composed features. 'She is here,' said this lady, 'Miss Darnett is here. What have you to say to her?'

Mr Pike, whom she had addressed, turned to a paleness which was all the more striking for its livid hue, and grasped the back of a chair, as if to steady himself.

'Is that the man who has persecuted you, Myra?' continued the lady. 'But I need not

speak; I might have known it. I might have known that there was but one man in the world who could be at once so cruel and so mean. That man stands there. That man is my husband!'

An electric start shook each of her listeners, save the principal, whose white lips seemed trying, but unavailing, to shape some words.

'You need no confirmation beyond his object look,' continued Mrs Vallens, 'he will not deny it, you may be sure.'

'I—I thought you were dead,' gasped Pike. 'I was assured of that, Mr Darnett, or I would not—I would not!'

'And he would sooner have beheld any spectre than have met me in life,' said Mrs Vallens, as the other faltered. She preserved the same cold, hard, level tone in her speech, affording a striking contrast to Mr Pike. 'But there can be no discussion between us—Margaret.' At this summons, the servant from Fernlow Cottage appeared. 'Go over to the police station in the Abbey Road,' continued her mistress. 'Tell the inspector on duty that we wish to see him here at once. Go directly.'

Mr Darnett, who seemed to have much of her mistress's firm, resolute temperament, departed without a word. Pike threw one desperate glance after the woman, and seemed for the moment to entertain the intention of plunging forward to seize her, but not only were Darnett and Hurtleby between him and the hall, but in the open doorway was the cold, awful face which had denounced him.

'Now, John Elbus,' continued the speaker, 'I have no wish for your chance, I only desire peace. I only wish to save this poor girl from the fate which was my own. If you wish to fly, I will not prevent you. But first you shall write in authority for the succession of this young man—Myra's husband soon to be—to your share in the business.'

A low but irresistible exclamation broke from the miscreant at hearing this.

'What!' exclaimed the lady, 'do you hesitate? Will you wait until I explain to the officer, who will be here in ten minutes time, how you became possessed of the money which bought your share?—No, I thought not. You will write it, and with it a release for Mr Darnett. Quick, sir. No matter how informal it may be, there will be no one to oppose it. You have no time to lose.'

He seized a pen and hastily scrawled a couple of documents, which he handed to Darnett, who in turn gave them to Mrs Vallens. She glanced at them and said 'These will do, now you may go.'

He rose. His wife—it seems strange thus to describe her—moved on one side to let him pass. 'We may meet again,' he said, pausing on the threshold—it was to Hurtleby he spoke, 'and if we do'—

'John Elbus!' you are lost if you delay a single minute,' interrupted Mrs Vallens. 'I see the inspector, with another officer, walking towards this house.'

It was even as she said, for as she pointed to the window, all could see in the road, which usually freed the house, two men clad in the familiar blue uniform of the police.

A single terror-stricken glance was all that the

fugitive paused to give, and then he rushed through the house, crossed the garden at the back, and disappeared in the fields beyond.

The inspector and his satellite, when they arrived, had a brief interview with Mr Darnett, who, without entering into particulars, explained to them that the danger which had made him send for their services was now past, and they, being thanked, quietly retired.

When they were gone, there was a sudden tendency to hysterics on the part of Mrs Darnett and her daughter, while a natural curiosity was exhibited by Mr Darnett and Mr Hartley to obtain the key to all this mystery. Seating herself between the two women, saying a few firm but kindly words to the mother, and soothing Marrin as if she were a child, Mrs Vallens—still to be called so—began

'My name, as you must have learned, is Lizzie, it is so, because the man who has just left us bears that name, and he is my husband. I was educated in England, but afterwards resided with my father, who was a merchant, at Gibraltar. While there, not long before my father's death, I met John Lizzie, who had, I believe, at one time held a commission in the army, and at any rate, was in my eyes a handsome and honourable gentleman. My father, whose experience was greater than my own, never liked my suitor, for such he soon became, he was staying at Gibraltar in the interest of some firm. My father would not forbid the engagement, but he did not encourage it. He died, and I found that his money was left to me, his only child, but through trustees, so that, without their consent, none of the principal could be withdrawn from its investment. Even thus guarded, the price was so considerable that it tempted John Lizzie to wed me, and we came to England.

'This was not more than five years ago. I've had been married six months, he tried by every persuasion within his power to induce these trustees to give up to him a part at least of my fortune. But they did not like him, and his plausible pretence—which were endless—failed. Then he ventured upon a bold stroke: he forged their names and employed some unscrupulous agents, so that he suddenly obtained possession of the chief part of my property. The instant he succeeded in this, he abandoned me, and until this day I never saw him again. I was reduced almost to poverty, and my only relation—my mother's brother, who was in business at Bombay—having of my misfortune, invited me to go out, and I gladly accepted his kindness. But I reached Bombay, however, he had died, but he was unmarried, and I found myself his heiress. I returned to England, and thoroughly imbittered by my experience, I resolved to live a secluded life, as a limit might do, under my mother's family name. All efforts to discover my husband were vain, although my trustees offered a considerable reward. I was not sorry that this was so. They would have been glad to see him in Scotland for life at Portland. I only hoped I might never see him again. Owing to my absence from England, my return under another name and some confused report of the death of my uncle, I found that there was an impression abroad that I had died in India. I never con-

trabuted it. You now see what has led up to the events of to-day.'

Her listeners certainly understood much better than before the secret of her power, but there was yet much to be explained, and the interview lasted a long time.

The documents obtained from Pike—it would be confusing to change his name at the last moment—would have been of small service, but for the influence of Mrs Vallens and her trustees, both of whom were still living. The evidence brought forward by them thoroughly convinced Messrs More, Keelby, & Co that they were well in allowing Philip Huttley to take the share in their house lately held by Mr Pike. The transfer was made, and Philip's accession to the firm was announced in the very same week in which Marian Darnett became his wife.

This was soon after the flight of Pike. But before these events came to pass Philip received a letter from an acquaintance, with the insertion of which we may fairly conclude

IRON AND GRAPES,  
OLD MARKET PLACE, SURREYHAM,  
January 4th, 18—.

MR HARTLEY—DEAR SIR—I am still working the circus business, and shall do so till the racing season begins. I have two or three very good things for the early spring handicaps, and will put you on, if you feel inclined to do anything that way. I heard all about Pike, and of his being obliged to step in to serve him right. One of our men says he has gone to the Cape of Good Hope. He heard this from his brother who is steward about the vessel which took Pike out, so you can do as you like about following him up.

I knew Pike years ago, and helped him in some law business, which I afterwards found was simply cheating his wife out of her money. I was dressed up like the second trustee, the banker knew the principal one, so Pike forged his signature. I went as the stranger, and forged likewise. I was a different looking party then. I did not know the full extent of what I was doing, and I give you my word all I ever had for the job was ten pounds. He was the merriest man I ever worked with. But the worst of it was, I was out on a ticket of leave at that very time, and he knew it, so when we met in Smith's mouth and he killed my poor little Ting, I was afraid he would split on me, for I had broken the conditions, and the police would have lugged me up to a certainty if they had got hold of me. As for him, his wife was dead, I heard, and so there was no one to prosecute him, nor did I exactly know what he had done, he had a man with a lot of money can get out of anything.

However, I knew his wife well enough by sight, and when I was hailed at Finsbury Circus to take up a fine, I assure you, sir, I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw standing before me, alive and well, the supposed dead wife of this Pike. He was called Lizzie when I knew him. I thought I must be wrong, so, to make sure, I tried her with a little bit of salt. Gibraltar. That was enough! Then, when I knew all the games this Pike was up to, I said to myself 'Here's a chance of doing good and turn to my friend Mr Huttley and his pretty sweetheart, and of



spoiling Piko's game' And I did—you must own that You promised to get his wife down to face him at the very moment he thus, but it was all his own, but to make quite sure, I wrote her a letter myself, and that fished her.

Well, I wish you luck and happiness, I am sure, for I never forget a friend, not that I shall ever call upon you for the less you are of me the better you will like it of course.—Yours respectfully,  
JAMES WHITTAKER

P.S.—I could oblige me with the loan of five pounds for a couple of months! I would not trouble you, only I owe a trifle here, and I want to start her.

The reader will be glad to know that Mr Whittaker's request was complied with, and is accordingly executed, and that Mrs Willes stood godmother to Philip Hartley's first child.

## THE MONTH

### SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE approaching eclipse of the sun which takes place on May 6, but is invisible in our latitude, will, from its unusually long duration—nearly six minutes—give the various expeditions now on their way to the Pacific an opportunity of obtaining valuable results. The English party will, it is understood, mainly direct their attention to photographing the corona and its spectrum. The French, under the guidance of M. Janssen, will also employ the camera, but for another purpose. During the period of totality, they will expose a small battery of photographic plates, with a view to secure the images of any hitherto undiscovered planet which may be travelling within the orbit of Mercury, which is the nearest known planet to the sun. The probable existence of such a body or bodies has been often discussed, especially among our continental neighbours, and the theme is one of intense interest to all students of astronomy. It will be readily understood that a planet so near our luminary could only be observed when the light of the latter is cut off by an eclipse.

The subject of sun spots and their influence upon things terrestrial is one which is so full of interest both to astronomers and those who only pick up such scientific knowledge as happens to be thrown in their way, that the paper read before the Society of Telegraphic Engineers on the Connection between Earth currents and Solar Spots could not fail to evoke much attention. Mr Adams, who is a member of the postal telegraph service, had the opportunity of making observations during the electric storm of last November—a period of disturbance during which spots on the sun were easily discernible by the unassisted eye, and these observations, of which he gave detailed results, were carried out on the wires between London and Leeds, and London and Leicester. His most important observation was that the electric storm lasted only whilst a sun spot was actually centred on the earth, and thus occurred between the 17th and the 21st of the month named. He infers that spots arrive in the solar atmosphere 'which permit the

solar body to act more freely in disturbing the electrical condition of the earth, and that the solar atmosphere has really a screening effect on this action.' If this theory be correct, it would point to the possibility of predicting such disturbances.

For many years Dr Peters, of Hamilton College, United States, has been engaged upon a work which will, when complete, represent a most important addition to astronomical science. This consists of a Celestial Chart and Catalogue of the stars down to and inclusive of those of the fourteenth magnitude. Before the advent of the telescope, such star catalogues were produced, but they were naturally of small dimensions, and comprised little more than one thousand stars. After the telescope had brought into view such myriads of unsuspected orbs, catalogues became more numerous, but still their accuracy could not be relied upon. The most extensive of these was that of Argander, which included stars down to the ninth magnitude. The art of Dr Peters's chart is more than that of Argander's, to give room for the immense increase in the number of stars tabulated. The work, which already has occupied twenty three years, has been accomplished with the aid of a thirteen inch reflecting telescope.

Mr Bissau has given to the Society of Biblical Archaeology a long account of his recent explorations in Assyria and Babylonia, which seem to have been quite as successful as his former expeditions. In the course of excavations which brought to light edifices, containing numerous chambers, courtyards, and corridors, there were unearthed nearly forty thousand inscribed tablets. It was quickly seen that these were of unbaked clay, and they showed signs of crumbling to powder on exposure to air. But this difficulty was met by the ingenious plan of baking them before the atmospheric had time to act upon them. In this manner they were nearly all saved from destruction, and have been transmitted to England.

Mr R. B. Whitt, after a residence of seventeen years in the central provinces of Colombia, took a recent opportunity of bringing his experiences of that country before the Royal Geographical Society. After detailing its wealth in gold, platinum, and other metals, and describing its valuable timber, dyewoods, resins, gums, &c., he made some interesting remarks respecting the Panama Canal, about the progress of which so little seems to be known on this side of the Atlantic. Here, however, we have the opinion of one who has traversed the isthmus since the canal works were commenced, and as he is a trained engineer, his opinion is worth having. Mr Whitt believes from what he saw, that the canal will be finished if the money holds out, and he sees no reason to fear a break down in that direction. As the works advance, the productive and habitable districts in the neighbourhood will become valuable, easy of access, and will in time afford a sufficient food supply for the isthmus and the traffic which the canal will attract.

The almost total failure of the hop harvest during the past year has led Mrs Ormrod, the consulting entomologist of the Royal Agricultural Society, to issue a circular upon the subject. This

she has done with the object of collecting information from hop growers, and inducing them to make regular observations of their growing hives, with a view to attacking the enemy, the hop aphid, on its first appearance, and to endeavour to find out its winter history, which at present is unknown. If the aphid first appears as 'bees'—that is, wingless—they most likely can be traced to some shelter near at hand, but if they appear as 'flies'—that is, winged—it may be inferred that their wings have blown them from elsewhere. Some entomologists are of opinion that the 'fly' migrates from plum and sloe bushes to the hop plants in May and June—a statement which by close observation can either be verified, or proved erroneous. Guides to the mode in which this and other observations can be carried out are detailed in Miss Ormiston's circular, and no doubt those interested will only be too glad to act upon the suggestions offered, and to send their results to her at Dunster Lodge, near Islworth.

It would seem that the Martini Henry rifle which only recently appeared as the most perfect weapon of the kind in existence, and which superseded the Snider in our infantry service has not altogether answered its purpose, for a Committee has been appointed to conduct experiments with a view to its improvement. The Committee has also to report upon the different patterns of magazine small arms which have been submitted to the Ordnance Department for trial. These are of the Winchester repeating rifle type, and contain in the stock, or in a tube lying under the barrel, a magazine of cartridges, which can be fired in rapid succession.

The work of this Committee will be rather distasteful, if the report of a new American invention proves to be correct, for it tells us of a novel form of cartridge, which, if efficient, as it is said to be, must cause a revolution in the manufacture of small arms. This cartridge has no case, therefore, the extracting mechanism, which is such a notable feature of all modern rifles, is not required. It is said to resemble paper pulp which has been worked in some explosive and pressed into a hard roll, the bullet being attached to its forward end. The arrangement is so contrived that, on ignition, bullet and every trace of cartridge is ejected from the barrel without further effort.

With a diameter of an inch, placed a space of eight inches thick, a two-inch plank, and was finally flattened on a stone wall. The description of the invention, however, carries more probability with it, than its stated performance, for it is still open to conjecture that the ten inches of timber may have been very soft, or the bullet may have been unusually hard.

One of those curious outbursts of natural gas which occasionally occur is reported from a district in Pennsylvania. In the course of some drilling operations, the gas was 'struck' at a distance of more than one thousand feet from the surface. It immediately ignited, burnt down some temporary buildings, and caused a small conflagration, which nearly led to loss of life. A plate glass factory is in course of erection on the spot, and the promoters are joyful in the

anticipation of getting light and fuel for their furnaces free of cost.

We, too, may indulge in anticipations that our illuminating gas may become much cheaper than it is at present, not because of any rivalry from electricity, which is too remote to be considered at present, but because more than one means of obtaining gas from materials other than coal have recently been perfected. The first which calls for notice is the process of Colonel Chamberlain. The materials enlisted in the preparation of the gas are petroleum, water, and air, in the process is said to be cleanly, simple, and easy. The first two constituents are dropped in small quantities into a retort, and as they are decomposed, the resulting gas is led off to a washer, and thence to a gas-holier. After this operation, air is forced through the retort, is decomposed, and in the proportion of three to one of gas, previously made from the oil and water, is added to the contents of the gas-holier. This compound vapour is said to afford a gas of twenty-one candle power, and to cost only eight pence per thousand feet. (Without further information, we refrain from commenting upon this mode of producing gas, but we feel a difficulty in understanding how it can be produced from such materials and at the same time be free from danger.)

Another new mode of manufacture is represented by the Kohler or gas, which has been perfected by Messrs Rogers Brothers, of Walford, and has had a practical trial of fifteen months. This gas is said to be white, so that colours can be distinguished by it, and to contain neither carbonic acid nor sulphur. Its cost is somewhat less than two shillings per thousand feet. It is made in a special form of retort from shale oil, which is injected in small quantities by the aid of a siphon jet. One great advantage in this process is that the plant of ordinary gas works can be adapted for its production with very little trouble.

Another Electrical Exhibition in London at the Westminster Aquarium, which attracts crowds of visitors, tells us that the interest in the newer form of illumination continues unabated. Perhaps one of the most interesting exhibits is the Liphinstone Vincent dynamo machine, the outcome of some researches undertaken four years ago by Lord Liphinstone and Mr C. W. Vincent, I.R.S. This machine lights up four hundred and eighty

incandescent lamps. Twelve coils of wire, each of mixed non-wire were rendered white hot, and melted in brilliant conceptions. A coil of wire immersed in a vessel containing three quarts of water, became so hot when the current from the machine passed through it, that the water boiled in half a minute and was mostly ejected on to the floor. A steel file treated as one of the rubbers of an electric light, melted like tallow, and threw out torrents of brilliant sparks. Finally the current was applied to an arc lamp and to a full power one hundred thousand candle. Such a lamp is intended for use on ships of war, to search the surface of the sea for lurking torpedo boats.

A subject which every day interests itself more closely on the attention of our sanitary authorities was lately treated exhaustively in a paper read before the Society of Sanitarians. It described the

new treatment of sewage matter which has been successfully worked out and put in practice by Baron de Pollewill of München. In this process, all operations are conducted by means of closed vessels, so that no unpleasant emanations can escape. From these airtight tanks, which are submitted to heat, the gaseous products are passed through the furnace and burnt. The contents then undergo a thorough mechanical mixing, after which sulphuric acid is introduced, and the carbonic acid thus generated is again burnt in the furnace. After some further processes, the sewage matter is passed through evaporators and through a drying machine. The ultimate product is a powder containing less than nine per cent of moisture. Analysis shows it to be so rich in nitrogen, alkalies, and phosphoric acid, that it is worth quite as much as imported guano. With regard to the financial results of the manufacture, they seem to be as successful as the manufacture itself, for although the fuel necessary for its production, namely coal, has to be paid for at the rate of twenty three shillings per ton, a dividend of twenty per cent is earned. If such a system could be made universal in Britain, we should add a large item to our revenue, and gain still more in pure air, pure water, and consequent freedom from disease.

There have been at different times many attempts to form an alloy of iron and brass, and although success to a partial extent has crowned the labours of the chemist in his laboratory, when tried on a commercial scale failure has resulted. The problem has, it seems at last been solved by Mr A. Duck, of 110 Cannon Street, London, who has produced a product—which he has christened Delta Metal—which possesses great strength and toughness, and which will no doubt prove of great use in the arts. Cast samples exhibit a breaking strain of twenty two tons to the square inch, whilst forged or rolled bars show a tensile strength of thirty three tons per square inch. The new metal takes a high polish, does not easily tarnish, and is said to be as superior to brass as steel is to iron.

The two metals last named form the subject of a new American invention which, under the name of Sierliron, is likely to meet with numerous applications. The compound material is thus produced. A mould is prepared having a division of thin iron plate dividing it into two compartments. Molten steel is run into one, whilst at exactly the same time the other compartment receives a charge of molten iron. If the temperature and the thickness of the dividing plate have been properly adjusted, the plate forms a welding medium for the two metals, and a mass half iron and half steel is produced. There are many uses for which iron thus faced with steel will be found valuable, armour plates and rails being among the number. From its ingenuity, this process deserves success, and from its simplicity it is likely to obtain it.

The French scientific periodical, *La Nature*, publishes an illustrated account of a machine for clearing snow from railway lines. It is attached to the front of the locomotive, and contains a steam engine of its own, which by working, a blower draws in the snow by suction. The

snow is afterwards, by the action of another blower, scattered where it can no longer form an obstruction. This machine is the invention of Mr Stork of America, who calculates that it will be as efficient in clearing a railway track as a staff of five hundred men. Of recent years, the want of such a contrivance has been felt even in the southern counties of England, and if it be as effective as its inventor assumes, every railway Company in the country will become his willing customers.

'On the Increased Destruction of Life and Property by Fire—What is the Remedy?' Such is the title of Mr C. Walford's paper, read the other day before the Society of Aist, in which he carefully detailed the practices of various countries, gives us estimates of loss, particulars of insurance, points out the causes of fires in dwelling houses, and finally suggests his remedy. Russia, he tells us, is the only country which systematically records destruction of property by fire, and it is curious to note that these records are held to indicate the measure of political content or discontent which prevails. This sad type of thermometer rose to a high figure during the time that the word 'Nihilist' was so often seen in our newspapers. The civil Chinese induce vigilance by making the entire district responsible for any fire which occurs in it, but we should think that a difficulty must arise when the entire district itself is burnt out—not in an common occurrence where wooden houses prevail. Incidentally, Mr Walford asserts, from personal knowledge, that the United States possess a fire brigade system which for completeness and efficiency is nowhere at all approached in Europe.

The causes of fires in dwelling houses are grouped under two heads: (1) Carelessness, and (2) Wrong doing, and it is more than likely that under the second category the majority of fires must be placed. The remedy that Mr Walford suggests is, that a kind of coroner's inquest should be held over the ashes of every conflagration the cause of which is obscure, or as he puts it, 'That where the origin of the fire is not evident to the chief of the fire brigade or other competent authority, an inquiry be held.' We may not care here that a French journal gives a recipe for a fireproof paint, or varnish, which is made without the help of asbestos. Here is the formula: Finely powdered glass, twenty parts, piceum, twenty parts, any kind of sawn, twenty parts, calcined lime, ten parts—mixed to a proper consistency with water glass—that is silicate of soda. The first coat of this paint will harden in a few hours, after which, another coat can be applied when the wood or other inflammable substance so treated may be considered fully protected.

So many patent medicines, pills, and toilet requisites have the name 'electric' applied to them, that when we hear of the invention of 'electric flannel' we are at the first blush disposed to be sceptical. But the invention, which is due to a French surgeon (Dr Claudet), seems to be really what it professes. The flannel is interwoven with threads which have been saturated with metallic products, until the entire fabric represents a modification of Volta's dry pile. It has been submitted to experiment by M. Drincourt, Professor of Physics at the Rhems

Lyceum, and M. Portevin, of the Polytechnic School, who have satisfied themselves that electricity is actually liberated by the flannel, especially if it be placed in contact with the moist surface of the body. It is claimed for this new material that it is efficacious in cases of rheumatism.

Turning to a more ambitious application of electricity, we may note that the first iron car propelled by that agent was tried successfully last month at Kew, in the presence of thousands of curious sightseers. The car was of the usual street type, carrying fifty or six passengers. It weighs with its apparatus four and a half tons. The secondary batteries or cells, of the Faure &illon Volcanic pattern, are placed beneath the passengers' seats, and these cells are in electrical communication with a Siemens dynamo machine placed beneath the car, which gives motion to the wheels. The car is lighted by electric lamps, and is fitted with electric bells, all deriving their power from the mysterious boxes beneath the seats. It is claimed that this car can be worked at one third the sum required to horse an ordinary car.

From *Land* we learn that the opening of the St. George Railway seems to be benefiting this country hardly less than those more immediately affected. Fruits and vegetables are now conveyed, without transportation, from all parts of Italy to Oland, Antwerp, and Rotterdam, when they are brought by fast steamers to London and other British ports.

The Americans have commenced the manufacture of glucose or grape sugar in real earnest. From American papers we learn that a manufactory has been established in Chicago which will consume twelve thousand bushels of maize daily. Maple sugar and sorghum are unequal to the demand, but besides the demand for more sugar, there is an enormous one for alcohol, which can in this way be produced from maize very cheaply. In the Far West, this grain has in many parts been so cheap, that it was actually cheaper for fuel than coal, or even wood. As the Chicago factory is only likely to be the forerunner of others, doubtless the price of maize will be enhanced, not only in America, but here, since, for a time at least, a check will be given to its exportation to this country. As it is now very largely used here to feed cattle, pigs, and poultry, the new manufacture is not unlikely to affect the production of beef, pork, eggs, and chickens at home. Under such circumstances, the more general use of buckwheat, which is cheap, nutritious, and especially suitable for poultry, may be advised.

Some experiments have lately been made in Paris before a number of people assembled at the back of a theatre, which was arranged to represent a miniature stage, fire, &c., in order to witness the effect of an Automatic Fire Extinction invented by M. Oriolle. The woodwork and scenery having been set on fire, soon blazed up, but in a few minutes the flames were extinguished by a sudden rush of water, which was automatically discharged, and which continued to flow until a tap was turned to shut off the stream. This Extincter is made in the following simple way. A pipe is connected with a high-service cistern, and is firmly plugged at the open end

This plug is kept in its place by a double cap of an alloy which easily fuses at a moderately warm temperature, and soon after the outbreak of the fire, the metal caps melt off, the plug is forced out by the pressure of the water, and when it begins to pour out, an electric alarm is sounded at the nearest station, which lets those in charge know that the Extincter is at work. This simple contrivance—which, if we mistake not, is somewhat similar in principle to one which has already been adopted—could be easily arranged in theatres or any buildings especially liable to catch fire, and which possess a sufficiently high and large storage of water to give the necessary pressure.

BOOK GOSSIP

THE city of Venice, with its long descended pedigree, its historical and romantic associations, its innumerable ghosts of the dead past, and the wretchedness and misery of much of its present existence, will always form an object of special interest for tourists on the continent. To those who have seen Venice, and to those who hope to see it, as well as to those not embraced in either of these classes, *Venetian Life*, by W. D. Howells, 2 vols. (Lombard, David Douglas), will offer much attractive reading. Those who have read Mr Howells' novels, especially *A Foregone Conclusion*, will understand what they may expect in the matter of style and treatment of Venetian character and incident. We are not sure also but readers will find these two handsome little volumes on actual Venetian life more interesting and picturesque than the traditionally librated work of fiction we have just named. As equally dealing with Venice, there is in both works a good deal in common, but this only proves perhaps that both are equally drawn from life. In the volumes before us, however, we cannot help observing that Mr Howells, with the assumed superiority and characteristic narrowness of the school of American writers to which he belongs, never fails to take every possible opportunity of minimizing and sneering at Lord Byron. Mr Howells should remember that the pitcher may be broken against the stone.

Mr Howells, we may observe, held at one time an official appointment at Venice under the American government, and no doubt in this capacity had excellent opportunities of observing the various phases of life in the ocean city. It is of interest to note what he says as to the strong feeling of antipathy which still exists on the part of the Italians of Venice towards the Austrians. The former have never forgotten the debt of their patriotic hopes of union with Italy in 1848, and the feeling of resentment towards their old oppressors has become thoroughly interwoven with Venetian character. "Instead, therefore," says our author, "of finding that public gaily and private hospitality in Venice for which the city was once famous."

friendship with neither party, society is exclusive association with the Austrians or with the Italians. The latter do not spare one of their own number if he consorts with their masters, and though

a foreigner might expect greater allowance, it is seldom shown to him. The Italian [woman] who marries an Austrian severs the dearest ties that bind her to life, and remains an exile in the heart of her country. Her friends merely cast her off, as they cast off everybody who associates with the dominant race.' This is an unpleasant picture for those who may contemplate a lengthened residence in Venice, but for those who only go, as most do, merely as temporary sightseers, the Queen of the Adriatic will still maintain an unfading and romantic attraction.

In a little book, called *A Tour Round the World* (London, Infield, 160 Fleet Street), a working man, named Mr. Albert Smith, has given his experience of such a journey in a simple yet graphic way, which bears the impress of an individual mind all through. This has been excellently stated by the Earl of Rosebery in a letter which he addressed to the author after reading his book. 'I do not think,' says his lordship, 'I have ever seen a book which, professing to be by a working man, appeared to me so thoroughly the genuine, unfeigned record of a working man's adventures. I have read books by working men which might have been written by Dukes or Archbishops for any individual impress which they bore. Your book, on the other hand, seems to me the work of the man who wrote it: the fun, the sympathy, the tenderness, are all genuine and irrefragable to me. I seem to know the man that wrote it, a practical working man, who knows that he must travel amid many discomforts, of which he determines to make the best, who knows that he can only spare but a short time to see his long lost relations, and makes the best of it, who loses his money in an accident, and cheerfully makes the best of that also. No one who reads the book can help liking the author, who seems a real Mark Tpley, a character that we believed only existed in fiction.'

The tour so described extended over six months only—from July to December in 1881, and embraced Australia and New Zealand, San Francisco and the United States of America. As the little book containing these records costs only a shilling, it is within the reach of all who delight in a tale told in a truthful and homely manner.

#### ECONOMY OF COAL IN HOUSE FIRES.

A GREAT proportion of the fuel which is used for generating steam and for household purposes is unfortunately wasted, because of our method of consuming it. Half burnt gases are hurled up the chimney, which pollute the outside atmosphere, and give rise to the smoke nuisance of our large towns. In large factories, a good deal might be done, by means of smoke consuming apparatus, to lessen the smoke nuisance, but little or nothing has as yet been done to diminish it in connection with ordinary fires.

A very simple and practical suggestion for the saving of fuel and the decrease of smoke comes from T. Pridgin Teale, M.A., surgeon to the General Infirmary at Leeds, who has expanded and published a lecture on the *Economy of Coal in House-fires* (J. & A. Churchill, 1883). The

discovery made by Mr. Teale, while endeavouring to cure a smoky bedroom fire, was to the effect, 'that slow and efficient combustion of coal in house fires depends upon two conditions in combination, one, that no current of air should pass through the grate at the bottom of the fire, the other, that the space or chamber under the fire should be kept hot, and that these two points could be secured in ordinary ranges at the cost of a few shillings.' This condition is secured by what he calls a 'coal economiser,' which is simply a shield of sheet iron, that stands on the hearth, and rises as high as the lowest bar of the grate, against which it must fit accurately, so as to convert the vacancy under the fire into a hot air chamber, and shut off all draught from reaching the bottom of the fire. This runs counter to a popular notion that a fire will not burn unless a draught passes through the bottom of the grate. According to Mr. Teale, a bottom draught renders combustion less perfect, by cooling the grate and bottom of the fire, and driving the gases which ought to be consumed up the chimney.

An 'economiser' fire differs somewhat from an ordinary fire in the length of time it will burn without mending. Mr. Teale's bedroom fire frequently lasts ten or twelve hours, giving out a rich red glow during the greater part of this time. When fire-bricks are added, the heat below is so great that the coal burns like canal coal, and becomes a piece of red hot coke without losing its original shape, and the access of the air being restricted, it is consumed away to a fine ash. This is not the case in a fire without the economiser, as the cinders are frequently cooled down below combustion point from contact with the grate. In lighting such a fire, if there are no cinders upon which to build it, the economiser should be drawn away for a little, but if there is a bottom of cinders and ash, the fire can be lighted without removing it. It is proper to mention that most of Mr. Teale's experiments were conducted with Yorkshire coal.

Mr. Teale cannot speak so confidently of the principle of the economiser as applied to steam-boilers, but he is decided enough as to the three main points achieved by its use in common household fires. These points are: (1) A saving of coal, (2) diminution of smoke, (3) abolition of cinders. By its use in his own kitchen fire, a saving was made of about thirty six pounds of coal per day, equal to threepence a day, and four pounds sterling a year. Not satisfied with his own experience, he wrote to thirty five persons who had tried the economiser. The thirty who sent replies almost unanimously decided that it saved coal, in one case it meant a saving of a ton in the kitchen fire in three months. The replies received to another set of queries as to whether it gave out less or more heat, were decided in favour of 'more heat.' The second statement as to the diminution of smoke has not been so easy to prove, but from the more gradual and perfect combustion of the coal, Mr. Teale argues that it must be so. The result that is most clearly apparent is the more complete combustion of coal and cinder, from close observation it has been found that the economised fire produces two and a half per cent of ash, the ordinary fire ten per cent of cinder and ash.

As a hint to those who may wish to try the

expedient here recommended, we give a few details. Every grate should be carefully measured, and the economiser adapted to its special shape. Ordinary economisers are usually made of sixteen gauge charcoal iron plate, with three or four bright steel mounting at the top, half inch moulding at the bottom, with knobs as it joined. Kitchen economisers are made of sixteen gauge iron, with half inch semi inch iron at the top edge, with supports in scroll form of half inch semi inch circle iron. The economiser may be combined with the ash pan and used as a drawer to catch the ash, and along with it, a second shield, which hangs in front of the fire itself, attached to the lower bars, is sometimes used. This shield is still on trial, however. There is little need of a poker when the economiser is in use.

A satisfactory fireplace, according to Mr Teale, should have as much fire brick, and as little iron as possible, as fire brick retains and accumulates heat, while iron runs away with it, often in directions least wanted. The back and sides of the fireplace should be of fire brick, while the back should lean or arch over the fire, so that when it becomes heated it may act as a slight check to an upward smoke, and assist in consuming

it at the present time. Rents are falling, and the land is going out of cultivation, or becoming impoverished. In England, landlords have been suffering land for no rent, and failing to get men to occupy it. All this, in a country which imports more of the necessaries of life produced by the land than all the other nations of the world, points to the urgent necessity of a move in advance in both the science and art of cultivation.

Least readers should imagine the writer a pessimist, let them listen to the language of some of our leading agriculturists. Mr James Hvy, a farmer, Little Ythre, when presiding, more than a year ago, over a meeting of two thousand farmers in the city of Aberdeen, said 'Land is not only being worse cultivated, but in some cases it is going out of cultivation, our flocks and herds are decreasing by millions. Mr James Caird read a paper, last November twelve months, on the land question, in London, before the Statistical Society, of which he is President, when he used the following language: 'The land in this country has become less productive. To restore the condition of the soil of an old country is becoming more difficult and costly. As one generation follows another, more and more of the natural fertility is taken out of the land, and a corresponding higher rate of farming is required to maintain it.' Mr William Riddell, a well known Scotch farmer, read a paper, a year ago, before the Peeblesshire Farmers' Club, wherein he maintained that the land was rapidly becoming impoverished, and added 'Five of all the important fresh and salt water fish of the national waters, modelled from natural specimens and coloured from life. These casts will be further supplemented with photographs of all the fish, each picture giving the exact length and size of the fish. To these are added alcoholic preparations of the fish themselves. All the

works written on American fish are to be sent, with the fishing literature of to day. To illustrate the whaling business, every variety of harpoon, lance, and gun in use, with all the projectiles employed in the capture of the cetaceans, are shown on screens. This collection is endless. The archaeology of whaling has been exhausted to make this exhibit perfect. There will be sent a perfect whale boat, thoroughly equipped with everything that is wanted, down to the ladder box. In this collection are exhibited the logs, books of former whaling cruises, which are very curious specimens of marine compilations. A model of an oyster bed in its natural condition is being made, with other models showing how excessive dredging has changed its face. All the enemies of the oyster are to be exhibited. After this come the numerous methods of packing and canning oysters for food.

An exceedingly novel feature of the Exhibition will be the presentation of all the phases of fishing, illustrated in a pictorial way. To do this, photographic artists attached to the Museum have travelled all along the coast and taken their pictures from life. Besides this, a whole class of sketches in crayon has been made illustrative of river and sea fishing. Every picture has its legend in a printed label. For instance here is one entitled 'Dressing Mackerel,' which reads as follows: 'On the left is a man splitting a mackerel. In the centre another 'gubling' or eviscerating the fish, which he holds in his left hand. The man on the right, dressed in a 'pittie' or burriel, is 'cutting away.' Every stage, then, in American fishing, is illustrated, from the way the fish is caught until it is finally prepared for sale.

In fish culture every process in use in the United States will be exhibited. One of the most attractive features will be a series of tables provided with the various apparatus. This apparatus may be divided into three departments—the closed apparatus, the trough, and the floating apparatus. There will be a large water tank, the water in which will be forced through the fish hatching apparatus by means of a pump, engine, or motor, and apparatus of the various kinds of tanks will be exhibited by means of glass beds. Another important feature will be the models of a group of experts in the art of promoting the growth of the milk fish in the salmon. The features of life will show exactly the manipulation used in stopping salmon. There will be photographs of all the American fish which have been introduced by fish culture in the United States, as explaining the development of the egg in various series of specimens will be shown illustrating the growth of the fish in the egg from dry to dry, to be followed with others explanatory of the size and condition of the fish after it has been hatched out. The fish hatching apparatus will be practical working ones, exactly such as are used, with all the appliances which are for the transportation of the eggs, the young fish, the feeding troughs, the fish pens, with models of the cages used to carry young fish over the United States. Finally, on a large map will be shown all the hatching houses in the country, with the various points where shad, salmon, trout, white fish, carp, &c., have been distributed.

When the section of apparatus used by our

fishermen is examined, the visitor is amazed at its magnitude. Here is a model of that vast net used by the mackereler, and to show its size, a model of a mackerel schooner, with the seine boat, is suspended near it. Some idea is thus had of proportion. The lines, hooks, trawls, and engines of capture will fill innumerable cases. After this come the rods, reels, lines, and flies used by the angler. Here are cases of flies, with pictures of the insects which they imitate. A fishing box—one of those light, portable houses which pack up in small spaces—will show our English friends how the American angler takes his case. This house will have in it all the tips the angler may want, his bait, his store, and his cooking utensils. Nothing has been forgotten or overlooked which might illustrate the ways and manners of our New England fisherman, for here are his amusements, his game, the literature he reads, the medicines he takes, the clothes he wears, the food he eats.

While the description extended over innumerable columns, it could hardly give more than a faint idea of the thoroughness of this Exhibition. All the sea birds, the animals which prey on fish, will be sent to us, along with all the primitive fishing gear in use by the American Indians.

In addition to the objects illustrating fish and fishing, the Lighthouse Board and the Life-saving Service will send exhibits. Everything has been so arranged and systematized that the process of instruction in England will require but very little labour.

#### THE RACE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC

A correspondent has kindly transmitted the following particulars in connection with the first Atlantic steamer. He says: "The writer of the interesting article under the above heading, which appeared in *Chambers's Journal*, No 661, 1862, plus the steamer *Great Western* in the van of the race of ocean steaming. He evidently was not aware that on the occasion of the first voyage of the *Great Western*, a real and intensely exciting struggle actually took place between that vessel and the steamer *Sirius*."

"Early in the year 1838, the London papers advertised 'that the long-talked-of project of communicating with America by steamboats was at length to be carried into effect. It was supposed that the *Great Western* would have been the first steamer to run to New York, but we find that the *Sirius*, a powerful and well-built steamer of seven hundred tons, and three hundred and twenty horse power, commanded by Lieutenant R. Roberts, R.N., is to leave the London Docks on 28th March next, and Cork on 2d April, for New York."

"True to the time thus notified, the *Sirius* hauled out of dock, and sailed from off Eustace's Quay on March 28, 1838, touched at Cork, and after a tempestuous passage, arrived at New York at nine P.M., Sunday, April 22.

"The following correct extracts are taken from printed copies of the logs of both the *Sirius* and the *Great Western*—in my possession—and reference thereto clearly shows the winner of 'The Race across the Atlantic.' 'The *Sirius* left Cork at ten A.M., April 4, 1838, and arrived at New York on the 22d of the same month, at

nine P.M.'" "The *Great Western* left Bristol on the 8th April 1838, and arrived at New York on the 23d of the same month, at three P.M."

"The arrivals were the signal for great rejoicings and numerous entertainments on the part of our hospitable country. I have now before me a copy of the *Weekly Herald*, New York, Saturday, April 28, 1838, which contains the following: "The first steamer across the Atlantic—The *Sirius*! the *Sirius*! the *Sirius*! Triumph of steam! Nothing is talked of but the *Sirius*, she is the first steamer that arrived here from England," &c.

"It is pleasant to remark, that at all the entertainments given on this occasion by the good citizens of New York, the health of our gracious Queen was invariably proposed, and received with great enthusiasm. On the departure of the *Sirius*, homeward bound, a salute of seventeen guns was given from the Battery wharf, a mark (the *Herald* states) of respect never before shown to the commander of a merchant vessel.

"Lieutenant R. Roberts was afterwards lost while in command of the ill-fated steamer the *President*, in 1841."

quently lasts ten or twelve hours, giving a rich red glow during the greater part of this time. When first fuel is added, the heat below is great, but the coal burns like cannon coal, as becomes a piece of red hot coke without losing its original shape, and the access of the air but restricted, it is consumed away to a fine ash. This is not the case in a fire without the economiser, as the cinders are frequently cooled down.

low combustion point from contact with the air. In lighting such a fire, if there were no cinders upon which to build it, the economiser should be drawn away for a little, but if there is a bottom of cinders and ash, the fire can be lighted without removing it. It is proper to mention that most of Mr. Taylor's experiments were conducted with Yorkshire coal.

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"SAVED BY OIL"—In the article under this heading, which appeared in the *Journal* for March 1, the tonnage of the barque *Glasgowshire* was printed as 457 tons. It should have been 487.

Printed and Published by W & R CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 239 High Street, EDINBURGH.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF  
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

*Fourth Series*

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No 1010—Vol. XX.

SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1893

PRICE 1½d

## ENSILAGE

There has not for many years been a period in the history of agriculture when means of relief from depression were more urgently needed than at the present time. Rents are falling, and land is going out of cultivation, or becoming impoverished. In England, landlords have been offering land for no rent, and failing to get men to occupy it. All this, in a country which imports more of the necessaries of life produced by the land than all the other nations of the world, points to the urgent necessity of a move in advance in both the science and art of cultivation. Lest readers should imagine the writer a pessimist, let them listen to the language of some of our leading agriculturists. Mr James Hay, farmer, Little Ythou, when presiding, more than a year ago, over a meeting of two thousand farmers in the city of Aberdeen, said 'Land is not only being worse cultivated, but in some cases it is going out of cultivation, our flocks and herds are decreasing by millions.' Mr James Caird read a paper, last November twelve months, on the land question, in London, before the Statistical Society, of which he is President, when he used the following language 'The land in this country has become less productive. To restore the condition of the soil of an old country is becoming more difficult and costly. As one generation follows another, more and more of the natural fertility is taken out of the land, and a corresponding higher rate of farming is required to maintain it.' Mr William Riddell, a well known Scotch farmer, read a paper, a year ago, before the Peeblesshire Farmers' Club, wherein he maintained that the land was rapidly becoming impoverished, and added 'Five quarters to the acre are becoming four, and four three.' All this is very serious, but it does not require second sight to perceive that the downward course is more likely to be accelerated than otherwise, unless some 'new dispensation'—as ensilage has been termed by one of its advocates—comes in to arrest the decline.

The primary cause of this decline in the fertility of the land has been the want of care on the part of its cultivators in not returning to it in the best possible state, the solid and liquid refuse of all the animals that are fed upon it produce. While farmers have allowed a vast amount of this to run to waste than waste they have relied on purchased manures for keeping up the fertility of the land. Some manures while they yield a crop for the current season leave the land more impoverished than when they were applied, add to this, that all our best portable manures are rising in price in the market, from the demand which exists for them in America and elsewhere. The Americans, by a vicious system of agriculture, have sorely tried the land, especially in the New England States, and are now, by the application of such manures as have bones for their base, doing what they can to restore its wasted fertility, and we cannot too soon learn the lesson their experience teaches. As it appears to the writer, nothing would more effectually restore the land of Great Britain to a high state of fertility than that of keeping a large increase of cattle and sheep on its produce, and the careful husbanding of their refuse under scientific guidance, till it is returned to the land in the best state of preparation for giving increased crops, and to this most desirable end the process termed Ensilage seems to point the way. The warmest thanks of the nation are due to Professor Thorold Rogers, M.P., for the able and exhaustive manner in which he has investigated the subject of ensilage, both in America and Europe, and for placing the fruits of his labours before the public in a volume, entitled, *Ensilage in America Its Prospects in English Agriculture* (London, Sonnenschein & Co.), and which all who have the most remote interest in agriculture should procure and study at once, for we mistake much if a more important subject has been brought before them for many years. In reviewing the subject of ensilage at this time, we will avail ourselves of the stores of information in Professor Rogers's



book, and of the less exhaustive articles on the subject by other writers in various periodicals.

Ensilage may be defined in a few words as simply the piling of green herbage in a pit, which is termed a Silo, and in such position and circumstances as will first get rid of, and permanently exclude the destroying and corroding oxygen of the atmosphere. The silo is made either above or below the ground, or partly in and partly out of the ground. It ought to be as far as possible water and airtight, and must be so constructed as to admit of great superincumbent pressure on the contents of the silo, this pressure being absolutely necessary to get rid of the enclosed air. The silo is intended for the storage and preservation of green forage, which may be either wet or dry, and if properly constructed, it allows of the least possible change in substance of that which is packed in it. The object of its construction is to supply the stock feeder and dairy farmer with nutritious food for his stock, which can be secured independently of the state of the weather, and be convenient of access at all seasons.

Though the subject of ensilage has but recently come prominently before the public in its application to the conservation of green food for cattle, the principle on which it is founded is of old date. The *smackhaus* of the German is but cabbage ensilaged. The writer, forty years ago, ensilaged green gooseberries by piling them in stone jars and glass bottles. When the bottles were full of the gooseberries, they were placed in saucers of boiling water without their stoppers, for a couple of minutes, thus rarefied and expelled the greater part of the air from amongst the berries, and just as the jars were taken out of the hot water, they were stoppered by means of glass stoppers, and waxed round the edges, so as to seal them up hermetically. When the air in them cooled to its normal state, the fruit was practically *in vacuo*, and there was but little of the destructive oxygen gas present. The bottles were then buried in the earth, to keep them cool during the summer and autumn, and at Christmas they afforded green gooseberry tarts. The jar here was the silo, and heat took the place of pressure, to get rid of the oxygen, as is necessary in the ordinary silo.

The practice of ensilage, so far as we can ascertain, took shape in France some few years ago; and M Goffart published a work in French on the subject. This came under the notice of a Mr Brown, an observant American traveller, who published an English translation of it in America in 1870. It at once attracted attention there, as being a valuable 'notion,' and especially caught the fancy of some of the New York merchants who have country residences. One of these, a Mr Mills of Pompton, New Jersey, had made a discovery in the same direction for himself. The silos which he constructed in the first instance were of the rudest and simplest

description, mere holes in a bank; and when the contents were exhausted, he had them replenished.

After the translation and circulation of M Goffart's book, the system spread rapidly in the state of New York, and in the month of January 1882, the landowners who practised ensilage held a conference on the subject in New York. The meeting was representative, and very enthusiastic. Samples of stored forage were exhibited, chiefly maize, clover, rye, and various grasses. Some of those present suggested the propriety of ensilaging nitrogenous fodder, such as rye and clover, together, in order that cattle might be fed on the product, without grain. Others recommended that pease, oats, maize, and vetches might also be ensilaged together. Every one of those who attended the congress was convinced that the practice of ensilage would enormously increase the stock bearing power of the land.

What passed at this meeting attracted the attention of Mr Loring, who is practically the Minister of Agriculture in the United States, and he issued a circular containing twenty-six practical questions, all bearing on the subject, addressed to those only who were at the meet-

This circular elicited ninety-one acts of replies, all highly favourable, except that, while a few thought that horses did not do so well with it as other stock, others found horses do well on it. Our space will only admit of the insertion of a few of these replies to Mr Loring's queries.

Number five says 'Ensilage is a more certain crop than hay. Twice as many animals can be kept on the same acreage. It is largely a substitute for roots. The labour of ensilage is much less than hay.'—Number six 'The profitability of ensilage lies mainly in the fact that it can be made to double the stock carrying capacity of our eastern farms. Its advantages to dairymen are incalculable.'—Number seven 'It gives a vigorous and healthy appearance not seen in hay fed cattle. It enables us to make milk and butter in winter as well as summer, and to keep our stock at half the expense of dry fodder. We can keep double the stock, and thus increase the fertility and value of our farms.'—Number nineteen 'The cost of feeding on ensilage as against hay, roots, and meal, is as one to three.'—Number twenty 'I think a stock of cattle can be kept for one-fourth the expense of any other method. I never saw cattle fatten so fast on anything else.'—Number twenty-eight 'One acre of ensilage will keep eight head of cattle one hundred days. I am building three more silos this year.'—Number thirty 'I am keeping four times the stock with my silos that I have been able to keep heretofore.'

These are samples of the replies sent to Mr Loring, and there is no reason for supposing them anything but the honest convictions of the reporters. Accepting them as such, it must be evident to all who have any experience of the difficulty and labour that haymaking involves in our uncertain climate, especially in the case of late meadow hay, that ensilage is just the remedy for their difficulties, and even if this should prove its only advantage, it would still constitute a great boon. But this is not its sole advantage; it answers equally well, and is equally profitable,

for the sowing of all forage in the best of climates. It avoids the desiccation and consequent loss of feeding qualities of the forage. It appears that the herbs which cattle will eat in a growing and green state, are eaten by them with equal if not greater avidity and with increased benefit in the form of ensilage.

Professor Harold Rogers had the following statement made to him in America: 'As an illustration of the extraordinary increase of production and food supply from the adoption of the system, Colonel Wolcott told me that he was able by ensilage to keep four times the number of cows on the same acreage that he had been able to keep when he gave his animals green food in summer and hay in winter. Such was his experience in the year 1881, when a very protracted drought occurred. During this year, Colonel Wolcott put into his silo about seven hundred and eighty tons of green forage, being the produce of two crops from thirty-four acres of rye and maize, the latter being cut when the tassels were beginning to blossom and the ears to form. On this produce, he expected to feed seventy cows for twelve months, and when I saw him in September 1882, he had no doubt that his expectation would be realized.'

'Those farmers who do not adopt ensilage,' says the cool-headed and dispassionate Colonel Wolcott, 'will eventually be obliged to take the back seat'—a metaphor which, as the Professor here says, may be commended for its expressive-ness. He adds: 'Already some of the more ardent spirits are of opinion that, thanks to the alacrity of the British agriculturist, and the economy of the new process, they [the Americans] will compete with him for fresh butter, as they have for cheese and to some extent meat.' One of Mr Bourne's correspondents states that he sold ensilage in the market town at from twenty-four to thirty-six shillings per ton, the cost of production being only eight shillings.

With regard to the cost and size of the silo, that will all depend on the circumstances of each case, and the quantity of fodder it may be proposed to cure. There are a great variety of forms and estimates given in the Professor's book, but they could scarcely be guides in this country, where wages and material differ in cost from America, and as it may be presumed that farmers will procure and study the book for themselves, we pass by this part of the subject.

We have had Agricultural Commissions sitting for years, and others just appointed, and it is questionable if the sum of all their labours will in any way approach that which ensilage is capable of doing to the food-producing power of the land of Britain. It is the only approach to a system that is calculated to make the farmer independent of the late and wet harvests that have wrought such ruin amongst them of late years. It is not a little humiliating to find that with the best grass-producing climate in the world, the United Kingdom should be so largely dependent on America and other countries for beef, mutton, pork, cheese, butter, and that abominable, oleo-margarine. The fact is, all who have any cultural skill, and who are not blind from prejudice, will agree with the present Earl of Derby when he said that the land of this country does not produce half of what

it is capable, if properly cultivated. Money is forthcoming for all manner of wild speculation at the end of the earth, while the soil on our doors is lapsing into barrenness for want of capital skillfully applied.

Professor Rogers writes: 'If ensilage is profitable in England, what must the case be in Scotland. In the middle of November, snow often fills to the depth of several inches, frequently of several feet, the roads are impassable, and the fields with a root crop below, are stricken with barrenness. The Highland sheep, left to shift for themselves die every winter by thousands, while ensilage food would keep them alive and in condition. He further writes: 'I believe that within a short time silos will be as common in Scotland as barns are now.' We hope he is a true prophet for it is evident that a change on the present routine of British agriculture is absolutely necessary. We must greatly reduce our land under grain crops, and correspondingly increase the production of stock, with which the competition from foreign sources can never be so fierce as in the case of grain.

Professor Rogers concludes the appendix to his interesting book as follows: 'I cannot help thinking that ensilage, for reasons of climate and soil, would be more fitted for the United Kingdom than it is for the American Union. They who practice it say it doubles the fertility of the soil at a stroke. I can conceive nothing which is of greater public interest at the present time than the restoration of English agriculture to its old courage and inventive activity, and it is the duty, and should be the pleasure, of every one who has seen a successful agricultural experiment in a distant country, to invite his fellow countrymen to examine what is new, which can be tried at comparatively little cost by hundreds of enterprising agriculturists, and is claimed by those who have had experience of it, as certainly satisfactory and profitable.'

It is gratifying to observe that the Highland Society is going to make experiments with ensilage on the estate of Mr Mackenzie of Portmore, Peeblesshire. Success will depend on the green fodder being properly spread out in the silo, and on such effectual and general pressure being brought to bear on it as will expel as nearly as possible all the air in the interstices amongst the fodder, after which the silo should by some means be sealed up from the air. When opened, it should be at one end of the silo, care being taken not to relax the general pressure, and the fodder should be cut away vertically as required, in the same manner as a hayrick.

If the system is as valuable as many represent it, the day will come when ensilage Companies may be started to supply galvanised iron silos, that may be sunk in the ground, with lids that can be pressed down by hydraulic or other pressure, and be fixed so as thoroughly to exclude the

\* It may be noted that, besides Professor Rogers's book two other publications on the subject of Ensilage have appeared in pamphlet form—namely *Ensilage: its Origin, History, and its use with Experimental Trials and Results*, by Henry Woods, Norwich; Stevenson & Co. London; W. Ridgway, and *Ensilage: A System for the Preservation of a Part of Forage Plants and Grasses, independent of weather*, by Thomas Christy, F.R.S. London: Christy & Co.

air. These silos could be paid for by a certain percentage on their cost during the currency of a nineteen years lease, and be valuable to the tenant in respect on his leaving the farm.

Ireland has been in advance of Scotland with ensilage, for we read in the *Irish Farmers Gazette*, which publishes the official Report by Professor Cahill, at the instance of Ful Spencer, as made on the model farm at Glasneven, near Dublin. He says 'I am of opinion that the successes of the continental and American farmers are sufficient to warrant our trying it on an extensive scale in these countries, and the measure of success of our experiments at the Albert model farm at Glasneven, strengthens my opinion on this point. Referring to the opinions adverse to its adoption here, I would suggest, first, as regards our cultivated plants, not being suited for ensilage, there can be no doubt that cultivated grasses are well adapted to the process on a large range of soils, especially peat. Italian ryegrass yields a large produce. Rye, too—a crop which may be profitably cultivated on our poor cold soils—is well suited for the system. Again, it may be found that the costly system of sowing, may give way before the growing of crops for ensilage, as being more profitable.'

Professor Cahill further states that he thinks the opinion that the slight fermentation the fodder undergoes in silo is injurious to it, has been arrived at in too summary a manner. He further gives the results of analyses of green fodder, and of the same after it comes from the silo, and it is singular how little they differ. The albumenoids are slightly decreased, and the soluble carbon hydrates are increased. Thus we have really less indigestible matter left in the ensilage for use than before it was put in the silo.

We now give in detail the experiments and their results, as tried at the Albert farm, simply remarking, that they seem to have been of a completely make shift character, the wonder being that success attended any one of them.

On the 28th of July the fodder was cut. Number one Lucerne and straw chaffed [that is, cut by a chaffing machine], and put into a silo about five feet deep, and lined with boards, so as to make it an airtight and water tight. [We doubt if the boards would do this.] Number two Comfrey and lucerne chaffed, and a very small portion of cut straw, into a similar silo. Number three Italian ryegrass not chaffed, but packed tightly into silo. Number four Italian ryegrass, not chaffed, packed tightly into silo, which was simply a pit dug in the ground, without any protecting casing or lining. Number five Italian ryegrass, packed tightly on the surface of the ground, and covered with about eighteen inches of soil like a potato pit.

It must be admitted that if ensilage under such arrangements made an approximation to success, it was more than it should have been expected.

On October 9, the silos were opened, and what follows was the result. In numbers one, three, and four, the fodder had a temperature of seventy five degrees Fahrenheit, it was apparently in good condition, having a smell somewhat like fresh brewers' grains. The cows on a pasture, as well as those which were being housed, ate the food with avidity. Number two the comfrey and lucerne were quite spoiled, having an offensive

putrid smell. Number five Italian ryegrass, packed on the surface of the ground, was quite dry, but mouldy and unfit for food.

These experiments, more than any that have come under our notice, prove the value of a proper silo.

In England, Lord Walsingham brought the subject of ensilage under the notice of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales at the last Norwich show, and Colonel Tomline of Orwell Park had his silo open for the Prince's inspection. The subject is therefore being brought fairly to the front in England and it is to be hoped Scotland will soon move also.

In speaking of ensilage a writer in the *J. told* says 'The pits should be kept covered for at least six weeks after which they may be opened in succession as required, and may be kept open till their contents are consumed by the cattle.'

Some valuable instructions on the subject of ensilage have recently been issued by the French Society of Agriculturists, and these instructions may prove of benefit to those who are engaged in solving the problem nearer home. Their advice is that ensilage should be recommended and advocated extensively, and their suggestions are to the effect that all forage, not excluding rushes or cut broom, is suitable for ensilage, that green forage should be ensiled without mixture of any dry substance, or even of salt, that the most favourable time for ensilaging is when the plants are in bloom, and that they should be stored when *lampest*.

## ONE IS ALSE, BOTH FAIR,

OR, A HARD KNOT

BY JOHN B. HARRIS

CHAPTER XXIII—'GIVE ME HIM!'

WITHIN the Bruton Street drawing-room the fortune-teller counted gracefully forward, both of her exquisitely gloved hands extended, to greet her youthful hostess, who, on her part, stared back like a frightened bird. Nothing could be more appropriate than Madame de Lalouvé's manner. Every gesture, every look, was perfect of its kind. Her whole bearing belonged to that highest art that cannot be distinguished from nature. 'I fear,' she said, in a tone of sweet reproach, 'that my visit is an unwelcome surprise. And yet—will as I know the fragile character of friendships, alas, you sadden me. Yes, my dear Mademoiselle, you sadden me. Oh, Miss Cnew, can it be that already you have learned the worldly lesson to forget, and that all our pleasant companionship—'

'What! you too—do you also come here to insult me! Why, else, do you call me by that name of Miss Cartwright? was the petulant interruption to this smooth speech. 'I am Lady Leominster. Do you not know me for what I am? Your address, Countess Louisa, to me is not that of a friend. I tell you, added the speaker, with quivering lips, 'that I am the Marchioness—and not—and not—that other one.'

'Now, my very dear young friend,' was the

soothing reply, couched in honeyed accents, of the foreign lady, 'you must not be angry, not vexed with Louise de Lalouve, your old friend of Egypt. If she offends, it is for your own good, my child. To me, to my maturer years, to my larger experience, you are but as a charming child. It is the privilege of age, of course, to guide you, who are still on the threshold of the world. Now, but yesterday I was received at Leominster House, and saw your sister. She was looking very well, was our dear Claire, but perhaps—'

'This is insufficient!' broke in Sir Pagans, winking her hands. She had for, then, in her station, the primary duties of hospitality, but both were wated now, the young hostess on the sofa near which she had been standing, the visitor in the amplex of the old-fashioned arm chair, with her back judiciously turned to the tall tiled summer sun, but that poured thru the windows, even in London. Thus seen, Madame de Lalouve looked remarkably well preserved, a grand, striking woman, with insatiable eyes, and features that harmonised well with the marble clearness of her creamy complexion and the raven blackness of her hair. She was superbly dressed, almost without ornament, save a stray antique jewel in dead gold, from some Cypriote or Phœnician tomb, but with all the skill that Worths at Paris will never display but in the height of a valued customer.—Spanish lace and Lyons silk and Genoa velvet falling harmoniously into their allotted places, like the notes and bars of music in the score of a competent composer.

'Our dear Claire received me in her London palace very graciously,' continued the French Countess, with an assured manner, though her real interview with Lady Leominster had not been a surmounting one in Kensington Gardens, 'and as a fraternal chance deprived us both for the moment of the editing society of Lady Barbara, we could open our hearts to one another. Then it was that the sweet young Marquise lamented to me the fact that her sister, so loved, was now separated from her, then it was that she craved of me the trifling service, willingly rendered, that I should call here in Bruton Street, at the house of your brother, Sir Carw, and should use my poor powers of persuasion to induce you, *mon enfant*, at her loving prayer, to return to her, and be her sister and her friend again, that all might go on as merely and as fondly as of other time.'

Madame de Lalouve spoke very good English indeed, and her accent in English was all but faultless, but she had the defect of thinking in French, and translating afterwards into our vernacular, and hence her speech occasionally lapsed into Gallicisms and turns of language. It was quite otherwise, it may be mentioned, with that other linguist, who had also come to England from Egypt on board the good steamship *Queen*, and whose nickname was Chinese Jack. He was one of those polyglot talkers who are possessed of the rare but valuable gift of thinking in any articulate tongue, living or dead, from Hebrew to Japanese, and therefore of expressing his thoughts as a Malay, or a Punjabi, or a Spaniard would do, not as a cultured scholar with an elaborate acquaintance with the language would do.

French, or Russian! Of which nationality was she (countess)! Both guesses as to her dubious nationality were compatible with either supposition, since a Russian child of noble blood learns to hop from the care not of her mother, but of her French, Swiss, English nursery-governess, never of her milk, cruel Russian nurse. There are races that furnish good nurses—the Hindus in Asia, the Negroes, the European nations usually—not the Russian. Many a highly educated Russian, with stars on the breast of his uniform, many a noble and beautiful young Muscovite lady, shudders at the recollection of the baleful Glumazika that was as a shadow and a scuzzow of their infancy.

Madame de Lalouve, then, said what she had been prepared to say, very well and very prettily. The immediate effect of her speech was that the golden-haired girl whom she addressed flung herself recklessly down upon the sofa and buried her face among the cushions. 'I cannot—oh, I cannot—it is too much to ask!' she sobbed out willily.

The Sphinx contemplated her with the serene scientific composure. Women have commonly a sort of frigidity with women, and a touch of real emotion rarely fails to stir their hearts. But the foreign Countess kept herself quite cool and sceptical. She took another chair, less heavy, and drew it towards the sofa. Then she laid her hand, with that light firm touch of hers, on the girl's arm. 'Pray, be calm,' she said, in strangely business-like accents. 'I wish, I beg to what I say. All is not as it seems. It rests with me—*me—entendez vous?*'—to let the curtain draw up and disclose a new scene. I am not here as the mere ambassador of Miliuli at the palace of Leominster. I am no mouthpiece. I am Louise de Lalouve, and I have come to make a proposition to you, and I beseech that, for your own sake, love, you will listen to me.

Slowly, very slowly, Sir Pagans beautiful young sister turned herself from her recumbent attitude, and fixed her wondering eyes, in which the tears still swam, on the face of her mysterious acquaintance. As she did so, she looked so strikingly lovely, her golden hair thrust carefully back, her colour fluttering in her delicately rounded cheeks, that an Associate of the Royal Academy would have made his fortune by truthfully painting her portrait. As it was, Madame de Lalouve, a keen judge, thought to herself, 'What raw material of beauty thrown away—these dupes and gulls of rascals!' and then, virtuously lowering her admirably managed voice, went on: 'I feel deeply for you, dear young friend, for you, and for the painful position, that every day must have a thorn the more. I—I am most anxious to help you, but, child, it is a hard world, and I, too, have had a rugged path to tread, and much ingratitude to bear. If you would promise to be the friend of Louise—to remember what you owe to the lonely Margaret, when she in her turn wants your aid, I might be of use. Through me—but through me only—your own little schemes, darling, might be forwarded. You might assume your sister's place, and be acknowledged, with the assent of all, as Marchioness of Leominster.'

'But I see the Marchioness of Leominster; I

an poor Wilfred's wife—widowed wife, it is that, Countess, that you—you who know the world, so cruelly refuse to believe," answered the girl, half turning her head towards the cool, stately, brained foreign lady.

A smile of polite incredulity "fitted across the face of Madame de Lalouve—to vanish, however, as moisture vanishes from the surface of a mirror. It was very seldom that the Sphinx betrayed any sense of amusement. She was essentially diplomatic. Whatever she did was done of set purpose. Her grand, comely countenance was as grave as that of a judge about to pass sentence, one minute later, when she took the hand of the girl beside her, and said earnestly "Let it not be a question of this, between us two. Let us, if we two are to be allies, at least speak openly and honestly between ourselves. Here, in this solitude, there can be no need to mystify. You wish to have Leominster House and Castel Vaux, and the great fortune—*oui!* how great!—and to be Mladie the Marquise of Leominster. What more natural? I am willing, and I think able, to effect this. Only, between us two confederates, as two friends, there should be no high morality, no question of abstract rights. We are behind the scenes, as it were, and should talk freely. Let the thing stand as it is. Nothing succeeds like success. Louise de Lalouve is a good pilot through troubled waters. Let this affair be simply—the affair I may have—and I have—my own little wishes and objects, which I hope you will promote in return for what I shall do for you. But above all, let us be frank between ourselves!"

Here she was interrupted, by with a flushed cheek and flashing eye, the girl sprang to her feet. "No, never, never!" was her passionate retort. "I will never admit, even to you (even tacitly, that there can rest so much as the shadow of a doubt upon my claim and my right. What I profess to be, that I am, and not even in private will I yield an inch of my vantage ground, or go back for what I have said."

This was spoken with an energy for which the foreign Countess had scarcely been prepared. Madame de Lalouve bit her lip, and her dark eyebrows contracted. Was it that she felt as if her pupil were growing dangerously headstrong, and might get beyond her control, to the detriment of her own interests, and the spoiling those eventual schemes of which her shrewd monarch had made mention? An acute and practised judge of character, the Russo-Frenchwoman seemed to think that she had gained that of her young friend by too conventional a standard. But while she looked frowningly on, the sudden outburst of excitement seemed to die away, and with a faint sigh and averted head the beautiful girl sank back on the sofa, and hid her face, murmuring, as if unconscious of the listener's presence "And yet, why not? What matter? What can it matter by what rugged roads I travel, so that I attain my end, and reach the goal at last? And yet I am so utterly alone. O that I had some one to advise me!" And she sobbed aloud.

Madame de Lalouve's brow relaxed, and her smile came back to the lately stern and anxious mouth. After all, she reflected, it was better so, and gave tokens of a more malleable nature, and

one more fit to be moulded to her purpose. If Mephistopheles could be imagined in female form, Madame de Lalouve must have looked very like the arch tempter of the German legend, as she sat there in her drizzling strength, with her burning eyes envying the far drooping head, and an undefinable expression, that partook of the nature of scorn and of grim humour, lurking about her firm lips. She waited—with the cruel patience of the angler, who lets the newly hooked trout tire itself before he touches the reel—until the storm had subsided, and then Sir Pagan's sister almost shuddered, as a light, strong hand was gently laid upon her slender wrist, and a soft voice said, curiously "Let me advise you. You are groping in the dark, but I can point the way to safety and success. Do not refuse. The help I proffer is well worth the having. Louise de Lalouve can be an ally as true as steel, and, believe me, the little experience you have gained in your short life is, compared with mine, but as a water-droplet to the ocean. I have had harder diplomatic puzzles than this to solve, I can assure you, and have made my proofs, as French diplomats say, when pitted against more formidable foes than any that I now expect to encounter on your behalf. That the help I offer is quite unreserved, *me chere*, I do not for a moment pretend, nor, did I do so, would you credit me with being as sincere as I really am. I am no descendant of Don Quixote, *quos!* to redress wrongs and run tilt at windmill grates. But I shall not be very exacting (in unreasonable as to the recompense, of which it is as yet too early to speak with precision. What I wish to impress upon you is, that if you take me for your guide, there must be no half-confidence, no drawing back. Obey my counsels, and you shall attain your object. The gates of Castel Vaux and of Leominster House shall fly open to receive you—not on sufferance, not as a dependent, but as mistress of all, and!"

"Give me time," pleaded the girl, speaking in a broken voice, slowly and hesitatingly. "I can not tell, I cannot decide. Give me time, dear Countess Louise, to think it over. Leave me now, I beg, of you. I am not fit to talk in it, at present. My brain seems as if on fire. Let me keep your address. I will write—I will call. But more I cannot say, just at this moment. Madame de Lalouve I must have space for reflection. Only give me time."

Graciously the foreign Countess rose to take her leave. "Think of it, my angel," she said soothingly and softly, "and think of me, whom a word will summon—like some Slave of the Ring, or of the Lamp, in that version of the Arabian Nights that our Marquis de Gulland brought into fashion—to your side. You think me hard, sweet one, but you must not blame the oak because it is not as the willow. It is good, at any rate, for the ivy to cling to, needing and supported by its rough strength, able to resist the tempest. There! I lay my card on the table. When you want me, I shall be here, always at your call." She pressed the girl's little hand, half pityingly, it might have been thought, within the grasp of that far stronger hand of hers, and then slipped silently away, without awaiting the usual formalities of leave-taking, as a hussar glides away on noiseless feet, passing like a tawny

shadow through the cune brake of the jungle and is gone. It used to be said in Egypt that the Sphinx was matchless in her exits as in her entries, and seemed to rise and vanish as through a trapdoor. When the girl looked around her half timidly, she found herself alone.

INDIAN WITCHCRAFT

There is scarcely any age or country in which a superstitious belief in witchcraft has not had a powerful hold on the minds of the people. In Europe, till about the end of the last century, the possession of magical powers and the practice of the black art were implicitly believed in, and the minds of learned divines greatly exercised to prove, by the aid of revelations, that the practice of sorcery was hateful to God and man. Stimulated thus were therefore famed for its suppression, and the ecclesiastical authorities pursued with unrelenting vigour their self imposed task of punishing and extirpating those who were believed to have dealings with the Evil One. It need not, therefore, be wondered that amongst a large portion of the inhabitants of India, witchcraft in various guises exercises a vast and potent influence. The religion of the Hindus would naturally induce those who profess it to give credence to all kinds of marvels, but it will be found that even the followers of the Mohammedan creed are very nearly as much disposed to pin their faith upon the grossest fables, and to adopt every idle invention which springs from the fears or the craft of their associates.

The followers of these religions need not go farther for their justification than their own scriptures. The Vedis enjoin special revelations for the Brahminical soothsayers, whose mantras or incantations are declared to have terrible effects; while the Koran, in its twenty first and twenty seventh chapters, dilates upon the magic excellence of Solomon, and the power he possessed over all created things, even the elements, and the thirtieth chapter—said to have been revealed to the Prophet of Islam on the occasion of his having been bewitched by the daughters of a Jew—is still devoutly used as a charm against evil spirits and the spells of witches and sorcerers. The belief of Mohammedans in good and evil spirits who may be compelled to perform the bidding of a mortal, is not only manifested in their tales and legends, but forms also a subject of great record, and is mixed up with their religious creed. While, on the one hand, they are taught to believe that there exist good angels who surround upon a man, and ever prompt him to do his duty to God and his fellow creatures, on the other hand, they are warned against evil spirits, who, with deadly malignity, pursue their every step and lead them into misery.

These spirits or genii constantly reside in the lowest of the seven firmaments, and are able to render themselves visible at pleasure to the human inhabitants of the earth. They are of various denominations, some good, and some evil, some very powerful and luxurious, and others reduced to such a low estate as to be compelled to live upon bones and air. And though these spirits are represented as superior to the human race in wisdom and power, it is commonly

believed to be possible for mortals to become allies of these intelligences, to partake their powers, and to assist their evil designs. Even further, the Hindu Sikurs and Saahas, by the practice of austerities and self torture, are credited with having attained such a degree of sanctity and power that they could control supernatural beings. It is no uncommon thing at the present day for a person to resort to a fakir and obtain from him a charm for the purpose of removing an illness, as a sudden accident, or for the purpose of averting an impending disaster, or it may be with the view of causing some evil to happen to any one with whom he may be on unfriendly terms.

There are in India professed heart eaters and liver eaters, who by their spells and incantations pretend to steal away and devour these vital organs, thereby reducing the luckless individuals thus attacked to the greatest calamity. These extravagant feelers are, it is said, able to communicate their art by giving those who desire to exercise it a piece of liver cake to eat. They are dangerous people, effecting, as much mischief by their pretended power as if they were actually able to achieve what they profess, since they work upon the fears and excite the imagination of the unhappy individuals who are subjected to their diabolical influence, producing upon the victim—who is rendered hysterical by the artful suggestions of the enemy—anguish, disease, and finally death.

A recent Indian case gave a very curious instance of the fatal results which arise sometimes from native superstition. It was brought to light in the course of a trial held before the Agent of the Governor of Malhas at Ganjam, in South India. A petty dispute had arisen between two men regarding a sum of six annas (about sevenpence) which had to be divided between them, and it ended in one of them going into a house and fetching a knife, with which he inflicted several stabs upon his opponent from the effects of which he died. On being taken up, the accused admitted having caused the death of the other man, but said he had done so in order to save himself, as the other had threatened to turn himself into a tiger and kill him. There is a superstition among the hill tribes to the effect that such a metamorphosis is can be made, and coupling this with the circumstance that the crime was apparently unpremeditated, the weapon with which the wounds were inflicted did not belong to the prisoner, the Government Agent did not consider the case such as to call for the exercise of the utmost severity of the law. The prisoner was found guilty, and ordered to be transported for life.

The Mohammedans adopt another device for taking away the life of an enemy; they construct an image of earth taken out of a grave, read a particular chapter of the Koran over it, and then repeat the prayers but with every word spelled in the same way—that is, with the letters reversed. These and other preliminaries being accomplished, the image is perforated with wooden pegs in every part, and burnt, shrouded like a human corpse, and covered with funeral solemnity to the cemetery of the place, and interred in the name of the person whose death is desired,

and who, it is believed, will not long survive the performance of these obsequies. This, happily, is not a very common occurrence now, as the English law in India would scarcely tolerate such proceedings, but there is scarcely an Anglo Indian who could not testify to having come across in his morning walk, especially where two roads cross each other, the remains of a most inconspicuous collection of articles—a miniature human image in the centre, surrounded by earthen pots of variegated colours, containing rice, barley, and grain of other kinds, interspersed here and there by little oil lamps, placed in such relative positions to each other as it is calculated will have deep and mysterious consequences. To a stranger, this would present a spectacle which would be merely incomprehensible, yet it is but the simple and ordinary device of a credulous and superstitious people to seek relief from a dangerous or malignant malady from which one man or dear to them is suffering.

Charms and propitiatory offerings are more relied on than medicines in sickness and pestilence, and this offering to the gods, accompanied with many prayers and incantations, is placed on the highway in the implicit belief that the malady of the person in whom they are interdicted will leave him and take to another, generally supposed to be the first person who comes across this magic collection of articles. Visitations of cholera are attempted to be visited by processions of village madonnas carrying garlands of flowers or other offerings to the god presiding over their hamlet. Some years ago, while cholera was violently raging in the Upper Provinces, a curious case was brought before the magistrates, in which the inhabitants of two neighbouring villages were charged with being concerned in a curious affair. The villagers of one hamlet made a miniature cart, and placing an image, as they supposed, of the cholera in it, they dragged it to the patients of a neighbouring village, the inhabitants of which, having been forewarned, forcibly resisted the entrance of the unwelcome visitor. His, however, the little cart got within their boundaries in spite of their wishes and efforts, they would not have rested till they had dragged it to another village, where probably a similar scene would have occurred.

It may well be supposed that amid so superstitious a people, love charms and philters of various kinds are believed to have wonderful efficacy, and some of these compounds are of so delicious a nature that persons partaking of them have been known to die from their effects. Some employ amulets for the purpose of captivating hearts, these talismans being constructed in a variety of ways—one being a tablet, on which is inscribed a magic square, and set as a ring or bracelet, others are written on thin plates of metal, or upon paper folded up and worn upon the person, while a third consists of particular roots, creepers, leaves, &c. gathered with many ceremonials, and tied up in small bags. The efficacy of these charms is based on the idea that certain objects and certain rites and ceremonies have an inherent or mysterious power existing in themselves of producing wonderful results. In Gujerat there are six descriptions of charms or *mantras*—the *marua mantra* has the power of taking away life,

*motha mantra* produces ocular or auricular illusions, *stumbhura mantra* stops what is in motion, *akrabhura mantra* calls or makes present anything; *washakurua mantra* has the power of enlivening, and *ochakra mantra* of causing bodily injury short of death.

Perhaps it would be paying too great a compliment to even the most enlightened natives of India to suppose that they are wholly free from a superstition that attaches credit to the influence of the Evil eye. On some occasions, it is not proper to look at the party addressed, in case such an opportunity should permit an enemy to cast an evil eye, and it is against all etiquette to remark that a person is looking well or growing fat, since it may be supposed that such excellent condition may excite envy, and that the observation accompanied by a malignant glance would cause the object of it to dwindle and fade. It is believed that a woman who is born upon one of a list of days laid down in the astrological books is a 'poison daughter' or gifted with the evil eye. Such a person is called a *dakka* or witch, and it is supposed that those on whom she casts her eyes suffer as if they were possessed by evil spirits.

In India, no less than in other countries, there has existed, and still exists, a profound belief in the existence and evil influence of witches. Though not very frequent now, at one time cases were brought continually before the magistrates of complaints preferred against reputed sorcerers or witches for damage done in various invisible ways, and sometimes by the poor creatures thus accused, who were attacked and cruelly used by those who had fancied themselves wronged. At the Agra sessions, some years ago, a case of this kind was tried, in which the defence set up was as follows: That the deceased was an enchanter, who by the power of his magic could render a person lifeless, or could afflict him with various illnesses, in which latter case, on the relative supplying him with such sums of money as he demanded, he would again restore the patient to his wonted health and strength. He in this manner extorted money from all, and utterly ruined many of the inhabitants, who, from the way in which they stood off him, never dared to refuse compliance with his demands, however exorbitant, and were afraid even to lodge complaints against him in court. He was banished from the village, by order of a Panchayet, under a universal prohibition that he practise witchcraft, to the great detriment of the people in the neighbourhood, and was not heard of until six months before the commission of the outrage against him, when he returned to the village, and again commenced the performance of his diabolic arts. 'My son's wife, son, and father,' continued the witness, the mother of the prisoner, 'all fell victims to his fatal spells. He came to our house this morning, and sprinkled a few ashes over the prisoner's father, pronouncing an incantation at the same time, and the latter fell down lifeless. My son having witnessed this act, implored him to restore his father to life; whereupon he threatened him also with immediate death, and quitted the house. On this my son rushed out upon him, dragged him back, and killed him

by repeated blows on the head with a flint stone.

Other witnesses were called who spoke of the good character of the prisoner, who was much esteemed in the village on account of his mildness of disposition and peaceable demeanour, and on their further examination, they uniformly deposed that the deceased was a powerful enchantment, who practised sorcery, to the serious injury of the community, instances whereof by his magic spells he had caused their cattle to fall lame, and exhausted money from them under the terror which his fearful reputation had inspired. The prisoner was found guilty of murder, and liable to punishment accordingly, but in consequence of the strong provocation he had received, and the suddenness of the act, perpetrated under the conviction that the persons dear to him had been destroyed by spells, the efficacy of which he implicitly believed, the court considered Sheikh Sawlata a fit case for mitigation of punishment, and sentenced him to three years imprisonment.

Persons suspected of being witches have been occasionally subjected to very cruel treatment, especially if the ordeal to which their neighbours have recourse should convict them of the crime. In India, as well as in Europe, it is supposed that a witch will float upon the water; but there are other tests by which their acquaintance with the black art may be proved. Oil poured in a heap, with a little rice, forms one of these trials; should the oil run through when the names of the accused are called over, their guilt is established. Similarly, there are numerous oracles by which a thief may be detected, the one most commonly practised being that of causing the suspected parties to chew rice, in operation which however easy to those who have nothing to fear, becomes difficult to the conscious delinquent, whose mouth, parched and dry, refuses its function, and upon examination, the rice is found whole. Another contrivance, which by some is considered the most effectual method of catching thieves, is to write the names of the persons present, with those of their fathers, in a magic square, drawn upon separate pieces of paper, these are to be folded up and inclosed in boluses made of wheat flour. A lot of rice not being liked with water, and all the boluses thrown in, the ticket of the thief will come up and float upon the surface.

## BENJAMIN BLUNT, MARINER

### IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I

'SHEE still sleeps. How softly and evenly she breathes—like any little child. If it had not been for dear old dad, she would be sleeping fathoms deep among the sand and shells at the bottom of the sea. Once she smiled and murmured some one's name—her husband's. She must love him very much, or she would not snuggle and talk about him in her sleep. I wonder whether I love Phil enough to talk about him in my sleep? I know I often dream about him.'

Speaking thus to herself, Ruth Mayfield softly closed the door of an inner room, and went on

with her preparations for breakfast with as little noise as possible.

She was a pleasant faced, sun-embrowned girl of nineteen, with dark sunny eyes and a wealth of wifely chestnut hair that looked as if it had been ruffled by many a sea breeze, and would never come quite smooth again. She was the adopted daughter of old Benjamin Blunt, smack owner, and I know not what vessel, in the little fishing hamlet of Dunrobert-on-sea. A very pretty picture Ruth made this morning, in doing so softly and quietly about her household duties, with a dark homespun gown, her white apron, her snowy collar with a tiny bow of lavender ribbon at the throat, and with a clove pink and a spray of southernwood fastened in the bosom of her dress. Under ordinary circumstances, she would have been singing while working at her work, but there were reasons why she should not sing this morning.

How her humble the house of Benjamin Blunt might be, there was about it an air of cosy comfort to which many a more pretentious dwelling could lay no claim. And then it was all so daintily clean, from the quaint little candle-sticks that glistened on the chimney piece, to the well-scoured uncarpeted floor, on which a dirty footprint would have seemed a profanation.

The room in which Ruth was living on the first was kitchen and sitting room in one. At one end of it, a door opened into a good sized scullery, and at the opposite end another door opened into a little parlour, a sort of second apartment, which was never used above a dozen times a year. Old Ben was proud of his parlour, but he never cared to sit in it, and Ruth was likewise disinclined to do so, for the ceiling was only one storey high. The room had two broad low, dum-dum painted windows, each of which had a softly cushioned seat, on which it was pleasant to sit, especially on warm summer afternoons, when the little was singing, a tune itself on the hob, and the wind was pulling on the hatch, when through the open casement came the mingled scent of many flowers, and the soft humming of manuring bees, with, maybe, the faint lap of the salt water, as it came rattling and chattering up the tawny sands.

The front door of this room opened into a small porch, which in summer time was covered with flowering creepers. From the porch you stepped into a wilderness of a garden, where mint and thyme and marjoram and mignonette and pinks were mixed with pinks and stocks and sweet williams and pansies, with blues and roses of many kinds, in an inextinguishable confusion that would have been enough to drive an ordinary sailor mad. From the porch, a public highway led through the garden to a green wooden gate, which gave access to the highway on the opposite side of which, a shallow, shallowly lit channel brought you at once to the quay, and so to the vast expanse of a boundless expanse of sea.

On this particular morning, although the sun was shining brightly, and the sea was that of early autumn, the elements were low, and Ruth's fire would not have done discredit to December, for a sharp frosted wind was whistling round the cottage last night's gale had not quite blown itself out, and all the wild



waste of waters, as far as the eye could scan, was still a swelling mass of angry, white tipped waves.

Presently the little green gate was opened by a stalwart, bronzed, good looking young fellow, dressed in the blue jersey and high boots of a fisherman. His name was Phil Gaylor, and he was Ruth Mayfield's sweetheart. He walked leisurely up the pabbled footway, sniffing at a flower here and there, but the booming of the tide on the beach deflected the sound of his footsteps, and Ruth did not hear him. He laid his hand on the latch, and then apparently changed his mind. Crossing to one of the windows—the one opposite the fireplace—he stooped, and peered through the panes, shading the light from his eyes with one hand as he did so. Ruth was bending over the table, with her back to the window, and did not perceive him. He smiled, and his eyes brightened as he looked. Presently he gave two quick little taps on the glass with his fingers. Ruth started and turned, and shook a warning finger at him, when she saw who was the culprit. Then crossing to the door, she opened it very gently.

'O Phil, how you startled me!' she said.

'Do your roses always come out like that Ruth, when you are startled?' he asked, and with that, this bold young fisherman drew her to him and kissed her, which made the roses on Ruth's cheeks turn from pink to red.

'Is the Cup at home?' asked Phil as he pinched a spray of honey-suckle off the porch.

'No, he had his breakfast two hours ago, and went out.'

'I didn't see him as I came along. I've got a message for him, but I dare say it will keep till he comes back—How is the poor lady who was brought here last night?'

'She is in bed, fast asleep.'

'Plenty of sleep's the best thing for her. But mayn't I come in?'

'Yes, if you will be good and promise only to talk in a whisper.'

'I will be as good as gold, and you know I always did like to talk to you in whispers.'

So Phil was allowed to enter. He seated him self on a three-legged stool by the chimney corner, where he had spent many happy hours already.

'Ah, Phil, how frightened I was last night!' said Ruth, as she handed her sweetheart a steaming cup of fragrant coffee.

'Frightened, dearie—at what?'

'Had I not enough to frighten me, when you and dear old dad were out together in that terrible storm, and I not knowing from one minute to another what might happen?'

'A capital of wind—nothing to make a fuss about.'

'How can you talk in that way, Phil? I have lived here too long not to know that when wind and water fight together as they did last night, we are sure to hear of some poor creature's whose home will never see them again. Squire Titcombe himself said we had not had such a storm for four winters past.'

'Squire Titcombe's no better than an old woman.'

'Ah, Phil, you can't deceive me in that way. I had just laid the cloth for supper, and was

listening to the noise of the wind and the sea, which seemed to grow more deafening every minute, and was wondering why dad did not come in, when I heard the boom of a gun. I knew what it meant, and for a moment my heart seemed turned to stone. I put aside the curtain, and was peering out into the darkness, when dad opened the door. He looked so quiet and resolute, and had such a bright brave look in his eyes, that I knew something was about to happen. The first thing he did was to get out his waterproof coat and leggings, and his old sou' wester. While he was pulling them on, we heard the gun again. "Won't you have some supper, father, before you go out?" I asked. "No, not now—not till I come back," he said. Then he took both my hands in his and drew me to him and kissed me twice very tenderly. The tears came into my eyes, but I bit my lip and kept them back. I should have plenty of time to cry when he had gone. "Don't get downhearted, little one," he said. Then he squeezed my hand very hard, smiled, patted my cheek, and was gone. As he shut the door behind him, the gun sounded again.

'It seemed terrible to be indoors all alone. Presently I drew aside the curtain and put the lamp close to the window. I knew it could be seen a long way out at sea, and I thought that maybe dad might see it from the boat, and that it might hearten him on in what he had set himself to do. Then I put a shawl over my head and went down to the pier, but I had to hold on tight, or the wind would have taken me off my feet. After a time, some fishermen came by with lanterns. I called to them, and they told me that a small schooner had struck on the bar, and that in another hour she would be all in pieces. "The Janet's gone out to the wreck with brave old Ben and Phil Gaylor and half a dozen more. It's a bad night to be out in, but neither wind nor weather ever stopped Ben Blunt when there were lives to be saved." Then they went on and were lost in the darkness, and I heard the gun again. After a while, I found myself kneeling down by the lamp at the window, with my shawl over my head, to thank the din of the storm, praying to heaven to bring back my dear ones safe and sound. Then all at once there was a great rush of wind, and the lamp was blown out, and I there in the doorway, by the dim fire-light, I saw you and dad standing with something white in your arms—and I felt nothing, only that both of you were safe!'

Although Ruth had spoken in tones that were scarcely above a whisper, there was a heightened colour in her cheeks as she ceased. Phil gazed at her in undisguised admiration, as indeed he well might.

'They have found out who the lady is,' he said presently. 'They say that her name is Lady Janet Trevor.'

'Lady Janet Trevor? Why, dad's boat is called the Janet, and dad was the man who saved her!'

'That he was. If he hadn't said that he was going out to the schooner in his little Janet, and called out for volunteers, every soul on board the ship would have been lost.'

'Brave old dad! Nobody but himself knows how many lives he has saved.'

'He has one medal already from the big Society in London. Perhaps they'll send him another for last night's work.'

'And my life, Phil, was one of those that he saved! I always remember that in my prayers.'

'The night he saved you, dearie, he found a daughter.'

'And I a second father.'

'If he was your real father, he couldn't love you better than he does.'

'Who knows it, Phil, better than I do? And my love and duty and obedience are all his, and will be as long as I live.'

'Not all the love, Ruth—not quite all.'

'You and his between you have it all—every moral.' Then she put into his hands a slice of bread and a toasting fork.

Phil knew what was expected of him. Kneeling down on one knee and shielding his face from the fire with his left hand he set to work. But one can make toast and talk at the same time.

'I'm going into Deptford this afternoon,' he said, 'to buy something towards housekeeping. Guess what?'

'A looking-glass, perhaps.'

'A woman's first thought. Guess again.'

'A teapot.'

'No, my dear, a nun.'

'I give it up.'

'What do you say to a set of polished fire-irons and a hearth-rug?'

'Phil! Only don't turn the toast.'

'Ay, and the hearth-rug is a hearth-rug, and no mistake. I've had my eye on it for a long time, and now I've made up my mind to buy it.'

'Will it cost much money?'

'Not when you consider the pattern. Fancy! in the middle a great big sunflower, and little sunflowers all round it, with a border of pink daisies. A sort of hearth-rug that seems to stand out ever to put your feet on. You feel as if you wanted to sit at a distance from it, and keep on admiring it ever so long.'

'Why, then, won't be its equal in the village?'

'I should think not, indeed—then there's a tea-tray as I've set my heart on buying—a Sunday tea-tray.'

'A Sunday tea-tray, Phil?'

'It's a splendid work of art. I can tell you, only fit to be brought out on Sundays and birth-days, and when there's a company to tea.'

'But what is there painted on it, Phil?'

'A young woman and a young man—as it might be you and me—a walking, along a zig-zag path, all among the daisies and buttercups, to a church right up in the left-hand corner of the picture. You can tell the church is a long way off, because the steeple's no higher than the young man and the young woman. They're sweethearts, that's what they are—just like you and me. You can't see their faces, because they're going towards the church, but you can tell, from their backs and the way they walk along, that they can't possibly be anything but sweethearts. Anybody can see they've been having a bit of a tiff—not like you and me, Ruth. But there's a stilo half a mile farther on,' continued Phil, as he rose to his feet and handed the toast to his sweetheart, 'and what's the stilo there for, I should like to know, if not to give them a chance of kissing, and making it up—just like you and me.' And

smiling the action to the word, and before Ruth divined his intentions, she was a prisoner in the strong arms of the young fisherman, and his lips were pressed to hers.

At this moment the door was opened, and before Ruth could release herself, there stood Benjamin Blunt, his face one broad smile. He was certainly no son of Anak, indeed, as fisherman go, he might be accounted a little man, but what there was of him was nearly all muscle and sinew. He carried his sixty years as though he were not half that age. He had clear-cut aquiline features, and his blue-grey eyes were as keen as the eyes of a hawk. Advancing years had grizzled his hair and beard, but they still curled as naturally as they had curled when he was a youth of twenty. In his younger days, no more daring or skilful harpooner had ever sailed for the Grand Banks. Yet, through all the ups and downs of an adventurous career, he had preserved intact a certain natural freshness of heart and simplicity of character which endeared him to all who came into contact with him.

'Yo ho, yo ho, my heartie,' he cried in a cheery voice, 'is this the way you carry on when the sky jags a back a turn? The sooner you two get made one, the better. Matrimony is the only cure for live-making. Before you're wedded, you young fools think you can't see enough of each other. By the time you've been married six months, you'll turn up your noses at one another, and think what fools you were not to keep single for another dozen years.'

'You might have tried matrimony yourself, Cap, you seem to know so much about it,' said Phil, with a sly glance at Ruth.

'Humph! Not such a nunny. Look at me—I was young bachelor—my own master, and I had half the girls of the village in love with me.'

'The gay young spruk will be elated, one of these days, Phil, and be bringing home a step-mother younger than myself. Won't I lead her a life?'

'We must buy him a pair of yellow gloves to go counting in.'

'And a walking stick with a silk tassel.'

'And a pair of shiny boots—a top-top swell and no mistake.'

'Hush!' said Ruth suddenly. 'We are forgetting all about the poor lady.'

Ben had been looking from one to the other with an amused smile, but the smile died from off his face as he said 'Ah! how is she by this time, I wonder?'

'When I peeped into the bedroom a little while ago, she was fast asleep.'

'That's her best physic. She'll wake up as lively as a porpus.'

'They do say as how she's a real lady,' remarked Phil.

'A real lady? Why, any simpleton could see with half an eye that she's a real lady.'

'Ah, but I mean a lady with a humk to her name—what they call a lady of title.'

'Lady Janet Trevor,' put in Ruth, in a tone in which admiration and awe were very nearly blended.

'What name did you say?' asked Ben with a start.

'Lady Janet Trevor—it's least, that's what Phil called her.'

'Lady—Janet—Travor,' he said, dwelling on each syllable, as though desirous of committing the name to memory.

'Funny, isn't it, dad, that both the lady and the boat in which she was saved from the wreck should be called "Janet"?'

'Oh, very funny, my dear, very,' he replied, not without a touch of pithos in his voice. 'I could almost laugh when I think of it.' He seated himself in his armchair in the corner, and, resting his hands on his knees, sat staring into the fire.

Phil turned to Ruth. 'The lady's husband's down at the *Three Crowns*. He got his arm badly crushed by a spur last night. I want this morning to see how he was. I told him the lady was all right, and the doctor says he may come up and see her as soon as his arm has been disengaged.'

'The gentleman coming here?' exclaimed Ruth in dismay.

'Why not? Ben Blunt's cottage is good enough for any gentleman to put his head into.'

'You don't understand. The parlour isn't dusted, and there's not been a fire in it for six weeks. Dear, dear!'

Ben's lips were moving, he was talking to himself. 'Another fault under my roof! How the first comes back again!'

A meaning look passed between the young people. Phil turned to the old man. 'And there's a gentleman, Cup, as wants to see you,' he said—'a gentleman with an eye-glass and an uncommon rough kind of hair—which as seems all arms and legs—who rushes about, asking questions of everybody, and puts down the answers in a little book. He says he belongs to the *Deeplade* newspaper, and he wants to know all about the wreck.'

'Why he wasn't aboard the schooner, he'd have known enough about it then,' replied Ben, rousing himself from his abstract reason for a moment and then relapsing into it again.

'He asked me what was the whippersnapper's name,' continued Phil, 'and when I told him gold dust and cockatoos, he put it down as serious as a judge.'

Ruth whispered to Phil, 'Try to rouse him and get him to go out with you. He's got one of his melancholy fits coming on.'

'And there's another gentleman, Cup, at the *Three Crowns* as wants to see you,' said Phil in answer to the appeal, as he had a hand gently on Mr Blunt's shoulder, 'not the lady's husband, but another. He hasn't much time to spare, because he says he must catch the eleven o'clock train from *Deeplade*. Won't you come, Cup? The gentleman will be waiting for you.'

'Oh, what gentleman?' asked Ben, lifting his head with a vague faraway look in his eyes. 'Ah, now I recollect. Let us go down and see the gentleman. Perhaps he won't mind giving half a sovereign for poor Jim's widow and little ones.'

'The morning's cold, drink this before you start,' said Ruth, proffering a cup of coffee.

Ben took it without a word, but as he sipped it, he said, 'I think, my dear, as I'm going among the gentry, I ought to put on my stand-up collar and take my umbrella. I should like to appear respectable, you know.'

'Just as you like, dad. But they would think no better of you than they do if you were to wear twenty stand-up collars.'

'But I don't want to wear twenty—I only want to wear one,' he replied a little positively. 'I hope you made it stiff, my dear, because there's nothing more uncomfortable than a stand-up collar as won't stand up.' There was a humorous twinkle in his eyes as he spoke thus. To all appearance, his serious mood had vanished as quickly as it had come. Presently he put down his cup and saucer. 'It won't take me more than a minute to tidy up myself,' he said, and with that he went off into his bedroom. And indeed to our pair of lovers it seemed no more than a minute before he was back again, although in reality it was nearer ten.

It was while they were sitting alone together, that Phil suddenly brought himself off something he had hitherto forgotten. 'My stars and little fishes!' he exclaimed, 'what a memory I must have!' Speaking thus, he dipped his hand into a side pocket and produced therefrom a pocket with a broken chain attached to it. 'I found this pretty thing in the bottom of the box, this morning,' he said. 'It can't belong to my lady, but Lady Janet. You had better give it to her, Ruth, when she wakes up.'

Ruth took the polished trinket, and turned it over and over admiringly. 'Aunt it pretty, Phil?' she said. 'An' see, it opens' and here she showed the likeness of a lady. 'What a beautiful face! But how old-fashioned she is dressed!' It must have been taken years and years ago. 'I'll give it to the lady when she gets up.'

She was in the act of putting away the chain and locket on the chimney piece, when Mr Blunt re-entered the room. In place of his fine and easy turn-down sailor collar, he had donned a stand-up shirt, very high and stiff, to his very evident discomfort. In one hand he carried a small old-fashioned pistol box, a silk pocket-handkerchief of a striking pattern, and a pair of black kid gloves, and in the other hand a gingham muffler of a decidedly Surrey Campish appearance.

'Now I've got my collar on, I can't help thinking it must be beautiful,' he said. 'I've actually caught myself a listening once or twice for the bells, and I was going to put my Prayer book in my pocket quite natural, when I bathed, but my will that it wasn't Sunday at all—Just stick this in some where where it will be seen,' he added, as he handed the bracelet to Ruth. 'Old Mrs. Ruddle hit it me when she died. It's got a lock of Ruddle's hair in it.' Then, while Ruth was pinning the muffler in the bosom of his shirt, he turned to Phil. 'He was quite kind, was Ruddle, for many years afore he died. He used to wash his head every morning with the best old Jamaica rum, to try and bring his hair back, but it wouldn't come. At last he took to drinking the rum neat, and, but he kept bald till the day he died. Poor old Ruddle! His last words were "Just rub your head at top o' my head, Ben, I feel as if the hair was a coming out."—That'll do lively, my dear'—this last remark to Ruth. 'And now, just put this handkerchief in my pocket so as to have a bit hanging out behind. Now for my gloves—I never wear 'em, you know, Phil. I couldn't get 'em on, was it to save my life, but

I carry 'em in my hand, and people think I've just taken 'em off—Now for my umbrella. It isn't often as I go into company, but when I do, I like to go respectable—Good bye, poppet,' with that he kissed Ruth and patted her lovingly on the cheek. 'We won't be long about we'll be back—Now, Phil'

Phil was quite ready. 'Morning, Ruth. See you again soon long, he said.

'Yes, yes, we must try to get half a sovereign for poor Jim's widow and the young uns,' said the older man to the younger as they crossed the threshold.

Ruth crossed to the window, and watched them go down the garden pathway and turn to the right, on their way to the village. Phil gave her a faint well-merited wave of the hand.

'There's not a man, woman, or child in Duncross that isn't proud of Ben Blunt to-day,' she said to herself as she went back to her duties. 'Laylan! There's the fisher lads cheering him as he goes down the street. They'll all grow up braver and bolder for having a man like dad living among them.'

### THE ETIQUETTE OF COURTS

An old custom of the Spanish court requires that when a baby is born in the royal family, it shall be officially announced that a 'vigorous' infant has come into the world. The queen of Spain having become the mother of a sickly child which lived only two hours, the Court Journal chronicled the birth and death in the usual way. 'His Majesty was delivered at three o'clock of a vigorous infant, who died at five.' The *Times* of Madrid lately reported that the town council of Sevilla, having had an interview with Alfonso XII, 'kissed the feet of His Majesty, and withdrew.' It is not to be supposed that the councillors actually went down on all fours and kissed the king's boots as if he were the Pope, but etiquette demanded that they should be said to have done so, because a town council does not stand on the same level of dignity as the Cortes, whose members sit supposed to kiss hands when they take leave. The three letters B S P (*beo sus pides*), which mean, 'I kiss your feet,' are still used by gentlemen in Spain when signing letters addressed to ladies, and by subjects to their king. The letters L S M (*beo sus manus*), which are used by men writing to men, and by ladies to ladies, would seem too cavalier for a gentleman to a lady, and downright impertinence from a subject to his sovereign.

One of the chief reasons of the Duke d'Aosta's unpopularity during the brief reign which he closed with a voluntary abdication, was, that he would take no pains to study the complicated etiquette of the Emperor, but sought to introduce simple manners in a country where even beggars drape themselves proudly in their tattered mantles and address one another as 'Señor Caballero.' He one day told a mulatto, with whom he had stopped to talk on a country road under a broiling

sun, to put on his hat, forgetting that by the act of ordering a subject to cover himself in the royal presence, he created him a Grandee. Blasius Prim, who was standing by, hastily knocked the mulatto's head down, out of his hand, and set his foot upon it, at the same time offering the man some gold, but the mulatto, who was mortally offended, spanned the money, and a few days later, when Prim was arrested, a rumour was circulated among the people—but without truth, it seems—that the mulatto and a Grandee who had narrowly missed becoming a Grandee was an accessory to the crime. On another occasion, King Amadeo, inconsiderately addressed a groom of his in the second person singular. Happily, the man was an Italian, for, as a court chamberlain reported to His Majesty, a Spanish man spoken to with this familiarity might have claimed that the monarch had dubbed him a cousin—that is, had ennobled him. Another thing which the much-worried Italian Prince had to learn was that a Spanish king must not sign any letter to a subject with any friendly or complimentary formula, but must simply write *Yo Fecho* (I the King).

Etiquette is the code of rules by which great people keep lesser men in proper respect. Prince Bismarck when a boy was rebuked by his father for speaking of the king as 'Lizze.' 'Learn to speak reverently of His Majesty,' said the old Emperor of Prussia, 'and you will grow accustomed to think of him with veneration.' Young Bismarck laid the advice to heart, and to this day the great Chancellor always lowers his tone and assumes a grave, worshipful look when he alludes to the Kaiser. If a message is brought to him from the Emperor by word of mouth or in writing, he stands up to receive it. When a wedding takes place at the Prussian court, it is the practice for all the state dignitaries to form a candle procession—that is to say, that ministers, chamberlains, high stewards, take each a silver candlestick with a lighted taper in their hands, and conduct the bride and bride-room round the billroom, where guests are assembled, and thence into the Throne room, where the *parade* to the sovereign. At the first royal wedding which occurred after the Chancellor had been promoted to the dignity of Prince and Highness, Bismarck failed to appear in the candle procession, and court gossip quickly concluded that he now thought himself too great a man to take part in a semi-religious ceremony. The truth was, however, that the Chancellor had been seized with a sudden attack of gout, and at the next wedding he was careful to silence all carping by carrying his candle bravely like other ministers.

Prince Gortschakoff was always equally careful to observe the minutest points of etiquette in his relations with the Czar and the imperial family. Lord Dufferin, asking him whether the Emperor's cold was better, was rather startled to hear him answer in a reverent tone, with his head bent and his eyes half closed. 'His Majesty has deigned to feel a little better this morning.' The Duke de Morny said of Gortschakoff that he seemed to purr when he talked of any creature at court, even of the Grand Duchess Olga's monkey. But possibly this imperturbable obsequiousness is appreciated by the rulers of this

earth, for Gortschakoff remained prime minister throughout the whole of the late Emperor's reign.

The etiquette as to the precedence of ambassadors at court was happily settled once and for all by the Congress of Vienna in 1814, which decided that ambassadors and ministers were to take rank by seniority according to the date of their appointments. By courtesy, however, the representative of the Pope is always allowed to hold the first place in the diplomatic body and to act as its spokesman. Before 1815, the wrangles between envoys about precedence were incessant, and the servants of rival legations very often came to blows and blood-shedding to determine whose coach should go first in a strife pageant. In 1818 the French artist Isabey having been commissioned to paint a picture of the Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle, was sorely exercised in choosing his plenipotentiaries so as to offend none of them. He was particularly perplexed in settling who was to be the central figure of the picture. Prince Talleyrand, the representative of France, insisted on having the place of honour, and Isabey, as a Frenchman, desired to give it him. On the other hand, the abbot of the Congress was the Duke of Wellington, and Isabey, being a conscientious worker, wanted his picture to be historically as well as artistically correct. At last he hit upon the really happy thought of putting Talleyrand in the centre of the group, while making him and all the other plenipotentiaries face towards the door to greet the Duke of Wellington, who was walking in. Nowadays, diplomats, though no longer so touchy about the places they are to fill in languets and pictures, still hold tightly to some privileges which are hardly in keeping with the spirit of the age. Not only envoys themselves but their servants are free from arrest in the countries where they reside, and an assault committed on an envoy's servant is regarded as an injury done to the envoy himself. It was only fourteen years ago that Baron Turgot, being French minister to Madrid, wrote indignantly to his government 'I have this day received a kick in the back of my servant.' The servant had been molested during the riots that followed the overthrow of Isabel II, but an apology and fine were demanded pretty much as if the minister himself had been kicked.

It is in consequence of the minute etiquette which regulates the intercourse of crowned heads with one another, that sovereigns when they pay private visits to other states are said to travel incognito. By doing this, they avoid the pompous receptions, the firing of guns, &c., to which they would have to submit if they journeyed under their proper titles. When the Queen goes to the continent, she is called Duchess of Lancaster, and foreign dignitaries who approach her are expected not to address her as Your Majesty. This rule of etiquette is not always observed, but those who think that they are doing honour to the Queen by transgressing it are quite mistaken, for to ignore a sovereign's incognito is to be guilty of a piece of rudeness which would be promptly repressed if committed by any person who was supposed to be in a position to know better. It makes an enormous difference to equestries, ladies-in-waiting, and maids of honour, whether they are travelling with a Duchess or a Queen. A Queen must not be spoken to unless she first

speaks, and persons ought not to speak to one another in her presence. Nobody can sit down in a room where the Queen is without being requested to do so, in the open air, men must remain bareheaded when addressed by Her Majesty, and must not come nearer than three paces to her person. All these rules are relaxed when the Queen travels in some less august capacity, and then the ladies and gentlemen of her escort behave in her presence as they would in that of any other lady.

The man who would be perfect in the knowledge of court ways has a great deal to learn about the times and circumstances when he may or may not do this and that. Two seasons ago, during a garden party at Buckingham Palace, an American couple caused a sensation by pressing forward and shaking the Queen's hand. They might have done this without any great impropriety if they had met the Duchess of Lancaster at Nice, and indeed when the Duchess of Lancaster holds out her hand, it would be a solecism in manners to kiss it as if it were the hand of a queen.

There are things in the etiquette of courts which may seem insignificant to most people, but are by no means so in the eyes of Princes and Princesses. Whether mourning shall be worn during seven days or fourteen for the ruler of a neighbouring state, whether a court may wear mourning for two or three Princes concurrently, or whether each must be honoured with a separate term of mourning—are questions which cannot always be settled without creating a little violence. The custom of cumulative mourning has had to be adopted because the reigning families of Europe now form a very large clan, all of whose members are more or less connected with one another by marriage, so that kings and courtiers would have to wear black nearly all the year round, if they mourned for all their deceased relations. Accordingly, it is not usual to take official notice of a royal death until the formal announcement of it has been made by an envoy, and when several deaths have occurred, it is arranged that different envoys shall all present their *notifications de deuil* on the same day.

The petted Princes are of course those who are most liable to take offence if any customary mark of respect is omitted towards them. One of these visiting Windsor, was observed to be very sorrowful, not to say sulky. Sir Charles Phipps, who was the Queen's Secretary at the time, and who was always very attentive to see that the guests at the Castle were well pleased, asked one of the Prince's suite what was the matter with His Highness. It turned out that H.S.H. was miserable because when Her Majesty required him, he had not seen her wearing the insignia of an Order for ladies which he had created. The reason of this was that, by some oversight, the box containing the insignia had been left at Palmoral. But the Queen, with her usual kindness of heart and strict regard for all the courtiers of her station, at once ordered that a telegram should be sent to Garrard's, the court jeweller's, and in the course of a few hours she received a new star and ribbon, which she wore at dinner that evening. The fact that Her Majesty should have been so careful to avoid giving the slightest cause of offence to a Prince

of no very high standing, shows that, at court, etiquette has to be studied as assiduously as a science, and practised almost as devoutly as a religion.

AN ANTIDOTE TO SILK ADULTERATION

In those days of keen competition in every department of trade, it becomes daily more desirable, by the compression and simplification of initial processes, to reduce the first cost of raw material to the smallest possible figure. Sometimes, as in the case of the fibres of commerce, such manipulation proves successful, inasmuch as the article so treated is presented to the manufacturer cheaper than formerly, and without any deterioration in quality. On other occasions cheapness, or rather reduction in price only, is achieved. In the latter category, silk may be placed. For many years past, this beautiful substance has, from no inherent defect or shortcoming of its own, been one of the shuttlecocks of trade. Attacked by a variety of fell diseases, the silkworms of Europe have during the past quarter of a century been annually slain by millions, so that the crop of silk has gradually dwindled to about one sixth of what it attained during the height of its prosperity. Fortunately, these maladies have at length been checked, and the industry seems now within hail of returning fortune.

Meanwhile, in the difficult attempt to spread a diminished supply over more than its previous area without a sensible advance in price, adulterations and fraudulent dealing have crept in, so that our sisters, wives, and daughters tell us that the yard of silk lately sold over the drapers' counter was as little worthy of being compared, in toughness and wearing qualities, with the same article, to all appearance, which had ten or fifteen years ago, as a sheet of blotting paper is comparable to a skin of parchment. Adulterations of any kind are inadmissible, nevertheless a few of those introduced into fabrics are looked upon by the public, under the circumstances, with a somewhat lenient eye. To some of the silk adulterants, however, no quarter should be given. 'Charged silk' is the name applied to that material when treated with certain dyes, such as catechu, which enable it to save and retain sometimes as much as three hundred per cent of dye, but at the expense of honest dealing, and at the terrible risk of spontaneous combustion if some unlooked-for moment. Another fraudulent process even more reprehensible—actually protected by patent at the time of its introduction—was that of soaking silk thread or yarn in a bath of acetate of lead, and when dry, treating the hanks or skeins with hydrosulphuric acid. Sulphuret of lead, to the extent sometimes of twenty three per cent, was found to have been deposited, and the adulteration not being distinguishable by the eye, suspicion remained unexcited, whilst the chemical application, combined with the first mentioned fraud, added enormously to the weight, imparting a sense of substance, an air of strength, and a look of superiority wholly fictitious. The effects upon persons who used such poisoned thread were occasionally dismal in the extreme.

Some few years ago, the *Montreal Journal of Commerce* cited a case where all the girls in a dressmaker's establishment in that city were,

along with the principals, suddenly seized with painter's colic—many of them afterwards losing their teeth—tired to the flesh, fearful habit of biting off the ends of silk thread at the termination of seams, which in this instance had been impregnated with lead. The hours of labour in all the workrooms in which many seamstresses toil are too frequently not so limited or so salubrious that such an apparently trifling affair as the poison from the coil of a silk thread may with impunity be neglected. The effects of lead in the system in minute quantity may be slow in evincing themselves, but they are insidious and cumulative, and years of nibbling at thread impregnated with this metal may culminate in paralysis, or abruptly end in premature death. Fortunately, the means of detection, thus particular frauds are both easy and inexpensive. In order to prove a sample, it is only necessary to place a fragment or two of the suspected thread in a test tube or clear glass phial, moisten with water acidulated with a few drops of strong vinegar or acetic acid, and adding a drachm of iodide of potassium. Should lead be present, a golden colored deposit of iodide of lead will immediately betray the sophistication.

If much of the adulteration of silk may be chargeable against our lively neighbours in the other side of the English Channel, it is but fair to remark that it is to some extent headed in Frenchmen that we owe the suggestion of an interesting antidote, namely, cocain. The silk worm to become its own dyer, thereby at least throwing obstacles in the path of the adulterator. When a visitor to the London Docks, or elsewhere, happens to see a consignment of raw silk, he will likely note that the prevailing color is yellow, although there are other natural tints besides. We receive pure white silk from China, an almost colourless variety from the *Larva cocoon* worm, namely white silk from the *mesena cocoon* insect, and delicate grey filaments from the *attacus* grub—all belonging to India. From China, Japan, Persia, and Sicily come chiefly golden yellow silk, whilst India yields a similar colour in addition to those just alluded to. All to these the finest natural silk of Northern China, evolved by a minute worm which subsists upon the leaves of the mountain oak, and the pearl grey product of the *Attacus Cynthia*, fed upon plantain leaves, and the list of natural colors found in raw silk will be nearly exhausted. Now, if we eliminate the pure whites, nearly whites, and delicate greys from our catalogue, which, indeed, can hardly be regarded as colours, yellow in various shades may be said to form at present the only primary natural colour possessed by the raw silk of commerce, hence the necessity for extensive dyeing, and hence one of the openings for fraud.

Viewing the matter perhaps somewhat in this light, M. Roulin, about the year 1876, or probably a little earlier, conducted a long series of experiments, and at length succeeded in obtaining pure blue cocoons through the administration of minute allowances of indigo to his silkworms along with their mulberry leaf food a short time before they began to spin. Encouraged by this little triumph, he proceeded to strive for other naturally produced colours, and after much research and many disappointments, got red

roscons by firing with the leaves of the *Bignonia chana*, or trumpet flower of the Orinoco, one of an order furnishing the most gorgeous chambers known to botanists. Placed and animated by such a prosperous commencement, he intended going further, and it is to be hoped that his patience and skill have not thus been rewarded by additional discoveries.

About the same time, another ingenious inquirer, Romet des Tillis, found that ruby tinged silk could be obtained by feeding silkworms for a time on a variety of vine, and deep crimson had cocoons by the partial use of lettuce leaves. These interesting discoveries, owing probably to the long continued but now almost subdued silk worm manias, seem, unfortunately, not to have been followed up to a practical issue. Several theorists had been too much occupied in trying to give eggs in autumn, seasons, or in stamping out the various diseases, to attend to what, after all, must have appeared, under the alarming circumstances, a matter of minor importance. But it is to be hoped that the results of all such experiments will now be collected into a focus, and that the time is not far distant when the silk worm will be permanently established as its own flyer, and so help to reduce if not to defeat future adulterations. In any case, it is interesting to learn that the promissus of the combined industries of Tea planting and Silk production, or Chaeiculture as it is now termed, in New Zealand, intend to push forward this important line of research in opportunitas occur, the variety of floral wealth and magnificent climate there offering facilities which seem to point towards a brilliant result.

TWO EXAM ANECDOTES

A CORRESPONDENT writes us as follows. In the Christmas week of 1871 I was under some my first examination at one of the London colleges. I must mention that it was at the same time that His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales was battling with typhoid fever at Sandringham, and the heart of the whole nation was round that sick bed, even medical students, harassed and fatigued by an examination which extended over five days, used to find time, morning and evening, to rush to the General Post office and read the latest bulletins.

My exam was over, and I was sitting in comparative comfort, listening to the answers of a Bartholomew's man who followed me, and whose cool self confidence I greatly envied.

The examiner took him on the treatment of typhoid, and after the candidate had exhausted all the means of treatment he could think of, without satisfying his questioner, the latter said, 'Have you never heard of the treatment by cold baths?'

'Certainly I have, sir,' replied the candidate, 'but the treatment is so very novel, that I scarcely thought it worth mentioning.'

'Nonsense!' retorted the great physician, 'I have been using it with the best results at the Hospital.'

The Bart's man replied that, in spite of that, he should hesitate to adopt it in private practice, as in case of a fatal result occurring from any other cause, it would infallibly be attributed to

the new treatment, and during the practice. The examiner demurring to this, the young man at length said 'Pardon me, sir, but if the Prince of Wales were under your care now, do you think you would feel inclined to treat him with cold baths?'

The examiner looked annoyed for a moment, then began to smile, then to laugh outright at the man's impudence, and at last, shaking his shoulders, replied good naturedly 'Well, upon my word, I am not quite certain that I should.'

More recently, at another London Examining Board, a young fellow was asked what incision he would make in commencing a certain operation on the knee joint. Though he had done well in other subjects, he came to utter grief in this, and described an operation such as you may have heard of. The examiner asked him what surgery he had seen perform this wonderful feat, and he, with no better unflinching alacrity, mentioned the name of Mr H—, a celebrated man, who happened, though unnoticed by him, to be in the room at the time.

Mr H— himself received a groggy message of mild chastisement from his examining brethren on the subject of his supposed operation, for when all was over, the delinquent was horrified to find the well known surgeon 'making for' him in the entrance hall. After an unhesitant attempt to escape, he resigned himself to his fate. 'I believe, sir,' said the great man, 'you are the gentleman who described an incision of the knee just now upstairs.'

A stammering attempt at an apology was the only answer.

'Never mind that, sir, never mind that!' interrupted Mr H—. 'I have no doubt you thought you had a perfect right to make the best of your case, but if at any future time you should have occasion to describe an operation of that sort, pray, don't say you saw me perform it. That's all. Good day, sir.'

The offender passed his examination, which was more than he had hoped for, and, I think, quite as much as he deserved.

I think your readers will agree with me that these anecdotes show the courtesy and good nature of our British examiners in a very strong degree.

FOR THE XV NOCTURNE, BY F. CHOPIN

A Mixture of green and tender May,  
 All woods and walks awake with bowers,  
 Wide sun lit meadows for the day,  
 And moon bathed paths for evening hours  
 A bright level dream that had no part  
 And of the future knew no part,  
 A kiss at last, a sigh at last—  
 Only last year

Another aging dim levelled woods,  
 No farewell kiss no parting tear,  
 No stone to mark white slones for us  
 Or the dead love we found so dear  
 But oh to me the green seems grey,  
 The budding branches all are bare,  
 For sweet love's sake, that died me div,  
 Only last year

B. ASBOTT

Printed and Published by W & R CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, LEITH.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

*Fourth Series*

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No 1011—Vol. XX.

SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1883

PRICE 13d

## ARTFUL DODGES

THE truth of the aphorism that 'Crime does not pay, is so generally recognized and so frequently made evident, that one is almost tempted to wonder at the existence of criminals at all. For although it is sometimes said that the clever rogues are those who are never found out, yet it may safely be asserted that a career of crime generally leads to detection and punishment, whether the evil doer be skilful in evasion of the law or not; and since a wrongful act successfully executed is almost certain to encourage its perpetrator to a repetition of it when an opportunity arises, one may assume that malpractices are more likely to become habitual, and to entail their just reward through the carelessness bred of immunity, in the case of clever knaves than of clumsy ones. Nevertheless, there seems to be some terrible fascination with a certain class of people in dishonesty for its own sake.

The ingenuity displayed in some of the instruments devised by conners and burglars, often involving the application of elaborate scientific principles, and the patient industry and perseverance with which nefarious schemes are matured and carried out, are qualities which, in their legitimate exercise, would realize for their possessor an income beyond any gains that his unlawful endeavours can bring, even were those devoid of risk and not liable to failure. We read, for instance, of a clipping machine by means of which the body of a sovereign is separated from the 'milled' rim which encircles it, a thin slice cut out of the centre, leaving the two faces intact, the loss supplied by an amalgam, and the coin then dextrously put together again so that neither the weight nor the 'ring' of it is greatly altered. One would imagine that the amount of gold thus obtained would hardly cover the working expenses, at best, the profit must yield a much lower percentage on the invested capital than what it would return in honest business.

It is surprising also to note what a charm small frauds have for people not usually included

in the criminal classes, and nowhere is this exemplified to a greater extent than in the prison for petty smuggling which seems inherent in the breast of travelling humanity. Men who would scorn to make an imperfectly obliterated postage stamp do duty a second time, and whose integrity in all other affairs of life is unimpeachable, will plot and plan all sorts of cunning devices by which they may cheat Her Majesty's Custom house, and will even spend more in 'tips' to elude the vigilance of the officers in 'running' cigars and spirits which they do not want, than they would have to pay for legal duty. Possibly the law's delay—or the delay which it occasions—may afford some cause, if not excuse for this, the weary waiting and vexation of soul attending the baggage search being the most disagreeable incident of a voyage.

Marvellous are the dodges which have been resorted to in this connection. Stuffed animals in glass cases have exhibited, on dissection by inquisitive tide waiters, a beautiful adaptation of the taxidermist's art to the tobacco merchant's interests, weazened black and tan terriers have been enveloped with yards of rich, delicate lace, wound round their bodies, and, provided with a shaggy outer skin, have, in the guise of fat poodles, been carried ashore in the arms of their affectionate owners. Ladies' chignons and Spanish onions have formed receptacles for gold watches and precious stones. A list of all the things which have been 'hollowed out' with intent to deceive would make a catalogue as long as one of Messrs Christie and Manson's. We often meet with base metals coloured or plated to counterfeit gold, but for the purpose of evading import duty, solid gold vases and other ornaments have been bronzed over and packed carelessly amongst straw in rough crates, like iron pots and kettles. Occasionally, through some mishap, these bronzed articles appear to have gone astray, masquerading through society in their humble character for a considerable time before their real value has been discovered, and meeting with many curious adventures. A



similar method of concealment, however, was practised with regard to gold plate in older times, when the smoking of monasteries, and high handed confiscation of wealth in all quarters, were in vogue.

Tobacco, unmanufactured or in the shape of cigars, and spirituous perfumes are more frequently brought to light from strange hiding places by the excise searchers than any other forbidden fruit, and the would be smuggler must have all his wits about him nowadays to effect his object. False bottomed boxes are quite out of date, though a cask of innocent looking pigeons from Antwerp proved on examination the other day to be thickly carpeted with cakes of tobacco, over which a quantity of gravel and corn, appropriate to the feathered occupants, had been strewn.

Mr. Frank Buckland used to relate an anecdote of a traveller coming from America who 'passed some hundreds of cigars successfully through the Liverpool Custom house by placing a live rattlesnake in the chest to mount guard over them. Evasion of the law in this particular has brought its own punishment more than once, for men who have padded themselves with tobacco underneath their clothing have died from absorption of the nicotine. Spirits are rarely smuggled by stratagem, owing to their low value in comparison with bulk and weight, and the difficulty of stifling the characteristic bubbling 'clink' of a liquid when shaken, and the coast-guard preventive service has well nigh demolished the old trade of lanling large quantities from boats. Certain jars or kegs, labelled 'Specimens—with great care—To the Curator of the British Museum, have turned out to be full of the best French brandy, in which the enterprising naturalist to whom they belonged had immersed a few thin leather siliques of serpents and fish, but heavy penalties and reduced tariffs of duty render this illicit traffic far less profitable than it used to be. During the Civil War in the States, the sutlers were forbidden to introduce spirits into some of the camps, but 'preserved fruits' were allowed, until those dainties assumed the form of one small punch in a quart bottle of whisky, when all such luxuries were prohibited. Looking nearer home, perhaps cherry brandy does not always contain so large a proportion of garden produce as the harmless reputation which that liquor popularly enjoys would imply.

An artful dodge came to the knowledge of the assay authorities a short time ago, and has caused them to modify to a great extent the indulgence hitherto shown to manufacturing jewellers in assaying the quality of and stamping unfinished articles. Chains with hollow links, and brooches or bracelets consisting of a mere shell of gold—such as are often honestly sold for what they are—would be sent in, the purity of the metal ascertained, and the component parts of the ornament hall marked accordingly. But before exposing them for sale, the worthy makers hit upon the plan of filling these golden cases with lead, thereby increasing their weight a hundred fold, and the profit realised upon them proportionately, making due deduction for the value of the workmanship, which of course would remain

unaltered. Though this is just as indefensible as any other form of adulteration or imposture, it is attended with the unusual feature, that in all probability the victim will never discover the fraud or be mentally the worse for it!

Some of the expedients which professional thieves adopt compel something very nearly akin to admiration by the mixture of cunning, daring, and close observance of human nature which they manifest—at all events, they appear absolutely respectable beside the brutal robberies with violence which so frequently occur. A gentleman with a valuable watch or well filled purse or pocket book is marked and followed. Very likely he has himself bespoken the attention of the light fingered fraternity to the fact of his possession by the nervous care with which his hand protests at as he hurries along. He stops to look into a shop window, a parasitic fly—attached to a loop of silk—seems to tickle his ear, he raises his hand once or twice to brush it away, and watch, purse, or pocket book is gone, even though the coat be slit to obtain it. 'Stop, thief!' he shrieks. So does that quiet young man who happened to be gazing into the same shop, giving energetic chase to some wholly unconscious individual a quarter of a mile off—very likely holding him until the bereft one arrives, 'to see if he can identify him,' and perhaps getting a small reward for his trouble! Should he be collared on suspicion by some ruthless policeman who chances to have enjoyed the honour of his acquaintance previously, he stands in but little danger, unless any bystander has actually seen him do the deed, for no trace of the stolen property is found upon him. What has become of it, then? It was dropped, three seconds after its abstraction, into the umbrella of a guileless looking individual with the aspect and attire of a country parson, up in town for a week's sight-seeing and roaming in an unaccustomed manner through the crowded streets. But thieves, when pursued, have but one now escaped with their booty upon them by the cool adroitness with which they themselves joined in the chase.

That laudanum and other soporific drugs should be administered for the purposes of robbery, one can understand readily enough, though, in all probability, the frequency and facility with which this is done have been greatly exaggerated. The quantity which is necessary to produce the complete and immediate insensibility we read about, would render a cup or glass of any liquid with the natural flavour of which the imbiber was familiar, extremely nauseous, while the only substances which can really represent the 'white tasteless powders' which figure so prominently in these tales, are intensely powerful alkaloids, used with great caution even by physicians, and not likely to be within the reach of ordinary pickpockets. Of course, it sounds much better for a man who has had the misfortune to lose his watch and chain, to say that his liquor was drugged, than to be obliged to recount the fact of his having casually met two or three jovial fellows, who plied him until he lapsed into alcoholic somnolence pure and simple. Granting, however, that opium or chloral may sometimes be employed in this way, what are we to say to those cases where the victim smells some queer odour emanating from a pocket-handkerchief and

remembers nothing more! Medical men do not find the administration of chloroform, ether, bicarbonate of methylene, or any other anæsthetic by any means so easy, where all the conditions are favourable and the patient voluntarily submits to the inhalation, violent delirium and excitement very frequently precede unconsciousness, rendering it necessary to restrain the limbs by physical force. Those instances in which mesmeric influence is alleged to have been brought to bear on unwilling subjects by thieves, are still less comprehensible.

There are certain churches in London where the body of the edifice is allotted to the pew holders who constitute the regular congregation, while the galleries are free, and are generally occupied by chance comers, attracted by particular services or preachers. The collection bag or plate is passed around in the usual manner among the sitters below, but a churchwarden stands at each exit to the gallery, as the people are leaving, to receive such offerings as the occasional worshippers may be pleased to give. In one of these churches—situated at no great distance from the three railway termini which communicate with the North—an awkward man stumbled in descending the stairs, and falling against the plate holder, scattered the collection already received—for the clumsy individual was one of the last to depart—over the floor. He was profuse in his apologies, trusted that he had not hurt the churchwarden, explained 'how it was' that he happened to slip, jumped about with a great show of alacrity in assisting to pick up the coins, and finally, with renewed excuses and offensive offers to make good any loss, if such had occurred and the amount could be stated, took his leave. But alas! if his feet did not, like those of Tennyson's heroines, set a jewel print in the earth upon which they trod, they shed a jangling shilling and a sapphire upon the stone steps outside, and led to their owner performing his devotions for many a Sunday afterwards in the chapel of Holloway jail. Whilst in church, he had thickly smeared the fore part of the soles of his boots with prepared wax, walked down stairs upon the heels, and by his ingenious manoeuvre had mirrored his feet with the offer tory!

Those who deal in precious stones or metals, whether in the rough state or manufactured as articles of jewellery, are naturally more exposed to the schemes of artful dodgers than most people, and it is extraordinary to see how, when they are equal to every stratagem that cunning can evolve, they are sometimes taken in by bold, blaring, naked impudence. Only the other day, a respectably dressed young man called upon a well known firm of jewellers in the Strand and requested to see the principal on business. Shown into the private office, he stated that he had a valuable parcel of diamonds, the worth of which he wished to have assessed, with a view to disposing of it, if he could obtain a fair price. The jeweller was willing to entertain the negotiation, and the applicant departed, promising to return with the specified articles for examination an hour later. He immediately proceeded to a diamond merchant in Regent Street, where he represented himself as being in the employ of Messrs So-and-so—the firm whose premises he had just

quitted—saying they wished to purchase a necklace of stones of a certain value, and requesting that samples might be sent at once—no unusual or suspicious order, but an affair which might occur any day in the ordinary course of trade. Some necklaces of brilliants were selected and placed in a case, and the supposed messenger, with a confidential clerk in charge of the diamonds, took a cab, and were driven forthwith to the Strand. 'Wait a moment,' said the swindler, who got out first, 'I'll just see if the governor is disengaged,' and went in, leaving the clerk and the diamonds in the vehicle. The governor was disengaged, and consented to a private interview and consideration of the parcels at once, the young man returning to the cab without his key to fetch the parcel, which he had left in charge of a friend. 'Come along!' said he to the unsuspecting clerk. 'Mr — is at liberty, and will see you immediately,' at the same time taking the case of jewels from the other in the most natural manner possible, and preceding him breathless, with all the confidence of an inmate of the house, towards the master's office. At the threshold of that apartment he paused, politely holding the door open for the clerk to enter first, at the same time introducing him by name. The instant the myrmidon in his had passed him, our friend turned, slipped out the house door, which opened into a side street, and vanished, diamonds and all! Here, there must not only have been an intimate knowledge of the premises and the habits of those who were thus unconsciously made to do duty as lay figures in the accomplishment of the trick, but efficient co-operation of confederates outside must have existed, or the spectacle of a hapless man, otherwise well clothed, would certainly have excited attention and led to arrest.

As for the substitutions of paste for precious crystal, there is scarcely any jeweller who has not been deceived at some time or other, and many could furnish the materials for a delicious romance of real life from the attempts at this imposture which have occurred within their experience. Some of the biggest rascals with whom they have to deal are the men—Jews for the most part—who buy up objects of value for the purpose of breaking them up, and selling the stones, metal, &c which result from the process, to working gold and silver smiths for re-manufacture. If these individuals are crafty in selling, it may well be imagined that they are not over nice in their buying. That they ask no questions of promiscuous vendors is of little importance, since they are astute enough, as a rule, to decline transactions which they perceive may possibly compromise them. But a gold article taken behind a screen to be 'tested' is easily made to appear as nothing but gilded silver, to any one ignorant of these details, by the application of a little quick-silver to one spot, and a contemptuous valuation coincidently. One of these worthless had a pair of scales which had long been suspected, though they were used under the eyes of the customer, and had been subjected to repeated examinations without anything wrong being detected. At last, it was found that underneath each tray was a piece of soft iron, made magnetic at will by the completion of an electric current. This was managed by pressure of the

right or left foot upon one of two buttons underneath the counter, and so, although the balance of the beam was perfect, the operator could cause either scale—according as he was buying or selling—to descend prematurely at his pleasure.

## ONE FALSE, BOTH FAIR,

OR, A HARD KNOT

CHAPTER VII.—MRS. TUCKER'S LAWYER

'Now, My Lady— "Your Ladyship" you shall be to me, and to us true Devonshire hearts down stairs. Now, miss—My Lady—we've laid our heads together in the basement here, and I, as been' the oldest servant, naturally took the lead, and so we've made our minds up. Breaks my heart, it does, begging pardon for the liberty, to see you, deary, driving away in Sir Pagan's brougham, hunting after lawyers, and not getting 'em, covetous creatures! You're laughing at me now, for an old goose, and quite right too.'

It was worthy Mrs. Tucker, the old housekeeper, who spoke, with what entire honesty and an unity of purpose only those who have had to do with the waning class of loyal old world servants can thoroughly appreciate. It had been but a smile, not a laugh, that her words had summoned to the lips of that young creature, whose life was so solitary beneath the shelter of her brother's roof-tree. Now she rose, and kissed the kind old woman's wrinkled cheek. 'You have done me good,' she said with a sense of evident relief. 'I feel sometimes, do you know, as if I should go mad here—it is so lonely, and all I meet with is distrust.'

Mrs. Tucker could not repress a little sob. At anyrate, that sister of Sir Pagan Carew's who dwelt in the gloomy Bruton Street house that had belonged to her grandfather and her great grandfather, had made a conquest of her brother's household. Old Mrs. Tucker the housekeeper had been the first convert, and every man and maid, born and reared in Devon, and vassal, so to speak, to the broken down, ever honoured House of Carew, would have faced the ordeals of fire and water, on what seemed to be the losing side. James in shabby hvery, Bob and Tom in the stables, were willing any day to tuck up their dingy cuffs and try fistie conclusions with the magnificent powdered footmen of Leominster House that their fair candidate was the true one, and the reigning sovereign a counterfeit. 'Keep out of her rights.' The very phrase was enough to appeal to that honest, thoroughly natural and human hatred of injustice which is the most sincerely felt among the lower and the less taught classes, which has been the stock in trade of many an impostor, which made Cade master of London, and to this hour flings a sentimental halo around the Man in the Iron Mask.

'Now, My Lady,' resumed Mrs. Tucker, 'we've

been turning the matter over, and James, which his uncle Cuppy was a master builder at Heavitree near Exeter, and Susan, whose stepfather keeps the Bull at Sidmouth, have said what they thought, and two very tidy legal gentlemen, I am sure, they knew of. But all agreed that my lawyer—Lawyer Sterling—see how he behaved about my poor husband Stephen Tucker's bit o' property, and what a jewel of a man he proved to my poor only son Ned, that died out in Guate Guava there. I never can pronounce the name of it, but it's a hot place in South America, where the sun is always like the kitchen fire, and where my poor boy was mining engineer, and sickened of broken heart and yellow fever. It was owing to Mr. Sterling that he died in peace and comfort, so he wrote me with his own shaky hand—that used to be so firm—because of the remittances, for they had clapped him into prison, the Dons had—so he said—because he was an Englishman and a foreigner, and his employers had run away, and the water couldn't be pumped out—and so the rest of my poor husband's money made his letter and comfortable. My Lady' summed up old Tucker, wiping her eyes.

The gist of the old housekeeper's well meant advice was, as was presently discerned, that there lived in London a very sensible, kind, and honest solicitor, learned in the law, whose name was Sterling, whose reputation was high, 'though he's out of us, miss, only by the mother's side, which she was a Wharfon, of Clovelly, and if it isn't a Devonshire woman, what is!' explained Mrs. Tucker, commencing in a depreciating fashion, and ending triumphantly, 'for, otherwise, Mr. Sterling, is a Yorkshireman (Chancery Lane he lives in, and both North and South go to him, and if he can help 'em, he does do it.'

Such good advice was not to be slighted, though the timid offer which followed—'And as lawyers must be paid, if seventy-nine pounds that I have saved, my dear young lady, in your mother's service, would'—was of course gratefully declined.

The lady of whom we are speaking had not allowed herself to be discomfited by the failure of her attempts to influence Mr. Pontifex and Messrs. Hawke and Hironshaw. She had made her poor little forays into legal quarters, and had always been sent empty away. One solicitor would, very properly, accept no client without a formal introduction. Another, perhaps still more properly, wanted a thousand pounds paid down as a preliminary, before entertaining the idea of so difficult and costly a suit. It was with repugnance that she had consulted her brother's attorney, Mr. Wickett, against whom, somehow, she had been prejudiced from the first, and who transacted business in very splendid, not to say flashy chambers, all gilding, plate-glass, mirrors, and silken furniture, with champagne at hand for jovial clients, and caracoas and cherry brandy to brace the nerves of timid or rickety clients. The rooms themselves were in no obscure court of the Temple or of the Inns, but in a conspicuous West end thoroughfare, crowded every day, and had been originally fitted up by a thriving money-lender, who had since

then retired on his gains. Mr Wickett the sporting lawyer had been less respectful than any of the other attorneys with whom Sir Pagan's sister had sought audience.

'It won't do,' he said, standing, with his thumbs in his waistcoat pockets, and his varnished boots and corded riding trousers a good deal apart. Mr Wickett may never have mounted any course more rampant than the Hampstead donkeys of his boyhood, but he thought to please his clients, and perhaps improve his own imagination, by dressing as though his life had been spent on Newmarket Heath and in the saddle. 'It won't do,' pursued Mr Wickett, 'it won't wash.'

'If your pardon, I am afraid'—his would be client had said, a little of indignant colour mantling in her pale cheek, for the tone and bearing of this young, coarse, little bantam cock of a sporting solicitor seemed to her insufferable.

'I told your brother, Sir Pagan, yesterday, Mrs Carew,' explained the lawyer, 'that I was quite willing to give you a chance—to put you in the witness box, as it were, and let you tell your own story your own way, just to see what sort of a figure you would cut in court, perhaps with Sumner, Q.C., to cross examine—or Ferris. Yes, I should say, Ferris is the best, when it is a lady who is on her oath, because he'll get a laugh from the jury, isn't—'

'Excuse me, sir, the applicant had said, rising hastily from her seat. 'I gather from what you say that you drink here'—Her voice trembled with anger, agitation, shame—so Mr Wickett judged, and he did not think well of her. Perhaps what he had seen of women did not predispose him to think well of them. He shook his head.

'My belief, or the contrary, matters very little, madam,' he said dryly. 'The question is, what you can get twelve good men and true in a box to believe, and my lord in his horsehair to believe, and then the lawyers of the Court of Appeal, and the rest. My own idea is that the whole affair must end in a break down. It may cost money—say five thousand, more likely ten—if you stick to it, and the slanders are forth coming, but the result will be the same anyhow. You haven't the ghost of a chance. If you had, for Sir Pagan's sake I'd have a shy at it but indeed the oracle won't work—it won't, I assure you.'

It was but cold comfort that was to be derived from Mr Wickett, whose chambers his visitor left with a swelling heart, and the awkward conviction that she had been coarsely told that she was, not an impostor merely, but a self convicted cheat. It was not for some days after that interview that she could muster courage enough to resume her search for a legal champion. Nor, perhaps, would she have done so then, save for Mrs Tucker the housekeeper and her kindly counsel. As it was, she shook off the lassitude that was creeping over her more and more, and in the battered brougham that was now entirely set aside for her use, repaired to Mr Sterling's chambers in Chancery Lane.

Mr Sterling was not at all, corporally speaking, what the applicant had expected to find. The housekeeper had described him as a York

shireman, and that is a word which to southern ears usually conjures up the image of a hale, burly, well grown individual. Whereas, Mr Sterling was a little, hatchet-faced man, with thin cheeks, a parchment complexion, and a dull dead eye—perhaps the most disappointing lawyer to look at that ever a client smarting under wrongs encountered.

Sir Pagan's sister told her story. She did not tell it well. She was angry with herself, and vexed with herself, because she told it so ill. It had been a lame tale, lamely told, and so she felt. Whether her statement were false or true, matters nothing as to her mode of making it. She bore up ill against misfortune, however deserved, and the weeks spent beneath her brother's roof, and perforce without female companionship, had had their effect upon her nerves. The Carew girls, in Devonshire, had always borne the reputation of having the tempers of angels. They had been two bright, gentle, young things, welcomed as summer sunshine at the thresholds of damp cottages and moorland farms. Now, she who dwelt in her brother's house in Bruton Street had grown silent and sad, and the blue eyes were wont to look sometimes as though they could flash on occasion. She seemed less beautiful, because less animated than usual, as she told her tale to this dull little lawyer.

Presently, the dead dim eye that had dampened the hopes of many a sunshine client began to brighten. A little colour came into the parchment cheeks. The whole face assumed a look of virile strength and intelligence that transformed it, just as when, over a leaden coloured sea, the sun breaks gloriously through envious clouds, and every tiny wafted sparkles in the broad gold path that is flung across the deep.

'I think, now, that I begin to see it,' he said, more to himself than to his visitor, and then, much to the surprise of the latter, the light died out of his eyes, the flush faded from his face, and he became more thoughtful than before, and seemed really to forget that he was not alone in the room. The girl watched him anxiously with a beating heart, but as his reverse continued, she could not help thinking that he was, in spite of excellent Mrs Tucker's commendations, a very unsatisfactory sort of adviser. The other attorneys, though they would not befriend her, did at least impress her. Even their offices, including that flashy mill wherein Mr Wickett of sporting celebrity ground his clients' bones to make his bread, had seemed more imposing than did the room in which Mr Sterling sat among his books.

Meanwhile the lawyer, after his period of meditation, lifted up his thoughtful face and confronted his client. 'I must ask you, if you please, kindly to make indulgence for me,' said Mr Sterling, in a subdued but steady tone, 'nor do I know that I had ever such a request to address to a client before. Nor, in all the course of my professional career, has a case come before me as difficult, perplexed, and complicated as that which lies before me now. Mrs Tucker is a worthy woman, and has often testified to her loyalty to the ancient race from which you spring. I myself am, on the mother's side, a Devon man, and I know how high is yet in Devonshire the name of Clew. This would of itself predispose

me to help you, if I could. And I have always helped, to the best of my poor powers, those who were suffering from injustice, too much of which, through weakness, credulity, ignorance, on one side, through fraud and violence on the other, is yet rampant in the world—'You don't,' he added, sadly shaking his head, 'think much of me.'

And in truth the claimant of the Leominster coronet had not been disposed to think much of Mr Sterling. We are all of us so very much inclined to judge by externals. A big man, if he be but gifted by nature with average brains and energy and tact, has, if he did but know it, a clear start in life, when contrasted with those who are of lesser stature. Unless he be transparently a fool, he is credited with sense, and if not absurdly weak-kneed, he has at least the reputation of being willing and able to fight. But poor Lawyer Sterling was a mean looking, feeble, little fellow, and it was only by a great mental effort that a feminine client could dream of him as a knight capable of laying lance in rest for her. And yet Mr Sterling had his merits. His pale face could reddens, his dim eyes could glow, as if every pulse that chivalry ever set in motion were throbbing in that shrunken body of his—the man seemed ennobled by the feelings that swelled his narrow little chest. I doubt if, in the old ordeal of wager of battle, poor little Mr Sterling would not have lost his saddle before the spur of the bravest knightly scoundrel that ever, after solemn oaths, set spurs to his horse to back a lying accusation. But I am sure that the brave little man would have done his puny best, like wounded Wilfrid of Ivanhoe when facing the fierce Lamplar to save Rebecca from the stake.

Something, some thought of his respect for the man, in spite of his low stature and his punctured foe, moved the fair client to a hasty response. 'You mistake me, sir. What I long for is a friend who can rescue me from this false, cruel position. I have been robbed of all—accused of all—and, and—'

'I understand your meaning, madam,' said Mr Sterling promptly, but very gently. 'False indeed, and cruel indeed, would be your position, if matters are as I am inclined to think. You must excuse me, however, if I ask a little time for deliberation. Give me time.'

The girl started. A tall pale blush suffused her face. Those were her own words. It was the very plea which she had urged when deferring her acceptance of Madame de Laloupe's proffered aid.

Mr Sterling saw the blush, and misconstrued it. 'Do not mistake my meaning, he said. 'This is a very difficult case, and the litigation may be ruinous. I am not one of those lawyers who tell suits, as many of my brethren very properly do, that the victory is to the lowest purse. I believe that, in spite of the proverbial bandage that Justice wears over those bright eyes of hers, the magic scales do incline, somehow, on the side where Truth is. I believe that the glove of Justice falls upon the guilty neck. I do believe, indeed, that we are not utterly forsaken, and that there is a God who judges the earth. Only give me a little time—it is all I ask—for thought and for inquiry into this matter, and I assure you,

madam, that you could find no sincerer friend than William Sterling.

It was with a lighter heart than usual that Sir Pagan's sister went back to her brother's dreary house in Bruton Street that day.

## THE LAWS OF CHANCE

BY W. STREADMAN ALDIS.

### IN THREE PARTS.—I. GAMES AND LOTTERIES.

We have it on very high authority, that in human affairs 'the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, neither yet bread to the wise, nor yet riches to men of understanding, nor yet favour to men of skill, but time and chance happeneth to them all.'

There are many events in the daily life of each of us which, as far as we can see, come to pass in accordance with no rule, and the occurrence of which, in default of any better method of explanation, we put down to chance. This is true not only of unimportant and trifling matters, but even of some things which are of very weighty import and influence on our lives. By chance, apparently, we turn down one street instead of another, and meet with news, good or ill, which alters the whole course of our lives. By chance, apparently, we pass into a den of fever, and contract a disease which cripples us for months or years. By chance the gold miner stumbles on a nugget which makes him a rich man. There are men who are so impressed with the power of chance, that they attribute the existence of all that is, and the occurrence of all events, to its operation. The old Greeks maintained that while skill had a mere share, yet Fortune was the deity which had the greatest part in the successes of statesmen and the victories of generals; and some modern sceptics have held that to chance is to be ascribed the formation of the terrestrial universe, and all the life which inhabits and adorns it.

The believer in a Providence that overrules events both small and great, has, of course, no room left for belief that anything really happens by chance; but to all, the expression is a convenient one in relation to the occurrence of events as yet undecided, concerning which we have no certain knowledge one way or the other.

In considering the possibility, or the reverse, of the occurrence of some future event, we are all aware that we are capable of maintaining very different kinds of anticipation, according to what we call the likelihood or unlikelihood of the event. This statement will be best illustrated by comparing a series of assertions such as the following:

It is impossible for a man to get to the moon.  
It is very improbable that it shall be fine during the whole of this month.  
It is improbable that the train will be in time.  
It is just possible that it may be punctual.  
It is not unlikely that it will be late.  
It is likely to run to day.  
It is very probable that it will run some day this week.  
It is almost certain to run before the end of the month.

Here we have a number of expressions of the state of mind of some person unknown, in relation

to his expectation of the occurrence or failure of an undecided event in all of them, the view entertained obviously depends on previous experience under similar circumstances. There are few who have not suffered from the unpunctuality of trains. We therefore think it likely—that is, like what we have already known to happen—that trains will be behind time in the future. Our estimate of 'likelihood' or the reverse depends in all cases on a supposition that the like of what has happened already will happen again. The perpetual recurrence of summer and winter, seedtime and harvest, day and night, from year to year is with most of us the real source of belief in the 'likelihood' that while the earth remains they shall not fail. Thus it happens that in business, in politics, and in war alike, he who has most knowledge of the past and most observation of the present, is also most capable of 'calculating the chances' of the future. Thus, too, it happens that in regard to many of those events which are absolutely uncertain in any one particular case—such as the time of death or the amount of loss from fire or storm—a very large amount of information as to their average occurrence in the future can be derived from a careful examination of the past.

We see from the above graduated series of assertions, that expectation of any future event may vary from positive certainty that it will not happen, to an equal certainty that it will. The estimate of the probability of its happening may be greater or may be less, and therefore, like all things which are susceptible of being considered as greater or less in quantity, must be also susceptible of being estimated numerically. It must, for instance, be a reasonable thing to say that we expect some one event twice as much as we expect some other. The expectation of future events, in themselves uncertain, is thus brought within the domain of mathematical science, and the application of mathematics to the theory of probability is one of the most interesting, and certainly not one of the least important of the subjects which lie before a scientific student. The general principles on which the theory is based can be made intelligible without the use of any technicalities beyond those of ordinary arithmetic, and some of its applications are sufficiently interesting and important to claim the attention of our readers.

The numerical measure of the expectation which a person, thoroughly well informed as to the circumstances, entertains of a given future event is called 'the chance' of that event. We must stop for a moment to consider a point which is a necessary preliminary to the numerical measurement of any kind of quantity, namely, the unit in terms of which it is to be expressed. When a lady, for instance, asks for three yards of ribbon at a shop, the number three simply means that the quantity required is to be three times a particular length with which the lady and the shopman are both well acquainted, and which is called a yard. So, in estimating by number 'the chance' of a certain event, we shall have to speak of it as being so many times, or such a fraction of, some quantity of the same kind—that is, some 'chance' which is already well known and definite. The particular 'chance'

which is always taken as unit is that amount of expectation which may be called moral certainty, as, for instance, the expectation that the sun will rise to-morrow. Any other amount of expectation is estimated by the fraction of moral certainty involved in it.

A simple instance in which the numerical measure of a chance is easily ascertainable will make the general principle clearer. Suppose a penny to be tossed into the air and allowed to fall on the ground. It must fall either with the face—popularly known as 'head'—uppermost, or with that called 'tail.' If the coin be perfectly true and fairly tossed, we expect one of these to happen, just as much as, and no more than, we expect the other. The 'chances' of the two events are therefore equal. One or other of them must happen, the sum of their chances is therefore certainty, and the chance of either happening must be one half of certainty. The unit 'certainty' being understood, the chance of 'head' falling uppermost is thus numerically represented by  $\frac{1}{2}$ . Similar considerations show that if an ordinary six faced die be thrown up, the chance of its falling with any one particular number uppermost is represented by the fraction  $\frac{1}{6}$ , it being equally likely that any one face should be uppermost, and the sum of the chances of all the faces being obviously certainty.

In many cases, much more complicated than the preceding, it is possible to calculate the chance, if not with perfect theoretical accuracy, yet with sufficient approach to it for practical purposes. The chance of a person of a given age living for another year is computed by comparing a large quantity of observations of the mortality of persons under similar circumstances in the past. The chance of a house being burned down can be found from statistics of the number of similar houses annually destroyed by fire, and so on. We may take it for granted that in all cases in which there is sufficient inducement to undertake the calculation, the chance of any event can be, at least approximately, numerically investigated.

The chance of what we may call a compound event—that is, of the concurrence of two independent events—can be determined in terms of those of the independent events. Suppose, for instance, that two persons simultaneously toss up, the one a penny, and the other a six faced die. Twelve different relationships of penny and die to each other, may happen. The 'head' may be uppermost on the penny along with the one, two, three, four, five, or six on the die, or the 'tail' may be uppermost along with any one of the same numbers. All these events, as far as we know, are equally likely. The chance of any one of them, as, for instance, 'head' and 'one' being both uppermost, is therefore, as before, one-twelfth of certainty, and is numerically represented by  $\frac{1}{12}$ . The separate chance for 'head' being uppermost is  $\frac{1}{2}$ , and that for 'one' is  $\frac{1}{6}$ . Now  $\frac{1}{12}$  is  $\frac{1}{2}$  of  $\frac{1}{6}$ . Here we see that the numerical measure of the chance of two independent events both happening, is simply the product of the numerical measures of the separate chances of those events, and this rule applies universally. In this way, the chances of very complicated combinations of circumstances can be calculated,

provided we can first ascertain the chances of the single circumstances separately.

It may have occurred to the reader that, granting all that has been said, the statement, that the measure of a certain chance is  $\frac{1}{2}$ , is a very unimportant one, and that no practical useful inference can be deduced from it. It is true that, as regards any isolated fact of the kind referred to, this objection may hold, but when we come to deal with a large number of similar facts, we are able to deduce a very important practical inference from the numerical measure—namely, that the frequency of the occurrence of any event is directly proportional to the chance of the event happening, and becomes more and more accurately so, as the number of cases considered is increased. For instance, the statement that when a coin is tossed up in the air, the chance of 'head turning up' is  $\frac{1}{2}$ , gives us very little information of value as to what will happen at the very next toss of the penny. The real inference to be made is, that if the penny be thrown up a very great number of times, 'head' will be uppermost in nearly half the throws, and further, that this is more and more nearly exactly the case, the larger the number of experiments. Of course, this, like all other cases of 'hick-hood,' reduces itself to a question of experience. In a small way, any one on a leisure afternoon can verify it for himself by actually tossing a penny several hundreds of times and marking the results. On a much larger scale it is verified by the continued existence and prosperity of the Life Assurance Companies, the whole of whose capital and income depends on the truth of the principle, that in the long run, events do happen in proportion to the numerical measures of their chances, those chances being calculated by observation of past events of a like kind. If any one will take the trouble to examine the 'tables' of the long established and respectable Insurance Companies, and see how enormous a sum of money is invested and profitably employed in confidence in this principle, he will not hesitate to allow that for practical purposes we can wish for no more convincing demonstration of its truth.

We are all familiar with the fact, that some prospective advantage which we have a chance of obtaining may have a very tangible value at the time, even though we are by no means certain that the reality will ever come to us. A school boy often finds that his position among his school fellows is temporarily raised when a rumour is spread that a rich relative, who will probably give him a guinea or some still more munificent 'tip,' is about to visit the school. The phenomenon of persons in actual comparative poverty being received into society and successfully exacting deference, on the strength of expectations from wealthy and aged relatives, is not a rare one. In all such cases there is a real value attached to the expectation of some day possessing money which may yet never come to the expectant, but the magnitude of this value is apparently a very indeterminate quantity. In this problem, too, the theory of chances comes to the rescue, and asserts that the value of the expectation of a sum of money is to be measured by the value of the sum of money multiplied by the chance of getting it.

A simple example will again be the best method of making this clear. An enterprising tradesman, not too particular as to high morality, wishes to get rid of some article of which the value is twenty pounds. He proposes to do this by means of a raffle with twenty tickets. Each buyer of a ticket has a chance of getting the whole, and as there are twenty of them, and all have an equal chance, the numerical measure of the chance of each must be one twentieth. It is further evident, that if one person were to buy all the tickets, he ought to pay twenty pounds for them, and therefore, supposing the tickets separated, the value of each must be one pound. This is obviously the lowest price which the tradesman can charge without certainty of loss. The value of each man's expectation of the prize of twenty pounds is therefore one pound—that is, one twentieth of twenty pounds. In other words, the value of the expectation of the prize is obtained by multiplying the value of the prize by the chance of getting it.

This we may call the mathematical value of expectation. It is the price which a person of unlimited wealth might safely pay with a tolerable assurance that if he repeated the process a great number of times, he would not be much a gainer or a loser in the long run. It forms the basis of the price which an Assurance Company will take to guarantee the payment of a sum on the death of the assured, or an annuity during his lifetime. The moral value of the expectation—that is, the price which a person of limited means might fairly pay with respect of serious loss—we shall consider presently. We may, however, be quite sure, to begin with, that it will not be greater than the mathematical value.

It has been a favourite delusion that fortunes may surely be won by perseverance in the purchase of tickets in lotteries under government or other influential management. It has been an equally persistent and better founded opinion on the part of governments more anxious to raise money than to promote the moral well-being of their subjects, that these same lotteries are capable of being a source of considerable gain to their promoters. These views cannot be sound, for a lottery creates no wealth, only alters its distribution. It is worth while to apply the preceding principles to examine which is the sounder idea of the two.

Let us suppose a series of lotteries independent of each other in each of which there is a single prize of twenty pounds, and for each of which there are twenty tickets. A man taking a ticket in one of these, and paying one pound for it, has a chance, measured by the fraction one twentieth, of winning the corresponding prize. In accordance with the principles laid down already, that events happen in proportion to their mathematical chances, he will therefore, if he repeats the experiment frequently, win the prize in about one out of every twenty lotteries in which he engages. He will thus on the average receive back one sum of twenty pounds for every twenty separate pounds that he pays. Of course he may win the prize the first time, and if he stop then, he will leave off richer than he began, but all experience shows, first, that it is very unlikely that the prize will fall to him in this easy way, and secondly, that if it do so fall, it is all but

certain that this first success, as shall be seen presently, will lure him to go on until he loses both what has been gained and his original capital too. The possibility of what we have called 'the best prospect' depends on the assumption, that he continues to buy tickets under all circumstances, though it must be borne in mind that he may be unable to do this, if, owing to a run of ill luck, his funds are exhausted. This is a very serious contingency, and one sure to arise if the gambler continues long enough at his pursuit.

By the methods previously hinted at, it is possible to calculate the chance that in any game or series of lotteries whose laws are known, any given player shall within a certain number of times have either won or lost any sum of money whatever. It is found by such calculations, that if a player keeps on long enough, and the stake played for be any sensible portion of his means, it is a moral certainty that at some time or other he will have gained a sum equal to his original capital, and an equal certainty that at some other time he will have lost the same amount or more. The difference between these two events is this, that whereas the latter runs all but certainly only once, as we have already remarked, to stimulate his gambling ardour, the latter event stops his further progress and he is thus unable to take advantage of that long run which might chance to restore him to his former state, hence, in a word, he is ruined. The mathematical value of the expectation of a prize is therefore more than in individual of limited means can afford to pay, because the continued disbursements will almost certainly ruin him.

This same principle, however, less than the promoter of the lottery or the proprietor of the gambling table can afford to take. If, for instance, in the lottery with one prize of twenty pounds, the twenty tickets were sold for a penny apiece, there would be no gain to the promoter, and as such lotteries are always arranged in order to give profits for some purpose, it follows that the tickets must be sold at more and probably much more than their mathematical value. In the case of the proprietor of the gambling table who does not merely undertake to distribute a certain sum in prizes, but offers to give a prize whenever certain conditions are fulfilled by a rolling ball, a thrown up die, or other similar apparatus, another consideration comes in. The table may have a run of ill luck as well as the player, and may be even temporarily 'broken' by some lucky player, in accordance with previous statements, it must have such occasional runs if the play be continued. Calculation, however, proves that it is absolutely necessary for the proprietor to make each player pay some definite proportion more than the mathematical value of the throw, in order to secure ultimate gain to the proprietor. As a matter of fact, all gambling tables, as well as all government lotteries, do avowedly charge much more than the mathematical expectation, and thus the prospect before the habitual player is an adverse one.

To return to our lottery with twenty tickets and one prize of twenty pounds. Practically, a ticket would be sold for more than a pound, suppose we say for a guinea. On an average, a purchaser wins once in every twenty attempts

He thus pays on an average twenty guineas for every twenty pounds he wins, and is assured of ruin by the mere effects of perseverance, even without the occurrence of any serious run of ill luck, such as was necessary on our former supposition.

## BENJAMIN BLUNT, MARINER.

## IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

MR BENJAMIN BLUNT, accompanied by Phil Gaylor, had not left the house more than three or four minutes, when the bedroom door opened, and Lady Janet Trevor issued forth. She was a woman of four or five and twenty summers, tall and fur, with a sort of sweet staidness about her which was part of Nature's dower, and would have been equally hers had she been the daughter of a peasant. Her long fur hair was unbound, and fell below her waist, confined only by a single ribbon. Her face was paler than usual this morning, and her eyes, of a blue as tender as the blue of April skies, and fringed with long dark lashes, were anxious and troubled. She was simply dressed in a robe of thick blue serge.—Ruth had washed some of the sea water out of it, and had dried it before the fire in the middle of the night, but Lady Janet did not know that—and had a soft, white, fleecy shawl of Ruth's knitting thrown loosely round her shoulders. As she came slowly forward, Ruth thought that in all her life she had never seen so lovely a vision. 'How plain and mean I must look by the side of her!' said the girl to herself with a little feminine pang. But she didn't in her own way and in her own place, Ruth was as natural and charming as Lady Janet was in hers, but then Ruth did not know it.

'My husband—Sir Harry Trevor—is he—  
is he?—You told me last night that he was safe, or did I only dream it? One hand was pressed to her heart, the other gripped the back of a chair. Her blue eyes were fixed on Ruth with a pathetic wistfulness that touched the other to the quick.

'He is quite safe, my lady.'

'Think heaven for that! I ask nothing more than that.' Her voice was low, soft, and musical, with the clear intonation of a bell.

'He was taken from the boat to the hotel, said Ruth. 'My Phil saw him there only half an hour ago.'

'I must go to him at once! I long so much to see him.'

'He told my Phil that he would be up here in an hour's time. Had not your Ladyship better wait till he comes?' Ruth wisely refrained from saying anything about the crushed arm or the doctor's orders.

'Perhaps you are right,' replied Lady Janet. 'But you don't know how impatient I am to see him.'

Ruth placed a chair for her, and she sat down. 'Your Ladyship will have some breakfast?'

'Just a cup of tea, please, nothing more.—That terrible scene last night!' she said with a shudder. 'If I live to be a hundred, I shall never forget it.'

There was silence for a minute or two. Lady



Janet sat gazing into the fire, living over again in memory the events of the previous night. Then suddenly turning to Ruth, she said, "It was my fault that we so nearly lost our lives last night. We had been travelling in Norway, my husband and I. When we got back to Christiansia, we intended coming home by the ordinary steamer, but a friend of Sir Harry, a merchant out there, offered us a passage in his schooner, *The Firefly*, saying that she had plenty of cabin accommodation, that there would only be one passenger beside ourselves, and that a voyage by her would be a change from the monotony of a steamer. My husband was doubtful about accepting the offer, and it was only in consequence of my persuasion that he at length agreed to it. If we had only gone by the steamer, as he wished! But one can never foresee what will happen."

At this juncture Ruth bethought herself of the locket and chain, and was crouching towards the chimney piece to get them, when Lady Janet's next words arrested her. "It is very thoughtless of me," she said, "but for the moment I really forgot to ask you what became of the captain and the poor sailors whom we left on board."

"They were rescued by the lifeboat from Redcliffe, four miles away. As soon as my father found the schooner was in danger, he sent a messenger on horseback to the lifeboat station, but he was so afraid the schooner would break up before help could reach her, that he made up his mind to try what he could do with his own little boat."

"God bless him for it!" ejaculated Lady Janet fervently.

Ruth took down the locket and chain and offered them to Lady Janet. "These were found by my Phil this morning in the boat. I presume they belong to your Ladyship?"

"Yes, they are mine," was the eager reply, as Ruth placed them in her hands. "Thank you so very much. This locket contains a likeness of my grandmother—the only relic of her that I have. I would not have lost it for a great deal." Perceiving that the chain was broken, she placed the trinkets on the table at her elbow. "But your mother—shall I not see her before long?" she said to Ruth.

"I have no mother. Both my father and mother were drowned at sea."

"I am so grieved if I have said anything to pain you! But that brave old man to whom my husband and I owe our lives—surely I heard you call him "father" last night!"

"I am only his adopted child. He saved my life seventeen years ago, as he saved your Ladyship's last night. My father and mother were both lost. Nobody knew anything about me, only that my name was Ruth Mayfield. They said I must go to the workhouse. But Benjamin Blunt was there, listening to it all. "I saved the child's life," he said, "and if nobody else owns her, she belongs to me. I've got neither wife nor child of my own. She shall come and live with me, and be my daughter." And here I've been ever since."

"A romance of real life. And I've no doubt Mr Blunt loves you as well as if you were his own child?"

"That I'm sure he does. And as for me—it

isn't in human nature to love him better than I do."

"My husband and I owe our lives to him. How shall we thank him sufficiently? What can we do to repay him? Tell me, Ruth—you will let me call you Ruth, won't you?"

"Nobody ever calls me anything else."

"You must tell me, Ruth, before Mr Blunt comes in, in what way we can best show our gratitude. Sir Harry is rich and has influence in many ways."

"Your Ladyship must excuse my saying so, but I don't think you can do anything for father. He does not want for money. This cottage is his own property, and he has saved something besides for a rainy day."

"Surely there must be some way of recompensing him, though only in part, for the great debt we owe him."

"There's a poor widow in the village, Mrs. Riley by name, whose husband was killed the other day, leaving her with several young children. If your Ladyship could do anything to help them, that would please my father best of all."

"I will speak about it at once to my husband. But I am anxious to do something for Mr Blunt himself, or if not for him, then for you."

Ruth shook her head gently but gravely. "I don't think there's anything your Ladyship could do for us—unless you were to send us your likeness as a keepsake. Both father and I would be very proud of that. But here comes father himself," added the girl, with a glance through the window. "Perhaps your Ladyship will talk to him."

A moment later, the front door was opened, and Blunt came slowly in, supporting on his arm a very old, old man, as dried up and withered as a Normandy pippin. He wore a deep crape band on his hat, a broad skirted coat of coarse blue cloth, and knitted breeches, thick gray home knit stockings kept warm his poor thin shanks. His eyes had the intelligence and vivacity of a far younger man, and his snow-white hair was still plentiful.

Lady Janet rose and stood back a little, while the two men slowly crossed the floor. Not a word was spoken till the old gentleman was safely deposited in Ben's own arm-chair in the chimney corner. Ruth took advantage of the diversion to retire into the back parlour on domestic thoughts intent.

"Mr Blunt, I believe?" said Lady Janet as Benjamin turned and faced his guest.

"Old Ben Blunt, at your Ladyship's service," and with that he took off his hat and made a low old-fashioned bow.

Lady Janet advanced a step or two and held out her hand. "How can I thank you, Mr Blunt—how show my gratitude sufficiently for the great service you have done my husband and me?"

Ben gazed on the white slender hand for a moment, then, after giving his own brown hand a furtive rub with the tail of his coat, he took hold of it gently, almost reverently, but Lady Janet's fingers closed warmly on his as her eyes filled with tears.

"That pays for everything," said Ben huskily. "Bless your pretty face, I should like to see the man as wouldn't go through fire and water,

rather than a hair of your head should be hurt!"

"All men are not such heroes as you, Mr Blunt"

"Ma a hero! I hardly know what the word means. I'm only a simple ignorant old fellow, who tries to do his duty according to the light that's given him." Then seeming to think that enough had been said on so trivial a subject as himself, he stepped back a pace or two, and pointing to the old gentleman in the arm chair, he said "Will your Ladyship allow me to introduce to your notice Jim Raley's father? Jim here! He was run over six weeks ago and was killed to day in grandpa's birthday. He was ninety five at twenty minutes past six this morning, and we're all very proud of him. They can't show such another old man for twenty miles round. By and by, he and I are going to have a drop of something, hot and a pipe o' buccy." Then turning to the old fellow and elevating his voice a little, he called "We always do have a drop of something hot on your birthday, don't we, grandpa?"

"Ay, ay, lad, that we do," responded Riley in the thin piping tones of extreme old age. "We've done it for twenty years, and we're not going to give up a good old custom at our time o' life."

Lady Janet crossed over and shook hands with the veteran. "I am charmed to make your acquaintance, Mr Riley," she said, "and I hope with all my heart that you will live to enjoy many more anniversaries of this day."

"Thank ee, mum, thank ee. It's ninety five years this very day since I came into the world, but I'm here yet—I'm here yet!"

"And likely to be for another twenty years," remarked Ben in his cheereft voice. Then turning to Lady Janet, he added "Will your Ladyship excuse me for a minute while I take off my Sunday collar? I don't seem to talk easy in it. Not but what this sort of collar has its advantages. Nobody can say as it isn't raspe table, and when it's got up stiff and proper, I'll defy anybody to go to sleep in church who's got it on." And with that, exit Ben into his bed room.

Lady Janet drew up the three-legged stool and sat down near the old man. "So you and Mr Blunt have known each other for twenty years?" she said.

"Yes, mum, for twenty years—ever since he came to this village. He's a little chap, and there ain't much of him, but he's got the heart of a lion. He's like Admiral Lord Nelson—he don't know what fear is."

"You have had a great misfortune lately, Mr Riley?"

"Meaning in the death of my boy. Yes, mum, it will be six weeks come next Tuesday since he was run over and killed. But, somehow, I don't seem to fret much after him. Maybe I'm too old to fret. I know I can't be long after Jim, and somehow it don't seem quite so lonesome for me to look forward to now. I know he's there awaiting for me, and when I sit in the porch and watch the sun going down yonder in the west, it seems to me that Jim and I can't be far away from one another."

Lady Janet took out her tablets and made a

note or two. "I must get Harry to do something for these poor people," she said to herself.

The old man had risen to his feet and was fumbling nervously in the cap and pockets of his coat.

"Have you lost anything, Mr Riley? Can I assist you in any way?" asked Lady Janet.

"I was just trying to see what I've got in my pockets. Everybody in the village knows it's my birthday. As I came down the street just now, little toddling lads and lassies came out of the cottages and wished me 'Many happy returns.' And some of them—Haven't bless them!—dropped little things into my pocket—boys and what not—all they had to give—because it was old grandpa's birthday. Here's a pegtop. Little Billy Johnson gave me that. Ah! I shall never spin pegtops again in this world. This doll is Peggy Dawson's. The poor thing wants dressing. And here's a pipe of sweet stuff and a fatling. Ah! this is Jucky Taylor's big ally twig. I shall keep them for a day or two, and then give them all back again."

At this moment Mr Blunt re-entered the room. He had got rid of the famous collar, and was his own free and easy self again. "Would your Ladyship like a little rum in your tea?" he asked.

"No, thank you, Mr Blunt."

"Many ladies like a drop in their tea. I thought that maybe it was fash'nible to drink 'em to, eh?"

"When you were at the hotel just now, Mr Blunt, did you see my husband, Sir Harry there?"

"I didn't see him, but our Phil did. He said word that he would be up here in about half an hour's time."

"Oh, Ma Blunt, if Sir Harry and I could only show our gratitude to a man like you!"

"Your Ladyship couldn't show it better than by eating a good breakfast and bringing back the roses to your pretty cheeks. We've a nice lump of cold beef in the cupboard. I can't think why Ruth didn't bring it out. And if Sir Harry and you would only stop to dinner, Ruth should make one of her potato pies. You would say it was grand. I'll back our Ruth against anybody for potato pies and pancakes."

"I must hear what my husband has to say," answered Lady Janet with a smile. She was putting down her cup and saucer, when her elbow accidentally swept the chair and locket of the table. Ben stooped and picked them up.

The lady opened the locket and handed it to Mr Blunt. "That is the portrait of my grand mother, taken when she was eighteen. Tell me, Mr Blunt, whether you think it in any way resembles me?"

The old fisherman's eyesight was no longer so strong as it had once been. He took the portrait to the window, that he might have a better view of it. "This here grandmother!" he muttered under his breath, while all the colour fell out of his face. "Why, it is the very face of my own lost darling! The name, too—Janet! No, no, such a thing is not possible!"

"By your silence, Mr Blunt, I suppose you cannot detect any likeness?"

Ben came back from the window, and standing close in front of Lady Janet, he scanned the sweet, smiling face before him closely. "There is a

likeness, Lady Trevor, a very wonderful likeness,' he said with a strange quaver in his voice 'You—you say that this is the portrait of your grand mother?'

'Yes—of my grandmother, who died many years before I was born.'

'Ah!' He restored the locket to her. Then resting his hands on the taken table and with his eyes fixed earnestly on her, he said 'Lady Janet Trevor, don't think me mad, don't think me impertinent to ask such a question—but what was your name before you were married?'

'Janet Reikern.'

He sank into a chair and hid his face with his hands. 'Her mother's name before she married me!' he murmured 'It is she—my own darling—the angel whom I thought never to see on earth again! And it was I who saved her life! O heaven! I thank thee for this.'

Lady Janet had risen to her feet, and was gazing at him with anxious wistful eyes. 'You are agitated—you are ill! What can I do for you? Shall I procure help?'

'No, no, it is nothing. I'll be better presently.' He rose and crossed to the window, and stood gazing out with his back to the room. Lady Janet watched him wonderingly. What could have moved the stout hearted old fisherman so strangely?

Ben was communing with himself. 'The same hair and eyes—the very same. I carried her in my arms last night from the boat, and never knew that it was my own child.' But I must remember my promise. Yes, yes, that must not be forgotten.'

### SOMETHING ABOUT PAPER

It has been proposed to call the present the 'age of paper,' and when we consider the amount of this material which is being continually produced from rags, straw, wood, jute, rice, &c., the name would seem appropriate enough. There are said to be nearly four thousand manufacturing of paper distributed over the globe. These produce, it is calculated, some eighteen hundred million pounds-weight per year. Half of this quantity is employed for printing purposes, a sixth for writing purposes, and the remainder for various uses. The paper used for newspapers alone represents, it is said, a surface exactly double that of Paris within its present limits. Since the diminution of the tax and other causes, we are told that more than five hundred new periodicals started in France in 1881.

The paper manufactories of the world employ, it is stated, ninety thousand men, and one hundred and eighty thousand women, and besides these, one hundred thousand persons are engaged in collecting rags. The importation of esparto grass from Algeria for paper-making purposes has reached vast proportions. It has been pointed out that should war in that country very much reduce the supply, manufacturers might experience great difficulty in finding a substitute. Even if they found one, it might be of a kind requiring expensive changes in their machinery.

We are reminded that some years ago samples of a material, the supply of which would at least equal the esparto supply, were shown to paper makers, but though they were satisfied with its suitability in every respect but one, they could not adopt it, because that one defect was that their machinery was not adapted to its manufacture.

China and Japan are, as is well known, great producers of paper made from rice. How paper is there utilised, we have an example from the experience of the clever authors of *A Voyage in the Sunbeam*. The Japanese are described carrying paper umbrellas and the *sunbeam* wearing large hats and cloaks either of rices or oiled paper, besides oiled paper hoods and aprons as a protection from the rain. These ingenious people are also said to employ paper instead of india rubber for making air cushions. Paper cushions roll up smaller than india rubber ones, they do not stick together after being wetted, and having no odour, they are more agreeable for pillows than those of caoutchouc fabric. Their strength is marvellous, considering the apparent frailty of the material out of which they are made, a man weighing one hundred and sixty pounds may stand on one without bursting it. They are said to be water proof too, and to make good life preservers. The Japanese art, it seems, is developed in the manufacture of the tougher sorts of paper as the finer. One of their latest achievements in this line, we are told, is the production of a paper built suitable for driving machinery. Now that European machines are being adopted in that country, this invention will prove exceedingly useful, for the Japanese are inferior tanners, and do not make good leather.

Though paper is not utilised in Britain quite in the same way as it is amongst the Japanese, recent Exhibitions have shown what an important part this material can play in the furnishing and decoration of our homes. A mode of hanging paper on damp walls, not long since patented in Germany, may here be mentioned. Lining paper coated on one side with a solution of shellac in spirit of somewhat greater consistency than ordinary French polish, is hung with the side thus treated towards the damp wall. The paper hanging is then proceeded with in the usual way with paint. Any other kind of resin easily soluble in spirit may be used instead of shellac. A layer of paper thus saturated with resin is said to be equally effective in preventing the penetration of damp. It is not stated how long lining paper in the manner described will adhere to a damp wall, but the experiment in our damp climate is worth trying. Another authority informs us that a strong impervious parchment paper is obtained by thoroughly washing woolen or cotton fabrics so as to remove gun, starch, and other foreign bodies, then to immerse them in a bath containing a small quantity of paper pulp. The latter is made to penetrate the fabric by being passed between rollers. Thus prepared, it is afterwards dipped into sulphuric acid of suitable concentration, and then repeatedly washed in a bath of aqueous ammonia until every trace of acid has been removed. Finally, it is pressed between rollers, to remove the excess of liquid, dried between two other rollers which are covered with felt, and lastly disencased.

Two new kinds of preservatives of paper have



lately come into commerce. One is said to be produced by dipping soft paper in a bath of salicylic acid and then drying. The bath is prepared by mixing a strong solution of the acid in alcohol with much water. The paper is used for covering apples, &c. The other paper, meant to preserve from moths and mildew, consists of so-called Manila packing paper dipped in a bath and dried over heated rollers. The bath is formed of seventy parts spirit of tar, five parts raw carbolic acid—containing about a half of phenol—twenty parts of soft tar at one hundred and sixty degrees Fahrenheit, and five parts refined petroleum.

A method of whitening old newspapers has, we are told, been discovered by M. Joubert. He asserts that he can so cleanse printed paper as to make it suitable for receiving a fresh impression. He says that by immersing the printed sheet in a slight alkali solution, the ink disappears, and leaves the sheet of a pure off-white.

A French newspaper tells us that a chemist has succeeded in tanning linen, cotton, or paper fibres by the following process. Mix a pound of zinc powder with a solution of albumen, then spread the mixture on the stuff by means of a brush. After drying, the luster is fixed by passing the cloth or paper through dry steam, in order to coagulate the albumen. The stuff of paper is then passed through a solution of chloride of tin. The metallic tin is reduced to an extremely thin coating on the zinc. The material thus prepared is then washed, dried, and rolled.

We learn from another source, that for the production of malleable or wool paper, in which the various tones of colour are not limited by sharp lines, but pass so softly into one another that the boundaries are not recognised, Herr Gmainer, of Dresden, uses emery rollers made of caoutchouc or other elastic material, instead of metallic ones. Their diameter is determined by blowing in air. Hard vulcanised caoutchouc is unsuitable for the purpose. The rollers have wooden discs at the ends, over the edges of which the caoutchouc is turned, and fixed with glue and wire, so as to make the rollers air-tight. A hollow axis enters one end, and through this the air can be blown.

The use of paper wheels which has before been referred to in this Journal. We now learn that wheels of this description are becoming every day more general in American railways, and that they are now being tried in Europe. In the first ten months of last year we are told that one firm alone turned out considerably over seven thousand of these wheels, which are stated on good authority to be the most economical as well as the only safe kind of wheels for passenger carriages. It appears that in the first instance they are much more costly than iron wheels, but that they last far longer.

To the wonders already achieved by paper matches is now added the invention of a novel fire-escape. This latest invention for the protection of theatre audiences is a 'penetrable safety wall,' which has been patented by an engineer in Germany. The plan is to make the interior of walls in all parts of the theatre of paper matches, made after a certain method. Such a wall would have the appearance of massive stone, but by pressure upon certain parts, where the words are

to be painted in luminous letters—'To be broken open in case of fire'—access to the exterior corridors is to be obtained, when escape to the outside air can be made.

### ECCENTRIC PHRASEOLOGY

Some writer has affirmed that the English language has a power of expression such as is not equalled in any other language. We shall take advantage of this declaration—from a humorous point of view—and endeavour to verify the truth of this observation by the introduction of a few examples.

A gentleman saying to a lady in conversation, 'You know, madam, that you cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear,' was met with the reply, 'O good gracious, sir, if you will persist in using such an odious specimen of vulgarity again, pray, clothe it in more pleasing phraseology. Just say it is impossible to fabricate a pecuniary silken receptacle from the auricular organ of the softer sex of the genus swine.'

We evidently live in wonderfully refined times. For instance, a learned young lady one evening astonished a company by asking for the loan of 'a diminutive argenteous, truncated cone, convex on its summit, and semi-perforated with symmetrical indentations.' She wanted a thimble.

'He goes on his own hook,' has been rendered more elegantly, in defiance to and in accordance with the spirit of the times, in this manner: 'He progresses in his own personal curve,' and a barber in London advertises that his customers are shaved without incision or laceration for the microscopic sum of 'one halfpenny.' 'One might have heard a pin fall' is a proverbial expression of silence, but it has been eclipsed by the French phrase, 'You might have heard the unfolding of a lady's cambric pocket-handkerchief,' and as it is somewhat vulgar to say 'pitch darkness,' it has been so improved as to read 'bituminous obscurity.' Another polite way of expressing the fact that a man is naturally lazy, is to say he is 'constitutionally tired,' and 'Nominate your person,' is the poetical way of asking, 'What will you drink?'

On one occasion, we are told, a doctor of divinity rung the changes on 'He that hath ears to hear, let him hear.' 'He that is accessible to auricular vibration,' said the doctor, 'let him not close the gates of his sympathy.' Then again we have that old-fashioned saying, 'The more the merrier,' delightfully translated in this way, 'Multitudinous assemblages are the most provocative of ecstatic humanity.' It is even reported that not very long ago a clergyman spoke of seeing a young lady 'with the pearl drops of affection hanging and glistening on her cheek.' He meant that she was crying. Certain critics, too, occasionally launch out in a similar metaphorical style. Concerning a young and aspiring orator, one wrote 'He broke the ice felicitously, and was immediately drowned with applause.'

Quite recently, a literary man of some celebrity, in a letter describing the early fall of snow in Switzerland, did not say the storm abated, but 'the flakes dwindled to flocuh' and instead of vulgarly putting it that they melted a potful of snow to obtain water, he said that firewood was



'expended in rendering its own heat latent in the indispensable fluid.' Equally as good was that which relates to a certain eminent Professor, who observed that very wonderful things were occasionally discovered nowadays. He had found out lately that 'Nystagmus, or oscillation of the eyeballs, is an epileptiform affection of the six bellular oculomotorial centres,' and he added: "Don't forget in future what sort of a thing a "nystagmus" is!"

'You have mentioned several times during the evening,' observed one of the audience to a lecturer, 'the word "periphrasis," would you kindly inform me of its precise meaning?'—'Certainly,' said he 'It is simply a circumlocutory and pleonastic cycle of oratorical sonorosity, circumferencing an atom of identity, lost in verbal profundity.' As this explanation was received in solemn silence, we trust it was deemed a satisfactory one. It is, however, recorded that the gifted orator was not called upon again to explain for the rest of the evening.

Public speakers no doubt have much to contend with, or what could have induced a levelling lecturer to classify his audience thus: The 'sidgetytes,' the 'interruptives,' the 'all ittonaves,' the 'quick responsive,' the 'hard to lift,' the 'won't applauds,' and the 'get up and go out.' Thus, by the way, is somewhat on a par with what reaches us from Chicago, where the young men are said to be known, according to their skill as velocipedists, by such names as the 'timid toddlers,' the 'wavy warblers,' the 'go it-gracefuls,' and the 'fancy fives.' In fact, from this particular quarter of the globe we are furnished with some curious specimens of puzzling phraseology. It is said that when a Chicago girl quarrels with her lover, she communicates the important fact to her intimate friends in the remark that she 'isn't on squeezing terms with that fraudulent individual no more.' A functionary, too, of the same place has the following on his signboard: 'Letter carrier by appointment, almonst town-clerk, primary envoy, external paper hanger, renovator of faded habilitaments, hair abbreviator, ambrosia dealer, adroit horse trimmer, general agent, politician, &c.' And in the same neighbourhood we are informed that an hotel keeper writes his own bill of fare, thereby saving the cost of printing, it announces: 'Coffy, soups, roste bife, fride am, boyled and bakt potatoes, fride cont puddin, and minn py.'

There is decidedly something peculiar in these announcements, especially to us 'Britannians,' but probably nothing is further from the minds of the people themselves than the notion that there is anything about them funny, or even odd. A magistrate of these parts, for instance, would hardly express himself after this fashion. One was asked by an attorney upon some strange ruling, 'Is that law, your Honour?' He replied: 'If the court understand herself, and she think she do, it are!' On the other hand, London possesses a phraseology of its own, and is at times rather amusing than otherwise. Two pedestrians were recently accosted in terms the most magnificent by a street beggar: 'Good gentlemen, will you kindly administer the balm of consolation to a wrecked and debilitated constitution!'

'Our thanks,' said a conductor in answer to an inquiry made, 'runs a quarter arter, art arter,

quarter to, and at!' A young man from the country, while exploring one of the quiet lanes in the City for a dinner, had his ears mysteriously saluted by a shrill voice from an eating house, which uttered in rapid tones the following incomprehensible jargon: 'Bilediamancepersom, Roseboefroesegoor, Bilerabbidileportkanonionsom, Rosemuttonantaters, Bilediamancabbagevegetables, walkinartakeasatar!' It is said that the astonished countryman hastened his pace, in order to find a house where better English was spoken, and the probability is, had he ventured as far as the suburbs of the town, he would have been equally as bewildered. At a public garden in these same suburbs, a waiter during last summer observing some of his master's customers surreptitiously departing before the bill was paid, roared out to another attendant: 'Blun run Joe there's a glass of brandy and water two terns a quart of shrimps and a screw of birdseye just bolted over the blessed fence! After 'em'

'Give me a Queen's head,' meant murder in the reign of Henry VIII, treason in that of Elizabeth or Anne, but in the present reign it means a postage stamp. We buy drugs at a 'medical hall,' wine of a 'company,' and shoes at a 'mart.' Blacking is dispensed at an 'institution,' and meat from a 'poultry.' Nowadays, the shops are 'warehouses,' 'establishments,' or 'bazaars.' Reporters are 'representatives,' preachers are 'ministers' or 'clergy,' work-people are 'employees,' and meetings are 'conferences' and singers are 'artists.' So holistic phraseology, too, is somewhat curious. Passing some north country English villages, a person for amusement inquired of the school children, 'When you are naughty, what does the master do to you?' The following different answers were received at various places: 'He pulls us, he crumps us, he rips us on the top of the head, he busts us, he mumps us, he fittles us, he winds us.'—'Ah,' exclaimed the traveller, 'they expiate themselves differently, but doubtless it's all the same in the end!'

Travellers are, as a rule, of an inquiring mind, and not a few are factiously disposed. One of this latter class alighting from his gig one evening at a country inn, was met by the hostler, whom he thus addressed: 'Young man, immediately extricate that tired quadruped from the vehicle, stabulate him, devote to him an adequate supply of nutritious aliment, and, when the aura of morn shall again illumine the oriental horizon, I will reward you with a pecuniary compensation for your amiable and obliging hospitality.' The youth, not understanding a single word of this, ran into the house, crying out: 'Master, come as once, here's a Dutchman wants to see you!'

And who would have thought that such a simple thing as this would have kept one awake half the night? Why some persons cannot sleep, because there is an accumulation, mainly of carbonic acid, that accumulation being favoured and controlled by reflex action of the nervous system, which thus protects the organism from excessive oxidation, and allows the organism to manifest its normal functional activity throughout a rhythmic period.

Sometimes, in ordinary conversation, we find people very apt to make use of a particular sentence, or a somewhat puzzling word even, with merely a vague idea of its proper meaning

Take the following as an instance. A rich but ignorant lady, who was rather ambitious in her conversational style, in speaking of a friend, said, 'He is a *paragon* of politeness.'—'Excuse me,' said a wag sitting next to her, 'but do you not mean a *parallelagram*?—'Of course I do,' immediately replied the lady 'How could I have made such a mistake!'

It is well, by the way, to bear in mind a celebrated maxim of Lord Chesterfield's, which runs thus 'It is advisable, before you expatiate on any particular virtue, and give way to what your imagination may prompt you to say, to ascertain first whom you are speaking to.' The following will exemplify the necessity of this precaution. 'My dear boy,' said a lady to a precocious youth of sixteen, 'does your father desire you to tread the intricate and thorny paths of a profession, the straight and narrow ways of the ministry, or revel in the flowery fields of literature?'—'No, mamma, dad says he is going to set me to work in the 'later field.'

Such prosaic conclusions must be very disheartening. They are, however, amusing, as another example will show. 'Behold, my adorable Angelina,' observed a poetical swain, 'how splendid, how magnificent, and how truly glorious, nature looks in her bloom! The trees are filled with blossoms, the air resounds with the melodious singing of birds, the very wood is dressed in its greenest of livery, and the gorgeous plain is carpeted with grass and innumerable flowers!—'Yes, dear Charles, I was just thinking of the very same thing. These plants in particular that we see around us are dandelions, and when they are gathered and put into a saucepan with a piece of good fat pork, they make the most delicious greens in the world!'

If, however, we should desire to become better acquainted with a more exaggerated style, we shall find it to be most prevalent on the other side of the Atlantic. A more cautious method of inquiry to ascertain the truth can scarcely be conceived than that once taken by a barrister in cross-examination; a witness 'Were you not, on the night on which you say you were robbed, in such a state of vicious excitement as to preclude the possibility of your comprehension of your situation with that accuracy and precision necessary to a proper delineation of the truth?' And again, a New York obituary goes thus: 'Another stalwart tree fell last evening in its autumn prime, in the person of Major Cullen, as unique and remarkable a character in his way as ever wrought out logarithmically, and emarginated from the rugged latitudinarianism of the frontier.'

A most fearful picture, at first sight, was that presented by a member of a debating society. 'Mr President,' said he, 'our country's fate looms darkling before us, without a star above the horizon on which the pathetic mariner can hang a scintillation of hope, but with ominous features of fast coming doom, gloomy and rayless as the eyes of a tree toad perched upon the topmost bough of a barren poplar, enveloped in an impenetrable fog!'

A more cheerful announcement was made by a Massachusetts mayor, who said in his annual message. 'As the eastern horizon of the present

is made glorious with the beaming rays of opportunity, so may the sunset hour of the future, by the refractive influences of faithful duty, greet us with its gorgeous panoply of prismatic light!'

An extract taken from a Louisville paper is a fine example of American laudation. 'When Miss Howson first appeared, her bright eyes and lovely face attracted everybody, but when her beautiful pearly teeth were disclosed, there came such a cataract of diamond drops of milk, that the house seemed, as it were, deluged in a spray of harmony, equal to that which one might imagine would come from a Niagara composed of Aolian harps.'

Other descriptions of a like character are not always so flattering. Here we have what is called high toned criticism in Pennsylvania. A contemporary, speaking of a songstress, says 'She beats cats on high notes. There was no music or chest tone in her voice, but it was about six octaves above the screech of a lost Indian, and would have thrown out of concert with itself an enterprising railway whistle. The very chandelier would quiver, making every nervous man who sat immediately beneath, instinctively raise his hand to protect his scalp, these magnificent notes being followed up with a roar that would silence a bison.' And in an article upon the aurora borealis, a scientific gentleman in Illinois thus gives the origin of this celestial spectacle 'When the moltyptic temperature of the horizon is such as to calorise the injurious indentation of the hemispheric anomaly, the cohesion of the borax dubietus becomes surmounted with infinitesimal, which are thereby deprived of their fiscal disquisition. This effect, a rapid change is produced in the thorumbumper of the grammatism palerium, which causes a convulsion in the hexagonal antipathies of the terrestrium aqua versus. The clouds then become a mass of deodorumised spectra of lermocular light— All of which is doubtless clear to the reader.'

As an example of meaningless phraseology, take the following anecdote of OC small in addressing a jury, and having exhausted every ordinary epithet of abuse, he stopped for a word, and then added, 'this naufragous rufhan!' When afterwards asked by his friends the meaning of the word, he confessed he did not know, but said he 'thought it sounded well.' By this admission we are reminded of a certain critic who charged a flowery orator with using 'mixed metamorphosis,' and of an afflicted widow who recorded on the tombstone of his deceased wife that here lay the 'mercurious mother of fourteen children.'

## THE APPROACHING CYCLING SEASON

There are few persons who have not at some time in their lives experienced the feeling of impatience at being debarred by force of circumstances from indulging in some favourite amusement or recreation. On retrospection, former pleasures appear encircled by an entangling halo of enjoyment, and memory cloths the anticipated future in garments borrowed from the past. To those who are acquainted with members of that numerous body termed 'Cyclists,' the above

remarks will at once strike home, for in no other class of devotees to any particular recreation does the same amount of latent enthusiasm manifest itself. When winter approaches with its accompanying muddy roads and freshly laid macadam, the steel steed is reluctantly consigned to some secure retreat, until the following season. The feeling of regret at so doing is to some extent mitigated by the wish to know what novelties and labour-saving inventions will be produced during the enforced cessation for 'cycling' differs from most other sports in being comparatively new to the public and in constantly presenting fresh phases in all its details. Hence the Exhibitions held in the metropolis and the provinces have attracted many thousand of the curious and interested. The lists of inventions in all parts of the kingdom have been busily at work devising means whereby the maximum of speed may be obtained with the minimum of exertion, and some of the results have been, to say the least, surprising. The ingenious devices now exhibited will not in the future be confined solely to the mechanism for which they were primarily designed, the benefits accruing from them will inevitably attract the attention of engineers, and we may shortly expect to find them embodied in other machinery, stationary as well as locomotive.

There can be no question that 'cycling' is in vogue in its infancy. Three or four seasons ago it received rebuffs from nearly all classes, then, as it grew in importance and its various merits became known, it was tolerated finally it received support from many of its former detractors, and during the last season became in many parts the rage.

The eminent authority on hygiene Dr. Richardson, F.R.S., says 'Tricycling for girls or young women is one of the most harmless of useful recreations, and is equally good for men and boys of all ages.' With regard to the 'very fat' or persons inclined to become so, he specially points out that these are the persons above all others who feel the benefits of tricycling most. He concludes by saying 'There is a real pleasure, when the roads are good, in skimming along on a bright day, that has to be experienced before it can be understood, and if the motion be carried out moderately, it is equally a pleasant surprise to feel how easy the travelling is, and how fast the ground seems to be traversed. Time passes quickly, and the eye collects all that is interesting without dwelling upon objects too long, is in walking and without losing sight of them too rapidly, as in a railway carriage. The power of assimilation; the scenery in this agreeable way is always healthy, it keeps the brain active, without wearying it on the one hand or confusing it on the other, and when the mind goes well, all goes well.'

The medical profession, as a rule, greatly recommend the exercise, and one practitioner in a southern English town, conscientiously places many of his patients upon tricycles to the injury of his pocket, as he frankly confesses, by the loss of fees which would otherwise subsequently accrue.

At first, a lady was supposed to compromise her dignity sadly by propelling herself upon wheels, but familiarity has now entirely exploded the idea, and not only is no loss of dignity

involved, but the practice encouraged on almost every hand. Many ladies tricycled during the last year over five hundred miles, in some cases, in fact, the distance has reached the four figures, and this to the great benefit of both mind and body.

The arguments for the coming season are unusually brilliant. The great 'Touring Club' now extends its ramifications to nearly every part of the continent and America, its numbers in its ranks nearly seven thousand members, a goodly proportion being of the fair sex, and gentlemen are selected in all places of interest and importance to point out the 'lions' to the passing tourists. Local clubs show great vitality in deciding upon their future programmes, lady cyclists are engaged upon the all-absorbing topic of 'what to wear,' assisted in many instances by the advice of the 'National Dress Association,' while their interests relatives attend Exhibitions and discuss with manufacturers concerning the machines they intend to purchase as soon as the weather permits. This selection is far from an easy task, as the advantages claimed for one class of machine appear in a variety of cases counterbalanced by different advantages in another. However, judging from the rapid sale and great demand at the present time, it would appear that the manufacturers have fairly succeeded in gratifying the particular hobbies and caprices of the riders.

We may therefore safely predict a season of unusual activity in tricycling and bicycling. Should the weather prove propitious, not only will the main roads and pleasant bylines of our mother country witness the swifly gliding wheels, but, amidst many adventurous pedestrians, the quaint old buildings of continental towns will view tourists upon their steel steeds, seeking rest from mental toil, health for the body, recreation for the mind, and experiencing that keen delight and enticing excitement which only those who know can fully appreciate.

#### 'THE LAND AFAR OFF'

A LAND wherein bleak water doth not reign,  
 But always summer, sweet unto the core,  
 Whose broken hills are knit in love again,  
 And weary souls shall wander out no more,  
 Where bliss is greater for all woe before,  
 Where fair flowers blow, without earth's sad decay,  
 And friendship's happy voices as of yore—  
 But tenfold dearer—no or again shall say—  
 'Farewell—but it ever, 'Welcome to this shore!'  
 Or 'Hail, tired pilgrims to this golden day'  
 And, 'Come, ye blest, to joys which will not pass  
 away!'

A country in whose light our souls shall bask,  
 A goodly heritage—where all we sought  
 Of hope, and love and every pleasant task  
 Shall centre glially—far beyond all thought!  
 At His, the Lamb—Who from all evil bought  
 His chosen people—shall our eyes behold,  
 And graciously as when on earth He taught,  
 His voice shall speak again—clear, as of old,  
 But with no ring of sorrow in its tone,  
 Gled presence, walking in the streets of gold!  
 A mighty King, with people all His own!

Printed and Published by W & R CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 338 High Street, EDINBURGH.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Fourth Series

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No 1012—Vol. XX.

SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1883

## DOGS THEIR HUMANE AND RATIONAL TREATMENT

BY GORDON STABLES, B.V.

IN TWO PARTS.—I IN HEALTH

TRUE and practical though I mean to be in these papers—for every line of space is valuable—I feel it my duty, both to my readers and myself, to make one or two prefatory remarks. They shall be brief. The advice given will be taken simply for what it is considered worth, but as a judge at Exhibitions of dogs both in this country and abroad, as well as reporter on such shows for the sporting press, and general writer of books and treatises on the management of all domestic animals, I have had considerable experience. All this might go for little, did I not love dogs, and constantly study their ways and their welfare, and being the owner of a considerable number of canine favourites, that lead a very happy life indeed, because their mode of being treated is rational, I have ample means of doing so. Some of the hints I shall give, and the suggestions I shall make for the better treatment of dogs, may be new to many, but they have been well considered, and are the result of an experience which I have not had to go out of my way to seek.

Since dog shows were first fully inaugurated in this country, our canine friends have taken a much higher standing in society, if I may so frame my speech. The breeds have been much improved, and the wish to obtain pure specimens is quite a craze with many people. The highest in the land take honours at such great Exhibitions as Birmingham and the Crystal Palace, and the poorest man in England prizes a well bred dog to a mongrel. Indeed, mongrels are fast being improved off the earth, and I am not sorry for it, if only for the simple reason that, as a rule, a person will treat with more consideration an animal of value than a wretched cur. Do not understand me to mean by the word

'mongrel' a simple cross of one or more breeds. A cross is often of value, but the great object of all scientific breeders nowadays is to obtain stock in every way suited for the work for which they are designed, so that the points or properties of each breed are not, as the uninitiated often imagine, merely jumbled together. Let only two dogs come to the front to illustrate my meaning. The first is the well known greyhound. For speed and endurance, good sight, with power to kill and lift a hare, he could not possibly be better suited. From stem to stern he is made to cut or cleave the air through which he bounds—even his chin seems reduced to a minimum for this purpose, and the top part of the nostril points outwards, his head is long and lean, but sufficient in muscle withal, his nostrils but little developed, because he depends not on scent, his eyes are bright, liquid, and large, and sight exquisite, his ears half erect, to catch the slightest sound, his chest wanting in breadth, and thus presenting no resistance to the wind in the forward plunge, but deep, nevertheless, to give lung room and power to 'stay,' his lungs are broad, strong, and muscular for strength he must have—while the extraordinary development of muscle on the hinder quarters gives him propelling power. Add to this, strong legs, good round cat-like feet, a long sharply notched tail which acts as a rudder, and a coat like a silken garment, warm and light, and we have the 'beach and held properties of the greyhound.

And there is the Highland collie, *par excellence* the shepherd's friend, and often 'his chief mourner,' but now probably the most fashionable of all breeds. I will not go over his points and properties. But one has only to think of the work he does, and the weather he works in, and then glance at a high bred specimen, to understand thoroughly what I speak of.

The dog, every one must admit, is man's truest and most faithful friend, and all right-thinking people must agree that he ought to be most humanely and kindly treated. Let me, then, consider somewhat in detail the most valuable



method of using him in health, with a view to keeping him well.

The first thing one should think about, before either buying a dog or accepting a dog as a gift, is a proper place to keep him in. If he is to be a house dog certainly, he will naturally be so healthy, nor will he live so long as if kept in the fresh open air. But people in towns, or even in villages, are often compelled from want of space to keep indoors the dog that is needed for companionship or protection. In this case, while he may roam about all day and lie down where he likes, provided it be not in front of the fire, for this is most prejudicial to his health, it might be well should be made in one particular instance. All that is needed is a mat or sack or old rug, but whatever it be, let it be called a bed, so that, when evening comes, the dog may be directed to it by some definite meaning to the words, 'Go to bed, boy.'

An indoor dog should not be spoiled with a dog bed, in any draughty place, in a cellar, or upon a brick or stone floor. To make a dog's bed in such spots is cruel and unkind. But to cooille him up in a warm cushion, or to permit him to sleep on the sofa or on his own bed, is an error in the other direction, for a dog will not be so healthy if so treated, nor, if he is one of the beautifully long-coated breeds, will his pelt remain in any length of time as it ought to be. When many dogs are kept out of doors, they require a special system of kennelling, which I need not describe further than to say it consists of a small house with straw covered benches, and a well ventilated door or window, and a wire or fence in front run on posts, with a well supply of fresh water.

Where only one or two dogs are kept the chain kennel is usually adopted. I do not like it with churning dogs at all, but I cannot help pointing out, as it only remains for you, then, to suggest some improvement which humanity demands in the usual outdoor dog box or barrel. The barrel first—it is the more primitive. In its primitive simplicity, it is simply a barrel with one end knocked out and a chain attached—draughty, damp, and dangerous. But even a good, roomy, strong, hard wood barrel, any one can make a comfortable kennel out of it. Thus see in it will first, and let it dry, have a thick mat of wool up, and in the side near to one end proceed to saw out a square hole big enough for the animal to easily ingress and exit. Thus you have at once a nice kennel, free from objectionable draughts, and which will lined with straw, it is all that could be desired. The square carpenter made kennel has usually the door in the gable. This is most objectionable. It only means have the opening at the side, and have the back to open when desirable, for the convenience of cleaning.

The chain should be as long as possible, and if space be plentiful, it is a good plan to have the chain ending in a round ring, and thus ring to run upon a long stretch of strong wire rope, so that the poor dog gets quite a range without being actually free. I have not the credit of inventing this capital plan, I first saw it in America when 'judging' there. All kennels should have a wooden floor, and be raised about a foot above the ground.

Kennel bedding ought to be abundant. Quite half fill the barrel or box—it will last the longer

It is greatly appreciate a good bed. Change it whenever damp, and change it at least once a fortnight whether damp or not. The best bedding for winter is often an rye straw, the best for summer, wheaten straw. I do not think shavings so good, and hay is bad, because it fills the coat with dust and a troublesome insect. Sprinkling the straw well with a decoction of gunpowder—two handfuls of chips steeped for a day or two in half a bucket of water—prevents fleas. Dampening the dog's coat with this decoction kills the fleas and other vermin. A little turpentine sprinkled over the straw has the same effect. It is a good plan in large kennels to put down a good layer of cut earth, it is a clean, wholesome, disodouring substitute for the bed.

Out in the dog's should always have an abundance of fresh water for drinking. The pan should be a broad bottomed one, and easily knocked over. The water should be changed every morning, and placed where it shall be out of the rays of the sun. In winter, care should be taken that it does not get frozen. Put water therein many sharp pieces in large tubs have a special plan of keeping a dish of pure water near the doors for thirsty dogs to drink from, summer or winter. I do not think they lose anything by being kept to get erations. Would that in my more would fill with them examples. If so, we would have fewer mal-dig panics than, unfortunately, there are at present. Please, however, do not permit to know that muzzling dogs in summer, or depriving them of exercise by shutting them up, is most likely to produce them prevent that trouble disease.

Now a few words about food and feeding. It is to the health. If usually a pet to much as to make a dog for his own health and comfort, and he is full at all hours of the day, and often in large quantities, such as sugar, grease, and fat, and sweetened milk, and other things most prejudicial to his welfare. Pure and even spirits are sometimes given to them, and I could cite cases of dogs I have known which became inactive, dumbly, finding ways and means of obtaining, in various ways that were not washing.

A dog should be fed twice a day. I purposely still use the word 'twice,' it is still such the best should be, but a half one, it is a necessity of healthful existence. If it be not given, the bowels become clogged, the bile is expelled into the stomach, the dog seeks grass, and throws himself in a natural way of what nature designed in its patient. A bit of dry dog biscuit, or a drop of milk or basin of sheep's head milk, is all my own dogs ever have for breakfast.

A dog should have his principal meal—with a run to follow—it four or five in winter, and at five in summer. Variety and change in day to day are most essential. Dog biscuits, dry or steeped, and mixed with the liquor that fresh meat or fish has been boiled in, with now and then a steamed porridge, make a good staple of diet. Bread crusts steeped may be substituted once a week. Meat should be given, but unless the dog has abundant exercise, too much does harm. Boiled greens should be mixed with the food at least twice a week, but they should be well mashed, else our friend will edge them on one

ends with his nose and leave them. Panniculae are good as a chum, so are well boiled lights and sheep's head and broth. The head should be boiled to a jelly, and no kind of meat should be given raw, except now and then a morsel of bullock's liver or milt, to act as a laxative. Never give raw hares—they carry down air into the stomach, and may produce fatal results. Potatoes, rice, and most garden roots are good, and the scraps of the table generally. Much caution should be used in giving bones. On no account give a dog fish or game or chicken bones. Milk when it can be afforded is very good for dogs, and buttermilk is a most wholesome drink for them. Let everything you give to a dog be cleanly and well cooked, and do not entertain the now exploded notion that anything is good enough for a dog. What you a dog eats, should be thrown to the fowls, and not presented to him again, for the animal is naturally dainty.

If you want a dog to remain healthy, great pains must be taken that, both personally and in all his surroundings, he is kept clean. His food and his water should be pure and fresh, the kennel he lies in should always have clean bedding, and be periodically scrubbed and disinfected. Even the inside of his leather collar should be kept sweet and clean. It ought to be brushed, if not combed, every morning with an ordinary dandy brush. This not only keeps the coat clean and free from unwholesome matter, but encourages the growth of the feather, as it is called. He should be washed once a fortnight. Washing a dog may seem a simple matter, but there is a right way and a wrong way of doing it, for all that. Here are the directions I should give to a tyro.

Choose a fine day. Wash him in the morning so that he may not run the risk of catching cold or inflammation, by going to bed with a damp coat. Place small doses in the fuel, big ones beside it. Tilt the soap in one hand, and pour the water with the other over the fingers as you lather. The water must be warm, but not hot, the lather made on the jacket abundant. Leave the head till the last, else your friend will treat you to a shower-bath by shaking himself. After he is well lathered and rubbed, squeeze and wash out all the soap, first with warm, and finally with cold water. Next give a douche bath in the shape of a bucket or two of cold water all over, and let him run about a minute or two to shake himself. Now take a rough towel and dry him as well as possible, and then take him out immediately to a run. You thus get the blood in circulation, and there is no fear of his catching cold. Let him have a bit of biscuit when he returns from his walk, and afterwards turn him into his kennel among good clean straw.

Cold and damp and draughts are very injurious to a dog's health, and it is worth remembering that if a dog has to be exposed for a time to the wet without the power of running about and keeping warm, he ought to have something to eat. Nearly all inflammations in dogs are caused by exposure to cold and wet, while the animals are fasting.

In washing dogs, the mistake of using strong alkaline soaps should be avoided. Some people use soft soap. Nothing tends more to destroy

the gloss of the coat. This gloss is caused by an oily secretion from glands situated at the roots of the hair, and is of a nature to protect the coat from damp and dirt. If washed off, therefore, there is a tendency towards catching cold, and even skin disease. This may seem a small matter, but it is truly important. Use only the mildest of soaps, therefore, and if the dog be a very tiny one, the yolk of an egg is better even than soap.

The better to protect outdoor dogs from wet or draught, it is a good plan to have the kennel movable, so that the back of it may be placed against the wind or rain. If this cannot be done, let it face always south or south and west. Be most careful that in summer the poor animal has the means of protection against the direct rays of the sun. It is bad enough for a dog to have to lie out all night in frost, but it is ten times worse for him to be exposed for even a couple of hours to a strong summer sun. I have known dogs die of it from exposure to it, and I have seen them digging holes in the gravel where they were chained, in a vain endeavour to find a cool spot and shelter from the sun's heat.

Where many dogs are kept, one cannot be too particular in the matter of cleanliness, and after the kennels have been washed down, they should be disinfected with carbolic acid in water—not too strong, for dogs loathe bad smells.

In feeding, always place the food in a clean basin or dish, on no account throw it on the ground, for dirt is as injurious to the health of a dog as it is to that of any other animal.

Exercise is most essential to the well being of a dog. A man who keeps his dog on chains for one month and to another, ought himself to undergo six weeks of precisely the same kind of punishment. If we would have our dogs healthy and happy, contented and good-tempered, we must give them their freedom for some time each day. It is better to take them for a good run quite away from home. My own dogs have a large sized orchard as a playground, but nevertheless their delight at getting beyond its limits is unbounded.

The liver of a dog is larger in proportion to his size than it is in the human being, and is very easily put out of order. If the dog has not plenty of exercise, this organ is sure to become unclean, and the health of the dog thereby injuriously affected.

Dogs have often to travel by train with or without their masters. They ought always to be placed in a strong basket or scientifically ventilated roomy box, the ventilating spaces being protected by iron bars, not flut, but metal, so that a parcel or box cannot deprive the dog of air. The Compagnie provide a 'boot' for dogs. This place is seldom if ever clean and it is draughty, were it ever so clean. When dogs are sent on business on chain, the collar should be a leather one. A metal one slips easily over the head. Guards are, as a rule, kind to dogs. Sometimes dogs in transit are left longer at stations than they ought to be, and kind-hearted strangers often give them a drop of water or open their bags and find a biscuit or morsel of bread for them. Such people will have their reward. If a label be attached to a dog's chain when he

is going to travel, fasten it close to the collar, else he may amuse himself by eating it. I saw some hounds the other day at a station which had not a notion where they were bound for and as they had swallowed their labels, the railway servants could not tell either, so both dogs and men lo led foolish.

People sometimes put a bit of brimstone in a dog's water dish, by way of keeping him pure and healthy. A public well do as much good, for the brimstone does not dissolve. But a little sulphur now and then in the food is a capital thing, a little gump water is better, containing, as it does, nitre, sulphur, and charcoal.

Now, just a word or two in conclusion about puppies. Never leave more than five or six for the dam to bring up and if they are a valuable breed or strain, and likely to all, be prepared with a foster mother, but more than six be born. For the first three weeks, the mother attends to them. After that, they ought to be taught gradually to lap warm milk, first with a little sugar. After a month, a little boiled corn flour should be added, and at this age, commence to wean gradually, by letting them have dry after dry more food and less mother's milk. Complete the weaning during the seventh week, but, as I said, *gradually*, for sake of both pups and dam. Let them have a large shed to run in, and let it be a foot deep in straw, and always clean and dry. In good weather, the pups ought to be as much as possible in the open air. There is nothing brings them on so well as playing in the sunshine. Pups must have toys, such as large bones, old boots, &c. It is wonderful the amount of fun they get out of such toys, and the amount of good such romping does them. Gradually let the fool be the kennel, and begin soon to give them a little broth as well as milk. Feed four times a day, till the pups are three months old, then three times a day until they are eight months old, then twice. Be careful with them about teaching time—thirty days from the fourth to the seventh month, during which time they shed the milk teeth and acquire the permanent ones.

Never let pups get wet, if possible, but if dirty, wash them well. While the mother is suckling, feed her well on the most nutritious diet, five or six or seven times a day.

In my next paper, I shall treat of the common ailments of dogs, and have a word or two to say about dog bites, which may be found useful.

## ONE FALSE, BOTH FAIR;

OR, A HARD KNOX

### CHAPTER XX—THE MEGATHERION

It was the noonday—which does not coincide exactly with the sun's meridian according to the accredited hour of the Royal Observatory of Greenwich—of early London life, and a great many men were lunching in the huge saloons of that prosperous institution the Megatherion Companies with limited liability, and the prospectus of each of which must surely be perused by the imaginative goose-quill of some sanguine poet, are eternally starting concerns destined

to founder, and setting up gawdaw speculations that bring profit to none, but the audacious promoter and the official trustee. But the Megatherion paid noble dividends, and flourished like a green bay tree. It met a want, a real want. Clubs, of various sizes and varying pretensions, are so numerous now as, in the days of Johnson and Boswell—the tavern haunting days—they were scarce. But clubs are too exclusive. They only admit their own members, with the rare privilege of a stranger to dine. Now, the big, admirably managed Megatherion was neutral ground, around the snowy tablecloths of which, or on the softly cushioned divans of which, all men became brothers, and it was not necessary to submit to the club ban, or to meet the perpetual clique, or to run for ever in a monotonous groove.

The Megatherion did its best to reproduce some of the best features of club life. It did its best, too, perhaps not quite consciously, to give vantage into existence some of the chief merits of the old craft house lift, which the Irish have borrowed from us, since it was in London, not Paris, that Pagan, the Furthest Greek, first brewed his coffee and that the 'China drink—tea,' commemorated by Mr Samuel Pepys, was first in vogue. There was less of yawning and more of conversation—so *conversational*—in the free Megatherion than in some of those Pall Mall places where old qualmies take possession of the lay windows and doors in the easy chair, and when a young man are expected to fly to mislaid club set up by specious adventurers, who dispense with entrance fees and club subscriptions, to pick up themselves by drinking wines and overhauling dinner. Now, at the Megatherion all admitted that the wines were good and not dear, and the cooking neatly perfect, the viands of the best quality, the table equipment faultless, and the waiting good. There were spots in the sun, blum-bles in the pure marble of Paris, and the young men from the Potteries, or Lan-shire or Dublin, who came up to London to work for Society journals, did grumble that at the Megatherion the portions were too few, the chops not fat enough, and so forth, but there was a far pennyworth for the penny.

At the Megatherion, then, many men were gathered together at luncheon time, as much later on, a larger assembly would congregate at the more social dinner hour. At one of the tables was a group of visitors to London, officers from Aldershot, two of them, the others, some five young men of some little means from county districts, while the arbiter who ruled over them—though by no means the fountain of the feast, in the sense of being the paymaster, was the only Londoner *par seorsu*, the only genuine Cockney, included in the company—was no other than Ned Tuttle, fresh from Egypt, more accomplished than ever, a pet London sparrow among the diffident rustic clurpers. Mr Tuttle had, and tried to have, an extensive country connection. He did not disdain the little arts by which such a connection can be kept up, still less the benefits accruing from it. An honorary contribution to a local newspaper now and then, in the height of the season—Ned had a deft way of handling his pen, and was keen as a sleuth-hound on the scent of gossip and scandal—and a

readiness to ply the past of eicérons to notables from the manufacturing districts, brought him in much provincial renown and some pleasant invitations during the autumn. Nor did he disdain, as now, to dine or lunch expensively with younger and simpler men than he, who listened to his lantern glowing.

At a much smaller table, within (whot of the loud conversation of Mr Little and his friends, sat two gentlemen, one of whom was Arthur Talbot, while at yet another one, huddled by, a solitary customer sat at his meal, a sunburnt man this, of wiry appearance, but wearing the glossiest of broadcloth, the sprucest of shirt pins, the neatest of neckties, and, in fact, no other than Chinese Jack, of John Seymour Street, Strand, W.C. At the Magdalen there is no division of classes. It is a public place of entertainment, and so, for that matter, are certain gorgeous hostilities in Republican Paris, the *Maison d'Or*, the *Café Riché*, the *Café Anglais*, Picric and Paul may come in if they like, in their honest white blouses, besmudged by stout chips and mortar, and may row for the canon of red wine and the bowls of lunch, and be equally admissible among the straggle wakers and the expensive fittings. But, somehow, the worthy Augustin stomachs do not care to try the experiment. Just so might Mr Whiles, in cadaver, plunge into the Magdalen and order whatever he liked and could pay for, but he very sensibly confines his custom to establishments where he can feel himself at ease. Chinese Jack, at the Magdalen, laboured under an hereditary or educational disadvantage. He sat still, and looked like a merchant skipper, and was as sun-browned as an Australian from the Plains, and behaved very quietly and like a gentleman, seeming to listen to nothing, but hearing all, as if he had been the ear of Dionysus.

To be a good listener is of it. If an out-not with a social bias, not to be such a listener as was the high born but mysterious Lovell, when he fascinated the gurgulous Mr Jonathan Oldbuck in the post-horse journey from the Forth ferry to Aberdeen. That sort of listener acts a part, a secondary one, it is true, but still a part that admits of a good deal of quiet byplay and neat stage business. But to keep one's ears open, as did Chinese Jack, to assume the ungrateful character of an eavesdropper without personal motive—this demands a great deal from a man too sensible to be imbued with a mere vulgar spirit of inquisitiveness. The lodger at Mrs Budgess private hotel in Jane Seymour Street was possessed of an unwarying patience, and could endure without wincing the stream of platitudes, the feeble jests, the tedious repetitions, the countless 'said he's' and 'said she's' and the inexplicable references to unknown circumstances, that poured upon his auditory nerves. 'Have I not,' he would say to himself grimly, 'stocked the cradle for hours, and washed and washed, content if there were but a few shiny sparangles at the bottom of all that turbid clay and iron rust and alkali.' So it is with the patet of these fools.

The particular fool to whose words Chinese Jack paid the most attention was little voluble Ned Tittle. On the homeward voyage of the good steamship *Cyprus*, he had had occasion

enough to take the measure of that Cockney chatterer, whereas Mr Little could have reported nothing as to the exact nature of the Lascars.—'One of these native fellows, don't you know?' which both saw nevertheless had been born within sight of the Norman towers of Castel Yawr. The little man was bragging in his usual style, and presently he mentioned a name that made Chinese Jack prick up his ears.

'That pretty lady Leominster—the Marquess, you know, that I saw so much of in Egypt, where poor young Leominster died,' explained Tittle, who did not like to cast his titular pearls before swine, and who had a shrewd suspicion that his youthful friends, all rounded in *fabrics*, might mistake her Ladyship for a mere kam-his wife, if he did not take the trouble to make them cognisant of the sacred strawberry leaves. As it was, they were all attentive.

'Poor young thing!' resumed Tittle, emptying his glass and refilling it. 'I saw a good deal of her out in Egypt, where we were so intimate, and, indeed, poor Leominster consulted me more than once about his will. He had made her splendid settlements—thirteen houses, the Welsh border estate, the very finest place,' pursued the speaker critically, 'in all the west, and good pleasant covers—pleasant neighbourhood, and then there was his will. But he wanted to add a codicil, to make it all sure about the personality—a large sum in consols—and it was about that, having no lawyer at hand, that he asked my advice.'

The young men from the country and the subalterns of marching regiments eyed their London acquaintance with increased respect, as the confident of a Marquis.

'It was all right,' went on Mr Tittle cheerfully, 'and so I was in a jiffy, but Leominster being ill and shaky, was anxious, and I was glad to set his mind at rest. Poor fellow! he died there, and I was brought back in his own yacht, to be buried. And the young Marchioness and her sister—a brace of beauties, I can tell you—came to Southampton with me. A nice mess they had made of it, since—'

'A nice mess?' 'Why, hang it all, I thought you said there was money in heaps,' ejaculated one of the Alder-hot officers, who, poor lad, was pinched for cash himself, since he had backed the wrong horse for more money than he could afford, last Derby day, and had ever since that fatal race been compelled to propitiate tyrannical tailors and wheedle unpaid keepers of hivery stables.

'So there is money in heaps—sixty thousand a year in land, besides the funded property and foreign securities, as I happen to know,' returned the undaunted Ned, slightly exaggerating; the Castel Yawr tent roll in his desire to set the fancy picture of his own painting in a becoming golden frame. 'The question is, who is to have it? There can't be two ladies paramount, you know.'

'Why, surely,' said a stout young manufacturer, setting down his knife and fork—'why, Tittle, you don't mean to say—'

'I do mean, and the long and short of it come to this,' interrupted the Cockney oracle in his turn, and in his glib, sure way, he proceeded to pour into the greedy ears of his auditory a garbled but tolerably coherent account of the

dispute between the masters as to precedence and identity, furnished by many picturesque touches as to how Sir Pagan was when he heard of it—how Lady Barbara, that old cat of quality, had been ridiculous in her excitement—and how the family lawyers were vainly trying to patch up the quarrel by offers of enormous pecuniary compensation, to avoid the disgrace of a public trial and newspaper disclosures.

Chinese Jack had noted the effect of these speeches in all the comments—more or less to the right and flippant—which they provoked, on Arthur Talbot, when he perfectly well remembered as a chief claimant in the case on the Cyprus. He had seen the young man's colour change, and an arrow had come into his eyes, and had ruled the effort that he made to keep calm, in all respects the same in his own mind which we all feel when we choose to buy a dear name in a deal to make from the coarse and careless lips of a Chinese.

"Sweet upon one of them—that which, I wonder!" was the sneering comment of the unimpaired spy. "I have seen him, if I may take it talking to both, on the moonlit deck. It is not all his philosophy to prevent him from warning you of a little bit of a trick. And I, for one, don't think the worse of him for the impulse."

The conjecture was perfectly accurate. Tall had felt a latent wish to put a pebble on Mr. Tattle's hot little tongue, by any means available, but it was one of those cases in which it is necessary to bear pain, as the Spartan boy endured the gnawing of the fox. No good could come from a squabble in a public place with a blatant little braggart such as his late fellow-traveller. He tried to shut his ears, then, to the little Cockney's chatter, and could only marvel at the man's impudence in representing himself as a friend and a confidential adviser of the Leominster party, whereas, to the best of Arthur's recollection, there had never been the most casual acquaintance between the late Marquis and the port gentleman of the Poultry fishmonger. There was no smoke, however, without a fire, and the late Lord had spoken to Arthur twice—once when, at Karsuk, Lord had preferred the loan of his hells, and once at the first Cataract, when he had both welcomed and bound guide book from the Marquis. Lord Leominster had been the gentlest and the simplest of men, and never snubbed an intruder, but as for confidence and counsel, there had been none on either side.

Arthur Talbot, then, sat still, and tried to overhear as little as he could of the unwell-bred babble of his noisy neighbours, desecration though it seemed to him to hear her name—hers—tossed in this manner to and fro from the tongues of the disrespectful. But Chinese Jack, his own very burnt countenance as impressive as a mask, drank in all he could, and believed as much, or a little, as commended itself to his powerful brain and his trained intellect. Presently he, too, almost winced, as he heard a name familiar enough to him.

"It was all—I'm sure of that—that Madame de Lidouve, a foreign Countess—you know the sort of people that go travelling about with titles, the half-French, half-Polish woman we called the

Sphinx, at Curo, and a very queer bird she was—very thick with Koubash Pasha and all the Palace clique, and she herself about any body said she'd been a milliner on the Boulevard in Paris, and somebody else that her husband had been a Russian Secretary of Embassy, sent to Siberia for something nastily. Anyhow, I am certain she was the wire puller in the whole affair. Mrs. Curo's only a puppet in her hands," summed up Ned Tattle, in a final effort to revive the flagging attention of his audience.

Put the young men from the country did not cut much, or perhaps understood much, about foreign Countesses of dubious antecedents, and the conversation soon got into another groove, and the Leominster coronet and estates were no longer under discussion. Then Chinese Jack, summoned the waiter, paid his bill, made his unobtrusive exit from the crowded Megatherion, and found himself again upon the tree pavement outside.

"Now to hunt her up," he said curtly, within the shadow of his bushy beard. "A needle in a bundle of hay, of course. But a magnet can find a needle—Madame. Let us try."

## SHELLAND AND ITS INDUSTRIES

BY SHERIFF FARMER

IN TWO PARTS—II ITS FISHERIES

The fishing industries of Shelland consist of the deep sea or wharf fishing—locally known by the name of the 'leaf'—and the herring fishing. In addition to these two main branches, the Shellanders are also largely interested, either personally or pecuniarily, in the inland local fisheries, the North and South Gull and Lull fisheries, and the Davis' Straits wharf fishing. Roughly speaking, of the twenty million thousand or even hundred million persons which comprise the population of Shelland, more than two-thirds gain their livelihood by the sea. Every crofter is a fisherman, his adult sons are sailors, his younger children are fish boys, his wife and daughters are 'gutters' (i.e. pickers or salters). The whole island lives by, and talks of nothing but fish. Death to the head that weus no hair, is the popular toast at every social gathering. 'May the Lord open the mouth of the gray fish, and haul His hand about the corn,' is the fervent prayer of every Shelland fisherman and crofter. If by the wharf fishing, ling, and tank—he earns his living, the gray fish—the salt or coal fish and its young, all his pickles according to age—provide him with food for his family. As for yellow or smoked fish, they are almost entirely neglected in Shelland. Fish dried by exposure to the air only—*blown* (blown) or *soot* fish, as they are called, are the only cured fish which are appreciated as articles of diet by your true Shellander. Of the various fisheries above enumerated, the 'haul' was, until very recently, by far the most important.

Long before the Shellanders possessed anything approaching to a fishing fleet of their own, the teeming waters around their coasts were annually visited by the 'busses' of the Dutch fishing fleet. To the Dutch, indeed, the Shellanders owe no

inconsiderable amount of their present prosperity. All over the islands, these energetic foreign-established stations, which were the markets of the district—the outlet for its industries, and the source of its supplies. The town of Lerwick itself is said to have owed its origin to this circumstance. For at least two centuries, the yearly visits of the Dutch fleet to Brésey Sound was the one break in the monotony of the Læwegan's existence. A great annual fair was held in the end of June on a hill about three miles from the town, still known by the name of the 'Hillanders Knowe,' and some idea of the number of vessels which in these brave old times thronged Lerwick harbour during its continuance, may be gained from the tradition that it was possible to cross the Sound of Brésey—which is a mile and a half broad—on a bridge of boats formed by the Dutch busses anchored bulwark to bulwark. But for some time past, the number of the Dutch white fishing fleet has been gradually diminishing. In 1882 only about a hundred and fifty great Midsummer Day in Lerwick harbour.

For the last twelve years, the number of fishing boats engaged in the 'herring'—which begins in April and continues till about the middle of August—has averaged six hundred. During the years 1872-1874 there was a considerable decrease. But in 1875 the number rose from five hundred and forty-three to five hundred and sixty-three, in 1881 it reached to that of six hundred and fourteen, in 1882 it was six hundred and seventy-four. Many of these boats, however, are Scotch. It is stated that for the 'herring' of the current year, a large number of Scotch boats have been already engaged, and for the first time, Scotch curries will compete with the Shetlanders in this particular branch of business. If this statement is correct, as we cannot doubt it to be, there is no question but that a considerable impetus will be given to an industry, which, although far from being neglected, has not yet been developed with anything approaching to the same degree of energy with which the herring fishery has been prosecuted.

Hitherto, the principal obstacle to the extension of both the one and the other of these fisheries has been the cost of the new-decked boats which it has been found necessary to substitute for the old 'sixains' or six-oared boats which have for centuries been exclusively employed by the Shetland fishermen. These 'sixains' says the Report of the Shetland Relief Committee, 'are of a build peculiar to the islands, and closely resemble the Norwegian yawl. Slimly built, about six and a half feet broad, and three feet deep, and with from twenty to twenty-one feet of keel, they are manned by six men, and carry a large lug-sail containing about sixty yards of canvas. Although, from their final appearance, they are not used by south-country fishermen, the Shetlanders, accustomed to them from infancy, manage them with consummate skill, and make marvellous voyages in them on the dangerous and boiling seas which surround these islands.' But the great storm of July 20th, 1881, which destroyed the whole of the North Isles fishing fleet, was the death blow of the 'sixains.' Though the Shetlanders were loth to condemn their old favourite, and even yet can scarcely be got to admit its deficiencies, that unparalleled

disaster clearly proved that safety was only to be found in boats of stronger build as well as of greater rigidity. It is satisfactory, however, to think that the lesson of this terrific summer's night has not been given in vain. 'The sixains,' we learn from the First Annual Report of the Directors of the Shetland Fishermen's Widows' Relief Fund, just published, 'are gradually but surely becoming a thing of the past. At the principal stations—Gloup, Lethaland, and Whalsay—the boats have decreased in number by from one-third to three-fourths since last year. At Ollaberry and Houldswick, the number is the same, though a decrease is expected next year, while from Buravog, Mid Yell, Mo-shark, and Hovra, come reports of a marked decrease. These boats are principally manned by old men, who cannot readily adapt themselves to the new large-decked boats which are now numerous in the islands, and which are manned by young men.'

The average annual amount of white fish cured for the twelve years from 1870 to 1881 inclusive was eighty-four thousand and thirty-eight hundred weight. The returns for the year 1875 were the highest, whilst those of the following year were the lowest, during that period. In 1882 the quantity amounted to sixty-eight thousand five hundred and hundred weight. The price of fish has of late considerably advanced, and is still advancing. For the white fishings of the current year the cures are already engaged. The general prices given by the curers are, for large, per hundred weight, eight shillings, and sixpence, and seven shillings and sixpence, for five shillings and sixpence, half of ten shillings, half May, and six shillings afterwards. Even at such prices, there must remain a considerable margin of profit to the exporter.

Very recently, a fresh departure has been made in the Shetland white fish trade, the importance of which will be readily perceived, although only a rough approximation can be arrived at as to its present condition and rate of extension. The export of fresh fish—principally halibut, though including some cod and haddock—packed in ice for the English markets, was commenced in the year 1880 by an enterprising firm of fish curers in Lerwick, who chartered a steamer for the purpose. In 1882, the third year of the industry, some six or seven firms had embarked in the business, and the export, which in 1880 did not amount to a hundred tons, had increased to four hundred and twenty.

It is, however, principally in respect of its herring fishery that the progress of Shetland has been so rapid and so marked.

Prior to the year 1875, the curing and export of herrings could scarcely be said to exist in the islands. It was not till the fish did not frequent the coast, then, as now, the shoals of the Shetland every summer, and a certain quantity was caught by the 'sixains,' and fitted for home consumption. Between 1870 and 1874 the annual number of barrels so cured averaged two thousand and sixteen. But in 1875 decked boat-owners by Scotch curers for the first time made their appearance in Shetland waters. At first the Scotch boats had it all their own way, but in 1877 two decked boats were introduced as belonging to the islands. Five years later—in 1882—their number had increased to one hundred and eighty-three;

whilst, during the ensuing season, it is expected that the total number of boats engaged in the fishery will be between seven and eight hundred, of which close upon three hundred will belong to the islands. A glance at the subjoined table will show the steady and remarkable progress made in this important industry since its commencement.

Year	Boats	Decked Boats	Barrels Cured
1875	83	11	2,806
1876	78	91	4,628
1877	67	32	5,451
1878	93	25	8,499
1879	146	70	8,755
1880	145	72	48,953
1881	142	134	59,946
1882	106	266	134,000

It is, of course, impossible to say whether the trade will continue to maintain its present high figure. If it does, the future prosperity of Shetland is assured. For the moment, its supremacy as a herring curing station in the north of Scotland is disputed only by Lerwick alone.

Altogether the effects of this rapid development are beginning to show, not in Lerwick only, but all over the islands. Stations are being every where erected, curing sheds put up, fishermen's houses built, piers constructed, wharves opened. The boat building trade during winter has been very brisk, and many new boats have been ordered from the south. In Lerwick, the price of land near the docks suitable for curing stations has gone up at least a hundred per cent. Land at the high figure at which it is being sold or let, acquisitions are not far to seek. Eleven new stations have been erected—chiefly for south country curers—during the past winter, raising the total of the curing stations in the neighbourhood of the town, including the island of Bressay, to twenty three.

The principal districts at which, during the current year, the herring fleet will fish are on the west side of the islands, Walls, Scalloway, Whiteness, and the islands of Papa, Burra, and Trondra, and on the east side, Lerwick, Yell, and Unst. About half of the east side fleet will be stationed at Lerwick, the other half will be divided between Yell and Unst.

During the two herring seasons—the west side commencing in June and ending in July, and the east side commencing in August and ending in October—the departure and arrival of the fishing fleet is one of the most striking and picturesque sights which Shetland has to offer to the stranger. Fractions of all nationalities are to be found in the fleet—many Irish, more Scotch, some Flemish, some Prussian, some from Yarmouth and Lowestoft, others from the Isle of Man. The Dutch herring fleet, which in 1873 consisted of one hundred and four vessels, and in 1882 of four hundred and ten, for the most part fish in Shetland waters. Occasionally disputes arise—quarrels about nets, squabbles about the fishing grounds of the various vessels and nationalities, but, as a rule, order is fully observed. It is not, however, to be expected that, as the fishings increase, this immunity from serious disturbance will continue to prevail. Even now, the presence of a fishery cruiser to

exercise the functions of a marine police is imperatively required, and it is to be hoped that the new Scottish Fishery Board, from which so much is expected, will feel it to be their duty to provide the islanders with the protection before the commencement of the approaching fishing-season.

The increase in the herring fishing has been followed by a proportionate and natural decrease in the importance of the other industries of the islands. The amount of capital sunk and the number of Shetlanders employed in the Faeroe and Iceland cod fisheries, the Greenland seal, and the Davis Straits whale fishings are slowly but surely decreasing. In 1882 the number of Shetland hands who slipped for the Greenland fishing was only three hundred—the lowest for many years, and not more than two hundred Shetlanders embarked on board the whalers for the same year.

It is by a reference to the official returns of the Customs and the Board of Trade that we can most readily appreciate the rapidity of the rise in the present importance of the mercantile and industrial interests of the Shetland Islands. In 1870 the value of the exports of Shetland, consisting entirely of salt herrings, dried salted cod and ling, was £25,387, in 1882 their value was £170,622—an increase of £145,235. The shipping returns for the same years show a similar increase alike in its foreign and its coasting trade. To take the latter only—in 1870 the inward cargoes (one hundred and eighty six vessels) were 27,977 tons, and the outward cargoes (one hundred and sixty one vessels) were 26,293. In 1882 the inward cargoes (three hundred and thirty six vessels) were 65,271 tons, the outward cargoes (two hundred and eighteen vessels) were 49,165. Such figures require no comment.

That a great future is in store for these hitherto poor and almost unknown islands is a truth in which the Shetlanders themselves at least implicitly believe. The facts and figures stated in this article tend to justify the view which will perhaps enable the reader to judge how far their pretensions are well founded.

## BENJAMIN BLUNT, MARINER

### IN THREE CHAPTERS—CONCLUSION

PRESENTLY Mr Blunt came back from the window and sat down near the table. 'Lily Trevor, I have a question to ask you,' he said. His voice sounded husky and strange even to himself. 'You do not remember your mother?'

'Poor dear mamma died when I was quite an infant.'

'Nor do you remember your father?'

'No, I have not the faintest recollection of my father.'

'And you have never been told anything about either of them?'

'Oh, Mr Blunt, how do you know that? You tell me things that make me sad. How do you, an old fisherman, know so much about me and mine?'

'Listen, Lady Trevor. I, Benjamin Blunt, an old fisherman, as you say, know both your father and your mother.'

'You knew my father and mother, Mr Blunt? You would not deceive me in this, I know you would not. And, as you say, no one ever told

me anything about them. You will tell me about them, will you not? I think about them but—oh! so often! but my uncle and aunt have never allowed me even to mention their names, and that has been the only unhappiness of my life!

'I will tell you what I know about them on one condition—that you never mention to a soul, except your husband, what I am now going to say to you.' He spoke with a simple dignity that did not fail to impress his hearer.

'I promise,' came the low reply without a moment's hesitation.

Old Riley was beaking in the general warmth of the fire. He neither stared nor spoke, and the others seemed to have forgotten his presence.

For a few moments, Benjamin Blunt's gaze went out the window, the sunlit window, and one might have thought he was watching the white plume waves as they came rolling shoreward, but in truth he saw them not at all. He came back to the present with a sigh, and when he began to speak, it was in a low troubled voice, which, however, gathered strength as he went on with his narrative. 'Your grandmother, the lady whose likeness is in that locket, ran away from her me to marry a strolling player. It seemed to her friends as if she had dimitted herself and them, and they would have nothing more to do with her. After a time, your mother was born, and a few years later your grandfather the next died. Then your grandmother took to keeping a child's school in a country village, and there your mother grew up, knowing no thing of her true relations. Then your grandfather died, and your mother was thrown on the world. It was just about that time that that my friend—a man in fact, known well to me, saw her and fell in love with her. He was a rough, plain seaman fellow, years older than she—but not bad at heart, I think. He only knew your mother as the daughter of the village school mistress. Well, he loved her as much as a man can love, and she—perhaps because she had no longer a home—agreed, after a time, to be his wife.

'But she loved him in return, did she not, Mr Blunt?'

'She grew to love him after a while—to love him very dearly. Well, they were as happy together as all the birds in the wood and then by and by she was born, and they seemed happier still. But not for long. Your mother—died! There was a sob in the old fisherman's voice as he spoke the last word.

Lady Janet slipped off her chair, and kneeling on one knee, took out of his rough hands in both hers and pressed it to her cheek.

'Well, he—my friend, you know—was really broken hearted, but for the sake of the little one that was left him—for your sake—he tried to bear up like a man. I—I used to see a good deal of my friend at that time, and I often used to take you out—that is, he and I used together—into the fields and lanes where the wild flowers were a growing or down on the shore to gather shells for a net-bace, or into the little churchyard where your mother lay sleeping, and he used to say that the Janet he had lost was coming back to him in you, for you had her eyes and her hair, and just the same sunny smile, and after a

time he began to feel that there was something left worth living for.'

'Pray go on, dear Mr Blunt.'

'Well, one day a cute lawyer came down from London. Your uncle and aunt had lost all their children. You were their nearest relation, and they wanted you to live with them, and they would bring you up as a lady, and when they died, you would come in for all their money.'

'Yes, yes! My father and I went to go and live in London with my uncle and aunt.'

'You were to go, but not your father. He was a rough, ignorant fellow, and they wanted nothing to do with him.'

'But my father would not let me go!'

'At first he said no. But the lawyer came again and again, and told him how he was standing in his little gulf light—how, away from him, she would be taught and brought up as a lady—be rich and happy. How, with him, she would grow up a poor, ignorant country girl, and as such she must live and die. At last they persuaded him—my friend, I mean—to let his little daughter go.

'Oh, if he had but kept her! I would rather have had his love than all the riches in the world.'

'He thought—God help him—that he was doing the best he could for his little girl. They bound him down by a solemn promise never to try to see her or interfere with her in any way, but he would not take the money they offered him—no, thank heaven! he would not take their money.'

'Poor papa! He did it for the best—he did it for my sake—but he should not have let me go.'

'For a long time after you had gone, he was like a crazy man. Day after day he went to the Willow Pool with his mind made up to end his troubles under its black water. But there was something, he could hardly tell what, that kept him back. He seemed to hear his wife's voice whispering to him from among the trees, and he put off doing it till another day.

'Why did he not fetch me back? How happy we should have been together! But where is she now? Can you not take me to him?'

Slowly, mournfully, the old fisherman shook his head.

'Do not tell me it is too late!—that—that!—'

Very tenderly he laid a hand on the fair young head. 'Your—your father is dead!'

She covered her face with her hands and wept silently.

Mr Blunt's arms went out involuntarily as if to clasp her to his heart, but next moment he drew them back. 'No, no! God help me! it must not be,' he murmured.

'But you can tell me where his grave is!' said Janet presently in a broken voice. 'You will take me to it, will you not—to his and my mother's grave?'

The fisherman rose from his chair and then sat down again. His features were working strangely. 'What shall I say if you shall I put her off?' he asked himself. Then he said aloud: 'Your father died at sea!'

'Poor—poor papa! But you were with him when he died?'



'Yes—I was with him. His last words, his last thoughts, were of you. He pictured you in his mind growing up refined, educated, a lady. He pictured you married to some rich gentleman, who would love you and cherish you and make you happy. And when he thought of all this, and of how little he could have done for you had he kept you to himself, he said "My sufferings are nothing. Everything has happened for the best."

Janet stood up. Her face was very pale, she gazed at Ben through a mist of tears. 'They are both dead,' she said, 'both father and mother lost to me for ever, but it is something to have learned their history, and though it be. And you knew them both—were the friend of both.' These hands have touched them—those eyes have seen them—you have spoken with them as you have spoken with me. And now you have saved the daughter in the boat called by the mother's name.' Her arms went round his neck, she pressed her lips to his cheek once, twice, tenderly, lovingly, as a daughter might do. 'I kiss you for the love you hid for those I shall never see in this world. Think of me—find a nook for me in your heart, as if I were a child—a daughter of your own.'

During the last few minutes, Riley had woken up to the fact that something out of the ordinary way was being enacted at his elbow. It may be that he was not quite so hard of hearing as people generally credited him with being, and that a portion of the dialogue between Blunt and Lady Janet had been comprehended by him. In any case, an unwonted gleam of intelligence lighted up his withered mark of a face and brightened his eyes. 'Pretty dear!' he muttered to himself. 'Why, that must be Ben's own daughter—the little Janet he used to talk about so much twenty years ago. And she don't recollect her own father! Lord, Lord! how these young ones do grow!'

For a moment or two Ben could not speak. Then he said 'I do think of you, and always shall, as if you were my own child. But after to-day, I shall never see you again—never again!'

'You must not say that. When my husband and I come back from India—'

'Ben Blunt will be sleeping quietly under the turf! But—you will send me your likeness and a lock of your hair before you leave England? I have some of your mother's hair, and—and you shall have half of it.' Then he added, speaking to himself 'Only half, the rest to be buried with me.'

Old Riley was still mauling to himself 'And to think she don't know it's her father she's a talking to!' he murmured.

At this moment, Phil Gaylor entered the room carrying a letter in his hand, which he presented to Lady Janet. 'A note for your Ladyship from Sir Harry Trevor,' he said.

'A note from my husband!' she exclaimed with a little trepidation. 'Why has he not come in person?' With that she tore open the envelope, and read as follows.

MY DARLING—Lord Portdown having heard of the wreck, has just driven over to see us. He is going up to town to-day, and is anxious that we should accompany him. There is only

just time to catch the forenoon train at Deepdale. I have sent a carriage to take you to the station, where his lordship and I will meet you. Thank our preserver, Mr Blunt, for me. Tell him that I greatly regret not having seen him at the hotel this morning. I inclose a bank note for fifty pounds—all I have with me—which please give him in our joint names, to be used by him in any way he may deem best. I will write to him either from London or Southampton, and inclose a further remittance for the benefit of the brave fellows who were Mr Blunt's companions last night. We owe all of them a vast debt of gratitude. Start for the station as quickly as possible after receiving this, or we shall miss our train—Yours,  
HARRY.

The vision of a carriage at the garden gate brought Ruth into the room.

Having read the note over to herself, Lady Janet now proceeded to read it aloud. 'I must go at once,' she said, with a wistful look at Ben as she laid the bank note on the table.

'The carriage is at the gate,' remarked Phil. Ruth, taking the hint, quitted the room for a moment, returning presently with Lady Janet's plaid and hat. The latter article she regarded ruefully. The salt water had spoiled its beauty for ever.

'Yes, I must go,' repeated Lady Janet as she took one of Ben's hands in hers. 'But I shall not forget this morning. I shall love you, and often think of you when I am in any way from dear old England. And you will not forget me, will you?' 'I forget you! Ah!—'

'We shall only be away for a few years. I shall write to you, and either you or Ruth must answer me. And now—farewell! How my heart clings to you! When I was a little child, and you carried me in your arms, I feel that I must have loved you very much. I love you very much now. Farewell! Once more her arms went round his neck, once more her lips were pressed to his.

'Farewell—my darling—farewell!' The words were little more than a whisper. The tears that he had kept back so manfully would be restrained no longer. He sat down on the nearest chair and the others turned their faces away, they felt that his grief was shared.

Lady Janet turned to Ruth and embraced her affectionately. 'You must promise to write to me,' she said.

'Oh! your Ladyship!' exclaimed Ruth in dismay.

'And let me know before the wedding comes off. We shall not forget either you or Phil.' This was said in a whisper.

Phil stood with his hand on the latch of the door. Lady Janet turned to Riley, who had risen from his easy chair and was now standing in the middle of the room. 'Good bye, Mr Riley,' she said, holding out a hand to him.

The old man looked fixedly at her for a moment or two, then lifting a skinny finger and pointing it at Ben, he said 'You is not going to leave him like that, are you?'

A startled look came into Lady Janet's blue eyes. 'Leave him like that, Mr Riley? I don't understand you.'

'You're not going to leave your father like that, are you?'

'MY FATHER!'  
'Your father,' quoth the old man, 'as sure as you stand there.'

For a moment or two Lady Janet stood with her hand pressed to her side and a dazed look in her eyes, as if one suddenly roused from sleep. Then with a cry she flung herself on her knees by the side of Ben's chair. 'Are you—you who saved my life—my father?'

He laid a trembling hand on each of her shoulders, while a strange light came suddenly into his eyes. The secret he had kept so faithfully for twenty years had been told by another. He was absolved from his promise. His head bent forward till his lips touched the golden apples of her hair. 'Janet!—my child!'

*Author's Note*—This story having been dramatized, and the provisions of the law as regards dramatic copyright having been duly complied with, any infringement of the author's rights becomes actionable.

### SALADS.

Much attention has during late years been turned to the most economical, rational, and nutritious way of cooking food. Our cooking, has no doubt vastly improved since proper steaming in the art has become available, but at the same time the knowledge of the constituents of food stuffs, their value and importance, has not been so widely disseminated. In no way is this fact so distinguishable as in our restricted use of salads. A certain proportion of food daily, fresh and uncooked, is essential to health, but not only are salads excluded from our general dietary, but fresh fruits following dinner are considered an extravagance in an ordinary middle class family, except when guests are expected. Thus is a mistake made. Both salads and fruits are cheap articles of food, and require little or no preparation, and the fact that in eating them uncooked we have the full benefit of their mineral constituents, potash, soda, &c., which are often lost in boiling vegetables, should induce British housewives to eat them more frequently. In one or two books on Food, we find salads mentioned as 'a pleasant variety of food,' but in others, notably in the collection of lectures delivered at the South Kensington Museum by Dr. Linklater, whilst he was Superintendent of the Animal Product and Food Collections, we see he dwells upon the urgent necessity, if health is to be kept in perfect integrity, of eating some uncooked vegetables or fruits every day.

Most people would like salads if only they had sufficient variety, but generally our ideas on salad are expressed in the old mixture of lettuce with beetroot, endive with beetroot, or plain lettuce. Amongst other nations, the French, Russians, Germans, and Americans especially, we find those only used as a foundation for a salad, the most pleasing varieties being obtained by different modes of dressing and the admixture of several flavouring substances—the *fournitures*, as the French call it. This consists of herbs such as chervil, tarragon, sorrel, and chives. But besides these, we might with advantage use celery, radishes, tomatoes, cold potatoes, and

pickled cabbage, even doree and dandelion leaves. The dandelion is extensively employed as salad on the continent, but rarely in England. At the end of winter—the most difficult time to provide salads—the dandelion comes in very useful. To prepare it, the ordinary wild garden dandelion should be taken when young and its leaves washed up like a lettuce, or the plant covered over with a pot. Its leaves are thickly blanched, and it loses its bitterness. Dairy leaves require no such attention—they are simply used in their natural condition.

Salad to be palatable requires not only a tasty dressing, but fresh, well washed vegetables. The best plan to prevent the appearance of any objectionable garden insects at table is to wash all the salad constituents in a basin of cold water into which a good sized lump of salt has been thrown. Then, before beginning the dressing, the salad should be torn up by the fingers, when no silver knife is handy, dried in a clean cloth, or, better still, swung in a net, so that it may not be wet enough to impoverish the dressing. To begin with a simple salad dressing, we may take the advice contained in the old Spanish proverb. To make a good salad, four persons are required—a counsellor for salt, a mixer for vinegar, a spender for oil, and a madman to stir all together. Thus we may paraphrase to mean, that over a salad filling an ordinary sized bowl, we should sprinkle a salt spoonful of salt, mix a dessert spoonful of vinegar with three times as many of oil, pour it over the salad, and stir well with a wooden spoon and fork. Those who like a hot flavouring, should add either pepper or mustard. If pepper, it must be shaken over the salad after the salt, if mustard, it must be mixed with the vinegar before adding the oil. In Switzerland, a favourite dressing consists of two ounces of cheese pounded, a table spoonful of vinegar, a little salt and pepper, and three table spoonfuls of olive or salad oil. Another simple dressing is a fresh raw egg well beaten, a tea spoonful of mixed mustard, three table spoonfuls of oil, with vinegar added, when the mixture is quite smooth to dilute and flavour. A variation of this is to boil an egg hard, put its yolk into a basin, break it up finely with a wooden spoon, add a little French mustard or pepper, and salt, and while stirring evenly and continuously, pour in drop by drop three or four dessert spoonfuls of oil, and at the end dilute with a dessert spoonful of tarragon vinegar. These dressings are all palatable with fresh green salad, but a difference must be made in the case of cold boiled vegetables which can be served in the form of a salad. It is better to serve surplus vegetables as salads than to re-warm them.

Potato scraps cut into small dice shapes, carrots cut up finely, white hacket beans, lentils, cold peas, turnips, beetroot, &c., may be served all mixed together dressed with a rich mayonnaise, and will make a delicious off hand dish. But potatoes are also pleasant in summer served cold as salad, instead of hot as in ordinary vegetable. Potato salad is also a good supper dish for winter evenings. The kidney potato is the best kind for making the salad with in summer, and in winter, the red potato should be used, as the regents or any floury potatoes crumble too much to dress well. In preparing potatoes for this purpose, it is necessary to put them into cold water in their

skins, with a good table spoonful of salt to about a dozen potatoes. They must then be allowed to boil up, and afterwards left to simmer gently until quite tender. When cold, they are peeled, and cut up into rounds as thin as possible. A layer of the slices is then spread over a glass dish, sprinkled with pepper, salt, finely shred sprouts, onions, and some chopped parsley, or mustard and cress, and then saturated with oil and vinegar. Each successive layer, until the dish is full, must be dressed in the same manner. This is the only salad where as much vinegar as oil is required. Generally speaking, in other salads vinegar is used in about the proportion of one to four of oil, but potatoes require a great deal more, because of the amount of starch they contain, and not less than three spoonfuls of vinegar to four of oil will ever be sufficient. Some find them taste best suited by mixing equal quantities. The French put garlic into their potato salads, but though wholesome, it is not a favourite flavouring substance with English speaking people.

Where a *soufflé* of the flavour is not objected to, a good plan is to rub a dry crust of bread with garlic or leek or onion, and place the crust at the bottom of the dish. This plan may be adopted for all salads, or the salad bowl may be rubbed round with the root, to attain the same object.

Another delicious salad is a lobster or salmon salad, one which is occasionally attempted, but rarely successfully so, by the inexperienced amateur. Tinned lobster or salmon is not very agreeable in this form, and the dish, therefore, should never be tried except when the fish are in full season. The best way to set to work to turn out a nice lobster salad is to select a good fresh lobster, cut it down the centre of the back, take out the flesh, divide each half into two, three, or four pieces, get the flesh out of the claws, and put it all to stand on a clean plate in a mixture of oil, vinegar, pepper, and salt, whilst the other preparations are being made. The constant in cutting off the green or outer leaves of the lettuce and endive, and washing them thoroughly in cold salt water with a little mustard and cress, drying them well, cutting the best root into thinly sliced rounds or small dice, furrowing the cucumber in and out, slicing it, and laying it in a little water, so that it may swell and look pretty, and putting two or three eggs on the fire to boil until hard. The dressing or mayonnaise is then commenced. Into a good sized round basin, a tea spoonful of salt and half a tea spoonful of pepper are first thrown, for if they are forgotten, and added later, they make the dressing lumpy, the whites of two eggs are then drained off into a warm glass, and their yolks put into the basin, and well stirred until smoothly mixed with the pepper and salt. A wooden spoon is the best for the purpose, and the stirring once begun, must be continued throughout in the same direction, or another cause of curdling will be produced. The best plan is always to stir with the bowl of the spoon towards one's self, and from right to left. After the yolks are well

properly nor be smooth. In very warm weather, it is sometimes difficult, even with the utmost care, to get it to thicken well, the best keeping it liquid. Where this is the case, the basin should be placed in cold water whilst the stirring is going on, and care should be taken to keep the spoon cold. After the oil is all stirred in, vinegar or lemon juice to taste should be added. Lemon juice will lighten the colour of the mayonnaise, ordinary vinegar will make it darker, whilst tarragon vinegar will very much improve the flavour of the now completed mayonnaise. A good thick layer of salad is then taken, dipped right into the mayonnaise, and put on the dish, successive layers follow until there is enough. The lobster is next taken from its dressing, and tastefully arranged in the centre and round the sides of the dish, the finish being given by ornamenting the dish with slices of hard boiled egg, cucumber, and beetroot.

A word in conclusion as to salad bowls. A lobster mayonnaise is never dressed in the dish in which it is served, its shape, therefore, is immaterial. But it is important that a bowl in which ordinary salad is to be dressed should be round, and not oval. In France, a complete dinner service comprises several sizes of salad bowls. We in England are content with one size for the service of one, two, or a dozen people, and are never very particular as to the shape. Stirring or mixing cannot be properly done in oval shaped dishes of small depth, yet this is the form most frequently offered for purchase. It is time that we made up our minds to two things—first, that every household should have three or four round salad bowls of varying size, and a conch, that no salad should be offered to a guest which has not previously been well mixed with a tasty dressing. Saving a Cos letter knife, suitably cut for each guest to dress as he pleases, on the crescentic plates which have been introduced, is barbarous, and unworthy the name of salad.

### THE PROFITS OF BEE KEEPING

Why intelligence is brought to bear upon bee keeping, that pursuit may be much amply remunerative. Taking the average of the expenditure and income from ten hives over ten years, a bee keeper—a country labourer—informed the writer that during that period his outlay was sixty pounds, and his income two hundred and sixty nine pounds, or an average of nearly twenty one pounds of clear gain each year. If bee keeping gives such large profits as this, it may be asked 'Why have not capitalists turned their attention to this industry?' Simply because a monopoly is impossible. Only a few hives can be placed here and there, the flowers being widely scattered. Thus, why bee keeping is so suitable for labourers and others who are poor, and to whom twenty, ten, or even five pounds a year extra is an immense boon. The labourer before referred to said to the writer 'But for my bees, I do not know how I could have brought up my family.'

We have given one instance of the profits of bee keeping, and it is much less favourable than

... important that the oil should be poured in drop by drop continuously, and the stirring be properly done, or the mixture will neither thicken

many. A gentleman in East Lothian, a year or two ago, published a detailed account of the profits from one hive one season, and it amounted to seven pounds. We know of a railway official who, from twenty-five hives, sold one hundred and seven pounds worth of honey in 1878. Certainly he lived in a particularly favourable locality, and 1878 was a favourable year, but even greater returns have been recorded than this. We do not mention such instances in order to make people believe that they have only to go in for bee-keeping in order to clear large sums, but rather to show what chances people in the country have of bettering their condition. It must be kept in mind that there are many localities where, taking one year with another, an average of two pounds per hive may be realised.

Home honey sells at a high price—often less than two shillings per pound retail. But, it may be asked, if country working men all took to bee-keeping, will not the prices fall and the profit become less? We don't think so. In fact, there are reasons for believing the opposite. The taste for honey and the demand for it are spreading, so much so, that immense quantities of very inferior stuff are annually imported from America to supply the demand, and this honey sells at a really low price. Of course it sells at a much lower price than the genuine article, and is used by a class that would think twice before giving half a crown for a pound of honey, though in reality they pay much more, for only a small proportion of what they buy as foreign honey really is honey.

'You can't adulterate eggs,' people will tell you, 'nor yet honey, if you buy it in the comb, just as the bees have left it, sealed and stamped with their own peculiar trade mark.' And yet there is nothing more adulterated than much of the honey sent to us from across the Atlantic. The makers of wooden nutmegs, of cheese from lar, butter from meat, and who send the 'best Belfast hams' from Chicago direct, are fit enough for a adulterating honey, even though it be sent across the Atlantic 'just as the bees left it.' And adulterated honey is a much more objectionable component than sham cheese or olmonary wine. Most of it is nothing more than that glucose or artificial grape sugar now so largely manufactured in the States for making spirits, and for the adulteration of sugar, honey, preserves, and everything sweet. But it is sweet, and bees will store up anything sweet. They are allowed to gather honey by day, and are liberally fed with this artificially prepared stuff by night, so that the real honey and the false are stored side by side. The real thing only serves to gum enough of the odour and a little of the flavour of honey to make it sell. Other adulterators give plain cane sugar syrup, which is harmless enough, but is only worth twopenny halfpenny a pound. But even pure American honey itself is inferior, hence there never will be foreign competition in this article, as in the case of grain and meat.

In as few words as possible, we will direct attention to the best methods of bee-keeping. The great mistake beginners in bee culture make is to get the bees before they get any knowledge of their habits and wants. Filled with a desire

to participate in the advantages reaped by some one who keeps bees and manages them intelligently, and so makes money by them, a swarm is secured, and duly placed in a spot sheltered from the wind. Partly because of its cheapness, partly because of an inextinguishable feeling that it is their natural home, the time honoured, old-fashioned straw skep is chosen. Of course it is a 'swarm' that is secured, and when hived, there is nothing but bees in the hive—no comb and no stores. The bees, before leaving the old hive, gorge themselves with a supply, and thus they at once begin to utilise in the building of comb, and so it is soon exhausted. Possibly a spell of rainy weather follows, and the bees are speedily reduced to a state of starvation. Thus to the man who knows nothing of bee economy is a matter of no concern, for the strange notion frequently prevails that bees are self-sustaining, and so weather conditions with the majority have no weight at all. Should the weather prove favourable, the bees rally forth in search of food, and as the first swarms guardedly come forth about the time the corn fields are golden with willow-herb—it is called skellock in Scotland, chulo in England—they generally find plenty of food, and comb building an easy-going occupation. But this, in the case of the beekeeper who gets the bees before he gets his knowledge, wholly depends on the weather. Should it be broken, the work proceeds slowly, and instead of the queen beginning from two to three thousand eggs daily, as she will do when cells are built rapidly, perhaps only a hundred or two are laid, and this only by fits and starts, for bees only breed when food is plentiful. Under such conditions, the colony, instead of rapidly gaining in number, as is absolutely necessary to success, barely holds its own—its bees are short-lived—and in reality had better, dwindle and die. The consequence is that the majority lose heart and proceed no further. Even when they hold their own, no profit is reaped, for it is only when stocks are very strong, that honey is stored, and thus is the secret of successful bee-keeping.

The proper thing to do with a newly got swarm, even in the best of weather, is to get the bees to fill the hive as rapidly as possible with comb and young brood. This is done by feeding. But feeding requires skill, or neither mischief will happen. When natural food is plentiful, only a little feeding should be given, and that at night, for then wax secretion and comb building will proceed by night and by day, and this is of immense importance. But if too much be given, the bees will build drone cells instead of worker cells, and the efforts of the colony will be wasted in rearing bees that only exhaust the stores of the busy workers. Such colonies rarely do any good. Cautious feeding must therefore be observed, but what constitutes cautious feeding wholly depends on the weather, for in wet weather, feeding, night and day must go on. When feeding is conducted skilfully, an ordinary hive will be full of comb, and young bees will be hatching out at the end of three weeks. These will speedily make the stock strong, and ready to take advantage of 'every shining hour.' Should the weather at this stage be wet, feeding must still go on, as the young bees will starve. When straw skeps are used, this is as rapid work as can be looked for; and as it can

be done in a few days when what are called 'bar frame' hives are used, advanced bee keepers have mostly abandoned the straw skep, and even much better hives, such as the Stewarton, for the bar frame.

Bar frame hives are so constructed that the combs are each built in a frame—generally ten to a hive—which can be taken out and replaced at will. In this way weak hives may be strengthened by having one or two combs, each containing thousands of young brood and eggs, supplied from strong hives. This is an important point in the case of the straw skep, and for want of such timely aid, many weak stocks have utterly perished or remained unprofitable. Often, too, stocks lose their queen. Ordinarily bee keepers—we are not speaking of clever dealers—in such cases lose their stock, for unless a new queen be given speedily, the stock will soon perish, and this is what cannot be well done—indeed, the mischief has happened before anything amiss has been noticed—with straw skeps. In the case of the bar frames this is easily ascertained, for after blowing a little smoke among the bees, to make them docile, such frames can very easily be lifted out and examined one by one, and the state of matters ascertained. Then, if it is seen that the stock has lost its queen, a frame with newly laid eggs is taken from a hive with a queen, and given to the queenless one. The bees will then at once begin to raise a queen, for one of the curiosities of bee life is that the workers can raise either queens or workers from worker eggs, as may be necessary. Should the stock be very low, it can by the same means be strengthened by bees, or even have a laying queen applied to it. The great advantage of this will be apparent.

It is this is not all, nor nearly all. By filling the frames with 'foundation'—that is, thin sheets of wax impressed with the base of a worker cell—cane sugar syrup can be given as fast as the bees will take it up, no matter what the weather may be, and they will under such circumstances fill the hive full of comb in three or four days, while the queen will lay her full complement of eggs from the first. As the foundation is thicker than the bees like it, they use the extra wax for the cells instead of secreting it—a slow and a costly process, for it takes a pound of honey or syrup to make an ounce of wax, and it is only secreted in the holes of the bees slowly—and as the cells are slowly begun, there is not the slightest danger of rapid feeding producing drone comb.

While, then, those in the straw hives are slowly and painfully getting comb ready for brood, and in which to store supplies for winter, those in the bar frame are taking advantage of every dry hour, and are filling the combs with honey.

Bees that are hit pretty much to themselves seldom swarm before the mustard is in bloom, and indeed in many places it is the abundance then that causes swarming. But there is no reason for their passing the time of the mustard-harvest. If from twopenny to threepenny worth of sugar be given, in the form of thin syrup, weekly to each hive from the beginning of March onwards, breeding will be commenced, and carried on vigorously, and the result will be strong swarms, worth thirty shillings each, early in May. A pound is the usual price paid for an early swarm; but that is usually in June, too

late for the mustard, so that one in time for the mustard is better value at thirty shillings than one six weeks later is at a pound. In other words, three shillings spent judiciously in early spring will secure in a majority of cases two pounds-worth of honey in June, for both swarm and stock have ample time to make ready for the early harvest, under the older system, neither is.

In wet weather, bees in straw skeps are perforce idle. They need not be so in bar frames, and the bee keeper who is alive to his own interests will not allow them to be so. He will take out one or two empty combs, and in their room put frames filled with 'foundation'. Then he will feed. These skeleton combs will be speedily built up to perfect combs, when he will again repeat the process. Shortly he is possessed of as many empty combs as will fill a new hive, and when he gets a new swarm, he puts them in a house fully furnished, and so, instead of spending three weeks of perhaps fine weather furnishing, as we may well say, and losing the harvest of honey, they go to work at once.

In the case of a straw hive, the combs are fixed. By and by the refuse from the young grubs renders the combs uncleanly, rotting attacks them. In bar frames, they may be, and are constantly renewed, the old ones being melted down. In straw hives the honey is stored in these combs, and when these are filled, supers—that is, smaller hives—are put on the top of the hives, to which the bees have access. In good seasons, they generally fill these. But in thin filling, available space, a large amount of honey is used up, and a large number of bees taken from home, returning to scarcely any. In the case of bar frames, the combs from the body of the hive can be taken out, emptied by means of an extractor, and the empty combs replaced. Under these conditions, a given number of bees in a bar frame will collect fully three pounds—often much more—for every two that those in straw skeps can. Then, at the end of the year, every particle may be taken from the bar frame, and sugar syrup given instead, for a winter store.

Again, swarms from straw skeps cannot be regulated and often come off when no one is near to watch them. They are often thus lost. With bar frames, a swarm may be made at will in a few minutes during the dinner hour, when it is seen they are ready. But we must not persist to urge further. Only the merest outline has been sketched by us. Ten times more could have been written without exhausting the subject, but we prefer to refer our readers to the excellent publications of the British Beekeepers' Association; especially would we recommend *Modern Bee-keeping* (London: Longmans), which is crammed full of information, and only costs sixpence.

One consideration more, and we are done. How are our country working men to be induced to begin? Well, in England there are Associations, which, by lectures and shows—where hives, bees are taken from straw hives, and combs and everything refitted into bar frame hives, thus practically instructing the onlookers—are doing much to extend bee culture. One or two such Societies exist in Scotland, but far too few, and we hope soon to see one in every county. Here is a grand chance for the philanthropist 'helping the poor

to help themselves' Nothing takes the spirit of self help and independence out of a man like grinding poverty Put a man in the way of becoming the owner of two or three hives of bees, and he feels himself a man—an owner of property

### INVENTORS AND INVENTIONS

Tax policy which we have pursued for the last quarter of a century towards inventors and their inventions is inexplicable In no other country which can lay claim to be considered civilized have they received such scanty encouragement and so much downright hostility It has, indeed, long been the practice to regard inventors as public nuisances, rather than benefactors, and to consider their projects as ingenious frauds framed to flatter the people, rather than valuable discoveries calculated to advance the commercial progress of the nation It was doubtless this line of reasoning which led to the system of harassing inventors by creating all sorts of obstacles in the way of their procuring letters patent, and surrounding protection with a *chevaux de frise* of *L. & D.* Doubtless many inventions are frivolous, if not fraudulent for instance, not long since the invention of a machine for making imitation coffee berries was announced, but an example such as this may be regarded as merely and necessarily incidental, and as in no way affecting the general principle involved It is of course obvious that any system of patent law must provide against abuse as well as for legitimate use Few people, probably, are so credulous as to imagine that it is necessary to facilitate the procedure for patenting inventions, without at the same time instituting some system of inquiry into their character and the purposes for which they are intended The disadvantages under which patentees labour in this country have had the doubly disastrous effect of depriving promising discoveries in the bud and of driving their authors to a less reputable land The policy of taxing inventions has been frequently condemned as erroneous in principle It is only a very small proportion of inventors who really succeed, and these are few indeed to whom they should be more heavily taxed than other people whose incomes are earned by their brains There was a necessity, therefore, for the new Patent and Inventions Bill of 1863, which we are glad to notice will cheapen and facilitate the acquisition of letters patent

The chief thing to be guarded against in introducing a new system is the affording additional facilities for the premature and obstructive registration of new processes or inventions In the American system, for instance, excellent as it is in the main, a practice is in vogue which has the worst effects, and aptly illustrates the danger of facilitating the acquisition of patents too much Thus, any one may deposit in the secret archives of the American Patent Office a description of an invention, which he can at a small yearly charge keep alive as long as he likes, and thus block any similar invention This is obviously bad It has lately been proposed to afford protection to inventors for undeveloped designs, but upon another inventor applying for protection for a similar design, to give notice of the prior

claim, and to bring the parties together, so that they might make some arrangements, or have the merits of their respective claims settled at once This point is dealt with in the new Patent Bill, which offers increased facilities for the registration of designs Inventives has indeed become so greatly developed in England of late years, and persons experimenting are so afraid of being forestalled, that they protect the crudest ideas, with the inevitable result of increasing the practical usefulness of the discovery and of increasing the difficulties of patenting it So far as regards the public are concerned, the facilities for procuring merely obstructive patents ought to be greatly restricted The usefulness and practicability of any new process ought to be conspicuously proved within a reasonable time of its being protected, or the protection defined void This would certainly stimulate small inventors, a department in which we have of late years been so greatly worried by foreign competitors, for if inventors found themselves unable to protect important ideas in undeveloped parts of large schemes, many of them would doubtless turn their attention to smaller matters, leaving the more important to those who had the means and the opportunities of properly developing them

The death of small inventions in this country can, however, be sufficiently explained by the fact of the greater costliness of letters patent here In America, for instance, a patent can be procured for seven pounds, while with us it costs one hundred and twenty five pounds—a difference which is certainly significant Again, in Germany, the total cost of a patent is twenty one pounds ten shillings, in Austria, thirty pounds, in France, thirty two pounds, and in Prussia, fourteen pounds eight shillings From these figures, it is at once clear that in England the tariff for letters patent is twenty five times higher than it is in America, and more than twice as high as it is in Germany—the lowest and the highest of the other countries for which the figures are available

It is proposed to establish a system of examination as to the nature, novelty and practical value of patents, by specially qualified examiners, in a similar way to the custom which now prevails in Germany and Prussia, and this will doubtless sooner or later be done, but an initial difficulty arises from the fact, that men capable of satisfactorily discharging these duties would be hard to find An example of the results of employing incompetent examiners to test the practical value of patents, is afforded by two of the most valuable English patents of modern times, the Bessemer process and the Siemens' process The former of these was refused protection in Prussia, and the latter in Germany, by the official examiners In England there is no power of refusing a patent so long as the regulations are complied with The Commissioner—who consists of the Lord Chancellor, the Master of the Rolls, and the two law officers—have no discretion as to the novelty or utility of any invention So technical, too, is the description of most inventions, that the necessity for their being dealt with by a competent tribunal has frequently been urged

The new Patent for Inventions Bill of 1863 proposes to abolish these Commissioners, and to delegate their powers to a comptroller acting

under the Board of Trade. Though far from covering all the points we have mentioned, this new act is a great improvement upon the old system. Should it become law, the first expenses will be reduced, but the total fees for the fourteen years will still amount to about one hundred and fifty-four pounds. It will also so far dispense with the services of the patent agent. Under the present law a patentee, or his agent, must call at least seven times at the patent office, under the new bill he need only call twice, or communicate by post if more convenient.

Letters patent must be regarded from two points of view— that of the public, and that of the inventor. To a certain extent these must necessarily be antagonistic, since the possession of a monopoly even for a short term of years is opposed to the public interest, except upon the supposition that its advantages could not be enjoyed under any other terms. On the other hand, however, if letters patent are regarded more in the light of a reward for research than as the grant of a monopoly, it is difficult for any one to contend that a *bona fide* inventor is not entitled to them. It is, to say the least, very doubtful whether a mere money reward to any successful inventor would meet the case so satisfactorily as the patent system. That encouragements of both an honorary and pecuniary character are desirable as stimulants to the national inventiveness, goes without saying, and indeed the legislation required is such as will insure as far as may be the reward being obtained and obtainable by the inventor himself, instead of by the middlemen or capitalists, who under the present costly patent system of this country are the chief people to derive any benefit from the grant of letters patent. It is now more than ten years since a Select Committee of the House of Commons advised that a comparative view should be taken respecting the law and practice of foreign countries with regard to inventions, and meanwhile, we gladly note the proposed modifications in the new bill.

The Statute of Monopolies, which is the true basis of our patent system, did not inaugurate a new law, but merely enunciated the old rule of the common law, that the right to grant monopolies to inventors of new manufactures was an inherent prerogative of the Crown, and before it became law, it had been decided that a monopoly was properly granted to a man who, 'by his own charge and industry, or by his own wit or invention, doth bring any new trade into the realm.' Thus, in the 'Cloth workers of Ipswich Case,' it was conceded that the king might in such a case grant by charter that such a man only should use 'such a trade or traffic for a certain time, because at first the people of the kingdom are ignorant and have not the use of it.' Although the entire abolition of patents has been suggested, and amongst others, the plan of rewarding inventors by a money payment, as already mentioned, suggested in its stead, the universal experience of nearly all civilized countries has clearly indicated that granting a patentee the sole right to use his invention for a limited time is the best that can be devised. The only matters which are really in dispute are the amount, and the mode of and time for payment of the fees chargeable, the period for which patents should endure, and the instructions

which should be imposed with regard to their novelty and utility. The new Patent for Inventions Bill has attempted to deal with all these points, with the beneficent object, we trust, of making the application for future letters patent a much less troublesome and costly business than heretofore.

#### CHEAP GAS LIGHT

Few people are aware that the light given by any ordinary gas burner can be greatly increased by simply turning the burner over sideways until it slopes slightly downwards. The flame is thrown out as a horizontal sheet, formed into a saucer shape by the natural curling upwards of the edges. Mr Fletcher of Warrington has been testing the difference obtained by an average upright, and a horizontal saucer shaped flame, and finds it averages by photometer about ten per cent in favour of the latter, but owing to the fact that with this position of flame the light is thrown downwards and is perfectly free from shadow, the actual results in his own works and offices have proved that a burner consuming five cubic feet per hour, with a horizontal flame, gives a better light, and is better for work than an upright flame consuming six cubic feet per hour. It is, in fact, somewhat of an approach to the principle of the Siemens' regenerative burner, with the advantage of costing nothing. This is not new to experts, but it is a bit of useful information to the public, who may by this means either increase their light, or reduce their gas bills without any expense. It is something to make a little profit or effect a little economy nowadays without having first to put one's hand in one's pocket. Most people will probably still adhere to the wasteful glass globe and upright flame which make our living rooms so unpleasantly close, but there are millions of burners in offices and works which can be simply turned over to the advantage and profit of the users.

#### THE LILIES OF THE FIELD

Thou various flowers! How pure and fair  
Thou simple Lilies of the Field,  
How sweet as incense to the air,  
Thou fragrant snow white blossoms yield!

Not Solomon in glory bright,  
In gorgeous and in gold array,  
Was such a fair and wondrous sight  
As in their modest beauty, they!

They weave not, the white robes they wear;  
They toil not, neither do they spin,  
No burdens like frail man they bear,  
For—unlike him—they know not sin.

O emblems fair O emblems sweet,  
Of Christian humbleness of heart!  
May we, as pure as Heaven's sweet  
but low, and 'choose the better part.'

That to the 'meek in heart' alone  
Is by the Great Redeemer given,  
That brings us kneeling to His Throne,  
Throu' wide the Golden Gates of Heaven

A. H. B.

Printed and Published by W & E. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 269 High Street, EDINBURGH.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

*Fourth Series*

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No 1013—Vol. XX.

SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1883

Price 1½d

## WITH TOM TOKE, THE AUSTRALIAN BUSHRANGER

I was staying at Melbourne in December 1868, after a long overland journey from South Australia, when business summoned me to visit the Omeo Gold field, situated at the extreme eastern end of the colony of Victoria, in the neighbourhood of the Australian Alps. The intervening country as far as the border of New South Wales was in the hands of squatters, and frequented in several parts by notorious bushrangers. Two routes lay open to my choice, one direct from Melbourne by land, the other by sea to Port Albert—now called Alberton—and thence through Gipps Land and across the Fainting Ranges I selected the latter. So about the end of December, I and my brown cob Tommy embarked on board the *Shandon* steamer, bound for Port Albert. My encumbrances consisted of a saddle valise containing a change of linen, a revolver and a heavy headed hunting whip completing my equipment.

I passed through Gipps Land by easy stages, and reached the scene of the story of Kingsley's *Geoffrey Hamlyn*, when I was unpleasantly reminded of the dangers of the Bush. The district was in a state of excitement consequent upon the murder of a Mr Green, a well known gold buyer, who was returning from Omeo accompanied by a gentleman and lady. They had gone only a mile or two from Omeo, when they were fired at from a clump of trees near the track. Green was struck, and fell to the ground, his male companion was untouched, and carried out of danger by his frightened horse, but the lady was thrown from her saddle and broke her arm. While Green lay on the ground, one of the murderers rushed up and despatched the hapless victim with a tomahawk. For some reason or other, the lady was left unmolested, and finally returned to Omeo. It was therefore in no cheerful mood that I pushed my way across the dreary Fainting Ranges.

In due time I reached Omeo without meeting with any of the murderous gang. As I rode

down its one straggling street, I saw an excited crowd gathered about a building, which turned out to be the court house. On inquiry, I was informed that three men were being examined on the charge of murdering Mr Green. 'Well, thought I, 'this explains my lucky escape from a probably similar fate.' I soon learned that the accused were notorious characters in that neighbourhood, and were known under the names of Tile, Armstrong, and Chamberlain Toke, or Tom Toke as he was commonly called, succeeded in proving an alibi, but the other two were committed for trial to Melbourne, where they were afterwards convicted, and hanged.

I was detained at Omeo about a week, much against my will. The place contained only about four or five hundred people, chiefly men, and it seemed to be the refuge of shady characters who had found the lower country too hot to hold them. Indeed, at that time it was spoken of as a kind of Alcatraz, to which the 'wanted' people made tracks. During my stay, the Green murder and Tom Toke's connection with it were frequently discussed. It was the second appearance of that 'worthy' in court on the charge of murder in that week. As I was soon to come in contact with him, the story of my adventures in his company will be better understood by some account of this crime, as it was afterwards made clear by the revelations of Armstrong and Chamberlain, and the confession of Toke himself before his death.

A few weeks before my arrival at Omeo, a newcomer in the person of a digger had made his appearance on the creek. He was soon known as Ballarat Harry. He seemed to have been lucky in other fields, for he brought with him three or four horses, lots of store clothes, quantities of jewellery, and some valuable gold nuggets. He became a great favourite with the publicans of the township, because he was no niggard in standing treat. Among the numerous friends that he made in this way were Messrs Toke and Armstrong, who became particularly attached to him. One day Toke met Armstrong, and said: 'I



can put you on a good lay. Ballarat Harry would pay for melting. What do you say if we try it? I will propose to him to join us in prospecting. He'll go like a shot, I know, and then when we have got him away, we can easily do for him, and get his plunder.

Armstrong readily consented, but somehow or other failed to be at the rendezvous.

Toke and his victim departed together one morning with the good wishes of their acquaintances, for no secret was made of the prospecting expedition. After a few weeks' absence, Toke returned alone to the township. In answer to inquiries as to his companion, he said 'They hadn't struck anything, and they had both got tired of prospecting, so they parted, and Harry had gone to the country again.' To his fellow prospector Armstrong, however, he confessed he had murdered Harry in the Bush, and to prevent detection, had burned the body. Toke was suspected of foul play, and was brought up before the magistrate, but as Harry's body could not be found, the case was discharged for want of evidence.

Before I left, I dined with Mr Wills the magistrate, who told me that Toke was a Tasmanian convict, and that he had no doubt whatever about the latter's guilt of Ballarat Harry's murder, though he was obliged to discharge him. Years afterwards, when Mr Toke finished his career on the scaffold, he confessed to sixteen murders, and to Harry's among the number, and described the spot where that crime was committed. Some charred bones and buttons found at the place indicated, proved the convict's story.

After finishing my business at Omeo, instead of returning direct to Melbourne, I resolved to regain my friends at Beechworth, which place lay on the north western side of the Australian Alps in the direction of Mount Gibbo. This range I should have to cross from Omeo. I mentioned my purpose to Mr Wills, who at once threw cold water upon it. He had tried it himself unsuccessfully three or four times, he said. In winter, it was dangerous from the snow, in summer, still more so, on account of the floods in the rivers and creeks from the melted snow. Several persons, to his knowledge, had lost their lives in the attempt, either by accident or bush rangers. Strange to say, all those facts, though confirmed by other persons, only made me more obstinate in my purpose. Seeing I was bent upon the expedition, Mr Wills then told me all he knew about the country.

'The greatest danger,' he said, 'was the crossing of the Mitta Mitta Ravine, which flows northward into the Murray. It is sure to be swollen. After passing Mount Gibbo, you must follow this stream for a considerable distance. The only man who knows the country is that rascal Toke, for I am convinced he has often sheltered himself in that direction. I am told that he is at present camping out somewhere in Gibbo Creek, on this side of the mountains, about twenty miles off. If you are fool enough to persist in your project, your best plan will be to take Toke as a guide.'

'Well,' I replied, 'after all that you have told me of this fellow's character, I am surprised at your suggestion.'

'But don't you see,' he answered, 'if you make the attempt alone, the chances are ten to one that Toke and his friends will waylay and murder you! Your movements by this time are sure to be known and your purchase of gold also' (I had bought about two pounds weight of the precious metal). 'Now, Toke knows that he is under the surveillance of the police, and perhaps a letter from me will induce him to guide you across the Mitta Mitta, if you offered him a few sovereigns for his trouble.'

I decided to follow this advice. But when I bade 'good bye to the hotel keeper, he shook his head and said he feared I should never reach Beechworth alive. So, mounting my horse, and armed with the letter of the magistrate, I started for Gibbo Creek. The sun had set and darkness was coming on rapidly when I reached the creek. Crossing this, I came upon a narrow strip of level scrubby ground at the base of the mountain. 'Now, thought I, 'which way shall I turn to look for friend Toke? Right or left? I'll try up for it. Heads, left, tails, to the right.' Tails won, so I started off to the right, letting my horse pick its way through the scrub. Fortunately, the darkness which had come on was passing a little before the rising moon, which enabled me to keep at the base of the mountain. After going about a couple of miles, I saw a light, and made straight for it, 'too easy' as I advanced. When I drew near, I saw a little hut or one made of bushes, with a fire in front of it, and near the fire a man standing with a revolver, pointed towards me. 'This is Tom Toke,' thought I. But my thinking was abruptly startled by the rough salute 'Who are you? Come another yard, and I'll blow your brains out!'

This reception, which was accompanied by a liberal comminatory of oaths, was not very pleasant or very hospitable, but my nerves were good, and I was prepared for roughing it. 'Tom, old man,' I said, 'put that thing down, it might go off.'

'Who said my name was Tom?'

'I do, old boy—Tom Toke, and I want to have a yarn with you.'

'No yarns for me! Hook it, or you'll have a bullet in sooner than you think for, flash man.'

'I shan't, until I have had a pannikin of tea. So fire away, only don't hit me.'

The moon by this time enabled us to see each other's movements clearly. I quickly dismounted, and holding up my hands, said 'Now, don't be a fool, Tom. You can see I have no shooting-iron, so put that thing down.' Then walking up to him, I said 'Now look here. If you are not satisfied, you can feel, and you will find I have got no pistol or other arms about me, so drop all the fuss.—By Jove! here's some cold tea,' and without any ceremony, I took up his dirty 'bully,' and putting it to my mouth, drank every drop of it without stopping, for I was terribly dry.

Tom was utterly taken aback. Looking me up and down, while he placed the revolver in his belt, he said 'My eyes! if you're not the coolest one I ever seen!'

\* Cocoo, a shout frequently adopted by travellers in the Bush.

Looking into his eyes, I saw a very dirty looking blanket. Touching this with my foot, I said 'I say, Tom, surely you have got some more blankets, because I haven't one, and if that is all you have, why, we shall have to pug it together, for I intend to have half of it.'

This seemed to disarm him completely. 'Well,' he said, 'you are a cool un.'

As a sort of finisher, I said 'Tom, give us a draw, old man, I've lost my pipe on the road.' So I took his pipe, and had a smoke, until he foraged me out a spare one of his own, which, by the by, I kept for many years.

Matters were now smooth. After hobbling my horse and removing the saddle and bridle, Tom and I sat down to a supper of damper biscuits and very bad meat.

Unbuckling my valise to get something out, I said to Tom 'What do you call that for a seat? I have two pounds weight of dust in that lot.'

He simply remarked 'So.'

I pointed to my saddle and said 'There's my revolver, Tom, you can take it, if you like, or draw the charges.'

But this he declined to do.

I then told him what I wanted, but I made a bad shot in commencing with an allusion to Mr Will's letter. It produced a volley of oaths. 'He would neither go for Will nor any one else, unless he liked.'

I immediately wore ship, tore up the litter, trusted to my own persuasion, and obtained his promise to go with me in the morning.

At length, after smoking and chatting, we settled down for the night, lying side by side on the ground, wrapped up in the one blanket, with our saddles for pillows, and our feet to the fire. I never slept sounder in my life. The morning broke in a dense fog, which continued for two days, and kept us at the creek. The third morning was fine and clear. After breakfast, we packed up and began the ascent of Gibbo, leading our horses. 'Oh, what a climb that was! and what a descent on the other side! Both men and beasts in danger of breaking their necks. After leaving the mountain, we passed through dense forest, and arrived at the banks of the Mitti Mitti the same evening, where we encamped for the night. There was a strong flood in the river, which we hoped would abate before morning, as our route lay across it. Next day, we were better able to realise our position. In our way ran a river from forty to fifty yards wide, charged to the full, and hissing again as its waters rushed over reefs and through narrow channels. Its course for the most part lay through gullies and gorges, where the banks were steep and high like solid walls of masonry. Here and there on each side were narrow ledges near the water's edge, where a passage might be made. But on this occasion the prospect of crossing was not cheerful.

'We are going to have a job to get in,' said Toke, 'I have never seen the river so high. There's nothing but swimming for it.'

'I can't swim a stroke,' I said, 'but I have every confidence in my horse.'

Toke led the way into the stream. Our nags were quickly out of their depth, and swam the current in fine style. Safely on the other side,

my handsome cob seemed as pleased as myself, for he rubbed his head on my shoulders in answer to my patting.

The Mitti Mitti winds so much in its course that we were obliged to cross it five times, and on two occasions we had to kip our horses from the bank into the stream. When we approached the river for the fifth time, Toke said it would be the last, as the country would open out, and we should be able to keep on high ground and follow the course of the river. But alas! our luck now deserted us, or rather the strength of our horses deserted them. Toke again led the way, but my horse soon overtook him. Without a second warning, I saw Toke swimming in the water at my side and his mare nowhere to be seen. Before I could realise the danger, I too found myself struggling in the water, and carried down stream, bobbing up and down like an empty bottle. I was perfectly conscious, so, when the current drove me breast on to a rock in mid stream, I threw my arms across it and held on. The current tore away at my legs, for I was unable to mount the stone, and I was momentarily in danger of being washed off. The minutes seemed hours, and my grip was growing weaker, when rescue came in the shape of my guide, who clutched me by the hair and towed me safely to the bank. Toke had very little to say, but pointed to the other side of the river, and there I saw our horses grazing side by side. Four days and nights in the Bush, with nothing to feed upon but grass, had proved too much for their strength, hence their inability to carry us again across.

After resting awhile, Tom re-crossed the river, with the intention of bringing the horses across. Twice he attempted the passage with the same result as before. After the last effort, the two beasts laid themselves down on the ground as if thoroughly beaten—an example which Tom himself followed. At length he rose and shouted to me, but so loud was the noise of the rushing river that I could not distinguish a word. I then watched him approach the horses, mount his own, and leading mine, ride off, for assistance as I afterwards learnt, waving his hand to me.

Left alone, I began to consider my position. The sun was now setting, and I was feeling rather faint and chilly. When could I reckon upon Tom's return to my side of the river? I was ill prepared to spend the night there. I had neither coat, hat, pipe, nor matches. My boots and breeches bore manifest traces of the wear and tear of my recent travels, indeed, the soles of the former were giving way altogether. A Crimean shirt over my under vest, a pocket handkerchief in my waist-belt, and a penknife in my fob, completed my equipment. 'There is nothing for it,' thought I, 'but to sleep the night out.' So I gathered some scrub stuff for a bed, and placed a stone for a pillow, and slept soundly all morning. I woke up cold and stiff and hungry. I resolved no longer to remain where I was, but to get up on the high ground, and steer a course from the river which I understood Toke intended to take. Having done this, I found an open park like country, interspersed with a thick undergrowth of thorny bushes and prickly spear-grass. I pushed on for the day under a blazing hot sun, with my handkerchief and some large leaves

as a protection for my head, and did, I guessed, about twenty miles, seeing, nothing but trees and wild birds, not a spire, anywhere. Night came on, but so faint was I, that I did not care to collect scrub for a bed. The night's sleep gave me comparative freshness, but when I tried to move, in the morning, the stiffness was excessive. My first work was to convert my boots into sandals, for I was much impeded on the previous day by the dilapidated soles. I now altered my course. I thought, if I were to get to any place alive, I must go back to the river and follow its direction. So I retraced my steps, but with slower pace, for, in addition to my weakness, I suffered much pain in my feet and legs from thorn scratches and prickles. Day had passed into night long before I again struck the river, when I lay down for my third night's lonely rest.

Next morning my first care was to bandage the feet with the strongest part of my cloths, for this purpose I tore up my breeches. Come what might, I was determined to move on as long as I could crawl, and I resolved to keep by the river. Words cannot describe my hunger. How eagerly did I examine the likelihood bones of birds which I occasionally saw, in the hope of finding some flesh upon them! I did not know so much of Bush life then as I learned afterwards, or I might have found some roots or grubs to eat, as I have frequently done since. My resolution to keep to the river cost me much pain and labour. Great thorn bushes frequently barred the way. In getting over or creeping through these, my clothes were torn into rags, and my body from head to foot was scratched and bleeding. My feet bandages came off early in the day, and I was obliged to take off my under vest and tear it into pieces to bind my feet, else I should not be able to get on at all. Many a time in the day did I sit down, feeling as if I could not go a step farther, yet, after a little rest, my courage revived, and the pluck of youth returned, for I was scarcely twenty-five years old. 'Oh, this won't do, I said to myself. 'Never say die, here goes for another try at it,' and then up I would get and scramble on once more. Perhaps what tired me as much as anything, was the mocking of the parrots and cockatoos, of which there were thousands. Sometimes I thought I heard a 'coo-coo,' which drew from me a faint effort to coo myself, but my disappointment was most bitter when I found that the replies were the mocking cries of birds. In the afternoon, my feet were perfectly bare, and I had nothing wherewith to cover them. The prickly creepers got between my toes, and my progress was literally snail-like in pace. When I sat down to rest for the fourth night, I felt light headed and altogether queer.

Soon after daylight next morning, as I lay on the ground, I distinctly heard a coo-coo, a second, and a third, but for some time I seemed so dazed and stupid to take any notice, or imagined the mocking birds were busy again. At length a louder coo-coo roused me from stupor. I stood up and cooed faintly in return. Then came a shout: 'Keep on talking, that I may tell where you are.'

In a few moments afterwards, Tom Toke was standing at my side. He immediately gave me some damper, which I tried to eat, but couldn't

He then lit his pipe and handed it to me. I took a few pulls at it, and felt a wonderful change. I made another attempt at the damper, and contrived to swallow a few mouthfuls. A draught of water, another smoke, and some more damper, and then I felt I was myself again.

Tom, in spite of the gravity of the situation, could not help laughing at me, for I was a wretched object. Excepting the rag of the Chinaman shirt, which only partially covered me, and a handkerchief on my head, I was nearly destitute of clothing. Indeed, I could not refrain from joining in the laugh at my miserable appearance. We told each other of our adventures amputating. He said that he had only ridden a short distance when his mare knocked up, and compelled him to camp for the night. Next morning, the two horses were missing, and were not recovered until the afternoon. After that he lost his bearings, but at sunset on the following day he reached an out station but occupied by some stock riders, where he told his tale and passed the night. He asked the men to join him in the search for me, as he was sure that I would turn up, and would certainly pay them for their trouble. They answered, that as there was little chance of finding me alive, and as they had some matters to do, a day or two would make no difference to me, and then they would help in the search. But I must not delay, and started off alone, and so found me.

We now set off in the direction of the stockmen's hut. Tom took off his boots and put them on my feet, but I suffered so much pain that I could scarcely move. Our progress was so slow, that Tom replaced his boots, and carried me on his back. In this way we proceeded for a distance of six or eight miles, of course resting now and again. In the afternoon we arrived at the place where Tom had crossed the river in a bark canoe, and soon afterwards reached the hut, much to the surprise of the stockmen, and to the evident satisfaction of my old colt, that whinnied and nickered at the sight of me. I found my valise and contents quite safe, and was speedily supplied with a tray of clothing. I had much difficulty in persuading my faithful guide and saviour to accept anything, in the way of payment.

'I don't want money,' he said, 'I live enough planted to last my time, and if not, I can always get more.'

'Well,' I answered, 'take a little to buy some things to keep me in remembrance—a pipe or anything of that sort. In this way I induced him to take five pounds.

Being starting alone for Snowy Creek, I said to Toke, 'Tom, do you know I knew all about you when I met you first?'

'To be sure,' he answered, 'You was told at Omeo, if you didn't know before, and you was a plucked an to come to me as you did.'

'Now, Tom, you will come to grief some day, and it will be a short abort for you. To me you have acted as a brave and straightforward fellow. I am not rich, but as long as I have anything and you are in want, I will divide with you. There's my address in Melbourne. Whenever you are there, come and see me. Good bye, old boy.' And so we parted.

Within the next two years, Toke called twice at my place of business in Melbourne during my

absence, and each time left some rare birds' skins for me. Soon afterwards, I settled down in New Zealand. Toke's later history was made known to me by the newspapers. He received long imprisonments for prjury and horse stealing, and finally fell into the hangman's hands for murder. Before his execution he confessed to several murders, and so cleared up many Australian mysteries.

ONE FALSE, BOTH FAIR,  
OR, A HARD KNOT

CHAPTER XXI—THE GENERAL INQUIRY OFFICE

'Mr Dronovich within!—No—Then, thank you, I'd like to have a word with Mr Melville. Here's my card—name of Rollington—Captain Rollington, from abroad. No new name to him, and better known still to your principal, and so, young man, you need not trouble yourself to enunciate any of those knotty files with which you are preparing to stave me off. Come, come, my lad, I may not be a swell customer, but I'm a paying one, rely on it, and it's not wise of you, or likely to please your governor, to try to shut the door, so to say, in this abrupt face of mine. I'm an old hand, and should be free of the place.'

'I beg your pardon, I'm sure, sir. Won't you step up? I'll speak to Mr Melville directly the duly client who is with him now, comes down,' returned the flurried young clerk, with abject civility, as he got his hat patty face and gorgeous neckscarf and rattling with them out of the way, to let the newly arrived customer pass by.

This General Inquiry Office—the General Inquiry Office, as it chose to describe itself in its frequent and pompously worded advertisements that kept the world awake to the fact of its existence—was very well housed indeed, occupying handsome premises in a leading City street. Its promoters—for it was a Company, of Limited Liability, of course, but believed to be of unlimited resources as to cash and brains, that had founded it—had done rightly in pitching their tent within the dominions of the Lord Mayor. City men believe in the City, so, for that matter, do those who have nothing practically to do with that charmed Tom Tiddler's ground where gold and silver are to be picked up. And the Company had done wisely in buying up ex-inspector Dronovich, a detective who had been in the pay of two or three successive governments, so rumour said, and was supposed to know as much about Nihilists as he did about the tricks of Russian roulette, not to say the intricacies of stolen diamonds. Second in command at the office was Sulus Melville, of New Jersey, U.S., and who had once been Assistant superintendent of the Chicago police, and at another time instrumental in breaking up the notorious Molly Maguire League. These were the high officials of the place. But under them were subordinates, British and foreign, who did the bulk of the work, of which, unfortunately, there was only too constant a supply. It is so in a rich country and in a complicated society, and indeed the spy is now as recognised an institution, and drives as lucrative a trade in London, Paris, Boston, or New

York, as did once the bravo in medieval Venice or Naples. So many people there are with money to spend and undemanding objects to attain, and so many more who are tormented by anxious doubts and fears, that the private inquirer has usually names in plenty on his books.

In all London there was not a hummer beehive of this sort in which more of golden honey was made than at the General Inquiry Office, of which Paul Peter Dronovich was the ornamental head. It had been well advertised, and was well lodged, but that was not all. It had really done good work, and the sensational newspaper reports of certain attractive trials had done it more good than anything else. So that people with a spite against somebody, and jealous Othellos with the Divorce Court as their goal, and the very large class of legacy hunters who brood through life over the grievance of being excluded from Uncle Bunce's will, and are sure that there exists a later and wilder will, most feloniously kept back by hateful Cousin George or odious Aunt Jane, and the miscellaneous criminals who had family or business reasons for desiring to find out some thing which they shrank from mentioning at Scotland Yard, came to the office, and helped to swell the dividends of its proprietors.

The lady client being disposed of and dismissed, Captain Rollington's card was duly taken into the pensivolis where the second in command, the American gentleman, transacted business. 'If you'll walk in, Captain, Mr Melville will see you at once, said the clerk with grave respect, and the applicant was ushered into a handsomely furnished room, the only occupant of which was a spare active man, with a quantity of black hair, neatly long, and tossed hither and thither with apparent carelessness, as the lock of a pet might be, but still so as to make the most of his high narrow forehead—a man with shifty black eyes, restless lips, and almost transparent nostrils—a man with a black satin waistcoat, redundant jewellery, and the air of being a bundle of nerves, without any flesh or muscle to speak of. Such was Mr Melville, and his voice was very peremptory as he said 'That will do, Gubbins.' He laid out the notes I gave you, each by a messenger, and let no one disturb me while this gentleman is here. Then, as the door closed, the American's manner suddenly changed, and he said, almost cordially 'Well, Jack—hardly thought to see you here again, mate.' And he held out his hand in Anglo-Saxon style. The visitor grasped it willingly enough.

'You thought, Sulus, I darsay,' he replied, in a tone so peculiar that it was impossible even to a practised ear to detect whether its ring was one of bitter mockery or harmless jest, 'that the rolling stone that gathers no moss had rolled off for good and all into limbo. No, not quite yet, though I have shared it very closely, I can tell you, since just we two met. Been as near moving the number of my mess, twice, anyhow, as ever since first I set out on the grand tour that, with a vagabond like me, lasts for ever.'

'Wouldn't be Chinese Jack, else,' answered smiling Mr Melville, smiling, that is to say as to his lips, but unsmiling with regard to those shifty eyes of his. 'You were thought as sure to die in your boots—to go up the flume, as

the saying was—as any of our boys at Golden Gulch, but somehow,' he added, with somewhat of grudging admiration in his tone and look, 'you seemed to bear a charmed life. Six shooters and bowies did disagree with a good many of our mining acquaintances, they did, and ten rod whacks, Regulators, Red Indians, and Board agents, levied toll on the rest, but you seemed to slip out of a scrape as an eel slides through the fingers.'

'I suppose,' returned the other, half carelessly, 'there was a sweet little cherub, as the sailors song says, to keep watch over the life of poor Jack—Now to business. You are doing pretty well here, eh?'

'Coming money,' responded the American, rubbing his bony hands together with a chuckle as he spoke. 'It's a good trade and a good time—Well, Jack, on what footing are we to deal? Are you to be the paymaster, or are we? If it is employment that you seek'—

'But I don't,' interrupted the visitor—'not at present, that is'

'So I guessed,' drily retorted the private inquirer, glancing at the glossy cloth of his old friend's new coat. 'Will, then, Jack, or Captain Bollingston, what can we do for you? It was Cook, by the by, that you hailed as, wasn't it? at Golden Gulch, as a short and easy name, perhaps, suitable to the short memories and rough tempers of California miners. But I remember the longer patronymic well enough in after years, when we were both —'

'Drummers to a Philadelphia dry goods store, and later on, bonnets at a Baltimore gambling house,' chimed in Chinese Jack, seeing that the other hesitated to conclude his sentence. 'Yes, we have followed as many callings as most men, even in the States, in our time, I calculate. You didn't notice me, Silas, when I made one of your congregation in that chapel you had at Great Old Springs, and I am bound to say you preached us a capital sermon. And when you drove the mail from Troy to Silver City, Nevada, and —'

'Hush!' broke in the American, looking anxiously around him, as if he were afraid that the revelations of his indiscreet visitor might reach other ears than his. 'We had better, like sensible men, let bygones be bygones, and stick to the present. You, too, old chum, have been other guess things than you have enumerated here, and I, too, might descant on what I have heard concerning you, O man of many names! But a trace to this word fencing. Dog does not eat dog, so the proverb says, and I have heard my Scottish grandaere declare, among our New Jersey melon beds, that hawks would not pike out other hawks' een. If you wanted work, partner, as we were once, at Spanish, not Golden Gulch'—

'Ay, where I drew you up, hand over hand, by the lasso, after the Mexican roadies had robbed you, and left you to die of thirst and hunger at the bottom of the hole. Yes, and where Red Eagle, the Apache chief, had his knoe well planted on your chest—A li; along knee it was—and the scalping knife circling already about that helpless head of yours. You were good grrit, I own, and the blood was trickling down from the two knife-wounds beneath the bear claw

collar that the Red beggar was so proud of—won as it was from four grizzlies killed in hard fight. I spoilt his fun, didn't I? though it cost me a tussle, and sharp play with the knife and tomahawk. He was a man, Red Eagle was. Do you remember, Silas, that it was not until we two were breathless, torn, and bloody, with the wrestle and the rolling, that never seemed to end, that my wrist proved the strongest? But it was a fight to remember. And the Apache behaved like a gentleman, as he was indeed, once I mistreated his tomahawk, in writing for me to brain him in the regular way. Yes, it was a pretty fight, and I don't suspect you were ever nearer to having no hair on your head, my friend—Well, old chum, I don't expect gratitude. That quality is as dead as trout is, according to bar-keepers and suspicious landlords. But we may be good friends in a workaday sense, may we not? I have come here, because yours is a smart shop—I beg pardon—a smart store, for smart intelligence, and because I want something, and know something of yourself and Drinnovich. You should work cheap for an old man like me'

'Something due, surely, for that little mumm of Spanish Gulch,' put in the smiling private inquirer with the unsmiling eyes.

'Nothing so cold as a back scent, and nothing so thankless, as I learned, out with the hounds, as soon as I was big enough to stick to the saddle of my pony,' rejoined Chinese Jack. 'No, no, all I want to ask was a dollar's worth for my dollar. You were glad of me, that time, when I came back from the Diamond fields at the Cape—Cape of Bad Hope it was to me—with those yellow pebbles, bought by such work as never was done in purchasing diamonds at Detroit's Pan, and found the spunkier luminated rubbish, all flaws and splits, and scorned by every jewel merchant in Hamburg or Holland—you were glad, then, to pick me off to Russia.'

'And I'd be glad, now, if you were in such a position, to send you foreign. We want a watcher in Paris, we want a better chip for a roving tour in Italy. As it is, I gather that you want us, not we you. Well, Jack, once again, what would you have of us? And this time Mr Silas Melville spoke rather imprudently. He was used to take the first place, not the second, in the many conversations that he daily held, and the cool, tacit assumption of superior strength and daring, possibly of superior station, which had always annoyed him in his former intercourse with Chinese Jack, even when the two men wore red flannel shirts and suits of homespun, and plaid the pick, and washed the gold dust beneath the burning sun of California, vexed his irritable nerves.

'It's a fifty pound job I want,' said the client slowly, 'or, as your sort of business is expensive, we'll say a seventy pound job—not more, and I want, mind, work for my good gold and silver. You'd get, of course, five times as much from silly swells, but I can't afford it. There's a foreign woman—a lady—lately come to London, respecting whom I want information'

'Name!' asked the American, getting down a slim retractor from a shelf, uncaping it, and dipping his slender pen in the great black sea of ink contained in the huge silver inkstand before him.

'Louise de Lalouve is her name—Countess, she is generally called—sometimes merely Madame,' was the answer.

'Nationality!' asked Mr Melville, when he had completed his first careful entry in the album book.

'Ay, there you puzzle me,' affably returned the customer. 'I never could make out, quite, and yet I knew her pretty well. It is hard sometimes to know where people do hail from. Don't you remember, Silas, that when you came to Baltimore, people were calling me Hans the Dutchman, and believed me to be as thorough a German as the Iron Prince himself—French, you can write down, with a dash of Russian. You'll easily find her—I could find her myself—by asking questions of the porters and servants at the foreign embassies. The Russian ambassador is a sure card. It isn't in Leicester Square, you're to look for her. Likely as not, she's at *Morant's Hotel*, or the *Alexandra*. What I want is, less to know where she is, though that is necessary too, than to know what she does.'

'You mean,' asked the American, pausing pen in hand, after he had made some rapid notes in microscopic writing, 'that you want a sharp watch to be kept upon her proceedings, Jack?'

'Yes, and for old partnerships sake, let the watch be as real a one as that we used to keep, when forty winks at day dawn might have cost us both our scalps. One request more. Let the man you set upon that woman be an Englishman, not a foreigner. So shy a bird would take the alarm ten times quicker if you put a greasy Pole or an almond-eyed Italian to hang about her door and dig her through the streets, than if you selected a stolid countryman or a pale Londoner. Not a Jew, though sharp as Isaac's eyes are, those eagle features of his attract too much notice. I can rely on you, Silas, to pick me out a smart spy with an honest look, if you can manage it.'

'You shall have—let me see, yes, the man I mean will be off duty to-morrow—a fellow whose dull scanning eyes let nothing pass unobserved, and yet who can loiter at street corners, and chew his straw and kick his heels, the most venous loafer there,' promised Mr Melville. 'Whom shall I write you news of the results? Or will you call?'

'I will call, but not too often. Time, I know, is money. My address is—Budget's Hotel, Jane Seymour Street,' replied the Captain. 'Tata, Silas.'

'Good bye, Jack,' responded the American, and so they parted.

(To be continued.)

## THE IRISH FISHERIES.

THE history of the Irish fisheries for the last thirty-six years is one long record of continuous, though fluctuating depression. The fishermen, especially those on the western coast, have never really recovered from the effects of the famine year, and for the most part still struggle against almost overwhelming obstacles to maintain themselves and their families. By far the larger proportion of the fishing population of Ireland are indeed chiefly occupied in other avocations. The collection of seaweed, or the tilling of land, either as occupiers of small holdings or as day labourers,

occupies most of them during nine months of the year, for, though a brave and hardy race, it is impossible for them to venture out in their crazy craft in 'dirty' weather. If it were possible to place them upon a more equal footing with their English fellows, so that they might prosecute their legitimate calling vigorously, and not spend arduous days in cultivating the sterile and unproductive soil, which is all that can be said for most of the Irish seaboard, they could easily be weaned from the evil influences of unconsoling and unprofitable agricultural pursuits, and removed from a state of extreme penury to one of comparative comfort.

As it is, however, the poor Irish fisherman of Kerry, Clare, or Mayo may well be discontented. While he digs his unproductive land, he can see in the offing well appointed English and French trawlers reaping that rich harvest which, but for his poverty, he could share from the Returns for the year 1881, the latest available, we find, for instance, that at Howth, the headquarters of the herring fishery on the east coast, the boats employed were seventy-two English, two hundred and three Scotch, and a hundred and ten Irish. Again, the mackerel fishery off the western and south-western coasts is almost entirely followed by fishermen from England, Scotland, and France. Thus, thirty-six boats fished from Smarwick harbour in 1881, but of these, only two were Irish, the remainder being English, while the average value of the take per boat exceeded three hundred pounds for one month's fishing.

Ireland is divided into thirty-two districts for the purposes of fishery inspection, and throughout the whole of these, only four thousand three hundred and sixty-one men and four hundred and sixty-nine boys are reported as being solely engaged in fishing, while sixteen thousand five hundred and ninety-four men and three hundred and eighty boys were only so employed partially. These figures are not, of course, perfectly reliable, for they include those fishermen of other countries who worked from Irish ports. They are, however, sufficient to prove that there is little doubt that three-fourths of the Irish fishermen pursue their ostensible calling only desultorily and intermittently, in consequence, chiefly, of their defective boats and gear, and of the difficulties of putting out to sea from unprotected harbours, where no conveniences for launching or landing boats exist.

The development of the Irish fisheries is a question of the greatest moment at the present juncture. Besides those who are returned as belonging to the class of fishermen, at least as many more of the maritime population of the country would doubtless gladly avail themselves of any facilities for pursuing a remunerative calling. Tolerant in the sea are, all the world over, self-reliant and independent, and the moral influences which would be exercised by the existence of such a class on the coasts of Ireland would very possibly be more widely felt than might at first sight be supposed. Nor is the required aid of such a character or extent that schemes for supplying it need be characterized as chimerical. The existing Irish Reproductive Loan Fund furnishes an excellent practical example of the means by which the regeneration of Irish fisher-

men might be accomplished, and might itself form the nucleus of a more extensive machinery. This fund is the result of the large sum subscribed for the relief of distress in Ireland in 1822, and was by a subsequent statute vested in the Treasury, to be applied to charitable purposes and objects of public utility, not otherwise provided for by public rate or assessment, in the counties to which it is appropriated, in the proportion appropriated to each county. In 1874 the balance of the fund was by another Act of Parliament transferred to the Commissioners of Public Works in Ireland to use by way of loans for objects similarly restricted, and it was then provided that in the case of the maritime counties of Clare, Cork, Galway, Kerry, Leitrim, Limerick, Mayo, and Sligo, these objects should include the fishing industry.

Additional and various restrictions were, however, imposed upon the Commissioners. Thus, only the sum appropriated to a particular county is available for that county, and of this, only one-fourth can be used for fishery purposes in one year, while the amount of out-standing loans must at no time exceed one-half of the sum standing to the credit of the county. The obvious effect of these restrictions is that in some counties the money has for a long period been lying idle, while in others it is wholly insufficient to meet the demand. Thus, the sums which stood to the credit of Roscommon and Tipperary in 1881 were respectively six thousand one hundred pounds, and four thousand two hundred pounds, and these have been unemployed and unproductive for the last seven years, while, on the other hand, in County Mayo, only six hundred and ninety pounds was available, and two thousand two hundred and fifty-three pounds was applied for on loan. Again, in order to make the matter quite clear, we may give the following figures from the Report, which plainly indicate the evils of the present arrangements. Thus, in Sligo, in 1881, four hundred and eighteen pounds was available, and seven hundred and twenty-seven pounds was applied for, in Galway, the corresponding figures were eleven hundred and thirty-seven pounds, and two thousand three hundred and thirty-seven pounds, and in Clare, three hundred and fifty-eight pounds, and thirteen hundred and twenty-six pounds, while in Limerick and Leitrim the money in hand was largely in excess of the demand. Again, the County Donegal, which has an extensive seaboard and an industrious but very poor class of fishermen, is excluded from the fund—a fact to which we would earnestly invite attention just now, since the reports which reach us from that part of Ireland plainly indicate that it is in a distressful state. Perhaps the totals for the seven years ending 1881 are more conclusive still, thus, we are told that in this period, the sum of one hundred and eleven thousand one hundred and seventy-eight pounds was applied for, and forty-eight thousand six hundred and ninety-six pounds was available to meet this demand, but that about one hundred and forty-six thousand pounds was lying idle and unproductive. Further comment on these figures is needless.

It is doubtful whether the diminished take of

nearly all kinds of fish, of which reports reach us from time to time, points to anything more than the peculiar difficulties under which Irish fishermen labour. Off all the coasts of Ireland there is an abundant supply of fish, a fact which is proved with sufficient exactitude for our present purpose by the continued presence of the fishing-boats of other countries in those waters. Off the west coast especially, where the Irish fishermen are so notoriously poor and wretchedly equipped, boats properly fitted up make prodigious captures. Thus, a large number of French vessels attend the mackerel fishery off the Irish coast, and no fewer than one hundred and eight French boats fitted with steam gear were so employed in 1881. It is, of course, quite impossible to ascertain whether these vessels were very successful, but the inference is obviously in the affirmative. The fact that there has been a continued decrease in the take of herrings for the past four years is certainly ominous, but we are very reluctant to accept the conclusion that 'this valuable fish is about to desert the Irish coast,' although the contention is supported by similarly decreasing takes off some of the Scotch and English coasts. Attention is directed by the inspectors to the unaccountable prejudice which Irish fishermen entertain against pilchards, which live off the rocks regularly appeared in large shoals off the southern coasts of Ireland. If this could be overcome, a lucrative branch of the fishing industry might be created on the coasts of Waterford and Cork, for at Baltimore, in the latter county in 1881, 'thirty-five crabs of pilchards were curried in the Cornish fashion, and sold at Genoa at three pounds ten shillings per cask.'

The Irish oyster fisheries have long shared the general depression, although this can be explained by the rough weather which prevailed during a great part of the last two seasons. Very considerable quantities of French oysters have, too, lately been imported from Auray, Arcachon, and other places, and have been laid down in the beds off Arklow, Courtown, and elsewhere, and have in general done very well. A by-law has also been passed, and is now in force, which prohibits the destruction or removal from the natural oyster-beds between Wicklow Head and Raven Point, County Wexford, of small unmarketable oysters. The minimum diameter of oysters which can be lawfully taken from these beds is, too, now fixed at two inches. It may certainly be confidently hoped that these measures will soon have an appreciable effect upon the productivity of the Irish oyster fisheries.

We have already indicated the great promise of the mackerel fishery off the western coasts of Ireland. But two other points suggest themselves for consideration in connection with this branch of the Irish fisheries. The most important of these is undoubtedly the urgent necessity which exists for providing increased facilities for the transit of fish, and better accommodation for fishing-boats. As we have already stated, many of the fishermen are at present unable to put out to sea, often for weeks together. The construction of a breakwater and landing ship at Buncrack harbour, for instance, certainly seems to be much needed, although it would, of course, be a work of considerable magnitude, and would involve an expenditure of about fifty thousand pounds.

Since, however, the matter is one of national importance, it is well deserving of the consideration of the government. Some such projects must indeed be set on foot if the sea fisheries on the south western coast of Ireland are to be developed. As an example of their productive-ness, we may mention that besides mackerel, many kinds of valuable fish are there to be had in abundance, such as cod, ling, turbot, sole, haddock, pilchards, and herring, in the different seasons. Regular communication with Foynes and Tralee, the two railway termini from which the greater bulk of the produce of these fisheries comes, is urgently required. At present, it takes nine hours to convey the fish to Foynes by steamer, whereas if they could be landed at Fintona, for instance, which would occupy about three and a half hours, they could at once be placed on a line of railway communicating practically with all parts of Ireland.

Besides these matters, better protection of these rich fishing grounds from foreigners is certainly needed. A Convention which is still in force between England and France provides that the fishing boats of one country shall not approach nearer to any part of the coast of the other country than three miles, except when carried within this limit by contrary winds, strong tides, or any other cause independent of the will of master and crew, or when obliged to beat up in order to reach their fishing ground. As a matter of fact, however, these regulations are openly disregarded. British vessels use our harbours and roadsteads in much the same way as our own vessels. They also interfere with our boats in their mode of shooting their nets, and not only fish within the prescribed limits, but actually in the bays along the coast. The desirability of police cruises regularly attending the mackerel fishery off the mouth of the Shannon is, in itself, abundantly manifest.

Evidence of the unsatisfactory working of the reproductive loan system in Ireland, so far as agriculture is concerned, has very recently been made public, and it is, of course, no part of our present purpose to discuss this topic, but it is interesting to contrast the admitted results of the same system so far as it has been applied to the fisheries. The practical working effects of the system of granting loans to fishermen are not a little remarkable. For instance, cases in which loans as small as six, ten, twelve, and twenty pounds, have resulted in a few months' fishing, twenty five, thirty, forty, and up to eighty pounds, have been officially reported, with the significant additional fact, that but for these loans, many of the parties could not have fished, and they and their families would, in most cases, have been obliged to go into the workhouse. In another specially reported case, a crew made upwards of one hundred pounds a year for two years by borrowing fifteen pounds, and in a third one small boat, which cost, with fitting out complete, not more than twenty pounds, realized over eighty pounds during a single season.

These facts and figures are peculiarly pregnant. They go far to prove that the development of the Irish fisheries is by no means so hopeless a task as it is in the fashion to assume. We have need enough to indicate the scope which exists for help in this direction. The social, material, and poli-

tical duties compel a near approach to dynamo-machines.

There seems to be a common notion abroad that these dynamo machines are destined at no very distant date to supersede the steam engine for the thousand and one uses to which steam is at present applied. This in point of fact cannot be, for a dynamo cannot be employed unless we have some force by which to drive it. As it is, we burn coal to make steam, use that steam to drive a dynamo, and then apply the electrical result to purposes to which the steam is directly applicable. It would thus be absurd to look to steam for the source of energy, for it could be employed direct and far more economically by means of an ordinary engine. At the Portrush Railway, which is to be worked by an electro-motor, a powerful waterfall is available, and the scheme will on that account most likely prove successful—that is, profitable. In the canton Vaud, Switzerland, measures are being taken to install electric illumination in place of very expensive gas, the force being furnished through the medium of turbine wheels of five thousand horse power, driven by the river Orbe. It is possible that many other places will profit by these examples, when it is known that electricity is capable of turning to such useful account those physical features which up to this time have been valued only for their beauty.

The telephone has lately been successfully used between New York and Chicago, a distance of one thousand miles. This is the longest telephone circuit on record, exceeding by three hundred miles the one previously established between New York and Cleveland. This extended length of circuit has been rendered possible by a new form of conducting cable, consisting of a steel wire core copper plated. This conductor offers far less resistance than the ordinary iron wire in common use for telephonic purposes.

Dr H. C. Nokes, of Nokes on a March to the Hills of Blochistan in North western India, with Remarks on the Simoon and Dust storms, which he recently brought before the Meteorological Society, presents many points of novelty and interest. Although the heat of summer is greater than that experienced in Britain, the weather is far less variable, and the climate generally is delightful, comparing favourably with that of the plains. The atmosphere is clear, and the winds dry and bracing, while the fruits and crops generally ripen early in consequence of the constancy of fine weather. With regard to dust-storms, Dr Cook attributes them to excess of atmospheric electricity. The simoon, which generally occurs in July and August, is very sudden in its appearance, and occurs at night as well as during the day. He compares the hot wind to the blast of a furnace, accompanied by a sulphurous odour, and believes it to consist mainly of a concentrated form of ozone.

In Professor Huxley's paper on the Physical History of the Dead Sea, brought before the Royal Dublin Society, we find much interesting matter. In 1836 it was determined by barometric observation that the surface of the Dead Sea lies no less than thirteen hundred feet below the level of the Mediterranean. During the Fluvial (rain) period, which succeeded the Glacial (ice), this sea or lake reached its maximum elevation.



With increasing dryness of the climate, the water gradually decreased, and during its contraction and lowering, those terraces along its borders, marking former surface levels, which are so familiar to travellers, were formed. These terraces range up to eight hundred feet above the present level of the water. As the water gradually decreased in volume it became first brackish, and then salt, as many lakes will if they have no outlet. The surface water now contains twenty-four per cent of saline ingredients, and deeper down, the maximum of salt impregnation occurs, or in other words the salinity amounts to saturation. The Mediterranean holds in solution but one fourth of that quantity of salt.

Just one hundred years ago, the Brothers Montgolfier, whilst watching the smoke rising from the chimney of their father's paper mill at Annonay, conceived the idea of the hot air balloon, a contrivance which caused more excitement and enthusiasm than perhaps any machine previously introduced. The enthusiasm is by no means dead, for the good people of Annonay have collected from willing subscribers the sum of sixty thousand francs, in order to celebrate in grand style the centenary of the first fall in ascent. On the 6th of June, a statue of the two brothers is to be erected, a copy of the first balloon is to be made to ascend, and several ascents with more modern forms of balloons will also be organised. It is curious to reflect that beyond the mere improvements which advances in manufacturing processes have rendered possible, the balloon as an instrument of flight remains the same unwieldy, unmanageable thing it was one hundred years ago.

A correspondent of *Nature* writing from Trinity College, Hartford, U.S.A., gives particulars of a very unusual phenomenon which was experienced there lately. The ground was covered with a hard crust of snow which had fallen two days previously, when a fresh fall of light damp snow occurred. A south wind rising some hours later rolled the particles of new snow along, so that they gathered fresh particles as they moved, with the result that the ground was covered for many acres with natural snowballs. These were not spherical, but cylindrical, the longest measuring eighteen in length, and having a breadth of twelve in height. This phenomenon is very rare, but has been observed before, notably in New Jersey in the year 1808, when it occurred in day light, so that the whole process could be watched. On this occasion, the snowballs reached a diameter of three feet, some of them leaving a long track, showing the road which they had travelled, until they grew too heavy for the wind to move.

Commenting upon this phenomenon, Mr G. H. Darwin likens it to certain mudballs which he has more than once observed in the Kentish lanes round about Bromley. These, made of soft clayey mud, varied in size from a mere pellet to four or five inches in diameter, and it was difficult to imagine that they were not made by hand. But their formation was due to accretion as pellets of mud rolled down hill after rain, their rarity being doubtless attributable to the circumstance that they can only be formed when the soil is in a particular state of stickiness.

Encouraged by the interest aroused by his photographs of animals in motion, and possibly

also by the welcome which he lately received in this country, Mr Muybridge of California has been induced to issue a prospectus of a new and elaborate work upon the Attitudes of Man, the Horse, and other Animals in Motion. The subscription for this remarkable work is twenty pounds sterling a large sum certainly, but not a very extravagant one, when it is remembered what costly appliances are necessary before these pictures can be obtained. The work will be of great interest to artists as well as scientific men, and intending subscribers should communicate with Mr Muybridge, Savill Manufacturing Company, Publishing Department, 419-421 Broome Street, New York.

An extraordinary occurrence was reported by the officers of the steamer *Agulha*, which left Weymouth for the Channel Isles on March 30 at midnight. The weather was calm and clear, and the sea was perfectly smooth, until the steamer had proceeded about sixteen miles out, when a heavy sea struck the ship, knocking her on her beam ends, flooding cabins and engine room, smashing skylights and doing other damage for five minutes the greatest terror prevailed among the passengers who were much knocked about. At the end of that time, the sea became calm as it was before. The cause was doubtless due to some underground convulsion upheaving the sea.

The destruction in Great Britain of six ancient manor-houses by fire in the short period of a few months, besides other disasters of a similar character at home and abroad, has once more aroused attention to the causes of these terrible occurrences. The Hon. Secretary of the British Archaeological Association displaying them from an antiquarian point of view, has ascertained that the six fires above referred to were directly traceable to the firing of timber beams either beneath the fire places or in proximity to the chimneys, and he advises all owners of similar houses, the loss of which is national as well as personal, to put their houses in order in this respect. From the correspondence that has been published on this topic, we are led to believe that many conflagrations have occurred from quite unsuspected causes. Thus one gentleman relates how he saw the dress of a lady being consumed from the concentration of the sun's rays by the lens of a glass in operation which stood on a table by her side. Not long ago we ourselves noticed how a photograph in an optician's shop window showed charred spots through being exhibited, as is often the case, behind a similar lens. Two other independent correspondents record how the wicks in their carriage lamps have been brought to a smoking state by the sun's rays focused upon them by their concave reflectors. Even a cascade of water has been known to focus the sun's rays to burning point. With these facts in view, we can easily imagine how many apparently mysterious fires have happened from similar causes. Knowing as we do that prompt measures taken at the first outbreak of fire may save the premises, we have introduced into those of this *Journal* half a dozen handy little portable fire extinguishers, termed 'The Rapid,' which seem all that can be desired. They are manufactured by R & J Jarvis, 19 Stobcross Street, Glasgow.

The sadness of recent events in connection with

explosive substances is apt to make us forget their immense commercial importance. Professor Abel, in a lecture recently delivered at Glasgow, gave some figures bearing upon this subject which will surprise those who are not conversant with mining operations. Sixteen years ago, the manufacture of dynamite was unknown in this country, and the whole quantity made in other lands amounted annually to about eleven tons. Last year the production in this country alone amounted to eleven thousand tons. The manufacture of the more powerful explosive called blasting gelatine is increasing, and it is expected that, as it is one of the most perfect explosives known, it will gradually drive dynamite out of use. It is a curious fact to learn that these terrible agents are extremely local in their effects, and that (even the explosion of a large quantity would only affect a very limited area. With a vigilant police force, strengthened by the new Explosive Bill, the mischievous use of even small quantities will become next to impossible.

We lately made mention of two new methods of manufacturing gas for illuminating purposes. We have now to record the method adopted by the Dixon Patent Gas Company, of 4 Commercial Road, Liverpool. The patentee, Mr John Dixon, an engineer, Birmingham, near Millbourne, claims to have discovered an improved gas, which is manufactured chiefly from kerosene, or any of the hydrocarbon oils, with certain other ingredients. In the process of manufacture, the mixtures are put into a tank, and, by a mechanical arrangement, intermittently injected into heated retorts. The gas generated in these retorts is conducted by pipes to an hydraulic main, through which it passes to the purifier, and thence to the gasometer, where it is stored for use in the same way as coal gas. The average illuminating power of Dixon's patent gas is said to be from twenty-five to seventy-eight standard candles according to pressure and the kind of burner used, while it can be produced more cheaply than coal gas. Arrangements are now being made, we understand, for the introduction of this gas into the Aberdeen-Lines village of Billiter.

If people were as readily scared by warnings as to the danger of living under unsanitary conditions, as they are by the discovery of a few pounds of dynamite, how much healthier the nation would be. The one cause of danger to life is unusual and sensational, so they give heed to it, but fever, far more deadly in its effect, is so common, that it goes unheeded. We are prompted to this remark after perusing the Report of one of the medical officers of London concerning a charitable institution where typhus fever has manifested itself. "The doctor," says the doctor, "was at first hard to make, from the dirty condition of the children in the institution. The place was over-crowded with more than three hundred inmates. The rooms were badly ventilated, to such an extent as to be injurious to health, and he was not surprised that typhus fever should have spread in such an atmosphere, and under such neglect of personal cleanliness. It is disheartening to think that in these days, when men of science are working so hard to solve and combat the mystery of suffering, the class which suffer most are, by their ignorance and stupidity, doing so much to propagate

disease. Health, the recently started weekly journal, will doubtless find this a useful subject for its pages.

The *Live Stock Journal* gives particulars concerning a new fixating agent which is much used in the north of France. It seems that many of the farmers there not only cultivate beetroot but also manufacture sugar from it. After this sugar has gone through the necessary process of refinement, a residue is left, which is a coarse kind of molasses or treacle. This, until lately, was regarded as a waste product, but chemistry has pointed out that it contains all the goodness which the beet has in its juices of growth drawn from the soil. So it is once more returned to its original dust, with the result that a fresh crop can be reared upon without any other fertilizing agent. Even wheat will grow upon the ground so treated—a fact that really suggests the existence of a subtle affinity between the elementary constituents of bread and treacle. But the time during which cereals can be grown under such conditions is very limited, unless phosphate of lime is added to this novel kind of manure.

Although we are not all of us inclined to agree with the self-satisfied folk who continually speak of the good old times, and refuse to admit that there is any good in the present, we many of us half regret that in their progress is rapidly shutting out scenes and circumstances which for centuries have formed the themes of poets. The steam engine has long ago invaded the meadow and the harvest field, and the typical sower, reaper and plougher are now confined to the pages of books. Although Britain is not backward in this reformation, or invention as some will call it, our progress courses across the Atlantic are far in advance of us, and I ask it would be so from the latest annual Report of the Census Department of the United States. In this document, we find a list of nearly two thousand agricultural implement-making establishments, with a catalogue of the appliances which they manufacture. This catalogue gives a fair idea of the manner in which our northern earth is tilled and tutured by modern machinery. It includes corn planters, cotton planters, grain drills, grain sowers, seed-sowers, transplanters, clover crushers, cotton choppers, cultivators, harrows, hoes, ploughs, rakes, fruit cutters, grain cradles, harvesters, hay loaders, horse rakes, lawn mowers, potato diggers, reaper reapers and mowers combined, scythe cutters, corn breakers, corn shellers, threshing machines, cider and wine mills, hay and straw cutters, stalk pullers, stone crushers, stump pullers, and arrip evaporators. If necessity should arise, America might be named the mother of invention, America might with some reason have claimed the honour of inventing

### OCCASIONAL NOTES

#### NEW SYSTEM OF FIRE ALARMS

The Wake Committee of the Corporation of Nottingham have instructed the National Telephone Company to institute a system of fire-alarms throughout the borough. These fire-alarms accomplish their purpose by means of electricity. An iron box with a glass lens is

fixed into a wall, and inside the box is an apparatus which is connected by wire with the central police and fire stations, to raise an alarm, the glass in front of the iron box has to be broken. This breakage causes a strong spring to plunge forward, throwing a current on the line, which releases an armature producing a red disc, indicating the name of the place where the alarm has been given, at the same time, a bell rings in connection with all the firemen's houses and the central station, so that the men receive the alarm at the same moment. The whole arrangement works automatically, and only from three to four seconds is lost from the time the alarm is given. The Company have already placed boxes in fifteen busy thoroughfares, several more will shortly be put in operation. Although the breaking of the glass panes will generally be undertaken by police officers, the public will be at liberty to do so in cases where promptitude is requisite. It may be added that the bell at the fire station continues to ring until a new piece of glass has been inserted in the alarm box. The work is under the personal superintendence of Mr J O Fry, District Manager and Secretary, National Telephone Company's Central Exchange, 3 Bottle Lane, Nottingham. This Company have completed an extensive telephonic service for the corporations of Nottingham, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Greenock, Dundee, Aberdeen, Leeds, Bradford, Halifax, Birmingham, Belfast, &c. In Nottingham during last year, forty thousand pounds worth of property was saved by this speedy means of communication through the telephone. When we add that there is a saving, of several minutes in communication through the telephone as against the telegraph, the special value of the former will at once be apparent.

#### CALIFORNIA.

California, the second State of the American Union in size, at first noted for its mineral wealth, is now rapidly developing its vast agricultural resources. It has great varieties of climate, heat and cold alternating, to the discomfort of the traveller. The fruits of California grow in great profusion, and with so little cultivation, that they seem almost spontaneous. Some of the fruits may not come up to the expectation of the traveller, but there can be no disappointment with the pears and grapes. All varieties of pears grow there to the greatest perfection, and the choicest varieties are sometimes a drug in the market. About one hundred thousand acres are at present under vine culture, all of which, when fully bearing, will, it is estimated, yield from forty to fifty million gallons of wine yearly. The product of the 1891 vintage was nine million gallons.

The greatest natural wonder in California is the famous Yosemite Valley. While the Falls of Niagara are only one hundred and sixty three feet in height, the highest fall in the Yosemite Valley leaps down sixteen hundred feet without a break, a second lower fall, six hundred feet, and a third, four hundred and thirty four feet—there being eleven distinct falls in the valley.

Every one has heard of the big trees of California. The Big Tree Grove, in Calaveras County, has an area of fifty acres, and contains

one hundred and three trees, twenty of which exceed the enormous girth of seventy five feet. One of these giants of the forest has been lately cut down. To accomplish this required the labour of five men for twenty five days, with pump boring augers and other appliances. When completely severed, two and a half days' labour were required to throw the trunk from its broad base. This tree was three hundred and two feet high and ninety six feet in circumference at the ground, and its annular growth lines showed over three thousand years of life. A house has been built upon this giant stump for theatrical and other entertainments. A roomy house for a small family could thus be constructed on a single stump of these trees. The most celebrated forest of big trees, the Mariposa Grove, is situated about fifteen miles south of the Yosemite Valley, and was ceded by Act of Congress to the State of California for preservation. It contains one hundred and twenty five trees which are more than forty feet in circumference. One tree in the grove, now partially burned at the base, was originally more than one hundred feet in circumference. The bark of the large trees of the *Sequoia gigantea* is some eighteen inches thick, and is as fibrous in its texture as a bale of cotton. It is very similar in form and appearance to the Red wood of the Pacific slope, the wood being dark red and extremely light. These giants of the forest were first discovered by a hunter in 1852, and they stand first, as the grandest productions of the vegetable kingdom.

#### A NEW LIFEBOAT.

In spite of the fact that we have a service of three hundred lifeboats and about two hundred and ninety three lifeboats around the shores of the United Kingdom, about one thousand lives were lost by shipping casualties in the year 1890-91. The loss of life during the twenty seven previous years veered on twenty thousand, the lives saved during the same period by the lifeboats of the National Lifeboat Institution number twenty nine thousand. We are pleased to notice the recent launch in the river Thames of a lifeboat on a new principle. This boat is the invention of Mr Illus A Tamms, of 17 Great George Street, Westminster, and Mr J R Hodson, familiarly known on the north east coast as the 'Stormy Petrel,' from his daring acts of bravery in cases of shipwreck and the number of lives he has saved. The boat, as described in a contemporary, consists of a hull formed of two curved tubes of large diameter, meeting at the ends, and thus enclosing an open space, which is fitted with a decking, composed of wood at the centre and of rope netting at the ends. The decking is placed midway of the depth of the hull, and the water line being below the deck line, the boat is always the right way up, no matter how she is put into the water. The body of the boat is made either of wood or of steel plate, and divided into compartments, which will serve for the storage of provisions. The boat can be either swung from davits or stowed away in any position, and can be run out on rollers and on into the sea. The trials in question were made with two boats, one being steel built and the other of wood, each being thirty three feet in length, with eight feet

six inches and nine feet beam respectively. Both boats were tested in succession for stability, buoyancy, rowing, steering, and sailing powers, and were found by qualified judges present to possess in an eminent degree the requirements of a safe and reliable lifeboat.

#### ARTIFICIAL INCUBATORS

Those who have turned their attention to the use of the artificial incubator are aware of the very narrow line that separates success on the one hand from failure on the other. It appears that the possibilities of artificial hatching have been recently attracting some attention in the United States. It has been found that as the size of the incubating machine is increased, the percentage of hatch is decreased. This is owing to the fact that an inclosed surface of four square feet can be so heated that there is no apparent variation of temperature in any part of it, but when there is an increase in the surface to be heated, there is a decrease of temperature in the outside edges. An authority on the subject, Professor J. Hasbrouck, says that a trustworthy regulator is indispensable to every incubator, and that uniformity of temperature is the most important condition of success.

The result of Mr. Hasbrouck's own experience is that eggs hatch equally well at any point between one hundred and two and one hundred and five degrees, or if the heat varies from ninety-eight to one hundred and six degrees, without remaining long at the extremes. Few eggs will stand below one hundred and two degrees, none at one hundred, and for the first half of the incubating period, few will endure one hundred and six degrees many hours. But all will go well, should the heat be kept within the said lines, between one hundred and two and one hundred and six degrees. In Hearson's Incubator (115 Southwark Street, S. E.) this has been well provided for, the use of the regulator precluding the possibility of an injurious rise of temperature. Whenever the heat over the eggs exceeds one hundred and six degrees, the expansion of a capsule raises a valve, that lifts a damper, which allows the heated air to escape and lowers the temperature. The capsule again contracts on the fall of the temperature, when the damper descends, and again raises the temperature of the water to the required degree.

#### TRANSPORTING LIVE FISH

From the United States we hear of a novel method adopted for the transport of live fish, which seems to have been entirely successful. We learn that one of the palace cars belonging to the Fish Commission recently started for California with its strange freight of eighteen thousand young fish. The car in which the human passengers and fish lived for the time, resembled a modern sleeping car, with compartments at each end, but in place of seats on each side there were ledges about three feet high, in which were placed the tin fish tanks. As the motion of the train might have dashed the water about, and so destroyed the fish, a novel device was adopted for avoiding this. About twenty fish were placed in gallon tin pails,

which were put in the tanks, and the latter were filled up with water. The motion of the car was found to be favourable for the circulation of air in the water, thus keeping it fresh. Every eight hours the water was renewed, and any dead fish were carefully removed by the attendants. The first halt was made at St. Louis, where supplies of fish were left for applicants in Missouri and Arkansas, and from this point fish were sent all over the States at the expense of the consignor.

#### CHICAGO PIG PACKING

This enormous business, says a contemporary, carried out with the most elaborate mechanical contrivances, shows from returns lately published to have greatly decreased in scale of late years, for while in 1875 9 no less than seven million four hundred and eighty thousand hogs were killed and packed, in 1891-2 only five million seven hundred thousand were so used for the business. These figures are for winter packing only. The summer packing is somewhat less, the last returns showing only three million two hundred and twenty five thousand as against five million three hundred and twenty three thousand in 1890. As a natural result, prices have gone up considerably, and 1892 shows seventeen per cent above 1891, and forty four per cent over 1890—two hundred and sixteen per cent above 1878. Present prices are thirty per cent above the average of the summer prices of the past seven years. Comparison is made between the value of a barrel of pork and that of a certain quantity of wheat. Thus, in 1879, a barrel of pork was of equal value to nine and a half bushels of wheat, in 1890, fourteen bushels of wheat were required to buy a barrel of pork, in 1891, fourteen and a half bushels of wheat, in 1892, sixteen and a half bushels of wheat, while at the present moment seventeen and a half bushels of wheat are the equivalent of one barrel of pork. Those it matters who go to the States for pleasure should never miss seeing the pig-killing establishments in Chicago and Cincinnati. The mechanical ingenuity and exactness of all the appliances for putting the poor pig out of his earthly existence, and the rapidity with which he is prepared for the use of a hungry world, is a wonderful sight to behold.

#### CANADIAN DAIRYING

Cheese and butter factories are rapidly on the increase in Quebec. The Minister of Agriculture in the Dominion has issued a Report, in which it is stated that there are now in the province of Quebec two hundred and eighty cheese factories, forty seven butter factories, and twenty eight cheese and butter factories combined, which shows an increase of no less than one hundred and fifty five establishments during the year. This is no doubt correct, for the vast increase of horned stock, partly from importation, but more especially from native breeding, must have an outlet for the enormous amount of milk produced, for which the sparse population of the province offers but a slight demand in its natural state. Canada is bound, in a few years, to be so large an exporter of butter and cheese that consumers in England will welcome the material

increase to the home supplies, as the price now paid for butter and cheese is fully double what it was thirty years since. In 1860-1 & 2, butter was ninepence per pound, cheese sixpence, meat eightpence. Competition with the States, and particularly with Holland, must have but one result, and that is a great reduction in the price for these necessaries. As to the effect it will have on the English producer, possibly it may actually do good, from the simple fact that it will be found more profitable to the English grower to work his fields well on new milk, than to make butter and cheese. The stakes at issue are large, and the future of our own country, agriculturally, depends much on what success the Canadian and States dairymen meet with in their cheese and butter making. As to the price of meat in Canada, it is stated that during Easter, in Quebec a fat calf could not be purchased for less than fifty dollars, and eight dollars had to be paid for a fat lamb.

#### IMPROVED RAILWAY SIGNALLING BY NIGHT

In a discussion on Dilettism, or colour blindness, which appeared in the *Daily News* some little time back, it was stated that a new system of night railway signalling would shortly be introduced by which accidents resulting from the inability of the engine driver to distinguish a red from a white light—a visual defect more common than is generally supposed—would be rendered an impossibility. Mr. Clemons, the railway engineer, and our correspondent, Mr. A. Tuer, of Leadenhall Street, the joint inventors of the new system, propose using at night the ordinary day semaphore signal, with the difference that the arms are to be boxed in and illuminated, their position as by day, and not the colour, signifying whether the line is blocked or clear.

#### THE VIOLET BANK

'It was the first time Lucy had seen sweet violets'

ETH the spring with full completeness  
Filled the waiting world with sweetness,  
Fro the trees had burst in beauty,  
Ready for their summer duty,  
Walked a fair haired Child along  
Where the river sang its song

And her eyes were clear with joyance;  
Not a shadow of annoyance  
Dwelt upon her face, unshaded  
By the memory of the past,  
Nor regret for pleasures faded,  
Or for joys that would not last  
As one dreameth a sweet dream,  
So she walked beside the stream.

Suddenly a perfume stole  
With delight into her soul,  
And above her, on a height  
(Oh, what exquisite delight!),  
She beheld, with joy unspoken,  
Something never seen before  
(Just a sign, and seal and token  
That the spring had come once more),

Yet in wandering she had never  
Seen such flowers beside the river

There they grew in sweet profusion,  
While with eager, glad confession,  
Down she bent to pluck the treasure  
All her own—with music a pleasure,  
Kissing every fragrant blossom  
Kiss she laid it in her bosom,

Then, with guilty face, looked round,  
Lest some little friend or lover  
Wandering by, should thus discover  
What she, lucky child! had found

And as years passed over the months  
(Lest with change and sorrow I'deem),  
Still she came, with tender pleasure,

To the bank beside the river,  
Gathering without stint or measure  
Every spring these flowers that never  
Faded with odorous breath to greet her,  
Lest with March came forth to meet her

Years had I the Woman older,  
Oft I felt the world was older,  
Since those sunny days gone by,  
Yet her heart beat faithfully  
To the home she long had left,  
To the place by change bereft  
And she said 'The buds are bursting,  
All the world for spring is thirsting,  
I shall go and see again  
That dear violet bank, whose sweetness  
Near is hidden by Time's footsteps  
Though my heart may throeb with pain'

And she went, but found no trace  
Of that well remembered place  
All was changed, the bank was gone,  
And the river path no more  
Wound about it as of yore,  
And of violets there were none!

Ah! in this short life, how often  
Memories rise to soothe and soften  
Oft beside the well known stream,  
Does she gather, in a dream,  
Violets as fresh as ever  
From the bank above the river.

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1st All communications should be addressed to the Editor, 3 & 4 High Street, Edinburgh.

2d To insure return in case of inequality, postage stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3d MANUSCRIPTS should bear the author's full Christian name, Surname, and Address, legibly written, and should be written on white (not blue) paper, and on one side of the leaf only.

4th Offerings of Verse should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

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Printed and Published by W & E CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 3 & 4 High Street, EDINBURGH.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Fourth Series

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No 1014—Vol. XX.

SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1883

PRICE 1½d.

## OLD CITY TAVERNS

IR COMFORT is needed as a condition under which authors gain most inspiration, such an abundance of that luxury has been bestowed upon them, in one direction, ever since the time of Shakespeare, that whatever hardships they may have endured in private life, they have had little cause to complain of their public 'entertainment.' So closely, indeed, have the old coffee houses, inns, and taverns in the City of London become associated with the names of men of letters, so endless are the anecdotes told of these eccentric people, of their sayings and doings, their witticisms and their epigrams, which have reached us from these snug retreats, that no biography of a literary man of any note who has lived any time during the last three hundred years, would be complete without some reference to more than one old City tavern. They were the 'houses of call' for those who had a fund of learning and were eager to exchange ideas. The surroundings were eminently characteristic of men who placed erudition before every other 'circumstance' by which our lives are governed. Here they could 'feast' over each other's words, and serve them up *réchauffé* with a bowl of punch. The floors were sanded, the pipes were of clay, and the seats were wooden hugh-backed benches. This may not be the modern notion of comfort; but to men so conservative by nature, a warm room and a curtained compartment, where Shakespeare and Ben Jonson had sat in seats of honour, was an ample compensation for the absence of showiness and ease; and the gloom and mystery of the courts and alleys in which these old taverns were invariably found, was perhaps the secret of their attraction to men of a thoughtful and retiring disposition. New faces were seldom seen, it was a sort of club-life, in which the choice of companionship was made in the manner naturally adopted by 'buds of a feather,' flocking in taverns, as in trees.

Dr Johnson had the highest opinion of a tavern, and Boswell has declared that he has heard him assert that a tavern chair was the throne of

human felicity. 'As soon,' said Johnson, 'as I enter the door of a tavern I experience an oblivion of care and a freedom from solitude. When I am seated, I find the master courteous, and the servants obsequious to my call, anxious to know and ready to supply my wants. Wine there exhilarates my spirits, and prompts me to free conversation, and an interchange of discourse with those whom I most love, I dogmatise and am contradicted, and in this conflict of opinions and sentiments I find delight.'

Up a dim court—from the time of James I until nearly the end of the last century—there stood out of Fleet Street one of the most noted taverns ever built in the City of London. It occupied the spot behind a quiet looking goldsmith's shop between Temple Bar and the middle Temple Gate. It was called the *Devil* tavern. The church of St Dunstan's was nearly opposite, and the sign of the tavern was St Dunstan pulling the Enemy of Mankind by the nose. In the time of Ben Jonson, who has given a lasting reputation to the house, the landlord's name was Simon Wadloe—the original of 'Old Sir Simon, the King,' the favourite ear of Squire Western in *Tom Jones*. The great room was called 'The Apollo.' Here Jonson lorded it with greater authority than Dryden did afterwards at *Wills's*, or Addison at *Button's*. The rules of the club, drawn up in the pure and elegant Latin of Jonson, and placed over the chimney, were, it is said, 'engraved in marble.' They are described in the *Tales* as being 'in gold letters.' This account agrees with the rules themselves, the tablet being still preserved in the banking house of the Messrs Child, as well as that interesting relic of the tavern—the bust of Apollo. The head, modelled from the Apollo Belvidere, kept guard over the door of the 'Club.' This is the tavern mentioned by Pope.

And each true Briton is to Ben so civil,  
He swears the Muses meet him at the Devil.

And Swift in one of his letters to Stella says: 'I dined to-day with Dr Garth and Mr Addison

at the *Devil* tavern near Temple Bar, and Garth treated.

It is more with the *Mitre* than with the *Devil* tavern that Dr Johnson's name is associated. It was there that Johnson said to Oglvie, in reply to his observation, that Scotland had a great many noble prospects. 'I believe, sir, you have a great many, Norway, too, has noble wild prospects, and Lupton is remarkable for prodigious noble wild prospects, but, sir, let me tell you, the noblest prospect which a Scotchman ever sees is the high road which leads him to England. It was at this tavern that the idea of the tour to the Hebrides was first started, and there, at their 'old rendezvous,' Goldsmith often supped with Johnson and Boswell. The original *Mitre* was of Shakespeare's time. It was pulled down in the year 1820 by the Messrs Hoare, in order to extend their banking house, and in the same way Messrs Child have recently increased their 'accommodation' by bulding upon the spot where once stood the *Devil* tavern. Both these taverns are thus blotted out. This is truly a commercial age! The old City churches are falling fast, and counting houses are rising up where their old chimneys (now silenced for ever) were once heard, and even the old City church yards are slowly disappearing from sight. What, then, will the old City be five hundred years hence? Hurd by is the *Rainbow* tavern, now a first class dining house, which was indicted in former times for the sinfulness of selling coffee.

There is another old City tavern where Dr Johnson and Goldsmith often sat down together over a snug dinner, a tavern in Wine Office Court, called the *Old Cheshire Cheese*. Passing along Fleet Street and glancing up this court, those magic words seem to take up all the space in the distance, as completely as though they were being glanced at through a telescope, and if you follow the instincts of your nature, you will dive down the telescope towards the attractive lamp above the door and enter the tavern. The customary pint of stout, in an old pewter, will be placed before you if your taste has that way, and when you have finished your chop or steak, or pudding, as the case may be, there will follow that 'specialty' for which the *Cheshire Cheese* is principally noted—a dish of bubbling and blistering cheese, which comes up scorching in an apparatus, resembling a tin of Everton toffee in size and shape.

It was the same when frequented by Johnson and Goldsmith, and their favourite seats in the north east corner of the window are still pointed out. Nothing is changed—except the waiters in course of nature—in this consecrated and cosy tavern. If Goldsmith did not actually write parts of the *Year of Walfield* in that corner, he must have thought out more chapters than one while seated there. He lived in Wine Office Court, and here it is supposed the novel, begun at Canonbury Tower, was finished. 'I received

one morning,' said Dr Johnson, according to Boswell—a message from poor Goldsmith that he was in great distress, and, as it was not in his power to come to me, begging that I would come to him as soon as possible. I sent him a guinea, and promised to come to him directly. I accordingly went as soon as I was dressed, and found that his landlady had arrested him for his rent, at which he was in a violent passion. I perceived that he had already changed my guinea, and had got a bottle of Madeira and a glass before him. I put the cork into the bottle, desired he would be calm, and began to talk to him of the means by which he might be extracted. He then told me that he had a novel ready for the press, which he produced to me. I looked into it, and saw its merits, told the landlady I should soon return, and having gone to a bookseller, sold it for sixty pounds. I brought Goldsmith the money, and discharged his rent, not without rating his landlady in a high tone for having used him so ill.

Not less interesting than the *Cheshire Cheese* is that favourite resort of literary men for nearly three hundred years—the old *Cock Tavern*, or, as it was first called, the *Cock Alehouse*, which faces the Middle Temple Gate, and has been famous for its chops and steaks, its porter, and above all, its stout, ever since it was established. Whilst the Plague was raging in London in 1665, the master shut up his house and retired into the country. The following advertisement is still extant: 'This is to notify that the master of the *Cock and Bottle*, commonly called the *Cock Alehouse*, at Temple Bar, hath dismissed his servants and shut up his house for this Long Vacation, intending (God willing) to return at Michaelmas next, so that all persons whatsoever who have any accounts with the said master, or farthings belonging to the said house, are desired to repair thither before the 8th of this instant July, and they shall receive satisfaction.' In our time, this tavern has been immortalised by Mr Tennyson in his poem beginning,

O plump head waiter at the *Cock*

But 'Will Waterproof,' to whom the verses are addressed, has ceased 'to pac the grited floor' for some years now, and if there are any other changes in the old room, they are very slight. The walls are now only partially lined with wainscoting, and the silver tankards of special customers are no longer hung up in glittering rows in the bar. The old carved chimney piece—of the age of James I.—however, still remains, and the curtained boxes retain the same cosy appearance, and still that

Half lives about  
The waiter's hands that reach  
To catch his perfect pint of stout,  
His proper chop to each

At the present hour, the old tavern, viewed from the opposite side of the road in Fleet Street, looks as if it occupied an underground position, as if it were buried somewhere behind those

boardings in the midst of ruins. The original entrance—a long sanded passage, more like a tunnel than ever now—still stands, but it will soon be pulled down, though the tavern, it is said, being sufficiently far back from the road not to interfere with the widening of Fleet Street, is destined to remain a famous landmark in the vast field of literature.

May this rumour prove correct? For most of the taverns which stood in the neighbourhood of Fleet Street, Newgate Street, Ludbican, and Cheapside, have become a mere matter of history, without in some instances even a votive stone to denote their original site. The famous gilded Cock which stood for so many years over the entrance, disappeared not very long since, it is supposed, by some ardent lover of old London curios.

Although the Cock was well known in the latter half of the seventeenth century, there is very little allusion to it in contemporary literature. This may be because it was considered an ale house, and not a coffee house. However, Pepya records him, there in 1668, and eating lobster until midnight. Fulking was fond of the old tavern, as were Smollett, Savage, Goldsmith, Boswell, and Cowper. The standard dishes at the Cock are still 'chop and chop to follow,' or a steak either 'small,' 'dinner,' or 'point,' followed by a kidney 'sniped'—that is to say, broiled whole, so as to keep in the gravy—and toasted cheese. The oil cellar of famous port wine was sold by auction towards the end of last year, but pun is still served in pint tumblers according to ancient usage. An old Cock token of 1668 is still shown, and may be one of the 'farthings' alluded to in the advertisement above quoted.

The *Chapter House Tavern*, at the corner of Chapter House Court, Paternoster Row, frequented principally towards the end of the last century by booksellers, authors, and editors, has not yet been removed. There it still stands, a long dark building, some three stories high. It can be reached by a narrow entrance into the court from St Paul's Churchyard, or under a low archway from Paternoster Row. The coffee room, on the ground floor, where the literary 'judges' sat, has been recently changed into a bar. But the windows and the walls are the same, and the gloom which surrounds it now is little less than it was a hundred years ago. The ceilings in the tavern have such an unimposing elevation, that even though, when entering, one is made conscious of a precipitate descent to a level of more than a foot below the court outside, one is not surprised into a confusion that the room has gained in loftiness in any marked degree. In fact, this circumstance is dispiriting, and the gloom which hangs about the exterior adds to this peculiar sense of depression. From every point the shadows seem to have gathered about this tavern, and above them all there looms the shadow of St Paul's.

In the first number of the *Connoisseur*, in 1754, this place is referred to: "And here my publishers would not forgive me," says the writer, "was I to leave the neighbourhood without taking notice of the *Chapter Coffee house*, which is frequented by those encouragers of literature and—as they are styled by an eminent critic—"not the worst judges of merit," the booksellers." It was another

favourite tavern of Goldsmith's, and the place where he sat was, until the alterations took place, pointed out to visitors. It was to this tavern also that Chatterton frequently went. "I am quite familiar at the *Chapter Coffee house*," he wrote to his mother, "and know all the geniuses there."

On the side nearest to Paternoster Row, about the centre of Newgate Street, there is still standing the *Salutation* tavern, formerly known as the *Salutation and Cat*. This old tavern, like the Cock, is reached by passing down a tunnel and through a bar and across a passage, when the coffee room begins to come in sight. This room is divided into two apartments by pillars, and the one most distant from the door is on a lower foundation by some feet. The efforts which are made to preserve the manners and customs of this tavern are severe, but when the traditional snuff box is presented to you, after you have paid your bill, the privilege of smearing at the head waiter seems as if it had lost half its charm. It is difficult to realise now how Coleridge could have found the tavern a pleasant retreat when suffering from fits of melancholy, and yet it was here that Southey found him, and tried to rouse him from his semi-insane idleness.

Cheapside and the Poultry were at one time as famous as Fleet Street for their literary taverns. The *White Horse* in Friday Street makes a conspicuous figure in the *Merry Conceited Jests of George Peele*, one of the poets and playwrights of Elizabeth's reign, and the name is still attached to a gin palace of the modern type, and there was another tavern which is even more celebrated—at the corner of Friday Street and Bread Street—called the *Mormod* club, where Sir Walter Raleigh, who instituted it, and where Shakespeare, Beaumont and Fletcher, Jonson, and many others, met.

Souls of poets dead and gone,  
What Lyrum have ye known,  
Happy field or merry cavern,  
Chooser than the *Mormod* tavern!

So sang Keats. Nor must the *Queen's Arms*, another tavern in Cheapside where this poet once lived, be forgotten—where he wrote his sonnet on Chapman's *Homers*, and all the poems in his first volume. This tavern, like most of the rest of the old taverns in Cheapside, has disappeared, and the second floor, which Keats occupied—stretching over a passage leading to the entrance—is now a warehouse, with nothing more ornamental about its frontage than a rusty crane.

In Great Ditchcap, between Small Alley and St Michael's Lane, stood the *Boar's Head* tavern, commemorated by Shakespeare. It was destroyed by the Great Fire, but it was rebuilt almost immediately afterwards, nor was it finally demolished—in order to make space for new approaches to London Bridge—until 1831. The back part of the house looked upon the burying-ground of St Michael's, Crooked Lane. The statue of William IV nearly marks the site. In the reign of Richard II, a tenement, called the *Boar's Head*, in Eastcheap, was in possession of Walter Morden, stockfish monger of London. In the time of Henry IV there was, according to Stow, no tavern in Eastcheap. Shakespeare alone



refers to this tavern. After the Great Fire, it was rebuilt of brick, with its door in the centre, a window above, and then a bore head cut in stone, with the initials of the landlord (F. T.), and the date (near the amount) of 1668, which may still be seen in the Guildhall Museum. Boswell says: 'I mentioned a club in London at the *Loar's Head* in Kestrelup, the very tavern where Falstaff and his joyous companions met, and the members of which all assume Shakespeare's characters. One is Falstaff, another, Prince Henry, another, Parolaph and so on.' To which Johnson replied: 'Do not be of it, sir. Now that you have a name, you must be careful to avoid many things not bred in themselves, but which will lessen your character. Thus, every man who has a name must observe. A person who is not publicly known, may live in London as he pleases, with no notice being taken of him, but it is wonderful how any person of consequence is watched.' In his essay, 'A Review of the *Poor's Head Tavern*,' Goldsmith says: 'Here, by a pleasant fit, in the very room where old Sir John Falstaff cracked his jokes, in the very chair which was sometimes honoured by Prince Henry, I sat and ruminated on the follies of youth, wished to be young again, but was resolved to make the best of life while it lasted, and now and then compared past and present times to other.' Careful of the ravages committed by the Great Fire—just as Boswell did—Goldsmith fancied that he sat in the very tavern frequented by Falstaff.

When the old City taverns with a literary flavour stopped short in their eastward course it would be difficult to decide. It was out of Thames Street, in *Three Cranes Lane*—'so called,' says Stow, 'not only of three cranes at the tavern door, but rather of three cranes of timber placed on the wintry wharf by the Thames side, to crane up wines'—that the *Three Cranes* stood famous as early as the reign of James I., and frequented by Ben Jonson and the wife of his time. In *Ben Jonson's Fair*, Jonson says: 'These pretenders to wit! Your *Three Cranes*, *Mitre*, and *Merman* men! Not a corn of true wit, not a grain of right mustard among them all. The mention of this tavern by mine host of the *Bonny Black Bear*, in *Kensworth*, is frequent: 'Nor is there such a wine,' says Giles Gooding, '—drinking off a cup of his own sack—'at the *Three Cranes* in the wintry, to my knowledge.'

There is no sign of this tavern in Thames Street now. The large modern warehouse—still called the *Three Cranes*—standing upon the site formerly occupied by the old warehouse and tavern, with its lofty frontage towards the Thames, seems to forestall in its very face of how these venerable landmarks in the City of London must of necessity soon be swept away. They are crowded out in this neighbourhood, as elsewhere, in dark alleys, up steep lanes and narrow courts, where still a few of them hold out an almost ludicrous resistance against the march of time. Some of them are propped up by wooden beams, resembling crutches, against which they lean like those incurable cripples who have the appearance of being on their last legs, while others are supported on each side by houses which are only in a slight degree less weak and tottering. These old City

taverns are monuments of their own antiquity and fame, and when the last snug retreat has grown a dark,

We know not where is that Prometheus heat  
That can its light restore.

## ONE FALSE, BOTH FAIR;

OR, A HARD KNOT

By JOHN R. HARWOOD

### CHAPTER XLII.—FROM POUNCE AND FORTIFY.

'My dear, I shall not stay long away. I dislike leaving you here alone, and besides, these new-fashioned gentleman are not much to my taste, and one meets the oddest people, perhaps because it is out of doors. But Celina made a point of my coming to her, and so'—

Now, Celina was Her Grace the Duchess of Snowdon, and Lady Barbara had always highly approved of that handsome and fine young lady while yet in education fancy free, and always took rather undesired credit to herself for having been instrumental in placing the ducal coronet on her well-shaped head. 'Poor dear Snowdon ought to thank me for having helped him to such a wife,' was a not unfrequent remark of Lady Barbara. There were other match-makers, less distinguished, who possibly owed a grudge to Lady Barbara for what she had done towards hooking for her young friend the biggest matrimonial prize of the season, but at any rate the Duke, who was plump and short, and some times mistaken, by strangers who came to see his model farm and pedigree cattle, for his own behalf, so naturally did matters and relations suit him, had secured a bride fit to do honour to his high dignity and ample means.

'I shall not be dull in the least, I don't mind it at all, dear Lady Barbara, the young mistress of Leinster House had upheld gently, and then she had been left to her solitude in that vast mansion of a mansion that was now her home. Of course Lady Leinster had been invited. She was always invited. Cards and notes, so to speak, rained at her door, but it was impossible that she should, at this comparatively early stage of her widowhood, mix in general society. She stayed then at home, while Lady Barbara sallied forth to Willow Reach, as the Duke's pretty Thames-side villa bore name, where very august personages were expected to gild the assembly by their presence.

'I shall not be dull, see, I have the Laureate's new poem, only just begun, the young lady had said, as she took the book in her hand, just before the aunt of the late Marquis set forth on her festal errand. But hours had elapsed, and Lady Barbara had been absent for a long long time, and the summer sun was drooping in the sky, and very, very few lines of the poetry had been perused by the fair young creature in black, whose mourning garb and utter loneliness seemed almost touching, when contrasted with the pomp and state and grandeur that environed her. She took the book again and again in her white hand and glanced at its pages, but her mind strayed far away—so it seemed—from the lines before her, and she laid down the volume with a sigh and remained lost in thought.

'A person from Pounce and Pontifex, My Lady, with business papers of importance. Would your Ladyship please to see him?'

The lady lifted her book again and it was almost peevishly that she made answer: 'Certainly not. I am occupied. I do not wish to be disturbed.'

The man in white retired with oriental obsequiousness, but before he had traversed the wide expanse of Brussels carpet that intervened between him and the door, the lady began to change her mind. 'Stop, Peter,' she said languidly. 'I will see this person, since my lawyers have sent him.'

The clerk of Messrs. Pounce and Pontifex was ushered in. In some respects the man did look the very type of clerkhood. He wore the neatest garments, light fighting, neither new nor old, of black or 'subfusc' hue, as our old Oxford Latin students used to phrase it, and his shirt collar was very white, and his pale cravat tight and trim. He came in under our arm some bundles of papers and parchments, tightly tied with red tape, and in one hand, basket-like, he bore a blotting.

The young lady looked up with but a dull curiosity as the man made his bow. She had expected to see a quiet, unobtrusive person of the male sex, anxious to do his errand and to take his leave. To her surprise, the languid, lusciousness of her soft blue eyes was met by the steady stare of wicked eyes, as bright as lightning, brighter than her own, eyes full of fire and full of malice, half threatening, half mocking. Never, surely, did family historians of such high standing as the immemorial firm of Pounce and Pontifex send to such a client, such a clerk. He had not impressed the servants unfavorably. But then his bearing had been firm and steady, and his look downcast. Now, there was a change in the man's manner, and he had somewhat of the air of a reckless buccannier of earlier days, trailing his schooner's deck, in silken scarf, and with gold and silver and pistols ostentatiously displayed about his person. So startled was the lady, that, in sincere alarm, she rose from her seat and moved towards the bell. The singular emissary of Pounce and Pontifex barred her way.

'No, no, My Lady Marchioness,' he said, in that strange voice that belonged to Chinese Jack, and which provoked or perplexed those who heard it, 'you must not ring the bell—at least, not now. Sit down again, I beg, and let us attend to business. Come, we have no time to lose. Lady Barbara may come back. I lost hours, in getting myself fit to act the character, when once I saw that the coast was clear.'

Scared and amazed, the young mistress of Leominster House shrank back from the audacious eyes and dauntless front of this extraordinary intruder. She hesitated a moment, and then meekly resumed her seat. What, in deed, was she to do? She could not reach the bell. To call aloud was useless, in that vast catacomb of a house, where all ordinary sounds were deadened by space. Besides, was there anything to justify a shriek for aid? The man was not rude, only odd and perplexing. Pounce and Pontifex had certainly made choice of an eccentric envoy, but there he was. One thing

puzzled her. Where had she seen those bold eyes before? She had no recollection of the man, with his close-cut hair and bushy beard, and face seamed by countless lines, save of those daring, defiant eyes, with their look of rough admiration and keen scrutiny, which she both

'And now to business,' said this phenomenal clerk.  
'Will you not—' said she, whom he had dressed, as she timidly motioned towards a chair.

The man took the seat readily enough. 'Your husband's father, My Lady, has done me the honour to ask me to be seated at Castel Vawr often enough,' he said dryly.  
'You know Castel Vawr, then?' faltered out the bewilderment.

'Better than you, Ladyship does. I know most things, and what I don't know, I have a knack of finding out,' was the man's cool answer. 'So now, as I shall to business. We may as well have true colours at the breasthead—excuse a soldier's simile—at once. I don't come from Pounce and Pontifex in the least—not I. Never was a quill driver like rubbish, these stage properties,' he added—'lancets, at the red-taped pockets and the blue bag that lay beside him on the floor, contemptuously—I bought it at a law stationer's in Curator Street. The make-up wasn't bad, though,' he added boastfully.

'Not from Pounce and Pontifex?' Then, Mr. I must insist—' said the lady, as she half rose, but somehow she was cowed by the burning eyes that met her.

'Instist that I should go—inst, and have the intruder turned out,' said the man laughing.  
'No, Lady Leominster, that won't do with one who has looked Death, in his ugliest shape, in the face for thirty years, and who is used to frowns from more potent persons than even a Marchioness. No, nor am I a thief,' he added rapidly, as he noted the expression of her face. 'Not a bit of that. I am no robber, I am no clerk, I am simply an unaccredited plianpotentary, and come on my own account, not on that of those venerable compilers of bills of costs, Pounce and Pontifex.'

Next to his sneering tone, the most remarkable feature in the conversation of Chinese Jack certainly was, that at one time the man seemed to be a perfect gentleman, and a moment later, the dissolute, reckless adventurer. She could but eye him with timid wonder as he went on.

'I know I waste time, and how precious the minutes may be,' he said, with an evident enjoyment of the situation and of the fact that he was master of it. 'Yet I do waste them. You and I, My Lady, must be friends or foes. I know too much to be neglected.'

'I—I do not understand—you come from Castel Vawr,' stammered the lady.

'From an older land than even the Welsh Marches—from Alexandria—from Egypt. I saw a good deal, and heard a good deal, and picked up a few trifling secrets too, when you and I came home together by the good ship Cyprus, My Lady.'

'Secrets—the Cyprus—in what way, pray, can secrets concern me?' demanded she haughtily, and with no perceptible tremor in her voice.

Chinese Jack eyed her with a composure not

wholly devoid of a hidden sense of amusement, as though she had been a child indeed. But she was quite grave when he said, 'Not directly, of course, My Lady Marchioness. But—you have a sister.'

'I have indeed. Can you—is it possible that you have been sent to me—by her?' The voice in which the question was asked was not a steady one.

Chinese Jack interrupted in a little laugh. 'Not I, My Lady, he said, as slowly as if he were weighing every word. 'Although, you see, I might have been. You see, My Lady, the likeness is so very remarkable between you two young things—between you, pardon for the freedom—that it would not take much to turn the tables, to put the other one in your place, and leave your Ladyship out in the cold. A pity, too! This is a grand house, and the castle, to my fancy, is a finer, and then the splendid income, and the rank, and the power, and the station, and the being flattered and courted by high and low. It would never do to lose it all, My Lady. It would be heart-breaking, to be outgeneralled, because the competitor held better cards, or played them better. And yet that will happen, be sure of that, if you allow me to go over to Miss Cora's side, and'

'Hill, sir! I forbid you to address me thus! I forbid you to drag my dear, unhappy, mistreated sister's name into your talk. Leave me, this instant—or—' She stopped, trembling. She had risen to her feet, and in her passionate indignation the adventurer hardly laughed. It was not a joyous laugh, the quiet, scornful chuckle of a fiend, rather. That laugh, and the expression of the man's mocking eyes, checked her anger, and, with a sob, she sank helplessly back in her chair.

'Lady Leominster,' said the man, in a changed tone, 'I only wish to convince you, for your own good, that I—Jack Nameless, you may call me—can be a most useful friend, or a very dangerous enemy. I am not a moral man, of course. I am not a model character. Look at me, if you please, to those mercenaries of two or three hundred years back, the Condottieri—the Dugald Dalgetties—who were ever ready to sell their swords to the highest bidder. Your purse is the longest, and I have come to you the first. But, on the other hand, the Opposition would be more liberal as to pledges, which in the event of success would doubtless be redeemed. If you dispute me, say the word, and I will go over to the hostile camp. I have power to help and power to harm, I can assure you.'

'What do you want—money?' asked the lady wearily.

'Of course I do, My Lady. To the best of my poor experience, there is nobody who do not want it. But I am not extortionate—a mere retaining fee. Five hundred pounds would'

'Five hundred pounds!' She could not help repeating the words with something like dismay.

'Say three, then—or, better, three fifty, I have a use for the odd money, said Chinese Jack promptly. 'We will settle, then, on our three hundred and fifty pounds. That is a good, solid heavy balance at your Ladyship's bankers, and if there had not been, your Ladyship's pars-

mony would have sufficed to bring down upon us a shower-bath of gold. Miss Cora would be better here,' he added, 'as sister of the Marchioness, than as queen of all.'

'If you could—' But what influence could you exert—unless she has really sent you here,' faltered out the lady. She had risen, and with a tiny key unlocked the prettiest little curiosity of a costly cabinet, from which she withdrew a cheque-book with trembling hand.

'You may guess my influence over her by my influence over you, Lady Leominster, was the cool answer of Chinese Jack, whose over-bright eyes, like those of some weird creature of romance, seemed to penetrate her very thoughts, 'and you may believe, what is the truth—that it rests with me whether you hold your own, with a prudent sister at your side, or whether—' Never mind, My Lady. Tear out the leaf of your cheque-book. Dip your pen in that toy inkstand. But, on reconsideration, let the cheque be for five hundred, if you please. I had forgotten that it is not my silence, but my activity which your interests require, and help costs money.

Very timidly, like a frightened child in presence of a stern teacher, she obeyed, and with trembling fingers, held out the cheque for the man to take. To her surprise, the man delayed to take it.

'I am no robber, my young Lady Marchioness, as I mentioned previously, he said, proudly enough, 'nor do I exact blackmail from you with a pistol at your head. What I want is—payment for my services, for my knack of setting things, that at wrong, right. Jack Nameless never was a thief. I look on it as my retaining fee. I am an advocate worth a thumping one. But I do not force my advocacy upon you. I could bring your sister back. I could insure your position, not, of course, on such terms as these, but, if you please, My Lady, I will do me your cheque.'

'Take it—but bring my darling back to me,' she said, and fell sobbing back into her chair and hid her face.

Chinese Jack picked up the cheque, which had been allowed to drop to the floor, carefully satisfied himself that no formality had been omitted, and folding up the valuable slip of paper, thrust it into his pocket. 'Now, Lady Leominster,' he said hastily, but in a distinct tone, 'I have taken your pry and engaged in your service. Nothing for nothing, is a favourite saying of mine, and a two-edged one it is, for I should feel your money burn in my pocket, if I did not work it out, as I will. Trust me, I won't leave my visiting card, nor write down my name in your porter's hall book, and I should scarcely find admission here a second time as a clerk of your solitors. But rely on it, you will see more before long of your very humble servant Jack Nameless. I have more tricks than one in my bag, as our French friends say. He picked up the bag, and the red-taped papers from the floor, and was gone so speedily and silently, that it was as if a shadow had flitted through the vast length of the stately room. Chinese Jack needed no guide to conduct him through the spacious halls and branching passages of the huge mansion. Either he had known the place

of old, or his instant for locality was quick and unerring, for he had nearly gained the outer entrance, when there was a deep roll of wheels, and then a bustle and stir, and Lady Barbara, fresh from her garden party at the ducal villa, came in. With perfect respect, the man stopped back and stood aside to let the dignified spinster pass him by, bowing slightly as he did so. He played his assumed character very well, his law papers under his arm, his bag tightly held in a black gloved hand, a certain stiff humility in his salute. But a very close observer might have noticed that he seemed a down looking man, and avoided, perhaps from shyness, meeting Lady Barbara's eye. She looked at him inquisitively as she acknowledged the movement of his head, and then passed on. Thirty seconds more and Chinese Jack was in the courtyard, through the arched gate, and gone.

'My dear, I have been thinking of you, and finding you felt dull all through this tiresome party. Certainly, Society is not what it was. One misses the people one ought to meet, and gets jostled by those who— But who was that singular looking man with the beard and the papers that I met as I came in?' asked Lady Barbara presently. 'Did you receive him?'

'I did. He grined admission, I am sorry to say, on false pretences, as a clerk of Pounce and Pontiac's, with papers to be signed, and—'

'The wretch! What was he, then—a thief?' exclaimed Lady Barbara, aghast, and looking round her, as if to be sure that the Claudes and Hobbins and Rembrandts on the walls were yet in their gilded frames.

'No—not that, dear Lady Barbara,' sobbed out the girl, 'though he did distress and threaten me, talking as he did in hints about my darling Cora, my poor misguided sister, that I love so dearly, and would give so much, all I have, to win back to me. And I dread scandal so, and fear that disgrace should rest on the proud name of the great family—yours, Lady Barbara, and mine now, into which my husband brought me. So I was alarmed, and— and gave him money.'

'The knave, the wretch! Some begging letter writer, on the watch to extort a trifle of money from a young creature like— The servants are to blame for admitting him,' said Lady Barbara wrathfully.

'It was my fault, I consented to receive him,' returned the other timidly, 'and he was very fair spoken, and seemed really to have come on business, until he began to talk of Cora, and then— You are not angry with me, aunt, because I gave the man money?' She spoke in a sweet childish voice, that would have softened a harder heart than that of auster Lady Barbara, who came over at once and kissed her tenderly on the forehead.

'No wonder you are frightened, my love! I ought to have been here to protect you,' she said, 'but I thought in your own house you were safe. The audacity of the man! Did he leave any clue, name, or address by which he could be traced? If so, I will put the matter at once into the hands of the police, and he will be punished as he deserves,' said the stern old lady, who never dreamed that the intruder's rud into Westminster House could have profited him by more than a couple, or say three or four sovereigns, and who

would have been horrified had she known the actual amount of the cheque.

'He left no name, no address, and had he mentioned such, I should have forgotten them, I think. It was only my sister's dear name that stirred my heart so,' was all the reply.

### LA GRANDE CHARTREUSE

Nor long since, the rumour spread far and wide that the action of the French government towards the so called religious societies had caused the monks of La Grande Chartreuse to contemplate the necessity of seeking a new home in Switzerland. As these holy men are no mere idle drones, but busily occupy themselves in manufacturing, amongst other concoctions, certain liqueurs which have so won the public taste as to bring the brotherhood both fame and wealth, the French would no doubt regret losing them as much as the Swiss would rejoice at gaining them. As there is some probability—though it seems more remote than it once was—that the celebrated monastery, in which so industrious a fraternity dwell and labour, may soon be numbered with the things of the past, a sketch of its history and of its condition, as seen a year or two ago, may not be uninteresting.

About eight centuries since, a citizen of Rheims named Bruno was seized with an ardent longing for a monastic life, and he sought among his fellow citizens for some whose minds had the same bent as his own. He soon found six who were glad to be his companions in mortifying the flesh, and indulging their intense sense of weariness with the things of the world. Not one of the seven, however, was acquainted with any place sufficiently near, and yet remote from the haunts of men, for their purpose. Nor did the brotherhood know how to overcome this difficulty until they heard that there dwelt in Grenoble a pious soul named Hugues, who was sure to be not only able but willing to direct them to such a spot as they needed. So they, clad in horse hair shirts and coarse woollen robes, set forth on sandalled feet, with staves in their hands, to seek out and consult this worthy man. In so doing they did not err, for Hugues, leading them towards the Alps, brought them, after a journey of twenty miles, to a valley standing four thousand five hundred feet above the level of the sea, and almost encircled with snow clad mountains. Here they determined to settle. Soon, by their energetic labours, with the aid of the sturdy mountaineers sent them by Hugues, a chapel and seven cells were built.

In a comparatively short time, the Carthusians—as they called themselves—so grew in popular estimation that this their first monastery became a favourite resort for those who felt called to an ascetic life. In the days of its pristine vigour, there was little to attract within its walls any save those who were anxious to mortify the flesh and give themselves up to devoutness of the austere sort. A meagre and distasteful diet, coarseness and scantiness in dress, with the continual repetition of prayers, were rigidly

enforced. It was the bounden duty also of every monk to subject his body to pain by the application of the scourge. The use of animal food was strictly forbidden. Fish was indeed allowed now and then, but very seldom. The only bread that might be eaten, whether in health or sickness, was made of wheat ground with the husks. The present inhabitants of La Grande Chartreuse take a pride in telling visitors of the austere lives their predecessors led. They, however, as far as we can judge, do not seem very anxious to emulate their forefathers in this respect.

We may here mention that Bruno himself was not allowed to preside for long over the monastery he had founded. He was soon summoned to Rome by the pope. Here, because of the great fame he had obtained, he was kept for some time, much against his own wish. At last he was permitted to leave and carry out a resolution he had formed of founding a monastery at La Torre, in the wilds of Calabria, like that which he had established in Dauphiné. There he died in the year 1101.

During the eight centuries that have passed since St Bruno founded La Grande Chartreuse, the Carthusians have become so numerous that, in spite of the havoc wrought by the Reformation and other cruelties, the order has many monasteries in Europe. Some of these are not a little famous, as, for instance, the Certosa near Pavia, the architectural magnificence of which has made it one of the sights of Europe. Still the one which was the first home of the order remains to the present day the most important of them all, and that in spite of the fact, that it has suffered much from fire and persecution, and has been subjected to various trials, from which kindred institutions have been comparatively free.

Thus long continued prosperity, notwithstanding so many adverse circumstances, is beyond question largely due to the very mundane fact that its position places at its command an ample supply of the Alpine plants needed to produce the delicate liquors for which it has so long been famous.

The present monastic buildings have not been in existence more than two hundred years. Indeed, between the eleventh and sixteenth centuries the monks of La Grande Chartreuse had the misfortune to lose their home by fire no fewer than six times. It was so destroyed in the year 1676, and was then restored at great expense in its existing form. The site occupied is a little lower down than that on which St Bruno and his companions built their chapel and cells. Those primitive buildings, which were simply wattle-daub cabins, stood, tradition says, on an isolated mass of rock, which is now enclosed in a pine forest that overhangs the present buildings. In this forest are two chapels sacred to St Marie and Notre Dame de Casabius. There is also another chapel to be seen erected on the rock where St Bruno is said to have first built the one in which he and his little band of disciples worshipped. It is dedicated to its first founder, and contains, so they say, the original altar at which that good man was wont to celebrate mass. A fine cascade descending from the rock in the direction of the monastery adds greatly to the beauty of the scene.

Much cannot be said in praise of the architecture of La Grande Chartreuse, as far as its outward appearance, when looked at closely, is concerned. Still, it cannot be denied that the vast stone structure, plain as it is, has an air of solid grandeur which produces a solemnising effect. Moreover, the straggling pile of buildings, with its long stretches of walls, square towers, steep gray slated roofs, with their lines broken by dormer windows and slender spires, which jut up here and there, harmonises admirably with its surroundings—namely, a green upland, sheltered by pine forests, from the midst of which mighty rocks rear their hoary heads.

On entering the main building, we find ourselves in a corridor, flanked on each side by reception rooms, named respectively the Salle de France, d'Italie, d'Allemagne, and de Bourgogne. This corridor, on the walls of which are pictures of various Carthusian monasteries, leads to the room set apart for the general superior of the order. On its right are the cells of the dignitaries of the fraternity, on its left are the kitchen, the chapel, and the church. From it, a stone staircase leads to the first floor. Here are the chapter house and the apartments reserved for strangers. From this floor, another flight of stairs conducts to some garrets, used as work-places and storerooms. The cloisters consist of two galleries, each three hundred yards long. Eighty cells open into them. Every cell is furnished with a cupboard like bedstead, a reading desk, table, large chair, stove, crucifix, statuette of the Virgin, a few books of devotion, and directions for services. The bedding consists of a straw mattress, two linen sheets, and a warm thick counterpane.

The church, like all the rest of the building, is strikingly devoid of decoration, although the walls are covered, we can hardly say a tormented, with some curious old carvings. A transparent screen separates the nave into two parts. One of these is reserved for the choir and the superiors of the order, the other is for the use of the ordinary monks. Visitors who attend any of the services have to take their places in a small gallery. The chapter house is a large square room, surrounded by stalls built out from the walls, on which are to be seen very badly executed portraits of the generals of the order.

The library is a large well-fitted room. On the shelves there are, however, we were told, only five thousand volumes. Many of these are very handsomely bound, but very few of them are of any great intrinsic value. Fire, time, and the destroying energy of overzealous agents of the Reformation, have made sad havoc with the treasures it once possessed.

To the monastery proper is attached a small but well cultivated garden, this and the buildings we have described are encircled by a high wall, on the outside of which are stables, a windmill, and the factory where the monks concoct the celebrated liqueurs, the tonic elixir, and the ointment known as *Le ulc d'Arve*.

Right opposite the chief entrance to the main pile of buildings is a structure which, though called an infirmary, is really used for the accommodation of female guests, who are most continuously entertained by the superiors of the order, the monkish rank and file not being allowed the

privilege of doing the amiable to female guests. To those they receive under their roof, they dispense hospitality with a liberal hand, and against no wayfarer, whether rich or poor, is their door closed, while all who visit them are cordially invited to prolong their stay till the following morning at least. Nor is any charge made for the entertainment, though, should a guest be generously disposed, there is not much difficulty in finding a box wherein he may deposit what seems good to him, as a contribution to the fund for the relief of the sick or needy under the care of the brotherhood.

If personal experience can be taken as a guide in the matter, it may be safely said that the monks seem to put forth their best efforts to show good will to Englishmen, even though they know them to be what they deem heretics. For their men always give up their best viands and their finest liquors. It is not a little amusing, too, to find such of the worthy fellows as have a smattering of English eager to show their civilities in speaking it. Should their visitor give signs that he is of a sound disposition, he will have no cause to complain of want of opportunity to do so. The store hours of the refectory will be set aside for extra festivities, when, with a ceaseless flow of song and story, the cheating cup will pass.

We must not, however, do any injustice to the brotherhood. We do not wish it thought that they have, like other such fraternities, sunk into excesses of luxury and irregularity. No, if we may believe the testimony of their neighbours, they, as a rule, cannot be charged with corruption and immorality. Nor would we have it supposed that what of their time is not taken up with devotional exercises is spent in the pursuit of pleasure. This is very far from being the case, for the manufacture of the renowned *liqueurs de la Grande Chartreuse*, not to speak of the *Boute d'Or* and the *tonic d'Or*, gives them much hard work to do. In fact, so rapidly has the fame of their concoctions spread, they have now no time to carry on certain industries in which they once engaged. Thus, they used to make the peculiarly shaped bottles in which the *liqueurs* are sent forth to the public. These they now get from Paris. Not long since, they also prepared from the raw material all the clothing needed in the establishment. This they now purchase in Grenoble. The building known as the *Convent*, in which this work was carried on, stands a short distance from the monastery. It is now the abode of the *gardes forestiers*.

That the monks should have given up those industries which prevented them from devoting all their spare time to the manufacture of their specialties, is not to be wondered at, since the profit they derived from the latter amounted in the year 1878 to the handsome sum of eighty thousand pounds. Nor can it be thought unnatural that they should carefully guard the secret of the preparation of the articles with which they carry on such a lucrative trade. It has, however, been said that the *liqueurs* are distilled from about fifty Alpine plants, of which the chief are the wild carnation, the young shoots of the pine, the absinthium or wormwood, mint, and balm. But no one outside the monastery knows how to

utilise the various ingredients so as to produce the *Herz*, the *Figuer Verte*, the *Figuer Jaune*, and the *Figuer Blanche*, which are held in such esteem.

The large sum of money which the monks make is usually devoted to charity. Generous donations are given to schools and benevolent institutions in the department of Isère. Many monastic establishments receive a liberal amount of support. Amongst those which obtain special sustenance are the far famed hospital of Mount St Bernard and the Armenian monastery on Mount Suro Hospital, too, as we have said, is liberally dispensed to all who visit La Grande Chartreuse, nor is any needy wayfarer allowed to leave its roof with an empty purse.

## MISS GARSTON'S CASE

## IN FIVE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

IT WAS TEN DAYS SINCE the elegant brass plate was affixed upon the front door of my little villa, informing the world that Mr Lechford, Surgeon, was added to the unexceptional residents of the neighbourhood. Yet so far, I had waited in vain for a patient. Some youngsters would have been despondent, some indignant, at an ignominious world, I waited quickly for business. Not that I am a philosopher, or too philosophical to feel small anxieties. I was really eager for employment, and with good reason—being all provided with cash, and having had to do a father's duty towards my younger brothers, and to maintain my mother and sister. With much difficulty, and with sublime heroism on my mother's part, I had passed through my university and medical studies, and now the time had come for me to repay all the sacrifices that had been made on my behalf. So I waited for a crop of patients, but calmly, as I have said.

The reason of the calmness was my absorption in a series of complicated experiments. Let me say that I gloried in my profession. It had only one disagreeable side—that was the earning of fees. I am not, and can never be deeply interested in money matters. So, although the wolf was growling at the door of our pretty villa, and the need of a patron was but too obvious, I went on with my experiments, unworried by anything else.

The evening of the tenth day was far advanced. I was translating a German story and rose to the family group, my mother was sewing, my sister also, my brother Sam was writing down my translation, as a sort of 'crib' for getting through the story easily, when he came to deal with it in his lessons. The wintery night was in uproar, the wind howling, the rain tattooing in abrupt dashes against the windows. I doubt if a colder and happier interior could have been found in all England, than our little dining room, in spite of financial troubles.

Just as I was in the midst of a most exciting episode of the story, when my mother and sister had dropped their work upon their lips, and Sam had forgot to write, when I was adjusting my voice to an appropriate intonation—for I prided myself upon my elocution—we were all startled by something which brought us from the realm

of fiction to those of reality, by a loud and prolonged ringing of the door bell.

'Who can it be!' cried my mother.

'Perhaps Uncle Robert,' suggested my sister.

'Perhaps my new clothes,' said Sam.

'Perhaps a patient,' said I, with an incredulous smile.

My mother shook her head despondently.

The servant settled the matter by announcing that a gentleman wanted to see Dr Leighford.

Then there was a pretty flutter, I can assure you. My mother became quite pale, and raised her eyes involuntarily towards heaven, my sister clasped my hand, Sam was all eagerness. Every body appeared to feel that a crisis had come in our little home. As for myself, I may as well admit that I was a little flustered. However, I followed the servant into the room where the gentleman was waiting.

Standing with his back to the fire, a tall elderly man confronted me. His face was pale, haggard, careworn. But his eye was firm and questioning, though restless. Before I had time to speak, he had looked at me three times, and had seemed to have reflected between the glances.

'You are Dr Leighford, I suppose?' he said.

I bowed.

'You are young, a new beginner, eh?'

'Yes, sir. I have but recently begun to practise on my own behalf. But I have had considerable hospital experience,' I hastened to add, for I feared that my juvenile looks might be against me.

'No doubt, no doubt,' said my visitor indifferently, though looking at me more keenly than before.

A pause, during which the gentleman reflected, while I discovered his nervous condition, almost as a matter of habit.

'I want your assistance, doctor,' said he, after pausing, 'in a rather peculiar case, and I should like to have a little conversation with you before we go.'

'Then, pray, be seated, I rejoined, placing a chair beside him.

He took it, and I sat beside him.

'By the way,' said he, rising from the chair, 'do you mind my lowering the gas a little? My eyes cannot endure much light.—Permit me,' and then with he turned down the light to a mere glimmer. 'Now, doctor, I want you to give me your most serious attention. I have a ward, a young lady, the daughter of my late partner. She is ill, very ill, and I am terribly concerned about her.'

My visitor did not face me, but sat in half profile, and instead of reoccupying the chair, he had now placed himself upon the sofa four or five feet away. The distance and the gloom made it impossible for me to see the expression of his features. From time to time he wiped his face with a handkerchief, thereby adding to the difficulty of seeing his face. I did not think much about these things until long afterwards, and then what I had attributed to eccentricity and mental distress, assumed another significance.

'What is the matter with the young lady?' I asked.

'Ay, that is the question!' replied my visitor with a sharp intonation, and turning himself towards me.

'Have you had other advice before coming to me?' I asked.

'Oh, truly. Dr Bowman Bulpit, whom you must know. Then Dr Howard of London, Monsieur Leprie of Montpellier, and many others, have seen her. But without much advantage, I regret to say.' This was uttered with a half-whining tone, which somehow jarred upon me annoyingly.

'But what are her symptoms?' I inquired.

'Very peculiar, I am told. Faintness, lassitude, lethargy, want of tone, I think you medical men term it.'

'Have you any idea of the cause of her ill health?' I asked.

'Why, yes,' replied the gentleman, in an altered, almost faltering voice, and with a hurried glance round the room. 'The poor young thing has had a great shock, her father.'—

'O yes, I understand,' said I, interposing to fill up the sentence, which the gentleman seemed unable to complete, 'you incidentally mentioned that he was dead, I think?'

'Yes, yes, he is dead,' my visitor ejaculated, half spasmodically, and turning away.

'Then the young lady is suffering from grief, a very difficult malady to treat, and often beyond the reach of medical art. However, until I have seen her, I cannot give any opinion,' I continued.

'Does grief often kill?' asked the gentleman almost eagerly. Then noting something of reticement in my attitude, for the question startled me, 'You may understand how anxious I am, and will permit me to put point blank queries!'

'Oh, there should be no hesitation in cases likely to have a fatal termination. Doubtless, you will have to prepare for testamentary disposal of the lady's property, if her recovery be hopeless.'

'N' no, the poor thing has little or nothing. Her father, my late partner, died almost involuntarily. Indeed, his sad end was caused by financial embarrassment. Young as you are, doctor, you know that the world of trade is fraught with pitfalls, and that the cleverest and the shrewdest cannot always escape disaster. No, I am not anxious for the disposal of Miss Gauston's property, for she has really none worth speaking of. Between our selves, she is dependent upon my bounty, though, of course, I do not let her know it. Poor thing, she has trouble enough without that. From no other considerations than those of affection, am I here to consult you. After you have seen her, I want you to give me your frank opinion as to the nature of her malady and the probabilities of her recovery, and also to let me know without reserve what remedies you are administering. I am glad that you are young, doctor. You will doubtless be more considerate of my wishes, than an older and more opinionated man.' As he went on, my visitor grew more and more animated, and he inensibly approached close to me, gliding along the sofa.

I was young, imprudible, eager for employment, and there was something mysterious, or at any rate something unusual in this case. I felt equal to any promise, and so I said, 'You may rely upon my doing all that is possible for the young lady.'

'You know, doctor,' he said again, looking at

me steadfastly, 'young girls are sometimes hysterical, and have strange fancies, and do many odd things!'

I nodded in a matter of course sort of way.

'Well, doctor, if you should find that Miss Garston has any symptoms of that kind, complicated with, or arising from the shock she has received, I beg you to be candid with me.'

'Certainly.'

'And if anything—anything else, should strike you, you will let me know!'

'Certainly! I shall have no shadow of reserve with you, sir.'

'Thank you, thank you very much, doctor, for that assurance,' cried the gentleman, wringing my hand almost painfully. 'I should also mention,' he continued, 'that as your time and skill will be greatly trenchanted upon in my service, I am prepared to make the amplest pecuniary return for your aid. May I ask if you can accompany me now?'

As a matter of course, I acquiesced, not unpleasantly to think that there was now the prospect of a substantial opening in the work of my profession. But, withal, I was struck with the half-tempting manner in which my patron indicated the subject of my honorarium. I seemed to be offered a bribe, yet it was so masked by polite deference, that I could not be sure of his meaning. Besides, why should I be bribed for simply doing my best for a poor suffering girl?

These thoughts flitted through my puzzled brain as I was putting on my overcoat. The gentleman had a cab waiting at the door, and into it we stepped. After a drive of about ten minutes, we stopped, and I was ushered into a splendidly furnished mansion. Upon entering the house, my companion directed me to step into a large and handsome room, where he left me. Some time passed before he returned, and I had ample leisure to examine the details of the apartment, which seemed half library, half smoking room, for books and pipes somewhat heterogeneously adorned the walls. Lying on the table was a quaint folio bound in vellum. It looked so odd, that I opened it, curious to know what might be its contents. But it was almost a sealed book to me—it was in Italian. Being, however, a fair Latin scholar, I could make out that it dealt with medicine. I thought it strange that my patron should read such literature. But a man so evidently singular might do many strange things, so I half dismissed the matter from my mind, and turned to look over the names of some of the books upon the shelves. They were chiefly novels, travels, and ordinary books, such as one finds in most houses where accumulation has been going on. With the exception of an encyclopedia and an atlas, there did not seem to be a learned volume in the collection. This made the vellum folio the more remarkable, and I could not help returning to it, after I had finished my tour of the room.

Perhaps a quarter of an hour had passed, and I was just going to look at the old folio again, when the door opened and my host reappeared. He seemed much agitated, and wiped the perspiration from his brow.

'Pray, excuse my long delay,' he said, 'I have had much difficulty in persuading my ward to see you. She is in a very obstinate mood, I fear. But you will make allowance for her, I have no doubt.'

He looked at me measurably, notwithstanding his disquietude. I looked at him, and had a better opportunity of noting his personal appearance than previously. I judged him to be between fifty and sixty. He was tall, thin, close shaven, evidently in weak health, and of a worrying nature, or under some corroding distress. Twinkles distorted his face frequently, his hands moved unconsciously, and his feet were ever moving, though he stood upon the same spot. I purposely kept him talking for a few minutes, that I might examine him at length, for I felt that somehow, by knowing him, I should gain a better insight of my patient's malady. This may seem an odd notion to many, nay, I am astonished myself now, as I recall the scene. But how often do we pursue a course intuitively, that reason would reject?

'You will please return to the library, doctor, after you have seen Miss Garston,' said my companion, as we ascended the stairs leading to the sick room.

'Certainly.'

'I shall only introduce you, and leave you to examine Miss Garston's condition by yourself. I think my presence disturbs her to-night.'

My patron's voice trembled, and he seemed almost ready to collapse, as we went along the corridor. I felt sorry for him. He evidently was deeply concerned for the young lady.

In another instant I was in a large bedroom, heated like a tropical conservatory, and dim as a crypt. A faint, stifling odour pervaded the room, which, with all my hospital experience, felt almost intolerable.

My host led the way to a large antique like bed, and as I drew near, I saw, enshrouded in multiplied wrappings, the figure of a woman.

A pair of keen, glittering eyes were fixed upon me, which I saw plainly enough, in spite of the gloom. More than that, I felt them, as it were, probing me to the very depths of my consciousness. Never in all my clinical practice had I encountered a stare so piercing. In my hospital practice, the sick, the dying, the mad, the sane, the coward, and the brave all sorts of sufferers had looked at me in the awful moments when the doctor is the embodiment of fate, but none had regarded me like this almost unearthly woman.

I felt almost mesmerised, but by a supreme effort of self-command, I put aside my feelings, and asked the sufferer how she was.

'This is Dr Loughford, Harriet,' said my host quaveringly.

The glittering eyes swept from me to the speaker. He turned aside as if to go. 'You will

down on a chair by the bedside, saying as cheerfully as I could, 'Have you been ill long?'

A faint voice responded, 'Six months.'

'Can you endure a little more light?' I asked. 'It is impossible for me to judge how you are in this semi-darkness.'

A nod was the only reply.



A lamp was upon the table at some distance from the bed. It was of small size, but I managed to get a fair flame after trimming the wick. I brought it to the bedside, and looked at my patient. Her devotional eyes were again fixed on me. But I bore the scrutiny without flinching or without annoyance. I smiled kindly, and spoke soothingly, and went through those little arts of measuring a patient which we learn quite unconsciously.

By degrees, the suspicious interrogatory eyes lost their unearthly expression, and after I had held the lady's hand in mine for a minute, she appeared to grow calmer. Her pulse, which had bounded madly, became steadier. I felt I was gaining her confidence, so I went on looking at my watch, and as I counted the throbbings of the wasted arm, I could feel that the sufferer was looking at me more assiduously, though my face was averted.

'You have been very ill indeed, I said, plucking her arm softly down. 'But youth, hope, and good nursing can work wonders.'

'Shall I get better?' she murmured in a hoarse, weak, but most anxious voice.

'To be sure—to be sure, if you will do as I bid you.'

She half rose in her excitement, but fell back again with a groan.

'You promise me life?' she demanded in a whisper.

'Yes, Heaven helping us,' I returned soothingly. 'The others all said I should die, she continued, turning her eyes upon me, glaring with distrust.

'I care not what others say, I shall do all that I can to restore you to health, and I feel that I ought not to endure her suspicion any longer, for both our sakes. A doctor who does not inspire the confidence of his patient, is worse than useless, he is a new element of danger.'

'Let me look at you,' whispered the lady impatiently.

I took the lamp, placed it close to my face, and stood half defiantly, while she examined me. At length she sighed, and putting forth her hand, and quite audibly 'I will trust you.'

### THE INDIAN CENSUS

One of the healthiest signs of the times, and of the nearer approach of an age when all mankind will be united in a grand brotherhood, is the attention which is now bestowed on the physical and ethical well being of subjugated races, and the gradual acknowledgment of their claim to a share in the rights and privileges of our most favoured portions of the human family. Formerly, the lot of a conquered people, if they possessed a different coloured skin from the European races, was one of unmixed cruelty and misery, even under English rule, but our reformers and philanthropists—men like Wilberforce in England, and William Lloyd Garrison in America—aroused the attention of the world, and inaugurated a new régime, in which the emancipation of hundreds of thousands of slaves was but a stepping stone to the universal diffusion of the doctrine of kindness and the spread of education.

A very different state of things than that which

prevailed during the last century is beginning to be the result of this grand movement. A little more than a century since, England by right of conquest became possessed of that magnificent country which has since been styled the brightest jewel in Queen Victoria's crown—India. But for many years little or nothing was done for the benefit or improvement of the numerous races which were thus brought under British rule. It was considered that as we had won it by the sword, we must keep it by the sword. This doctrine, however, we are thankful to say, has, since the great Indian Mutiny, been gradually succumbing to a higher and better one, namely, that of showing the conquered people that their interests are our interests, and that, while we can brook no interference from without or within, we intend to base our government of them on the principles of equal justice and freedom to all.

In order to obtain valuable information relating to the millions who inhabit British India, the British government, in 1841, determined upon having a census taken in that country. This is the second census that has been one in 1872, but not of so clear a character as the present one. We have already given in No. 921 of this Journal an epitome of the results of the census in the United Kingdom, and not the greatness of the task which had thus devolved upon the authorities concerned, but compared with the census in India, the full results of which have only just been made known, the former is quite a trifling matter. The counting of the people, or rather the peoples, of India has resulted in the stupendous total of two hundred and fifty-five million eight hundred and seventy-nine, but the witness of this 'jewel' in the Queen's crown may be grasped from these overwhelming figures, but not so of the responsibilities which weigh upon the shoulders of those who have to administer the government of such a nation as that. This can only be gained by a knowledge of the manners and customs of the various races and castes which go to make up the grand total.

The divisions arising from race and religion are as follows:

Hindus	187,937,770
Mahomedans	80,121,546
Nature worshippers	6,426,511
Buddhists	1,418,894
Christians	1,662,674
Jains	1,221,876
Bahis	893,426
Other creeds and uneducated	3,097,130
Total	348,899,316

All these races, especially the Hindus, are subdivided into sects and castes, too numerous to mention in a brief paper like this, and their religions are mixtures of various ideas, mythical records, and histories of saints and heroes, about whom the wildest stories are believed, and to whom also are credited the most stupendous miracles. Brahma, the god around whose shrine cluster so many wonderful legends, and whose origin is supposed to be of so mystical and wondrous a nature, has, contrary to what people in this country have hitherto imagined, comparatively few worshippers compared with the gods or idols of other Indian religions. Vishnu and

Siva, under various cognomens, seem to be the deities who have the greatest number of worshippers, the worship itself being a kind of mythology representing the reproductive powers of nature, and in which trees and serpents are the most popular symbols.

A barbarous and unnatural custom is that in India, principally among the Hindus, which compels the marriage of mere children, and which it is to be hoped will become less marked as time rolls on, and as the people, by education, obtain a gradual knowledge of the ethics of civilized nations. The result of this custom is shown by the census in the number of widows and their ages belonging to the Hindu race. Under ten years of age there are no fewer than sixty three thousand, between ten and fifteen, one hundred and seventy four thousand five hundred and twenty four, between fifteen and twenty, fifteen million three hundred and twelve thousand six hundred and twenty one, and between twenty and thirty, one million two hundred and seventy two thousand one hundred and forty five. This gives a total of seventeen million one hundred and twenty two thousand two hundred and ninety widows—a number which is equal to two thirds of the whole population of England. And what makes the custom still more reprehensible is the fact that this great host of widows is prohibited from marrying a second time.

The two million of 'Christians,' most of whom are Roman Catholics, does not, of course, include any of Lutheran nationality, and this number, large as it is in itself, is in reality but a small bubble in the vast ocean of dark-skinned humanity summed up in the great total already given. The value of such a 'haven' in the midst of heathenism is also lessened by the fact that in thousands of cases this Indian 'Christianity' is darkened and choked by a good deal of the old idolatry.

There are fourteen principal sects, but the number of castes, including the minor ones, are almost countless. The spread of civilisation is doing wonders in the way of bringing together and uniting some of these, and should progress continue to be made, as doubtless it will, by the extension of railways, canals, and the development of all kinds of commercial enterprise, we may yet see a healthy national life springing up in India, which will make it at once both the glory and the pride of entering British energy. Great barriers of ignorance and passion require, however, to be broken down ere this effect can be accomplished, for Mohammedans and Hindus seem to be natural enemies, and require all the administrative wisdom of the government to prevent frequent outbreaks of fanaticism.

The Jains are a curious sect, who oppose all caste, and whose worship is a strange mixture of Buddhism and Hinduism, with the additional attraction of twenty four special saints, while the Sikhs are simple theists, and do not appear to be so deeply imbued with the superstitions of the other religions.

Education seems to be the one great antidote for all this mass of ignorance and superstition, and it is a good thing to know that this is making slow yet hopeful progress. Out of two hundred and one millions, from whom information could be obtained, thirteen millions can read and write,

and about five millions are receiving instruction. Only two hundred and three thousand of the vast number can speak English, and these, we presume, are of the higher classes.

There are a great variety of languages spoken in India, and this will in itself always be an insuperable obstacle to unity, national or otherwise. Besides dialects, there are no less than one hundred and twenty three distinct languages enumerated, though many of these are spoken only by small numbers of the people. Hinduism appears to be the principal language, and this is spoken by eighty two millions, Bengali by thirty nine millions, and Telegu and Mahratia by about seventeen millions each. All the rest are minor languages, and are spoken by fewer numbers.

The saddest part, perhaps, of all this wonderful population is the six hundred and one thousand one hundred and sixty four 'priests' who are continually engaged in teaching, what we can find no better name for than the doctrine of darkness, and it would be well if a great effort could be made to enlist this vast army of enthusiasts on the side of light and progress. If this could be accomplished, a rapid and wholesome change would soon be brought about.

Most of the people of India are engaged in agriculture. But no less than forty eight million seven hundred and ninety four thousand one hundred and ninety five are returned as of 'no stated occupation,' while about two millions and a half are employed in the cultivation of the cotton-plant and the production of that material. The government employs all at a million and a half in its service, and half a million are accounted for as being employed in municipal, local, and village administration.

To govern and keep in order these two hundred and fifty millions of people of various races, religions, and languages, there is what we may term, in modern parliamentary and military phraseology, an 'English garrison' of only eighty-nine thousand and fifteen persons! This includes the British born recruits and the army.

When we consider that only a century ago these various races of India were continually engaged in war with each other, and that the whole land was filled with a terrible chaos, Englishmen may surely look with pride on so splendid an appurage of our world-wide empire, knowing as we do what a priceless opportunity of doing good it offers, by enabling us to use the great powers which Providence has bestowed upon us as a nation, in spreading to day the inestimable blessings of light and freedom, where but yesterday all was dire confusion and misery.

## MATCH MAKING

SOME people have a positive mania for match-making. Whether from want of better employ ment, or because they believe, like Miss Jellyby, that they have a great and glorious mission, they are never happier than when scheming and contriving to dispose matrimonially of one or other of their young acquaintance. They regard all their unmarried friends, especially their unmarried lady friends, with an eye of compassionate solicitude, and their ingenuity is continually on the rack to discover what they can

do for this, that, or the other, in the way of providing him or her with a partner for life. Like most other busy bodies, these missionary match-makers, as we might call them, do a world of mischief. They meddle, and plot, and manage where they have no right whatever to interfere, and are seldom deterred by a sense of the responsibility which attaches to any one influencing and encouraging young people in such a serious matter. On the contrary, they think nothing of ignoring, and even attempting to override, the opinion of parents and others upon whom the direct responsibility ought to devolve.

Match makers of this description are usually less concerned about the future of their young friends than about the diversion and excitement of a certain sort which they themselves derive from the part they play in superintending and promoting the negotiations, and the subsequent importance they will be able to assume as the persons who have been mainly instrumental in bringing about the match. So long as they are enabled to play out their favourite game, they bestow but little thought upon the possible consequences. If the match prove to be an unfortunate one, they exhibit a remarkable facility in disclaiming all responsibility. They recall the many words of counsel and of caution which they had given, and to hear them speak, one would suppose that they had done everything in their power to dissuade the young people from marrying, instead of having done all they could to encourage them. If, however, the marriage is a happy one, they are seldom slow to claim a full share of credit for the part they have played, and find constant opportunities to remind the young couple and their friends how much all this present felicity is due to their foresight and sagacity.

No sensible person does voluntarily undertake the office of match maker. Mothers with a numerous following of daughters have the office thrust upon them to a certain extent whether they will or not, but there is a very different case from that of the person who takes to match making as a sort of recreation or pastime, or, still worse, as a mission. It may be said that mothers would often be much better employed, and would really be doing more for the best interests of their girls, if they devoted the same amount of time to their education and instruction in household duties as they spend in 'trotting them out' for the inspection and admiration of possible sons in law. The rebuke, wherever merited—as it no doubt is in some instances—is perfectly just. But when a mother has done her duty otherwise, a reasonable amount of managing and manoeuvring on her part to provide her daughters with suitable husbands, is perfectly justifiable. She may feel tolerably certain that, with or without her cognisance, some sort of match making, or, at all events, flirtation is sure to occur; and that being so, it is undoubtedly better that such proceedings should be conducted under her watchful care and direction, than that they should be carried on clandestinely or under less responsible supervision.

To parents with a large family of daughters, the successful bestowal of them all in matrimony is no light matter. It is a matter involving not

only much serious thought, but often also great trouble and expense. 'What,' says Thackeray, 'causes respectable parents to take up their carpets, set their houses topsy turvy, and spend a fifth of their year's income in ball suppers and iced champagne? Is it a sheer love of their species, and an unadvised wish to see young people happy and dancing? Pshaw! They wish to marry their daughters.' A wit remarks that when a man's only resources consist of a numerous family of daughters, the best thing he can do is to husband his resources. That is no doubt very sage advice, but girls are a kind of resource which it is sometimes by no means easy to husband. In order to execute that manoeuvre, a great many other resources have generally to be called into requisition, and not the least important of these is a substantial bank account. If his daughters be his only resources, both he and they will be placed at a decided disadvantage. Even if he does not spend a fifth of his income in ball suppers and iced champagne, the father who wishes to give his girls a chance at all, must keep them at a very stylish, which may even be extended to include a certain amount of fashionable extravagance. It is only the head of such a household who knows what all this involves.

But when *Paterfamilias* has provided the means of war, there, as a rule, his share in the match-making ends. Men have not sufficient tact to be intrusted with such delicate tasks. When they take it upon themselves to interfere in these matters, they are sure to make trouble of one kind or another. Match making is essentially the ladies' province. It is, moreover, a branch of diplomatic service in which few men have any ambition to distinguish themselves. At the best, it is a somewhat invidious task. A mother and her six marriageable daughters have been facetiously described as 'school of design,' and that is really the aspect in which they are generally regarded. The very appearance of mamma at the head of such a battalion is sometimes enough to scare away the most stout-hearted eligible single gentleman, whose suspicions are immediately aroused, and who, rightly or wrongly, pricks in regarding the party as a veritable school of design. The difficulty is immensely increased if the young ladies do not happen to be particularly brilliant or attractive. It is here that papa's financial resources come into play. But even when these resources are considerable, intending suitors are apt to pause when they think of the process of subdivision that will have to be undergone. To manoeuvre her forces so as to bring about a series of successful engagements, thus demands, on the part of the maternal head, no little skill in generalship as well as in diplomacy.

American mothers have acquired some reputation for skill and energy in conjugal management on behalf of their daughters. A Parisian newspaper some time ago recorded an exceedingly clever bit of match making, executed by an American lady of this order in brilliant style. Her eldest daughter had sailed from New York with some friends for a tour of Europe, and after 'doing' the continent, had returned to the French capital for several months of rest and pleasuring. Attractive and clever, she had many

suitors, some more, some less desirable. She could not marry them all, so she adroitly reduced the number to two—the best of the lot, of course. Then she wrote home to her mamma, explaining the exact situation of affairs, adding that they were both so handsome, agreeable, well connected, and rich, that she could not decide between them, and closed with the question, 'What shall I do?' Ten days later, she received a cablegram from mamma 'I sail to-morrow, hold both till I come.' The next transatlantic steamer brought Mrs. Blank with her second daughter, just turned eighteen, and fresh from school. On her arrival, the old lady at once took the helm of affairs, and steered so deftly through the dangerous waters, that in a few weeks she had reached port with all colours flying. To drop metaphor, she attended the wedding of her two daughters at the American chapel on the same morning. After due examination, she had decided that neither of the new fellows should go out of the family.

Here is an illustration of a much less skilful attempt at match-making, with a very different *dénouement*. A certain member of parliament, who owned extensive estates, was spending a few days at the residence of a noble family. There were several interesting and accomplished young ladies in the family, to whom the honourable member showed every attention. Just as he was about to take leave, the nobleman's wife proceeded to consult him upon a matter which, she declared, was causing her no little distress. 'It is reported,' said the Countess, 'that you are to marry my daughter Lucy, and what shall we do? What shall we say about it?' 'Oh,' replied the condescending M.P., with much adroitness, 'just say she refused me.'

We have said that men do not, as a rule, figure conspicuously as match-makers, nor do they, but the judgment and policy exhibited in this connection by a knowing old gentleman of our acquaintance could hardly be surpassed by the most accomplished trickster of either sex. 'Brown,' said a neighbour to him one day, 'I don't see how it is that your girls all marry off as soon as they get old enough, while none of mine can marry.'

'Oh! that's simple enough,' he replied, 'I marry my girls off on the buckwheat straw principle.'

'But what principle is that? Never heard of it before.'

'Well, I used to raise a good deal of buckwheat, and it puzzled me to know how to get rid of the straw. Nothing would eat it, and it was a great bother to me. At last I thought of a plan. I stacked my buckwheat straw nicely, and built a high rail fence around it. My cattle of course concluded that it must be something good, and at once tore down the fence and began to eat the straw. I drove them away, and put up the fence a few times, but the more I hunted them off, the more anxious they became to eat the straw, and eat it they did, every bit of it. As I said, I marry my girls on the same principle. When a young man that I don't like begins to call on my girls, I encourage him in every way I can. I tell him to come often, and stay as late as he pleases, and I take pains to hint to the girls that I think they'd better set their caps for him. It works first-rate. He don't make many calls, for the girls

treat him as coolly as they can. But when a young fellow that I like comes around, a man that I think would suit me for a son in law, I don't let him make many calls before I give him to understand that he was wanted about my house. I tell the girls, too, that they shall not have anything to do with him, and give them orders never to speak to him again. The plan always works exactly as I wish. The young folks begin to pity and sympathise with each other, and the best thing I know is that they are engaged to be married. When I see that they are determined to marry, I of course give in, and pretend to make the best of it. That's the way I manage it.'

An old lady who had several unmarried daughters, fed them largely on a fish diet, because, as she ingeniously observed, fish is rich in phosphorus, and phosphorus is the essential thing in making matches. If the phosphoric diet caused the young ladies to shine in society, they in all probability did not adopt it in vain, for, just as fish are easily attracted in the night by any bright light thrown upon the water, so young men are invariably found to flock after any girl who 'shines,' even though her accomplishments may be of a very shallow, superficial, or phosphoric character. No experienced match-making mamma requires to be taught the value of display as an almost certain means of attraction. That is the secret of the ball suppers and iced champagne, the heavy dress-makers' bills, and the thousand and one other items of extravagance that have to be met in order that the young ladies may make a 'respectable' appearance, and may finish with a successful match. And that is why so many of these match-making ventures have so often resulted in the most deplorable sequels. Display is met with display, the one frequently as hollow and false as the other. The distinguished foreigner, or the fascinating young nobleman, is discovered, when it is too late, to be nothing more nor less than an unprincipled adventurer, and the merchant who was supposed to be little if anything short of a millionaire, is found, also when it is too late, to be on the verge of bankruptcy. Very often, in such matches, both parties are sold, and then the universal verdict is, 'Serves them right!'

## THE FLEUSS APPARATUS FOR MINES.

In No 648 of this Journal we described the apparatus invented by Mr Fleuss for enabling those who wear it to remain for a long time under water without communication with the atmosphere. We are glad to notice that an adaptation of this valuable invention, for use in mines, has received government sanction and recommendation. In a circular from the Home Office, the Secretary of State recently called the attention of owners of coal mines to the Fleuss breathing machine, which will enable men instructed in its use to remain in localities where the atmosphere is in a highly vitiated or irrespirable condition. It is a well known fact that after an explosion, many men are left to their fate, from the foul state of the workings, and from the inability of their comrades to help them, however much they might desire to do so. Fortified with such a machine, however, it is quite possible for miners

to face the deadly gases prevalent in mines after an explosion, and go to the assistance of those whose escape may have been cut off by an explosion or mining accident. The Home Office circular suggests that the system upon which life boat stations have been organised might be applied to the creation in mining districts of stations where the Fleuss apparatus could be stored in sufficient numbers, and maintained in readiness for immediate use. A rescuing party could thus be quickly on the spot, in the case of an accident.

The general principle of the Fleuss breathing machine for mines is the same as that already described in our paper. Independent of air pumped as in the ordinary diver's costume, it consists of a mask or helmet which covers the head and is connected by tubes with a cylinder filled with compressed oxygen, and with a box containing pieces of moist soda distributed among a packing of tow. This apparatus provides for the decomposition of the poisonous carbonic acid from the breath exhaled into it, and for the renewal of the consumed oxygen. The air which has been breathed passes into the carbonic acid filter, where it is absorbed by the caustic soda. The nitrogen of the original air supply remains unchanged, but a tap enables the wearer to admit more oxygen from the cylinder as it may be required. Respiration may be continued as long as the compressed oxygen and caustic soda will allow, which may be for three or four hours at a time, and thus armed, the wearer may move about freely amongst the deadly gases of a mine, which otherwise would prove instantly fatal.

This machine was of much practical use after the Berham accident in 1880 when the workings were penetrated for four hundred yards beyond the last point at which air was circulating. By its means, when the downcast shaft of killing worth Colliery fell in, and imprisoned several miners in the workings, five men, who had been rendered insensible by the noxious gas, were carried away, and four were assisted to walk out.

Mr Septimus H Hedley, who has had practical acquaintance with its working, says that with very little practice, a man of common intelligence would be able to use the apparatus, and he suggests that certain collieries in each district should be supplied with six sets of apparatus and lamps, together with the appliances for making and compressing the gas required. Foster and Fleuss's Patent Safety Mining Lamp, which is described in the same circular, is a modification of the limelight, and is stated by the inventors to burn for four hours equally well under water, in carbonic acid, or in fire damp. Methylated spirits of wine are used instead of hydrogen gas. The lamp consists of a strong copper sphere, seven inches in diameter, capable of being highly charged with oxygen. To the top of the sphere, a small spirit lamp with two wicks is attached, between which, a small jet of oxygen carries the flame against a cylinder of lime placed to receive it. Discs of plain glass are inserted opposite each other in the inner and outer casings. Outside, there is a double metal casing, the space between which is filled with water, through which the escape by an outlet valve fixed on the outer

The practical importance of having a service of such breathing machines and lamps in every colliery district is at once apparent. The dangers attending work in a coal mine are so great, that any attempt to diminish the mining mortality may be welcomed as a great public benefit.

Colonial papers record that deposits of very considerable extent of this remarkable crystalline rock have been discovered in New South Wales at Gundagai. Its existence in Tasmania has long been known, but gold has been too profitable for attention to be given to the mining work of securing asbestos. A great advantage in mining for this rock is that it is taken out of its bed in a similar way, and almost as rapidly as we take out a particular layer of chalk or coal in this country. It is described as having the appearance of solidified "silkworm produce," and exists in large bunches pressed. This mineral is found to be a perfect non-conductor of electricity, and for this reason gloves have been prepared from the substance for the use of electricians, which will prove very useful in diminishing the risks of the most dangerous operation. When a greater supply of this mineral is obtained, it may possibly be discovered that it can be powdered or dissolved by some chemical means, so that its non-combustible properties may be made available in rendering textile fibres or wooden erections proof against fire.

#### THE SONGS OF FREED

O Song, go greet her when I may not greet,  
My tenor thou, his out-gone  
Tell her that thou hast for us at we, le,  
I do remember evermore

And her O Song, if she hath quite forgot  
That it is off golden on,  
'Twas the purest sweetest mason and my heart  
Throbbed to the passionate heat of June

Down in the garden where the birds and bees  
Rejoice I was loved long,  
Till on mine ears there fell the forest night,  
And on mine ears the sweetest song

I gazed into the depths of woodruff eyes,  
I clung to soft white hand,  
And love awake and diverse air  
Became the up and the sea and land

And then I know that Love transfuses yet,  
As in the days of old  
The world was fair, and we were young—O Song,  
Each hour are lived, but never told!

She dwelleth calm amid her clustered shades—  
I tread life's busy mart,  
She dreameth not, in murmuring prayers to Heaven,  
Of restless head and weary heart

O Song, 'tis summer, and the roses blow  
Where winter's snow hath lain,  
But tell her tell her that life's June of love  
Will never come to me again

HUGH LINTHAY

Printed and Published by W & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 363 High Street, LEITH.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF  
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Fourth Series

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 1015.—Vol. XX.

SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1883.

Price 1½d.

## THE ART OF HEALING.

MEDICINE, as commonly and popularly understood, is the name of any drug or preparation taken for the cure of disease or the removal of pain; but in the sense employed by the medical profession generally, it denotes the science or the art of healing. In the widest of acceptations and with a metaphorical use, medicine is a remedy for all kinds of ill; but in a less general sense it applies to the means taken to prevent or cure what is evil in organic existence. Thus, vegetables are said to be unhealthy or diseased when organically or functionally disordered, and sometimes means very like those employed for curing the diseases of animals are applied with success for the removal of plant-maladies. With a still more restricted meaning, medicine denotes the prevention and cure of animal diseases, especially those of mankind and the animals immediately dependent upon man. In its proper signification, medicine is the science or art which considers the diseases of the human body, and endeavours to preserve its health, cure its diseases, alleviate its sufferings, and prolong its life.

As an art, it has two distinct branches, having the following ends in view: (1) The prevention of disease, and the maintenance of the conditions by which health is preserved. This branch is called Hygiene (from a Greek word signifying health), and applies to the care of personal health, and all the means whereby health is promoted or preserved. It refers also to the means for securing the health of the community; and hence for this end we have sanitary officers appointed by government to attend to the duties required by the legislature for the promotion and maintenance of the public health. (2) The second branch of the medical art, named Therapeutics (*therapeuo*, I cure), applies to the cure of diseases as they occur. It has two well-known divisions—the surgical, and the general medical departments; but neither in theory nor in practice is it possible to fix exactly at all points their respective limits. The surgeon derives his name from working with his hand or

with instruments in hand (Gr. *cheirurgos*—*cheir*, the hand, *ergon*, a work). The general practitioner of medicine may or may not require any manual operation in fulfilling his duties.

The science of medicine is both theoretical and practical. It has first to investigate the nature of health and disease, and next to formulate principles and rules by which the physician may be guided. The preliminary and auxiliary sciences are very numerous; in fact, as it has been remarked, the sum of the sciences is necessary to the practitioner of medicine. The studies which more immediately bear upon his work are those of anatomy, physiology, chemistry, and botany. A knowledge of the human body as the seat of disease is essential to any right steps that may be taken for the removal of disease. Before disease can be attributed to any part or condition of the body, we must know what are the ordinary structure and appearance, and what are the functions of the body in the state of health. When in health, an individual is usually at ease; for not only is there an absence of pain, but there is a positive enjoyment in the exercise of the bodily functions, and there is often a buoyancy of spirit attending every effort put forth, which makes living itself a luxury. There is little doubt that these pleasurable feelings, when prevailing, are owing to a perfect circulation of the blood diffusing an equable warmth over the whole system, and acting on the nervous apparatus in the form of stimulus. We have not, however, to rely wholly on internal sensations as indications of health—sometimes, indeed, these sensations prove deceptive; we can avail ourselves of that knowledge which is the fruit of the world's experience and is verified and confirmed by our own. The signs of health are in most cases quite unmistakable, and the skilled physician can usually discern even underneath the mask of a temporary irritation the real condition of his patient. The symptoms of health, like those of disease, are in general best learned from the study of the individual case, and hence the propriety of consulting the medical attendant who

is acquainted with the ordinary habits and the customary state of health of patients who seek relief in the hour of sickness.

The science of medicine may be conveniently considered under four heads—namely, Hygiene, Pathology, Therapeutics, and Materia Medica, but these are not exhaustive, and they occasionally overlap each other. Anatomy and physiology are so intimately connected with medicine, that their study forms not only a necessary introduction, but is viewed in their relations to morbid states of the body, may be considered as essential and important in it. It is usual, however, to place morbid anatomy and physiology under the head of Pathology, to which they belong, as subordinate departments. Medical chemistry and medical botany are applications to the medical art of the respective sciences to which they belong. The physical agents, light, heat, electricity, and magnetism, have an important bearing upon the medical art, and even the science of psychology is a very necessary auxiliary.

Hygiene is that branch of the science of medicine which examines the conditions of health and points out how they are to be upheld. Although as an art it aims at prevention rather than cure, it is essentially curative, for nothing tends so much to the process of recovery in a vast number of diseases as the removal of their exciting causes. Hygiene is naturally divided into two parts—that which relates to the person, and that which is concerned with the public health. Public hygiene is an affair of the government, and in most civilized states, provision is made for guarding the health of the community against the incursions of epidemics and wide spreading plagues. It is only of late years, however, that attention has been directed to the necessity of preserving health among the masses by the use of the same means taken to procure the individual health. The conditions of health are, with few exceptions, the same for all men as for one man, and it has yet to be proved that the precautions taken for the public health, if grounded upon true principles, are deleterious to the individual. We are aware that compulsory vaccination has been declared in some quarters as entailing disease upon the individual for the sake of the community, but the facts hitherto presented do not warrant the sweeping conclusions of objectors. Pure air and water, wholesome and sufficient food, properly constructed dwellings, alternate work and rest, cleanliness, suitable clothing, and careful exercise in the open air, are the conditions alike of public and private health. In connection with this part of our subject, we may state that not only does government exercise a supervision over the health and disease of the community, and call upon the members of the medical profession for their assistance in protecting health, but the relations of the state to medicine are so numerous, that the study of medical jurisprudence is a necessary part in the qualification of medical practitioners to enable them to give their testimony efficiently in courts of law, and to fulfil those other duties which the legislature has connected with the profession.

Pathology (Gr *pathos*, suffering, affection, hence disease) investigates disease in all its phenomena, watches it in its inception from its first apparent symptoms, follows it in every stage,

traces its connection with known effects, and seeks to discover what remedies may be applied to check its progress and arrest its ravages. To do this effectually, the experience gained at the bed side of the patient must be supplemented by the knowledge which only a wide and comprehensive survey of the phenomena of life and matter can impart, and together with skill in reading aright the symptoms of disease, must be conjoined the knowledge of its history, so as to foretell how, when, and with what results remedies may be administered. In works on pathology, it is therefore usual to describe with considerable minuteness the symptoms of a disease at various stages, anatomy and physiology are both invoked to give their aid in showing the normal condition of an organ, and how it ordinarily discharges its functions, while the deviations are carefully marked and pointed out, until a perfect diagnosis of the disease is obtained, its character and name are then declared, and the usual remedies and treatment are prescribed.

As disease is a change from the normal condition of an organ or its function, pains have to be taken to find out the cause of the change. An inquiry into causes is termed Etiology (Gr *aitia*, a cause), and this forms an important step in medical science. The entire phenomena of morbid change having been brought under review, their predisposing and exciting causes ascertained, experience alone can teach the course, duration, and termination of the disease. In forecasting the future, 'probability is our only guide,' but owing happily to an abundance of medical literature, and the existence of numerous pathological Societies, we are furnished with two important factors for forming a judgment that is approximately correct. One is a careful registration of facts, which gives the history of disease in specific cases, narrates their symptoms, complications, probable causes, treatment, and results. The other is a well defined classification of diseases, which is just an index to the state of medical science at any given time. The nomenclature of diseases has engaged the attention of some of the most distinguished men of our times, and it may be interesting to note that the Royal College of Physicians in London have recognised nearly a thousand distinct forms of disease, exclusive of injuries of a violent character.

Therapeutics teaches the method of applying remedies to the healing or mitigation of disease. These remedies may be regarded as of two kinds—those which act on the body directly, and those which operate through the intervention of the mind. The varieties of treatment which precisely similar diseases in different individuals may require, render the art of healing to a certain extent empirical or experimental, yet it is in this quarter we may confidently look for the steady advance of science. When one malady are recognised to have both general resemblances and specific features, these last owing their existence to circumstances of constitution, age, sex, habits, and locality, we may hope to find by a sufficiently wide induction how to meet any case, no matter what may be its peculiarities. The fact that there are yet some diseases which do not yield to any treatment or remedy known, only teaches us the present limitations of the healing art, leaving us to

indulge the hope that the future may not only show us the true nature of the disease, but point out its certain and infallible remedy. Meanwhile, we cannot be too thankful that a remedy has discovered means whereby pain may be greatly lessened or entirely removed, and few persons would now hesitate to administer the soothing draught, or apply the beneficial anæsthetic, when suffering no longer tends to indicate or insure the process of recovery.

The last important branch of the science of medicine to which we shall direct attention is *Materia Medica*. This name is sometimes used to express what it literally signifies—the materials of medicine, and it has been technically confined to simple, the productions of nature, and such compounds as are articles of general commerce. It is, however, more commonly employed to denote the description of such drugs and preparations as are included in the authorised pharmacopœias of the medical colleges. Pharmacy is one of the practical applications of chemistry and relates to the analysis and synthesis of different substances for the purposes of medicine. As *materia medica* not only gives an account of the sources from which the various preparations of medicine are obtained, but likewise treats of the effects of these preparations in the history of disease, its importance as a department of medical study cannot be over estimated.

The above rapid survey of the art and science of medicine being intended for the general reader it only remains to impress upon him a sense of gratitude to the many eminent men who have laboured to discover the causes of the thousand ills that flesh is heir to, and, what is perhaps of almost equal importance, who have, by virtue of their science, provided alleviations for suffering upon the bed of sickness and death.

ONE FALSE, BOTH FAIR,  
OR, A HARD KNOT

CHAPTER XXIII.—ARTHUR TALBOT CALLS ON  
SIR PAGAN

'A LETTER My Lady' It was Sir Pagan's groom footman, in Bink'n Street, who said these words somewhat slyly, as, on a battered and dented old silver that no plate powder could now burnish into the semblance of solid silver, he handed a letter to his master's beautiful young, sister. He called her 'My Lady,' and this much of lip loyalty was now rendered to her by every one of the unpaid faithful ones of the baronet's household, but he did it awkwardly and with a hangdog look. It is not given to all of us to be able gracefully to salute a dethroned sovereign, or to do decorous homage to a pretender in adversity, and Cora Carew, as her brother still persisted in designating her, had none of the prestige of pomp and wealth to surround her in that shabby St German where she held her court. His brother, it has been mentioned, did not believe in her. But neither, let me hasten to say, did he disbelieve in her. Courtiers tell us that by a resolute effort of a robust will we can swallow anything in the shape of dogma, or reject it, at pleasure, but Sir Pagan had preferred to let his brain be fallow, and to preserve an attitude of resolute neutrality. He never called her 'Cora' to her face, save by some

slip of the tongue, and then he always begged her pardon in his clumsy way, which often brought the tears into her eyes. Had he not been always rough, strong, well meaning brother Pagan, thinking much of the others of Devon rivers and the foxes of Devon tors, of his child sisters so rarely? And yet he had meant to be kind, and meant so still, in his rough way. Sir Pagan's crew would have harboured his penniless sister till Doomsday, and dipped his mortgaged credit more deeply in the slough of debt, for her sake, but he would not take cognizance of her claim.

It was but a short note, penned upon scented paper, and sealed with a coronet, that James the groom footman had brought, on the battered old salver, which yet bore the half effaced imprint of the Carew arms. The note was addressed to Miss Carew. Everybody had not followed the example of the loyal Devonshire servants, and rallied round the tattered standard of her who claimed to be the rightful owner, for her life, of the feudal Border castle and the stately London palace. Madame de Lalouve unduly had not. Her note ran thus:

'MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND—It will not be very early that you get this note, which I send by a commissionaire, as you other English call them, these estimable veterans with the medals and the pinned up sleeves. But I know your island habits, it will reach you before you can drive out to your Park of Hyde—with its frightful Serpentine, which makes the exile sigh again for the lake in our delicious Wood of Boulogne—or elsewhere. Who was this Hyde of yours, the too concerted, insular landscape gardener?—went on the Continent, with a Frenchman's superb contempt for mere facts and dry history—and why did he not take pattern from the exquisite conceptions of beauty in that Paris so near! However, I wander. I write now to demand an interview—yes, to demand. You will get this—so says your unless slily of a Ganymede with the green coat and the medals—about two o'clock. Soon after three, I shall be with you in Bruton Street. On our interview hang, my dear child, your fortunes—yours, ever and sincerely attached,  
LOUISE DE LALOUVE'

'Soon after three, I shall be with you' That was all the pith of the Russo-Frenchwoman's spiteful little letter, and there may have been reasons why Sir Pagan's sister should not deny herself to such a visitor as Countess Louise. At any rate, she was utterly cut off from that feminine companionship which is to woman as vital air. She was miserable in her loneliness. Her brother's respectable friends held aloof. There was old Sir Thomas, who was the genius of sober domesticity, and whose wife and daughters had rumbled round, in the job master's hired carriage, to call. But the visit had been one of those ambiguous ones in which nobody dreams of a meeting in the flesh, and which ends in curds and complimentary speeches at the door. Cold comfort was to be derived from the sight of oblong or square pieces of pasteboard inscribed with the names of 'Sir Thomas Jenks,' 'Lady Jenks, The Misses Jenks.' Poor Cora was almost flung back upon the society of her dubious foreign friend, Madame de Lalouve, and now the case



claws seemed to peep threateningly from out the velvet of that tigerish paw.

Anxiously, Sir Pagan's sister gave orders that whoever called should be admitted. Then she went up stairs with a heavy heart, to make such alterations in her dress as she deemed necessary. When do women do otherwise? Mary Queen of Scots, with her pet spaniel hidden beneath the tulle of her red dress, was very busy, poor thing, before her French mirror in the castle of grim Lotheringsy, while the bell tolled, and the carpenters nailed down the loose edges of black cloth to the scaffold of rough wood, and the halberdiers gathered in a knot of steel and scarlet round the fatal spot where the headman was feeling the edge of his notched axe, that was to be historical soon.

There came a knock and a ring. Knocks and rings, save those of the postman on his rounds, or the sullen single tap of the dunning tradesman's emissary, were infrequent at Sir Pagan's door. His sister glanced at her watch. It was twenty minutes past three. She had no doubt as to whose hand it was that had awakened the doleful echoes of the dreary Bruton Street house, and hurrying down to the faded drawing room, she found herself face to face with—Arthur Talbot. Both were startled.

Arthur was the first to recover his composure. 'I'm half afraid,' he said, smiling, 'that you are surprised to see me here, and that you were expecting somebody else. I came to see your brother. Sir Pagan and I have not met since I dined here—you remember—and I felt that I owed him a call. They showed me up stairs without warning, and I only hope you are not sorry to see me.'

'I am very glad. My brother is out,' said the girl timidly, and soon they were both seated, and doing their best to talk on indifferent topics, as if this were a mere average morning call, and their two selves mere borel units of London society. Yes, it was very hot, for London at least. Not like Egypt. And there was a world as to Sir Pagan and his outdoor habits and roving life. And a word as to the open air aspects of the West End, the Park, and Rotten Row, and the crowds of well-dressed folks on the *al fresco* chairs, and the dust and the watering carts, and other inanities.

Then, with an effort which would have cost nothing to a Ptochemon, but was severe to him, Arthur said, 'You cannot think how painful, how very painful it has been to me to find that this—this estrangement in my sister, has not been healed by time, as I had hoped. It is, I am sorry to say, town talk now. Already there have been paragraphs, more or less veiled, in Society journals referring to the sad dispute between you two. Can there be no prospect of a reconciliation, of a settlement of the point at issue, without the publicity, the toil, and the cruel anxiety of a lawsuit?'

'I am afraid not, answered the girl sadly, but with spirit. 'We two sisters are as suns lit now as the poles are, in interests and in heart. The fight—it was none of my seeking—must be fought out now to the bitter end, I fear. You and I, Mr Talbot, have been friends for a long time. I can speak, then, freely to you. It has cost me long thought and a hard struggle, but

my mind is made up now. There have been times,' she added, with a curious little smile and a blush, 'when I thought of laying down my arms and surrendering, and taking humbly the second place. But that was a craven fancy. I mean to fight on now to the death.' As she spoke, her colour rose and her very stature seemed more commanding, and there was a strange light in her lovely eyes, a strange ring in her musical voice, such as might have nerved a host of warriors for battle against heavy odds. Never had she looked so beautiful. Somehow, Arthur Talbot felt as though her beauty and her energy forced conviction upon him, and that he could have dared, as her champion, as great peril as ever his knightly ancestors had confronted, with lance in rest, and curtle axe at saddle bow, and with a surging sea of French plumes and corselets in front.

'I have been passive too long,' went on Sir Pagan's sister, 'I have endured too long the finger of scorn and the whisper of suspicion, and now I am arming for the fray. She—my enemy—ah, how I loved her!—is better provided for the war than I am. She has her armour of gold, and her vantage ground of rank and possession, and yet, I care not—I fear not—it is I that shall conquer.'

He saw her now in a new character. Always had he admired the beauty that was the common property of these two sisters, their gentleness, their winning ways; but now in this one there shone out some of the dauntless spirit of the ancient race from which she sprang, and she seemed thus as beautiful in her unwonted animation.

'I hope so—I trust so,' said the young man, half unconsciously, all unaware, too, that the crimson had mounted to his own cheek, and that he, too, was affected by the contagious excitement of her manner.

She looked round, her eyes met his. 'You, then, do not think me—false?' she asked.

'I would strike my life on your truth, now and ever,' he answered fervently, as he rose and took her unresisting hand, and his next word must have been a declaration of his love and trust and confidence, when at that moment there was a shuffling of feet on the landing plate without, and 'Madame de Lalouze' was announced by James the ambidexterous.

The foreign lady had quick eyes, much sharpened by long experience, and in spite of Arthur's effort to appear composed, she was able to make a shrewd guess of the strange situation at the moment of her entry, but she smiled superior, and holding out her faultlessly gloved hand, said with polite emphasis, 'My dear Miss Carew, I pray you pardon my delay—Monsieur Talbot, to see you is a pleasure, for one so solitary as myself.'

'Excuse me, Countess,' said Arthur Talbot, mindful of his office of champion, and really feeling, as if he longed to do battle for her whose bright eyes had convinced him of the justice of her claim—'excuse me, if I venture to sit you right. It is the Marchioness of Leominster to whom you speak. Assuredly it is not Miss Carew.'

Sir Pagan's sister uttered a faint exclamation, as if guided, and then her beautiful flushed

face grew pale again, as anxiously she bent her eyes on the impassive face of Madame de Lalouve. The Sphinx, as usual, preserved her inscrutable aspect.

'Monsieur Talbot,' returned the foreign Countess, with a sugared smile, but in a cold and measured tone, 'opinion is free to us all I have come here to-day prepared to do my best, if I can reconcile it to my conscience and my principles, to forward the views of this lady, whom you designate as the Marquise—Murchioness, *quis!* of Leominster she is my friend, my dear young friend, and it is because of my affectionate regard for her, that I am willing to give my best assistance to her cause. But I am not, as you are, enthusiastic and young, and cannot, as yet, take so bold a step as to hail her as *Miladi Leominster!*'

'And yet that is my name!' cried the girl eagerly.

The foreign Countess smiled, as a harkened diplomatist might smile when his duty compelled him to listen attentively to some other minister of state or ambassador, while reading aloud a string of those transparent fibs and monstrous assertions that are contained in *Notes*, which leak out into newspapers, which are denied, confirmed, and expunged away, and the ultimate destiny of which is to be crystallized in Blue books, Yellow books, Red books, and then be laughed at and forgotten.

'This lady is surely Lady Leominster as I am Arthur Talbot, presided the young man, veiled by the polished incrudity of the *Ruivo Fruchwomin*. 'You, Madame, who are credited with unusual knowledge of the world, should be among the first to perceive it.'

'It is precisely because I am of the world, worldly, that I am so slow to trust appearances, retorted the Countess, with a slight shrug of her shapely shoulders. 'I have come to have a private conversation with my charming young friend, after which I shall be able to pronounce fearlessly whether I can acknowledge her as Murchioness or not.'

Arthur could but take his leave. There was something in the icy, coldly polite manner of the foreign lady of doubtful nationality that chilled and repelled him. But she was clever, and she knew much of life, and it might be that, for her own ends, she would be helpful to her whose avowed partisan he now was. As he pressed the beautiful girl's soft hand at parting, he murmured, in a voice that reached her ear alone, 'Count on me, ever and always.' Then he said more formally, 'Good bye, Lady Leominster,' bowed to Madame de Lalouve, and went from the room and from the house.

## BREAD MAKING

THE changes in our habits and mode of living brought about by increased facilities of transport are in no respect more remarkable than those that have taken place with regard to wheaten flour bread. Many persons are old enough to remember when flour or meal made from oats, barley, peas, and rye was much used in this country for baking purposes, owing to wheaten flour being excessively dear, while Indian corn meal was first introduced in 1846, owing to the

Irish potato famine. Less than a century ago, wheaten bread was a luxury so rare, that in large towns it was difficult to find a moral for sale anywhere. Nowadays, it is the staple consumption of all classes, and even in the smallest village the baker plus his laborious trade, although in some parts of England home made bread is still largely used. The reason for the change is not far to seek. Wheat, which is a species of grass improved by cultivation, is the cereal which, in climates favourable to its growth, gives the largest return of any kind of grain. Happily, a large portion of the earth's surface is suitable for raising it, and the wider areas yearly coming under wheat cultivation are day by day brought nearer to us by new railways and by ocean steamers. The flour made from wheat contains more gluten than that from any other grain, and possesses in consequence the valuable property of being raised and lightened by fermentation to a much greater degree than any other flour. Consequently, wheaten bread is more palatable, keeps its good qualities longer, and is a more marketable commodity than any other kind of bread.

It is estimated that about six bushels of wheat are consumed yearly by each person in the United Kingdom. On an average, six bushels weigh about three hundred and eighty pounds, and when ground, produce two hundred and eighty pounds of flour, and about one hundred of bran and 'offal.' Flour is usually sold in sacks of two hundred and eighty pounds, so that the annual consumption is a sack a head for each inhabitant. Assuming the population of the United Kingdom to be thirty five millions, it appears that our requirements are in round numbers twenty six million quarters of wheat, or thirty five million sacks of flour. The *Times*, not long since, estimated the home crop of wheat for 1882 at fully ten million quarters, so that nearly sixteen million quarters, or their equivalent in flour, must be imported within the year to keep up the supply. America, Algiers, and Egypt, the continent, India, and Australia, all contribute to our wants, and as the harvest time varies more or less in each, new wheat is sent us from the country where the supply is at the time most plentiful, whenever prices are sufficient to stimulate importation. The inestimable boon to this country of these supplies cannot be exaggerated. When butcher meat is rising in price, when potatoes are a poor crop, and in Ireland a very small crop, bread becomes more and more a staple food for the lower classes to fall back upon. Neither can the importance of having well made and whole some bread be over stated.

Until within a few years ago, all wheaten flour was ground by means of millstones. The recently invented patent reduction process of making flour by revolving steel or porcelain rollers has revolutionized flour making, though a controversy is being waged at present among millers as to whether rollers will supersede stones. This at least can be said of the roller process, that spring sown or hard wheat, which formerly could not be made into fine flour, is now successfully treated by it. Winter wheat and soft wheat, however, can be as well, and possibly with more economy, ground by stones, as is witnessed by the super-excellence of flour turned out by Darbly of Paris

and others by the old method. The new method is being largely used in America and Hungary, and the hard wheats of these countries are now successfully made into excellent flour, so that these cereals are enhanced in value. It appears to be in favour of the roller system, that by it the flour is not heated, and preserves to the fullest extent the most valuable constituents of the grain close to the outside sheath.

From a sack of strong or glutinous flour of high quality, as many as one hundred and twelve quarters (four pound) loaves can be produced, while from the same quantity of weak or soft flour, hardly more than ninety may be got. But the weaker flour may be the sweeter in flavour, and generally, therefore, at least two varieties of flour are used together by the baker, although the miller, by mixing various grains, can obtain both qualities in one flour. It may be said that the cheapest flour of which palatable and wholesome though not well coloured bread can be made at present costs about thirty shillings a sack, and the very best flour used, fifty shillings a sack, and if the cost of manufacture be taken at six shillings a sack, in one case the quarter loaf (ninety four to the sack) will cost to the maker 4s. 3d., and in the other (one hundred and six to the sack) it will cost 6s. 1d. The difference in value between a fine and a coarse loaf is thus nearly twopence, but the difference in the flour is merely in the dressing or removing of all particles of bran, and some may even prefer the coarser bread.

In the United Kingdom, it seems to be conceded that the best bread at present is produced in Glasgow, Edinburgh, and Dublin, and their neighbourhoods. On the other hand, Birmingham, London, and the southern part of England generally, have an unenviable reputation in the contrary direction. This is said to arise from the English bakers being more conservative in respect of using foreign flours, and their not using generally such expensive material. There is probably also something in the mode of manufacture adopted, a well made, sweet, and wholesome loaf produced under favourable conditions being a source of health and strength to the consumer, while sour ill baked bread made in a foul underground cellar is a fruitful source of illness. The latter conditions are too frequently those under which bread is made throughout the whole country, and it is proposed to take advantage of the interest in the subject excited by recent disclosures regarding improper bakehouses, to indicate the remedy. The Factory and Workshop Act of 1878, by its thirty fourth and thirty fifth sections, specially provides stringent rules for the ventilation and cleanliness of bakehouses in towns of five thousand population or upwards, and were the Act rigorously enforced, which it is feared is not done, many inferior bakehouses would be closed. The fewness of inspectors appointed under the Act may account for this. It is a pity that this well meant legislation should not be more stringently carried out.

Fifty years ago the journeyman baker was almost a slave, sleeping in his master's bake house as a rule, earning about eight shillings a week, beginning work at four in the morning, and after the most violent labour, carrying out the bread to customers, often till dark. Saturday

was his busiest day, and even on Sunday he had to work for a time, as it indeed still necessary. Though now better paid, and not an inmate of the bakehouse, except in working hours, the operative who makes the bulk of our bread is still an excessively worked and often sickly labourer. In very many cases he has still to work in an underground cellar not fit for the production of wholesome food. Closer inspection, therefore, seems desirable that improvement in the mode of conducting baking operations in the larger towns, in buildings specially constructed for the purpose, should be enforced and made more general, and that this is practicable is evidenced by the successful and rapidly increasing number of factories in Glasgow, Dublin, and elsewhere. In these the most laborious work of making the dough by handing it, as by the use of machinery, entirely avoided, and the consequence is more perfect mixing of the simple ingredients, greater cleanliness and economy, and better bread.

The first process in making bread is the inducing of the necessary fermentation or leavening. Since the time of the early Jews, there has been very little change in the process, which is still a matter of experience and personal skill, and done very much by rule of thumb. On the success of the fermentation depend the sweetness and lightness of the bread. To show how differently the same process is performed, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and Manchester may be instanced. In the Scotch towns the fermentation is slow, extending over about twelve hours, and the yeast used is made by the baker daily—in Glasgow from part of the previous days yeast with a proportion of malt added, while in Edinburgh hops are used in addition to the malt. The preparation of the yeast and setting of the sponge, as it is technically called, require particular experience and skill, the changes of weather and temperature quickly affecting their success. For the same quantity of bread, twice as much of the fermenting material is used in Edinburgh as in Glasgow, the former being denominated a 'half sponge,' and the latter a quarter sponge. The dough in both cases is stiff, and the main difference is that the Glasgow loaf is larger and lighter in texture for its weight, while the Edinburgh loaf is said to be sweeter, from the fermentation being arrested before so much chemical change takes place. In Manchester, again, a quick fermentation is produced in one and a half to two hours, by the use of dried yeast, prepared by the distillers of Holland and Germany, and the proportion of the whole ingredients subjected to the preliminary fermentation is very much larger than in either the half or quarter sponges in vogue in Scotland, while the dough when finished is weak and soft, and requires that each loaf be baked in a separate vessel or pan of iron, a mode not necessary for ordinary loaves in Scotland. No doubt, there are variations between these three methods of fermenting in use, but these are cited as showing the variety of modes used to commence the apparently simple process of converting the three ingredients, flour, salt, and water, into baker's bread. On the continent, it is still frequently the practice to leaven bread with a piece of dough kept for some days.

The fermentation having gone the required

length—the determination of which requires special skill—the remaining flour, &c., needed are added, and incorporated with the sponge. Keeping in mind that a bakehouse must always have a high temperature, the laborious turning over and kneading of large masses of dough in huge troughs, by the use of men's hands and arms, and amid clouds of flour, cannot be looked on as a favourable system for cleanliness of the bread or health of the operatives, and here comes in the value of machinery. In Glasgow, Edinburgh, and Dublin, this work is being more and more performed by means of dough mixers worked by steam or gas, and as a gas engine of so small a calibre as half a horse power can be got, it can be imagined that even the kneading of the smallest quantity of material can be profitably done by machinery. So far as can be learned, there is no extensive use made of baking machinery in London or in England.

Enough has been said to show that the important operations in baking bread are the preliminary one of setting the sponge and the checking of the fermentation. When the bread is in the oven, further fermentation is stopped by a certain heat. Although an oven may be heated above five hundred degrees Fahrenheit, the steam induced keeps the bread itself at a heat of two hundred and twelve degrees, which is sufficient to cook it.

The mode of firing bread may now engage attention. The modern oven, in the general principles of its construction, differs in almost no respect from what was in use in the time of the Pharaohs and what is seen in Pompeii. It is a flat, beehive shaped brick erection, with a small hole at one side, through which is thrust a rude pan or furnace filled with coals, which is allowed to remain in the oven a sufficient time to heat it. When withdrawn, the bread is then inserted through the same aperture, that it may be baked on the floor so heated. This is not at first sight a very scientific or attractive mode of cooking or baking. The same oven, with a fired furnace, having a separate door at the side of the oven mouth, if cleaner as regards the floor of the oven, is open to the same objection that the flames pervade the whole oven, and the furnace is cooled from within the bakehouse. Bread is peculiarly susceptible of absorbing gases or any thing deleterious in the surrounding atmosphere, and the smoke and sulphurous fumes remaining in the oven must more or less affect the bread. The sooner improved ovens, fired from the outside, and entirely apart from the bakehouse, are introduced, the better for the health of the bread consumer, or in other words the whole nation.

To show that what is desiderated is not unattainable, the recently erected factory between Paris and St Denis is a standing example. Here Monsieur Moissé produces his own flour from the grain, and turns out what is equal to one hundred and thirty five thousand quarters loaves a week. All the mixing and kneading and even the weighing of the dough is done by automatic, or nearly automatic machinery, while the oven used is similar apparently to that used in biscuit factories in this country, being two feet broad and forty five in length, the pieces of dough being at

one end placed on trolleys moving slowly along by an endless chain through the oven, and arriving baked into loaves at the other end. The heating being derived from vaults below, neither fire, smoke, nor sulphur deposited by combustion can enter the oven or bakehouse. It would be a great matter if something of this kind could be established near London, and it would not be a bad innovation if at the same time the long thin loaves, with a large proportion of crust, common in Paris, were brought into the market. To delicate persons, the made portion of a square loaf is not such a thoroughly digestible commodity as the same article pulled to pieces and rebaked, and doubtless if a crusty and thoroughly cooked article were commoner, dyspepsia would be diminished. An oven of known advantage is the Perkin's Patent, in which the heat is conveyed by pipes, the furnace being outside the oven, and unconnected with the bakehouse.

While no one can object to any private enterprise—even the converting an underground cellar in a crowded locality into a bakehouse, where nothing better is to be had—there is little doubt but that if bakeries constructed on enlightened principles in suitable localities became common, the old fashioned and imperfect method would soon come to an end. Any capitalist may see from the figures given above that a fairly profitable branch of business can be made of such an enterprise, if gone into on a large scale, economically and with scientific appliances, and there is too much activity in this country to admit the continuance of abuses which can easily and profitably be done away with. Great Britain has supplies from abroad which become every day more and more available. Flour is not dear, and apparently the variety of sources from which supplies are received will not admit of much higher prices for years to come. What is wanted at present is not a cheaper loaf. The owners of the large Glasgow bread factories are said to be underselling one another, and this is a pity. The public interest would be better served if bakers would contend who could bake the finest quality of bread at a fair profit. Quality, and quality alone, is the test of bread. A loaf made of cheap flour, if properly fermented, thoroughly mixed, and well fired in a proper oven, will be perfectly wholesome, sweet, and palatable. The very finest flour can only show in colour—in the silky whiteness with a tinge of yellow in the bread. To get all the conditions for attaining quality, it will be necessary, by scientific experiment, to ascertain whether slow or quick fermentation, larger or smaller quantity of yeast and sponge in proportion to amount of dough, give best results, and what is the most thorough mode of firing. The necessary comparison of methods would appear not to have been made as yet, or more uniformly would have been practised. Recent improvements in grinding, with keener competition between our home millers and those of Hungary, America, and elsewhere, are raising the standard of quality in flour. Improved machinery for bread making is coming to the front, and more suitable ovens are available. Everything conspires to enable better bread to be produced now than hitherto; and after what has been shown as regards the enormous consumption of this commodity, no one

will be able to deny that bread is even a more important portion of our food than any other, and worthy of the best efforts of scientific, sanitary, and practical authorities, to bring its general manufacture to greater perfection.

### MISS GARSTON'S CASE

#### IN FIVE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II

A fortnight passed, such a fortnight as few medical men pass through, exciting and perplexing as cases often are. The housekeeper, who at intervals attended my patient, seemed an excellent person, but Death and I fought a most desperate combat for possession of Miss Garston. I was often rednecked to despair, for my calculations were so falsified, that I sometimes thought I must be an arrant ignoramus, and that, so far from deserving my diploma, I ought to be sent back to an elementary class in the medical school. The leading symptom of my patient was exhaustion. There was no specific disease of any of the vital organs, but all were debilitated, the heart in particular. The remedies I prescribed sometimes produced the expected effect, sometimes failed to do so, and sometimes aggravated the symptoms in a bewildering manner. In homely phrase, I was at my wit's end, and thought, that in honour I ought to commit the lady to other hands.

I urged this upon Miss Garston's guardian, whose name I learned was Lampport. He objected very strongly, and besought me to continue my attentions for a little while longer. Miss Garston herself obstinately refused to allow another doctor to be brought in, even for consultation. I had gained her confidence completely, and she had the firmest assurance that I was wholly devoted to her restoration. She greeted me always with a smile, even in the midst of paroxysms of suffering, and my presence appeared to have a calming influence upon her. I spent hours with her daily, partly for professional reasons, partly because she desired me to be near her.

Now, I am one of those who believe that medical men exercise a profound influence upon their patients by mere personality, especially upon delicate and suffering women. Apart from medicines, hygiene, and the rest, we have it in our power to do an infinity of good, by kindly converse and by the exercise of a wise despotism. Miss Garston came to look upon me as a sort of earthly saviour, and she obeyed me with the implicitness of a child or of a devotee. Still, she would not permit me to bring in a colleague, though her death was imminent.

'I prefer to die,' she said, the last time I pressed the subject. 'I have endured so much, that I may surely be spared any further anguish. No, doctor, you alone must attend me to the last. Oh, do not leave me, remain with me to the end.' You are good and kind, you have done all that human skill can accomplish. If it is my destiny to pass hence, it must be. But do not leave me. Promise me, as you hope for peace when you come to die—promise me that you will remain by me while life remains.'

'Hush! do not agitate yourself,' I replied. 'Rely upon me, I will not desert my post.'

Oh, the terrible wastefulness of her eyes as I spoke! I can never forget them. She became resigned, and a sweet smile replaced the traces of anxiety. Then, in a strangely solemn voice, and with an energy of tone that was almost superhuman, she exclaimed: 'Doctor, I have no friend on earth but you!'

I stared at her.

'Yes, doctor, none but you. All my relatives are gone, or are far away, and indifferent.'

'But Mr Lampport is your friend, your devoted friend, Miss Garston.'

She looked at me strangely, almost suspiciously again, saying after a pause: 'Do you think so?'

'Truly, I do. He exhibits as much anxiety regarding you as if you were his only child. I doubt if there is any one who takes a deeper and keener interest in your recovery.'

She continued to look at me in the same strange, dubious manner.

'You seem incredulous. But I make allowances for the abnormal fancies of invalids. Be assured of your guardian's affection, when I tell you that he has retained me exclusively for your service.'

The dark cloud partly retreated from her face as I said this. Yet she was clearly not convinced. I remained silent, satisfied in my own mind that she was one of those unfortunate hysterical victims who are the torment of themselves and the despair of their physicians and friends. This strange unwarranted suspicion of the man who was her benefactor, and upon whose bounty her life depended, was a symptom of those hideous perversions of right and wrong that mark the conduct of such patients.

Mr Lampport, in spite of his odd puzzling manner, was almost demonstratively anxious to serve his unhappy ward. He would often carry up her food from the kitchen with his own hands, he brought home daily supplies of the most tempting fruit, and at an immense expense, kept the sick-chamber gorgeously decorated with flowers. I am sure that many of the bouquets must have cost several pounds. They were composed of the rarest crocuses and early British flowers—juncos, violets, lilies of the valley, and others. I objected to them, for they made the air of the room heavy as an atmosphere impregnated with opium. But here was another of Miss Garston's obstinacies. She was passionately fond of flowers. Though her general demeanour towards Mr Lampport was anything but amiable, and often simply rude and ungrateful, yet, when he brought her evening bouquet, she became gracious and quiescent. She would bury her face in the bouquet, and inhale its fragrance as a thirsty Arab buries his face in a desert pool.

I was sure the flowers did her harm, for after inhaling them, she would fall back quite exhausted, and one evening she fainted so completely, that I feared she was dead.

In my trepidation, I ran into the dressing-room for some ice-water, leaving Mr Lampport in an ecstasy of apprehension near the poor thing. But I was amazed upon my return to find him holding the bouquet over her face, almost stungly.

'God's heavens!' I cried, 'what are you doing?'

She wants air! Put those abominable flowers away!

He looked at me in a half terrified, half searching way, as he had often done before, and immediately obeyed me, apologising for making the mistake.

I was too much preoccupied by my efforts for the recovery of my patient to think of this curious episode at the time, but it returned to me afterwards, like a haunting tune that comes across our consciousness when least expected.

After this, I made it a condition of my remaining that no more bouquets should be brought into the room. As a great concession, I allowed arbutus, hyacinths, and snowdrops to be placed upon a table near the window during the daytime. I had the satisfaction of finding that my prohibition was of marked advantage to the patient. To her astonishment and mine, she passed a good night, and was decidedly stronger the next morning. But I had great difficulty in persuading Miss Garston and her guardian that flowers could do any harm. Mr Lampport was quite irritated with me, and upbraided me with cutting off the only pleasure the poor invalid enjoyed. A day or two after came her birthday, and in the teeth of my protests, he insisted upon giving a small bouquet of tuberoses to his ward. They made her ill, or my prejudice thought so, though she did not faint. After a friendly contest, I placed them upon the table. Their perfume was very strong, and I took them in my hands, wondering how so great an odour could proceed from a mere handful of blossoms. After smelling them, I felt stupefied, and had a congestion of the vessels of the head, such as follows from a mid day sleep. I was now convinced that such flowers were decidedly noxious for a sick person, and without further ceremony I opened the window and threw them out. While Miss Garston was not quite pleased, Mr Lampport gave me a look that was equivalent to a menace. But I was determined in this matter, and very sharply gave him the alternative of banishing flowers or banishing me.

Afterwards, when supping in the library, Mr Lampport apologised for interfering with my commands, and became almost obsequiously eager to smooth my ruffled dignity.

Another reform I introduced, by causing the amplest ventilation of the sick room. Here I had a fierce controversy with Mr Lampport. All those who had prescribed for Miss Garston before me, he said, had insisted in keeping up the temperature of the apartment to seventy degrees! The thing was absurd, because there was no means of maintaining a steady temperature with an ordinary grate. Either the room was like a furnace or like a section of the corridor, as the fire blazed furiously or dwindled from neglect. Then the patient was half burned under a mountain of cloths and wrappers. These I reduced, and substituted better appliances for keeping steady warmth. But my greatest offence was in declaring flatly that Miss Garston was not suffering from consumption. Here Mr Lampport and myself came to so serious an issue, that I had my hat in my hand, ready for a final departure, when he submitted to my opinion and to my orders. Upon the matter of phthisis, I spoke with some authority, for to the study of this fearful scourge

I devoted many an hour of spare time and most of my professional opportunities.

Mr Lampport had a fixed idea that his ward was in a deep consumption, complicated by the calamity of her father's death and hysteria. I found, on comparing notes of his various remarks, that he believed her recovery to be hopeless. Once he had, either by excess of confidence or by inadvertence, let slip the opinion that her death was not far distant, and that it would be a happy release. Her mother, he informed me, had died of consumption, and also other relatives, the young lady had been sickly as a child. Thus hereditary and personal evidence proved that she was doomed to perish in the budding of life.

I combated this with all my arguments, and with a stubbornness that did not seem to win me much regard from Mr Lampport. I was surprised that he should hold such hopeless views of a lit that he seemed so desirous of prolonging, and I concluded by saying, that if he was advised a fatal termination was certain, it was of little use my spending my time exclusively in his house.

This remark staggered him, and he hastened to say 'No, no, doctor, I am not saying that it is impossible for Miss Garston to recover. You must continue to do your utmost for her. But she has been so ill, and is so prostrate, and she has been given up by other doctors, thus I cannot help taking gloomy views. Pray, pray do not think that I think she is certain to die. She may, you know, whether consumption or au-ut else is at work. Mind, I am only hazarding guesses. If she should depart this life, you will be able to certify that I have done all in my power for her. Will you not?'

There was a singular beseeching in his voice, as he put this query, that struck me. I thought him a most tender hearted friend, although his solicitude appeared to be more for the good opinion of the world than for the existence of the invalid. But, as I have repeated many times, Mr Lampport was peculiar, and I own that I had failed to make him out. His idiosyncrasy was still a riddle to me. He was at once sympathetic and callous, doing his utmost for the restoration of the poor girl, and yet fully convinced that everything was vain. I was sure that there must be some mystery going on about me, but what it was, and what it portended, I could not divine. But, then, any odd fellow will set our speculations going, and often our perfectly harmless neighbours, by queer behaviour, will lead us to think any amount of mischief in them.

Though I put aside suspicion and guessing by this easy process, I was constantly being brought back to the fact of a hidden mystery, by the unaccountable relapses of my patient.

I am wholly a scientific man. The constitution of my mind, the training I have had, my belief in the immaculate truthfulness of nature each and all compel me to believe in the inviolableness of Law. I have never seen gravitation fail under any test, I have never seen chemical affinities refuse to unite under exact conditions, and, in my own experience, I have never seen certain remedies refuse to manifest their effect in some degree. Now, such denial of physiological

uniformly confronted me continually in Miss Garston's case! Medicines that never failed before to do what was expected, failed in her case, or, at any rate, were exceptionally feeble in their effects, and not what they ought to have been. I know doctors fail often in spite of the most consummate judgment, but they are not always the blundering empiricists that some allege. I was trying no delicate experiments, only the simplest methods to accomplish the objects I had in view. To my inconceivable chagrin, they failed. Miss Garston grew better and worse in a most unaccountable way.

At the end of a fortnight I was impelled to tell Mr Lampport that I had done all possible things, and that I must give up the case.

'There is something interfering between my treatment and the patient, what it is, I cannot grasp.'

Mr Lampport gave me a ghastly look as I said this, and asked 'Do you suspect anything?' His face looked like a man utterly untraced.

'No, I suspect nothing, unless it be the hysterical spasms that so distress my patient. She may be undoing what I am contriving.' I spoke very despondingly.

'Yes, yes,' he answered, 'you are right. She must be disobeying your orders, doctor. She always was a wilful girl. She is not taking your medicine, I dare say, or doing other naughty things. Come, never mind, my good sir, you have done your best for her, and no man can do more. Ah! she is very obstinate, like her father.'

'You are mistaken,' I said quietly, 'Miss Garston takes all her medicine from my hand.'

My host became confused. 'Well, what do you think?' he demanded, eyeing me narrowly.

'Why, that she is taking other medicines unknown to me. And yet, I could almost pledge my soul to her honesty. She is so obedient, so anxious for life, that I can only account for my continued defeats by crediting her with some sort of madness. She takes some thing at night which nullifies my remedies.'

'Have you mentioned this to her?' asked Mr Lampport with great eagerness.

'I have, and she declares solemnly that she takes nothing. The nurse also asserts most positively that her charge takes nothing but an occasional drink during the night. I don't believe them, and I don't disbelieve them. My medical knowledge declares that I am being thwarted, my respect for the two women compels me to accept their assurances. In the mean time, Miss Garston is now in so critical a state that she may die at any moment, her heart is most seriously affected. And there are other symptoms that I cannot understand. Really, Mr Lampport, I cannot in justice to myself continue to attend Miss Garston longer, without the counsel of a more experienced physician.'

Mr Lampport paced the room in great agitation. At length he stopped before me, and said 'You are right. To-morrow we will have a consultation. You shall invite whoever you think most able to assist you to come to— to correct conclusions respecting this most singular illness.' He stammered, and was evidently much distressed.

'I am glad you are willing to yield to my wishes,' I said. 'But why not to-day? It is

only eleven o'clock. Let me invite Dr Dawson to meet me at three this afternoon.'

'No, no, not to-day. Perhaps Miss Garston will have a better night.'

'Perhaps she will not live through it,' I rejoined, with gloomy bitterness.

'What! is she so near the end?' exclaimed my companion with singular vivacity.

'I cannot tell, anything may happen.'

'Do not be so distressed, my dear doctor. Let us hope for the best. She has youth on her side. You, as you are, I have more faith in you than in the whole of the Fellows of the Royal College of Physicians, or any other body. Cheer up, good sir. I will spread your fame far and wide. If the worst should happen, do not fear that it will be to the detriment of your reputation.'

I tried to look grateful, but could not. Soon after, Mr Lampport went away to business, and I went home, leaving my patient in a deep sleep, and under the care of the housekeeper.

Of course there had been a vast amount of talk at our house about Miss Garston, her guardian, and all connected with my extraordinary patient. I had many conversations with my mother alone, upon the terrible perplexities that met me at every turn. She did her best to lighten my anxieties. But she could not understand what I suffered.

Upon reaching my house, I found a person waiting to see me. I was told that he had been there for two hours, and refused to call again, saying he must see me at the earliest moment. My visitor was an elderly man, neatly dressed in well-worn clothes. His manner was polite, but too deferential for one moving in good society.

'I am not here to seek professional advice, sir,' said the man apologetically, but with an honest straightforwardness that impressed me favourably. 'You are attending Miss Garston, I believe?'

'Yes, I am,' I answered, not a little astonished.

'How is she, sir, if you please?'

'Very ill indeed.'

'Will she get better?'

'I cannot say.'

His face fell, and a shudder passed over his frame. My manner and tone evidently inspired him with alarm.

'Is her case desperate, sir? For pity's sake, tell me all about her.'

'Are you a relative of hers?'

'No, sir, but I have known her for many years. Her father was my employer, and I am with the firm yet. With Mr Lampport, you know, sir.'

'I really know nothing about Miss Garston and Mr Lampport, except as their medical attendant.'

The man's face fell again. He thought I was going to demand him for wasting my time.

'You would oblige me, sir, by telling me the exact state of things, even if it costs you a few minutes. You see, if Miss Garston dies, there will be great changes in the office; for all her money will be taken out of the business, and Mr Lampport cannot carry it on, having had so many losses.'

'Is Miss Garston rich, then?' I asked, surprised.

'She is indeed. Her father died worth more than fifty thousand pounds.'

'I understood he died embarrassed; and in fact, committed suicide.'

A frightful pallor swept over the man's face. He did not speak for some time; then, almost in a whisper, he muttered: 'People said it was suicide; but I will never believe it.'

'Gracious powers, what do you say!' I cried in consternation; for the man eyed me so strangely, that I could not comprehend what he meant.

'Can you listen to a story, sir? And can you keep a secret? I must confide in somebody, and you are her doctor.'

I rose, locked the door, and waited for him to begin.

### PARISH FOOLS.

By 'fools' we do not mean the general class of persons indicated by the word, but that smaller class of the community commonly called 'parish fools' or 'naturals.' These unfortunates, without being habitually or necessarily insane, usually labour under some hallucination, which overshadows their lives, and causes them, when under its influence, to indulge in such freaks and fancies as are peculiar to the lunatic; though, when freed from the cloud obscuring their mental vision, they act very much like their neighbours.

Such was Sandy Macintosh, who flourished in the beginning of the century. A native of one of the northern parishes of Caithness, he was as well known for twenty miles round as the kirk-steeples. The swiftest runner and the most trustworthy messenger in the place, Sandy was kept in constant employment, and numbered among his patrons both the laird and the minister. The peculiar delusion under which he laboured was a conviction that he had been born for the express purpose of slaying his Satanic Majesty, and many were the wildgoose chases embarked in by Sandy to annihilate the arch-enemy; for he recognised him—so he averred—under all shapes and forms, such as a crow, a hare, or a black cat; and when started in pursuit of the foe, would follow up the trail for hours, nay, sometimes for days. In vain the minister—whom Sandy accounted his particular friend—strove to convince him that the Enemy of mankind was a spirit, and as such invisible. No argument, however telling, had any effect on Sandy. He listened respectfully, it is true, as he always did, to everything, however trivial, uttered by his friend; but when the reverend gentleman paused for lack of breath, the fool invariably remarked, with a sagacious nod: 'Weel, minister, ye ken best; though there's as thing ye have overlooked. Ye canna deny what's written in the guid book, "The devil goes about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour." And when I see ye fechtin' him Sabbath after Sabbath, bangin' the pulpit, and shaking your fist at him, says I to myself: "Sandy, man, it's odds but some day ye'll catch the deil napping, and then the minister will thank you for that day's work." So Sandy remained unconvinced, and continued his hunting exploits with such zeal, that the black cats of his neighbourhood had need of all their 'nine lives' to elude his persistent pursuit.

Now, the minister was in the habit of killing

a 'mart,' or fat ox, at Hallowmas, for the consumption of his family during the winter. The beef was salted, and the hide sold at the nearest town. That important functionary who in Scotland is termed the 'minister's man' was usually intrusted with the disposal of the skin; and on this particular occasion had departed with his burden somewhat late in the evening. But the night was fine, and he trudged along the road for some miles with no thought save the speedy fulfilment of his errand. Presently he heard approaching the sound of footsteps, and a voice, which he recognised as that of Sandy Macintosh, singing, 'We'll gang nae mair a-roving sae late into the night.' The opportunity for playing a trick was irresistible; and resolving to give Sandy a fright, the minister's man wrapped the hide about him, taking care that the horns should stand up on his head. Thus equipped, he crouched along the dike-side till the fool made his appearance round the bend of the road, then uttering an unearthly yell, sprang from his hiding-place right in his path. But he reckoned without his host, when he thought to terrify Sandy. That individual only recognised in the apparition before him but another form assumed by the Enemy; and with a shout of defiance, rushed on the foe, and struck him a resounding blow with his staff. Whack! whack! the blows rained hard and fast on the shoulders of the unlucky joker, who, unable to bear the pain any longer, and too terrified to discover himself to the enraged fool, managed to wriggle unperceived out of his hirsute covering and scramble over the dike, where he lay hidden, scarcely daring to breathe.

Sandy was very much astonished when he observed the total collapse of the foe. He probably anticipated a severe struggle, and was surprised at his easy victory. Be that as it may, without stopping to pronounce an oration on the fallen, the fool slung the hide over his shoulder and started at a trot to the manse. Arrived there, he knocked loudly at the door, and on the appearance of the servant, demanded to see the minister. That was quite out of the question, he was informed; the reverend gentleman had retired for the night, and could not be disturbed. But Sandy was not to be balked. With an impatient, 'Haud out o' my way, lass,' he pushed past the girl, made his way to the minister's bedroom, knocked at the door, and without waiting for an invitation to enter, marched in. The minister had been reading in bed; but on the abrupt entrance of his visitor, threw aside his book, exclaiming: 'Why, Sandy, man, what brings you here at this time of night?'

'Great news, minister—great news!' cried Sandy.

'What news?' asked the pastor, catching something of his visitor's excitement. 'Have the French landed?'

'French indeed!' quoth the fool contemptuously. 'I ken naething about these frog-eaters.'

'Well, what is your great news?' reiterated the minister impatiently.

'It's just this—I've killed the deil; and there's his hide;' and flinging the skin on the bed, our friend stalked with injured dignity from the room.

Sandy remained unconvinced to the end of his



life that he had not in very truth slain the arch enemy, and declared in confidence to the larrs, that the minister wasn't so grateful as he might have been for the good turn he had done him. After the supposed decease of the Enemy, Sandy became more settled in his habits, but continued to plume himself not a little on his gallantry, complacently adding that 'it wasn't everybody had taken the deil by the horns, as Sandy Macintosh had done.'

Somewhat akin to Sandy was an Orkney contemporary of his, one Mansie of Queenamuckie. Mansie's particular craze was implicit belief in the presence of 'supernatural beings,' with whom, he declared, he had long and interesting conversations. It is possible that Mansie lived in those enlightened days of table turning, and spirit-rapping, that the spiritualists might have discovered in him a powerful medium. But fortunately, or unfortunately, for him, spiritism was as yet unborn in the beginning of the century, and he was consequently exposed to the ridicule of his neighbours, who did not scruple to call him 'the fool of the parish.'

The following anecdote illustrates the peculiar twist in Mansie's mental organization. A farmer had entrusted him with a commission to buy a couple of pigs and some fowls in the island of Rousay, and bring them to his house in the neighbouring parish of Erve. The farmer's boat was placed at his disposal, and one fine morning Mansie started for Rousay, arriving at his destination without any mishap. In a short time the pigs and poultry were on board, and Mansie set off on his homeward voyage. But alack and alas! in the hurry of departure, he had neglected to make fast the mouths of the sacks in which the grunts were stowed away. Being descendants of the 'wise pig,' these animals quickly discovered that egress from their prison was possible, and with a simultaneous grunt of delight, rushed from the sacks, and capered the boat.

Had Mansie been minding his business, such a catastrophe might have been averted, but as usual, his thoughts were far away, and he only realised his dangerous position when he found himself struggling in the water with the pigs and poultry floating around. Fortunately, the upset occurred within a couple of hundred yards of the shore. But our friend could not swim, and there were no straws to clutch. 'Necessity, however, is the mother of invention,' and Mansie clutched the tails of his pigs! There is reason to believe the animals rebelled at such a liberty, but never theless they eventually landed both themselves and their burden.

Mansie was soon surrounded by a small crowd of sympathisers, who condoled with him on the loss of the poultry—for the fowls were drowned—and put many questions regarding the upsetting of the boat. But our friend was deaf to every question; 'his eye had fallen into a trance,' and such a trivial matter as the loss of his employer's property troubled him not. Presently he opened his mouth and said, 'Ken ye, my friend, what happened to me when I was far doon at the bottom o' the mighty ocean?'

'What was it, Mansie?' asked one of the bystanders.

'Weel, when I was haudin' on to the tails o' the beasts, thinkin' my last hour had come,

there was a sound o' wings above my head, and I heard the birds o' paradise singing, "Come, Magnus, come!"'

A burst of derisive laughter greeted this extravagant statement, and one of the younger members of the group suggested 'whaup' (curlew) as the original of Mansie's birds of paradise.

'Whaup, indeed!' retorted that individual. 'I tell you they were the birds o' paradise. It's no the first time I've heard them.' And Mansie in high dudgeon at the scepticism of his auditors, proceeded to secure his four-footed friends in their respective sacks—which, with the boat had drifted ashore—and once more embarked on his homeward voyage.

Very different from Sandy Macintosh and Mansie of Queenamuckie, was Shumbring Willie A. Shetlander by birth, Willie lived some fifty years ago near the town of Lerwick. Of respectable parentage, he had received a fair education, loved reading, and was always to be seen, with head very much on one side, shuffling along the streets of his native town carrying three or four of his favourite authors secured by a strap. Willie's eccentricities were rather trying to his neighbours. He was in the habit of entering their houses surreptitiously, and made nothing of pouncing on anything estimable and carrying it off. A favourite time for such raids was New-year's Day, as he was sure to secure something particularly savoury at that festive season. He had a fine nose for the good things of this life, though he wasn't extra particular whether the viands were underdone or overdone.

One New-year's Day, when prowling in the vicinity of a Lerwick gunkman's house, he was attracted by the odour of roast goose. Now, Willie fairly doted on roast goose, so he unobtrusively began revolving in his mind ways and means of securing the object of his desire. Stationing himself near the kitchen window, he had the pleasure of observing the noble bird slowly turning on the spit, tenderly basted by a buxom old dame, whose soul was evidently in her task. From his cognate vantage our friend could perceive the exits and entrances of the cook, who fitted to and fro, but never absented herself long enough from the kitchen to permit of Willie carrying out his intentions. Patience, however, had its reward at last. The dining room bell rang, and the old dame vanished. Willie's opportunity had come. Dashing into the kitchen, he seized the goose, and made off with it. But he was hardly a hundred yards from the house, when the cook returned, discovered the theft, and catching sight of our friend from the window, started in hot pursuit. Willie, however, had no idea of relinquishing the prize, so he put his best foot foremost, and made for the Nab—a high rock some little distance from Lerwick. Gnawing the goose as he ran, he occasionally turned round to shake it insultingly in his pursuer's face, whom he invited to catch him if she could. Cook was asthmatic, moreover, she foolishly spent her breath in calling the marauder all manner of uncomplimentary names; consequently, she lost ground, while Willie gained it. Still, she kept up the chase, goaded to unusual energy by the heart-rending spectacle of the impending destruction of her master's dinner. At length Willie reached

the Nab, farther he could not go unless he took a header into the sea. Cook came puffing along, vengeance in her eyes, but just as she thought she had the thief in her grasp, he eluded her, tossed the remains of the goose over the cliff, snapped his fingers in the old dame's face, and took to his heels, chuckling glee-folly. He had circumvented Madam Cook, secured a good dinner, and was triumphant.

Shambling Willie had yet another adventure at the Nab which is worth relating. A West Indian negro, a Professor of Mesmerism, had come to Lerwick to deliver a series of lectures, and on the evening of his arrival had gone for a walk in the direction of the Nab. Now, Willie had heard of the mesmerist, and as he had never seen a black man in his life, was exceedingly anxious to make the Professor's acquaintance. With this object in view, he had been prowling round the outskirts of the town ever since the negro's arrival, and when he saw him walking towards the Nab, started in pursuit. The Professor was for some time unaware of Willie's approach, until he heard hurried steps behind him, and turning round, beheld what he believed to be an escaped lunatic tearing after him, and shrieking in the squeakiest of voices, "Stop, man, stop, or I'll be the death o' ye." Terror laid hold on the mesmerist, and he fled; but what was his horror, on reaching the Nab, to find that unless he jumped over the cliff, he could not escape his pursuer. In his dilemma, the Professor thought he would try the effects of mesmerism on the lunatic. Willie was but a few yards distant, when he turned and confronted him with folded arms and wild rolling eyes.

Our poor friend stared for a moment at the negro, then, unable to bear his piercing glance, rushed away, shrieking "It's the devil himself, he'll be the death o' me." The pursued now became the pursuer. Willie ran, and the Professor ran after him. There are people still living who remember seeing our friend and the black clattering down the principal street of Lerwick, and hearing the agonising cry of the former "It's the devil himself, he'll be the death o' me."

Presently, Willie dived through an open door, taking care to bolt it after him, while the negro Professor returned to his hotel highly delighted at what he considered a striking proof of the omnipotence of his art.

Shambling Willie has been dead those thirty years, but his memory is still kept green by the older inhabitants of his native town.

## BILLS OF SALE

THE form of contract called a Bill of Sale, while practically unknown in Scotland, is in frequent use in England. It is a contract whereby a person transfers the interest he or she has in personality or movables, such as furniture, stock in trade, or other like goods, to another, and the bill is sometimes given with a condition for resuming the goods at a certain period on repayment of the money advanced. The latter has always been considered a dangerous method of obtaining accommodation, and one that should be cautiously adopted. Indeed, for some years

past it has been felt necessary that some steps should be taken by our law makers to check the most obvious irregularities and malpractices that had grown up in connection with the negotiation of these bills, and if possible to place some limitations upon their use. Thus last year, on the passing of an Act which amended former statutes relating to these documents

The new Act, in so far as it was intended to discourage the traffic in bills of sale, is beginning to have its natural result. The decrease in the number of these bills registered up to the end of February is very marked. The number of bills of sale published in England and Wales for the week ending February 22, last year, was ten hundred and thirty one, while for the corresponding period of this year the number was only two hundred and forty one, showing a decrease of seven hundred and ninety. The net decrease for the twelve months ending 24th February, this year, was six thousand one hundred and thirty nine, being at the rate of eighty per cent per week. Law right minded people will regret that this too easy method of raising money has become so greatly restricted, and indeed this was the direct object and purpose of the measure.

It is notorious that bills of sale have long been a source of great profit to the money lending firms, and of ruin to many improvident and thoughtless people, who were either ignorant or careless of their true nature and purport. Every one is supposed to know the law, and ignorance of law has from time immemorial been held to excuse nobody. But it is a very different thing to say that the meaning of a bill of sale was within common knowledge, and so varied and abstruse was the construction and nature of many of these documents, that not only were they beyond the comprehension of ordinary people, but they often puzzled lawyers themselves. Bills of sale, indeed, were capable of being varied in an infinite number of ways, and could be so framed that by the use of technical words and phrases they conferred much greater powers upon the holder than the grantor had any notion of. Thus, property acquired after the date of execution could often be seized under them, and it had long been evident that some simplification of these instruments was necessary, in order to protect honest people from the machinations of knaves. It was possible also in some cases to seize and sell household or other goods mortgaged in this way without notice, and immediately upon a single default in payment of one of the instalments, and it was found that this power was often grossly abused in cases where the default was of trifling amount or arose through an accident.

But this has all been changed by the new Act. Bills of sale given or made subsequently to November last no longer confer upon their holders arbitrary or unsuspected powers. In spite of errors in form and expression, the new Act clearly and distinctly restricts the powers of lenders within very narrow limits, and it may be confidently hoped that in future no goods will be

seized and sold under a bill of sale except for good cause. Thus—and this is a most important provision—borrowers upon this security now possess practically a week of grace before their property can be sold, and since, in all cases of injustice or hardship, this will probably be amply sufficient time to take proceedings to prevent the goods being sold, the legislature may be congratulated on having by this proviso struck a deadly blow at a most notorious practice. Again, it was formerly possible to seize the mortgaged goods under many mere pretences, but this power is also totally destroyed by the new Act, which limits the causes of seizure to those specified by the Act. The effect of this will of course be to seriously curtail the advantages of lenders, and render them far from anxious to lend money on bills of sale. The traffic in these bills also for small sums of money—and in this class of transactions most scope was given for the nefarious practices of some money lenders—is also effectually checked by the new statute, which declares that bills given for a consideration under thirty pounds shall be void.

It must indeed be admitted that the Act will probably be found to cut both ways, for borrowers have gained so much by it, that they may in certain cases have some difficulty in finding any one willing to lend them any considerable sum on a security which there is now considerable difficulty in realising. Bills of sale are doubtless more often taken advantage of by lenders than by borrowers, but it would be idle to deny that fraudulent borrowers have required great facilities for making away with their goods, and so cheating an honest holder of a bill of sale. Thus, the grantee or lender must be prepared to prove a fraudulent intention in property being removed before he can prevent this being done, and since it seems very probable that he will in most cases only be able to give evidence of fraud after the goods have been taken away, it follows that he will be in much the same position as the man who locks the stable door after the horse has been stolen. It is, however, practically impossible to legislate in one and the same statute in favour of two parties whose interests are so diametrically opposed as those of borrowers and lenders, and the accumulated experience of years has clearly proved that borrowers are most in need of protection. It is most injudicious to allow those who make capital out of legal technicalities to ply their trade without restraint, and the great need of the times is a simplification of legal procedure in matters of this kind, so that, for instance, all who may have occasion to borrow money upon movable property may be able to understand the nature of the contract upon which they are entering. Of course, it would not be difficult to find cases in which borrowers have been so reckless and unprovoked that they might properly be said richly to deserve being plundered, but it is unfair to contend that because these do not deserve protection, the large class of struggling people who require loans in order to carry them over a period of depression ought to be left to the mercy of money lenders.

It is not, perhaps, generally known how large and varied a section of the community will be affected by the new Act. Bills of sale may include, besides those heterogeneous articles com-

monly comprehended under the somewhat vague but convenient term household goods, crops which are actually growing at the time of execution, any fixtures separately assigned, and any plant or trade machinery, &c., and although it is expressly provided that only goods specifically described in a schedule to be appended to the bill of sale shall pass under it, it is also stated that fixtures and trade machinery can be replaced by others of the same description. This provision is of some importance, since it is a common thing for the machinery in a mill to be mortgaged in this way, and it might be a great hardship if the mortgage had to be paid off before any new plant could be introduced.

The chief drawback to this class of domestic legislation is its necessarily comprehensive character. Thus, it is obviously impossible to legislate in order to meet the requirements of large manufacturers and agriculturists who live from time to time to give bills of sale in the ordinary way of business, and as a recognised and perfectly legitimate commercial transaction, and at the same time to provide for the more modest needs of small traders and the whole army of struggling and impetuous people who, rightly or wrongly, have long staked themselves of this class of security. In these latter cases, it is contended that bills of sale often do more harm than good, for it is amongst this class that money lenders find their readiest victims. Put it would be a very serious matter if a manufacturer were unable, when necessary, to mortgage his plant or a farmer his stock in the same way as a landowner can mortgage his estates. The working of the new Act will doubtless be anxiously watched in commercial circles, and the fact that it repeals a section of the Act of 1878 which declared that chattels covered by a bill of sale were not within the order and disposition of the bankrupt within the meaning of the Bankruptcy Act, 1869, will doubtless have a most important effect, for a common abuse of the power of a bill of sale under the old system was to defraud creditors, upon bankruptcy, by producing a bill of sale which protected most of the assets, though it was often collusive.

At the same time, it is to be feared that much inconvenience will be felt from the great stringency of the new Act, and in this connection, various points suggest themselves. Thus, although bills of sale were often the instruments of fraud, they were at the same time a recognised and familiar means for securing the repayment of money fairly lent, yet in order to put a stop to their pernicious effect, it seems as though they have been virtually abolished altogether, a consummation which is sure to entail unfortunate results, especially now that we are in the midst of a period of unexampled agricultural depression. Consequently, however much it is to be regretted that farmers should have to mortgage their stock or their growing crops, it is within common experience that the power they possess of doing so has often been the means of enabling them to weather a bad season. It is true that the agricultural districts of England and Wales have been regularly worked by some of the lowest class of money lenders during the last few years, and many farmers—who are, of course, as a body very ignorant of legal technicalities—

were shamefully plundered by these gentry, but it would be an obvious injustice to deprive this class of farmers of the power of mortgaging their property on this account.

It is a great mistake to suppose that because some men plunder others by lending them money upon bills of sale, that therefore all bills of sale are usurious, and all borrowers improvident. It is impossible as yet to pass any opinion upon the working of the new Act in this respect, but from the first diminution in the number of bills of sale, the obvious inference arises, that the money-lending classes generally are now by no means anxious to lend money upon these securities, and we can only hope that those who may have occasion for loans upon property of the kind which is usually comprised in bills of sale, are in better circumstances, for the only other alternative conclusion is, that they find themselves unable to procure assistance in the old and familiar way, and the obvious result which is to be feared from this state of things is, that they will be driven into bankruptcy. Much as greater stability is to be wished for both in the commercial and agricultural world, the tendency of legislation which seeks to purge society of all struggling and impecunious men is sure to press hardly upon some deserving persons, and this attempt to checkmate knaves may have the effect of retarding the struggle for existence too severe for the great number of people who have to live from hand to mouth, often through no fault of their own.

In conception, the new Act is certainly to be commended, and when many difficulties as to its operation and meaning in certain cases have been judiciously explained, it may be found to work smoothly. But it is impossible that it can be at once satisfactory to 'all sorts and conditions of men.' It is, however, one instalment of that legislation which is so urgently needed to 'curb the growing immorality of commerce,' and there was abundant proof that some measure of the kind was sorely needed. It should perhaps be regarded rather as experimental than final, and indeed its value can only be properly judged by results.

In Scotland, attempts to obtain security over movables by means of a writen title alone have been often made, but they have always failed, being thought to offer too tempting facilities for fraud. The Scotch law does not recognise any right in chattels, known in Scotch dialect as goods and gear, or effects, unless there be physical possession, commencing with what is known in

legislature attempted to law to the English in saving undivided goods from being carried off by the seller's creditors. But the courts have interpreted the new provision by the old principles of the common law, and have, by holding that it does not apply when a horse or other article is left for use, prevented it from becoming a basis for bills of sale. The pawnbroker is the only well-known lender in Scotland who obtains security over movables for his advances, but such security is obtainable also when the property can be definitely set aside, and as it were delivered, as, for example, over wine in a bonded warehouse, by transference

to the creditor's name in the books, or in a cellar of which the creditor holds the key, or over the machinery of a mill of which the creditor is the feudal owner.

## KISSING

KISSING, as our readers are aware, is, under certain circumstances, a perfectly natural proceeding, and one which, within certain limitations, constitutes a highly pleasing experience. It is a proceeding, moreover, which may be said to have received the sanction of universal custom, from time immemorial and all the world over, and there are not at present any indications of its becoming in future less popular than it has been in the past. A kiss is not a thing that you can successfully describe. A poetic lover who undertook the description would probably never get beyond some stupidly inflated generalities.

Josh Billings truthfully observes that the more a man tries to analyse a kiss, the more he can't, and he believes that the only real way to define a kiss is to take one. Kisses of course vary considerably. There are the formal kiss of greeting, the fraternal kiss of affection, the kiss of policy, which it is not always easy to give with a good grace, the kiss under the mistletoe, which is only obtained after (of course) a tremendous amount of struggling and merriment, the lovers' kiss, which breathes of rapture, and the steady dutiful salutation of conjugal attachment. Such a classification as this only suggests an indefinite variety of experience.

A curious case of obligation is reported from across the Atlantic. Some time ago, a Mr Finch, who was in the jewellery business in Newborn, United States, sold to a young lady named Miss Waters what was described as a beautiful set of real jewels, the bargain being that he was to receive in payment thereof one hundred kisses, to be paid at the rate of one kiss daily. Mr Finch was to call at the lady's house every morning, Sundays excepted, to receive his daily kiss, which Miss Waters undertook and promised to duly deliver to him. For thirty consecutive days—Sundays excepted—Mr Finch punctually called upon Miss Waters, and duly received the stipulated salutation. On the thirty-first day, however, Mr Finch made a formal complaint that Miss Waters was not fulfilling her contract, inasmuch as she insisted upon permitting him to kiss her cheek only. He maintained that this did not constitute a legal kiss, and demanded that he should be allowed to put his left arm round her waist and kiss her in the highest style of the art. To this, however, a firm refusal was returned. The lady offered Mr Finch a choice of cheeks, but insisted that the contract would not bear the construction he put upon it. Thereupon, Mr Finch, in great indignation, brought an action for breach of contract against the lady.

This action raised several new and interesting questions, among the most important of which was, what constituted, in the eye of the law, a kiss? The plaintiff set up the further plea, that there was a difference between active and passive kisses, that Miss Waters had promised to give him a certain number of kisses—not

merely to allow him to take them—and that giving kisses was an act which required the use of the lips. The case was the subject of considerable controversy in the press and elsewhere, but the writer, unfortunately, has never been able to discover the result of the legal proceedings which were instituted, and has concluded that a compromise of some sort must, as was at one time expected, have been brought about.

An equally remarkable kissing transaction occurred not long ago in Austria. In this instance, a kiss was actually put up for sale by auction, and publicly bestowed upon the highest bidder. The occasion was a charity *fit* got up in the little town of Toronto on behalf of the poor at Agrain. The well-meant endeavours of the benevolent ladies and gentlemen who acted as salesmen and stall holders to induce visitors to purchase trifles exposed for sale at twenty times their value, had not succeeded. Business was not brisk. The public who filled the *salles* were not in a generous mood, and the organisers of the *fitte* were disappointed. At this juncture, one of the lady patronesses, a remarkably beautiful woman, had what she thought a happy inspiration. She took her husband aside, conferred with him for a few minutes, and shortly after, with his consent, offered a kiss to the highest bidder, the sum paid for the favour to be added to the receipts of the *fitte*. The result of this novel idea hardly came up to what was anticipated. Very low sums were at first offered by the young men—for, of course, the feminine portion of the visitors were not tempted by the opportunity—and ultimately the kiss was knocked down at the relatively paltry figure of fifteen florins and eleven kreuzers. The husband of the lady, seeing the slight store set by the favour, offered to pay the amount himself and take the kiss, but the claimant had already handed over the money, and as he refused to agree to the bargain being cancelled, the kiss was exchanged before the assembled company.

A young lady reading in a newspaper, the other day, of a girl having been made crazy by a sudden kiss, called the attention of her uncle, who was in the room, to that rather singular occurrence, whereupon the old gentleman gruffly demanded what the fool had gone crazy for? 'What did she go crazy for?' archly returned the ingenuous maiden. 'Why, for more, I suppose.'

It must be rather awkward and unpleasant to be observed by prying eyes, when one indulges in a little innocent osculation. We have all laughed over Dickens's account of how the fat boy Joe caught Mr Tupman in the act of kissing the spinster aunt in the arbour at Dingley Dell, and many of our readers could no doubt, if they cared, recount equally humorous episodes in their own experience, or at the expense of their friends. Apropos, here is rather a good story, which comes all the way from the antipodes. The camera obscura at the Melbourne Exhibition commanded a view of the streets of Melbourne, and also of the steps leading up to the dome. On the occasion in question, the Exhibition was not very full of visitors, and while several persons were looking at the camera, they observed the reflex of a young gentleman and lady coming up the stair

towards the dome. Their looks told how far they were entangled in the meshes of love, but they need not have betrayed it quite so openly as they did. Both gazed anxiously round, no one was looking, the opportunity was too good to be lost, and so the languishing swain clasped his lady love in his arms and imprinted a kiss upon her lips. The sound could not have betrayed them, but they had forgotten that unfortunate camera, and amid the rather inconsiderate laughter of those above, they in hot confusion beat a hasty retreat.

It is certainly, one would suppose, quite within the right of engaged lovers to find fault with each other for bestowing favours of this kind in other quarters. An engaged young gentleman got rather irritable out of a script of this description with his intended. She taxed him with having kissed two ladies at some party at which she had not been present. He owned it, but laughingly assured her that their united ages only made twenty-one. The simple-minded girl only thought of ten and eleven, and laughed off her pout. The wily rascal did not explain that one of the girls he had kissed was nineteen years of age, and the other two.

With the merry, time-honoured custom of kissing under the mistletoe, our readers are all of course familiar. Nor is it necessary to do more than allude to the well-known under-standing that a lady, finding a gentleman asleep, may salute him with a kiss, and then claim as a reward a pair of gloves. We have known young men go to sleep in the most careless way imaginable, in full cognizance of this danger, and lose several pair of gloves before they happened to awake. Many young ladies would probably consider the act of kissing a gentleman whom they chanced to find asleep rather a breach of the proprieties than otherwise, but there are few instances in which they could not rely upon the full and true forgiveness of the persons against whom the offence was committed—who, indeed, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, would be only too willing to submit to such a wanton chastisement, whether asleep or awake, and to pay the penalty without a murmur.

## SONNET

IN MEMORIAM W C P

*Drowied at Osea summer term 1888*

As at some revel when the cups are crown'd  
And mirth and merriment are at their height,  
One feather passes forth into the night  
Alone, on some far distant journey bound—  
Passes out silent without sign or sound!  
Fearful lest word of leave taking should blight  
The feasting, and with darkness near the light,  
So, without word you passed, when all around  
Was sweet, and life was brightest and most gay,  
When earth was fairest, and the sky most blue  
And like a sheet of silver linn above,  
And we, bent on the pleasures of the day,  
Heeded you not, my brother, nor e'en knew  
That you were going, till we knew you gone  
J DE K HARRIS, Oron

Printed and Published by W & R CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 340 High Street, EDINBURGH.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF  
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Fourth Series

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No 1016—Vol. XX.

SAURDAY, JUNE 16, 1883

Price 1½d

## SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION

It is well known that certain substances and compositions produce the phenomenon of spontaneous combustion. Explosions in coal mines, as also in flour mills, have, so far as it is possible to trace causes, been produced by the action of heat. The vegetable kingdom is perhaps the most prolific offender, and until recent years, the suspicion of felonious practices in regard to firing the k, has sent many an innocent person to prison.

A century ago, spontaneous combustion, or 'inflammation,' as it was then designated, occupied the minds of men of science, and the Rev. William Tooke, F.R.S., published some observations on the subject, chiefly taken from his experiences in Russia. Owing to a recent fire in a neighbouring village, which did a great amount of mischief, and was said to have had its origin in the doctoring of a cow in a cowhouse in the village, Mr. Rude, an apothecary of Bautzen, prepared to make some experiments. He knew that the countrymen were in the habit of applying parched rye bran to their cattle, for curing what was known then as the thick neck. Accordingly, he roasted a quantity of rye bran by the fire till it had acquired the colour of roasted coffee, and then wrapped it up in a linen cloth. In the space of a few minutes there arose a strong smoke through the cloth, accompanied by the smell of burning. Shortly afterwards, the rag grew as black as tinder, and the bran, now become hot, fell through upon the ground in little balls. The experiment was repeated at different times, and always with the same result.

In the spring of 1780, a fire was discovered on board a frigate off Cronstadt. After the severest scrutiny, no cause for the fire could be found. The probability is, however, strongly in favour of spontaneous combustion, for in the following year the frigate *Marsa*, which also lay at anchor off Cronstadt, was found to be on fire. The fire was, however, early perceived, and extinguished. After

strict examination, nothing could be discovered as to its origin. A Commission of inquiry was held, which finally reported that the fire was probably caused by parcels of matting, tied together with packthread, which were in the cabin where the fire broke out. It was found that the parcels of matting contained Russian lampblack, prepared from horse manure moistened with hemp oil varnish. In consequence of this, the Russian Admiralty gave orders for experiments to be made. They shook fifty pounds of fir wood soot into a tub, and poured about thirty five pounds of hemp oil varnish upon it, this stood for an hour, after which they poured off the oil. The remaining mixture they wrapped up in a mat, and the bundle was laid close to the cabin in the frigate *Marsa*, where the midshipmen had their berth. To avoid all suspicion, two officers sealed both the mat and the door with their own seals, and stationed a watch of four officers to take notice of all that passed through the night. As soon as smoke should appear, information was to be given.

The experiment was made about the 26th of April at about eleven A.M. Early in the following morning, about five A.M., smoke appeared issuing from the cabin. The commander was immediately informed by an officer, who through a small hole in the door saw the mat smoking. Without opening the door, he despatched a messenger to the members of the Commission, but as the smoke became stronger and fire began to appear, it became necessary to break the seals and open the door. No sooner was the air admitted, than the mat began to burn with greater force, and presently burst into a flame.

Mr. Geoffroy of the Imperial Academy of Sciences was appointed to make further experiments, the result of which confirmed the suspicion of spontaneous combustion in the Russian official mind in a remarkable degree.

Montet relates in the *Memoires de l'Academie des Sciences* of 1748, that animal substances under certain conditions may kindle into flame, and that he himself had witnessed the spontaneous combustion of dunghills. He states that he had known

woollen stuffs prepared at Severnes to kindle and burn to a cinder. The same thing happened in Germany in 1781 at a wool comber's, where a heap of wool combings piled up in a close warehouse seldom aired, took fire of itself. This wool had been little by little brought into the warehouse, and, for want of room, piled up very high, then trodden down, that more might be added to it. Wool, when saturated with oil, as is well known in all districts where woollen manufactures are carried on, is constantly liable to go on fire, hence, all wool waste is kept in places apart from the general buildings of the factory.

Modern science and careful investigation have done much to remove the mystery which a century ago surrounded all aspects of the subject of spontaneous combustion. It is not much more than a century and a half since the theory first began to obtain that the human body under certain circumstances, but particularly where the victim had long been addicted to habits of intemperance, was subject to spontaneous combustion. The theory was never held to any extent in our own country, but it found very general acceptance among scientists on the continent, and many cases from that time onwards have been published with considerable minuteness of detail. A recent investigator—Dr Ogston of Aberdeen—has, however, analysed the complete literature of the subject, and out of about sixty cases bearing upon it, he has not found one trustworthy case from which the existence of such a phenomenon could be deduced. His investigations have confirmed him in the belief of an increased combustibility of the human body under certain conditions, but the majority of reported cases, he thinks, point altogether to accidental ignition under these favourable circumstances. The human body, it may be stated, cannot, in ordinary circumstances, be considered very combustible, seeing that nearly three fourths of its constitution by weight is composed of water, and what may be considered favourable circumstances to accidental ignition, it must be admitted, does not clearly appear. We have no wish to enter into particulars regarding such cases, we desire rather to trace some of the conditions favourable to spontaneous combustion in a variety of circumstances involving the safety of much valuable property, if not of life itself.

The experience, as well as experiments of the Russian Admiralty, above referred to, have found their counterpart in more than one instance in our own country in recent years. In 1840 there was a great fire in Plymouth Dockyard, which, as far as could afterwards be ascertained, was due to the spontaneous heating and combustion of heaps of hemp and flax impregnated with oil. More than twenty years later, there were great fires in the Liverpool dock warehouses, involving immense loss of property, which were ascribed to the heating and spontaneous ignition of damp cotton. Later still, experts were called upon to

investigate the causes which led to the destruction by fire of Her Majesty's ships the *Imogene* and the *Talawa*, in Devonport Dockyard, and it was reported to the Admiralty that the fire could only be traced to the spontaneous ignition of oakum, tow, and similar substances, which had been used by the shipwrights and others in wiping the oil from their tools, the waste thus used having afterwards been thrown into a large bin. Instances might readily be multiplied in which vegetable substances, such as cotton, hemp, tow, flax, dry woody fibre, and we may add rags and waste of all kinds, having become impregnated with oil, have caused fires more or less serious from spontaneous ignition.

Up to a comparatively recent date, considerable vagueness existed as to the exact conditions necessary to favour spontaneous ignition of such substances, but owing to the experiments of Gallely (Chemical Section, British Association, 1872), Atfield (letters to the *Times*, 1873), and others, we are now in a position to understand clearly the relation to combustion of both animal and vegetable oils. Taking, for example, a handful of cotton waste after it had been soaked in boiled linseed oil, the excess of oil being removed by pressure, and placing it among dry waste in a box into which a thermometer was inserted, and keeping it at a temperature of one hundred and seventy degrees, Gallely found that the mercury began to rise rapidly from five to ten degrees every few minutes, and at the end of seventy five minutes the thermometer indicated three hundred and fifty degrees Fahrenheit. At this point, the smoke issuing from the box revealed that the cotton was in an active state of combustion, so that, on exposing it to the open air, it quickly burst into flame. In the case of similar materials saturated with raw linseed oil and placed in a smaller box, active combustion was going on in four or five hours, with rape oil, the cotton was reduced to ashes within ten hours, with Gallipoli oil—a crude olive oil—rapid combustion was going on within six hours, while castor oil, with its higher specific gravity, took two days to produce the charring effect. Regarding oils of animal origin, it was found that lard oil produced rapid combustion in four hours, seal oil in one hundred minutes, while sperm oil refused to char the waste. It has since been pointed out that this last oil was probably adulterated with some mineral oil, all mineral oils having apparently the power of arresting to a considerable extent the development of this destructive influence, when combined with the fatty oils. This is explained in scientific language by saying, that the one class of oils are oxidisable, and the other class non-oxidisable.

We may be excused for explaining what the term oxidisable means, as the explanation contains the rationale of spontaneous combustion, so far as oil saturated substances are concerned, and the

lesson is fraught with importance. Every one knows what is meant by drying in the air any substance saturated with water or spirit. The wetted substance dries because the free play of air around it absorbs its moisture, or, in ordinary language, causes the water or spirit to evaporate; and the process is so elementary and well understood, that it requires no further explanation. The same substance, however, saturated with any fatty oil, does not dry in the same way from the evaporation of the oil; it dries by reason of absorbing oxygen from the atmosphere; in other words, it becomes oxidised; and in this process it undergoes a species of combustion, differing not in character, but only in degree, from that which coal once lighted undergoes in our fireplaces. If we imagine the heat given out in the process of drying, or as it may be called, of slow combustion, not being allowed to escape, but, on the other hand, rather confined in its sphere, and so made to help to feed the process of heat-raising, we have all the elements required to make up an interesting but now well-known instance of spontaneous combustion. Such are in reality the conditions which more or less surround the spontaneous ignition of all vegetable substances impregnated with fatty oils; and it is not too much to say, that although the conditions are not so widely known as they might be, or as they should be, still they are now sufficiently known to cause all wool and other waste in large factories to be carefully looked after.

A similar result to that just described is produced if wheat or corn or barley, &c., be stacked in the green state or in a damp state; but in all such cases, the chemical explanation differs from the foregoing. All such substances contain nitrogen, and are liable, under favourable circumstances, such as damp, absence of currents of air, &c., to fermentation. During this process of fermentation—a somewhat intricate chemical one, on which we do not need to enlarge—heat is evolved, and the preliminary stages of this process, in which stacks have been seen 'to smoke,' must be familiar to many of our readers. Many instances might be given of reported cases of spontaneous combustion from the heating of victuals in stack; but owing to the doubts which often surround such of being acts of incendiarism, we will give particulars of one typical case only, not quite modern, but sufficiently well authenticated to make it stand out as characteristic of this class. It is taken from the *Annals of Hygiene*, 1843. A quantity of oats stored in a barn had been consumed by fire, and the proprietor suspected the act to be one of incendiarism. Several experts were consulted; and on inquiring into all the circumstances, they unanimously concluded that the fire was the result of spontaneous combustion, caused by the fermentation of the grain stored in a damp state. Several things pointed unmistakably to this conclusion, such as the fact, that the oats were proved to have been stored damp; that labourers had noticed the heat of the oats several days previous to the fire; that some of the sheaves that had been removed the day previous to the fire to be thrashed, were charred and discoloured; and above all, that the centre of a large pile of sheaves was burnt and blackened, while the outside of the sheaves retained their natural colour. No more con-

clusive evidence, we think, could be produced in support of spontaneous combustion than is here given.

Other substances which are not fermentable, such as cotton, flax, and jute, are nevertheless liable to spontaneous combustion from simple oxidation, if stored in the damp state; and more than one instance might be given of ships laden with such goods being destroyed at sea by fire, the presence of which could only be reasonably accounted for on the theory of spontaneous ignition. Only a few years ago, a ship heavily laden with wool from Australia arrived at Plymouth with fire raging among the wool in the hold. The fire had been burning for two days, and without doubt had been caused by the wool getting damp, heating, and then igniting. Had the fire occurred only a few days earlier, the probability is there would have been a terrible catastrophe. In the same year, a ship laden with jute and castor-oil from Calcutta was discovered when off Portland to be on fire. It was ultimately totally destroyed. In this case, the fire could only be accounted for on the supposition that some of the oil had leaked, and come into contact with the jute, causing oxidation, as already explained.

Before passing from the spontaneous ignition of organic substances, we may quote an interesting case from the *Chemical News*, 1870. A fire occurred in that year in a silk-mercer's establishment in Paris; and the expert who investigated the whole circumstances could only account for it on the theory of the spontaneous ignition of a lot of silks massed together. The peculiarity of this case was, not that the silks had been stored in bulk in a damp state, but in too dry a state; the probability, however, being greatly in favour of the theory, that the chemicals employed in dyeing the silk had very much to do with the origin of the fire.

Many chemical compounds, as well as mixtures, are very liable to spontaneous combustion, the action in such cases generally being much more rapid and energetic than in the cases just considered. Of the chemical compounds, we might take the now well-known nitro-glycerine as typical. This substance, if not carefully prepared and purified, is certain to undergo decomposition, ultimately ending in spontaneous combustion of a terribly energetic character. We might also take the phosphorus composition used in the making of lucifer-matches, or the potash compositions used to produce coloured fires in theatres and pyrotechnic displays, as representative. The phosphorus mixtures (matches) all ignite in the mass at a comparatively low temperature, in the majority of cases not greatly exceeding that of an ordinary summer sun's rays—or in other words, at a temperature ranging from one hundred and ten to one hundred and thirty degrees Fahrenheit; while the potash mixtures (coloured fires) ignite at a black heat—or, in other words, at a temperature below nine hundred degrees. Notwithstanding the difference in the igniting point of the two preparations, the potash mixtures are the more dangerous of the two, and more than one instance has occurred in the experience of the writer in which they have ignited at ordinary temperatures spontaneously. The principal cause of spontaneous combustion in these mixtures is the presence of



some impurity in one or other of the ingredients, such as a trace of fine veal in the sulphur or other ingredient entering into their composition, but instances have also occurred in which friction or concussion has produced the same results. In the case of lucifer matches, even with the low temperature at which they ignite, there are probably fewer authenticated cases of fires resulting from spontaneous ignition in the storing and keeping of them, than from almost any other preparation of an equally dangerous kind. There is, however, one source of danger which may not be generally known, and which cannot be too well known—namely, the pentrit that mice and *mus mus* vermin have for phosporus preparations. We have no hesitation in pointing to friction caused by the nibbling of these little tormentors, as a fatal cause of fires of an hitherto discovered one.

It is somewhat remarkable that although gunpowder is another of the most dangerous class of mixtures, there is not, so far as we are aware, one authentic case on record of its spontaneous ignition either in storing or using. Professor Abel, in a lecture before the Royal Institution, a number of years ago, gave particular of an explosion of gunpowder at the government works at Waltham Abbey, which in the cause producing it, is characteristic of most accidents of this kind. Although not altogether a case of spontaneous combustion, it bears directly upon the subject, and it shows above all the care and ability bestowed by experts on any investigation which they are called upon to make, and to this, along with a better knowledge of the conditions favourable to the generation of combustion, do we assign the reason why there are fewer cases reported in recent years arising from this cause, compared with fifty or one hundred years ago. With a short account of this explosion, we will close our observations, even although we cannot pretend to have done much more than touched on the modern aspects of this interesting subject.

In the works referred to, there were several mills in one continuous building, each one surrounded on three sides by massive walls, the compartment inclosing each mill being so arranged that the roof and one side were capable of being very easily blown away in the event of an explosion, so that the force of the explosion exhausting itself in this direction, there would be less destruction of property. In one of these mills, the ingredients of the gunpowder had been mixed in the damp state as usual by means of the millstones, the composition had been nearly all removed from the bed of the mill, and the men were engaged in the operation of slightly lifting the millstones with a crowbar, so as to get at the remaining part of the gunpowder—amounting to about half a pound—upon which the millstones rested. This operation the men had in this instance performed with a naked crowbar, and not, as was the usual practice, protected with leather. The result was that an explosion occurred, through the ignition of some of the particles of gunpowder exposed to the friction, one man being fatally, and several others badly injured, apart from the destruction of property which followed. So far, the matter was evidently plain enough, but, strange to say,

the explosion extended, notwithstanding all the precautions adopted, from this one mill to two mills on the one side, and one mill on the other side, and of course it was necessary to discover how this should have occurred, to prevent, if possible, a repetition of the disaster.

This probably cannot be better described than in the words of Professor Abel himself: 'In the incorporation of gunpowder, a small quantity of dust is always unavoidably produced, notwithstanding that the mixture is kept constantly damp while under the mills, small particles of the powder, therefore, continually attach themselves to the walls, and although these are swept carefully from time to time, it is impossible to prevent small portions from remaining on them. It was supposed that the individual mills were so perfectly separate and isolated from each other by the plan of the building, that an explosion from one could not communicate to the other, particularly as an arrangement existed whereby an explosion in one mill would instantly cause a mass of water to fall upon the powder in the other mill, but there was a small shaft running through the wall from one mill to another by which this descent of water was insured, and this shaft passed through very small openings in the walls, closed by tight little doors, so that there were only one or two little crevices communicating from one mill to the other. These, however, were sufficient to allow the explosion to pass from one mill to the other, and to burn about the explosion of the powder upon the mill beds before the water could reach it. The powder dust had formed a train upon the walls, and the flame of the first explosion reaching this, was led to the openings just spoken of, and thus passed from mill to mill.'

In conclusion, we would urge the necessity of having mills and other factories constantly swept free from that apparently harmless substance, dust.

## ONE FALSE, BOTH FAIR.

OR, A HARD KNOCK.

CHAPTER XXIV.—I SHALL WIN.

As soon as the sound of the closing street door reached her vigilant ears, Madame de Laloue turned towards her fur young hostess. The Sphinx, to which the current gossip of modern Anglo-Egyptian society had likened her, could scarcely, in mythic flesh and blood, or in its original rock shape, as when the battered idol was fresh from the chisel of some archaic sculptor of the Pyramid building days, have presented a more perplexing aspect. There was a grand majestic comeliness about the woman, that matched well with the dignity of bearing, which on occasion she could assume, although not seldom her deportment was as frivolous as that of a Parisienne of the Second Empire. She seemed thoroughly serious now, for the moment.

'My young friend,' she said, fixing her steady stony eyes on the beautiful face of the girl before her, '*à vous deux, maintenant!* It is time that we should understand one another, is it not? There is scarcely such a thing as real neutrality, you know, in private war, as in public. These

who are not with us are generally ready, when opportunity serves, to deal us a sly stab, for the benefit of the adversary. When last you and I talked together of the *grande affaire*, you asked for time to think. Nothing more reasonable I accorded. Well, *ma sœur*! you have had time to think. The months and days that have elapsed have, I trust, brought counsel, according to our proverb. And now I have come for my answer. It was an *ultimatum*—excuse the diplomatic technicality on the part of one who was nurtured, so to speak, in a Ministry of Strange Affairs, as we other continentalers call your F. O. Do you accept or reject the alliance of Louise de Lorraine? The final question was sternly, almost threateningly asked, and then the questioner paused for a reply.

Sir Pagan's sister cast down her beautiful eyes, and she drew her breath more quickly, and her colour went and came. It seemed as though there were some struggle going on within her heart, as if she had to crush down some innate feeling of repugnance or of distrust, before she could consent to the proposition of her dubious forerunner. The Countess, on the other hand, seemed to read her thoughts, to judge by the slight frown and the slight shrug of impatient displeasure. But when the girl looked up there was no trace of all this on the majestic face of Madame de Lalouve.

'What choice, Madame, in such a position as mine, can I have?' replied Sir Pagan's sister. 'Help to me, in my plight, is very much what help would be, rendered to a drowning wretch at sea. I am very lonely. My twin sister has become my bitterest foe. My brother Pagan is good and kind, but he is not the sort of brother to whom a sister, sorely tried, can turn in the hour of need. I feel, sometimes, very very much, how alone I am in the world.' She bowed her head, with all its twisted weight of golden hair, almost to her knees now, and sobbed aloud.

Madame de Lalouve looked scornfully on. Usually, a woman is quick to comfort a woman whom she does not personally hate. There is an emotional sympathy among, at the feminine sex, that links heart to heart, somehow, when grief is in question and no grudge bars the way. But Countess Louise looked on un pitying, insufficient in her contempt. Be sure that this handsome, well preserved, hardened woman of the world had had her full share of the trouble and the sorrow, the anxiety and the care, that fall to the lot of us all. She must have suffered, but she was one of those who, like the pets of the prize ring, take their punishment well. The Red Indians, still more than the Spartans, were, and are, our masters in this respect. They yet put their young warriors through a hardening process, compared to which the tag at Winchester or Harrow has a bed of roses to be on. When hideous pain and ghastly wounds, inflicted by kindred and friends, have been joyously endured, then is the young Sioux, the Apache stripping, thought fit to make his way in a world of cruel foes, hunger, thirst, and snow storms, on the disputed prairie.

Madame de Lalouve had probably in her some of the stern spirit which prompts those who have greatly endured to demand equal sufferings, stoically borne, on the part of others. At any rate, a girl's tears were to her contemptible. Those of Sir Pagan's sister were at any rate quickly dried

The girl looked up, and spoke now courageously enough. 'I am ready now, Countess, to talk to you. I was foolish—I am but young, you know—but I am ready now.'

Quite clear and sweet was the ring of her fresh young voice, and quite steadily were her blue eyes, which looked dauntlessly into those ducking ones of the foreign lady. Many a full hour had Sir Pagan almost outlawed exile spent in that dreary sanctuary of hers in Bruton Street, many a pang, keener than we can call for from such causes, but such as women feel to the quick, had she suffered, from neglect, solitude, unbelief, and these things had chafed her nerves and wounded her spirit, until there were times when she felt as if, like some hurt and hunted animal, to crawl into a hole and die there would be a relief. But it was not for nothing that she had in her veins the blood of so many knights, loyal always, and true, dying under shield, often enough, with helmet on, in the king's cause, never on the rebel's scaffold. Some natural pride in her revolted at the ignominious affliction of superiority. Let her be the Murmur, or the impostor, Claret or Cra, she was still of the grand Curov race, unequalled in that branch of which four fifths of the aristocracy date in a poor two centuries since, or sail under the colours, or in that same barbarous Russia that is later yet.

'I am quite willing to talk to you, Madame, on the subject you have so much at heart, and Sir Pagan's sister coldly.

'Have you not the subject at heart, Madame, well! Is it not your thought by day, your dream by night? quickly retorted the former, a lady.

'Certainly, I have been very open with you, and have told you, Madame, what I will confess would have grieved—that it is to me a question of life and death. You are a most accomplished woman of the world,' went on the girl earnestly, 'and besides, circumstances have put into your hands great power for evil or for good. You know!'

'I know—what I know,' ejaculated the former, in a tone and with an arching of the eyebrows, that Mephistopheles himself might have envied.

'And therefore,' went on the girl, 'you can do much to help or hinder, at your choice. Your choice will be determined, I feel sure, by whatever you consider the most profitable to yourself.'

'And I, too, have been thinking,' replied Madame de Lalouve, perfectly impertuous to the sarcasm conveyed in the speech of her young hostess, 'and I am sure, dear friend, it will be best for us two to make terms. So let the high contracting parties formulate their stipulations, as we used to say, long ago, at Vienna, St. Petersburg, where diplomatists, with cordons and stars upon their padded breasts, sipped their champagne and whispered together in a hush, and settled the affairs of the nations, with a lady or two in council, quicker than fifty of your idiotic Conferences or make believe Conferences could ever do. Of course I want something—that is so natural. You yourself, *ma belle*, want so very much!'

'What I want is my very own—mine of right,' said the girl coldly.

'And what I want will be my own—will it not, sweet one—by gift of the grateful Marchioness that I shall have been the means of setting in her place?' retorted the foreigner cheerfully. 'Who would deny the right of poor Louise to receive a substantial proof of the gratitude of wealthy Clere? You are like Italy, a geographical expression—pardon the metaphor—before she got our poor dear Emperor to fight for her. But even he did not fight for nothing. I want my Savoy, my Nice—the payment for the battles I am to win, love, on your behalf—Don't open those astonished eyes so large and round. I am not about to ask you for Castel Vavr or for Leominster House. My salary is more easily paid. The Marquis lent to his widow, by will—I have been to the horrid office, and have had it read out to me in dioning official accents, a great great sum of money—money in your funds, your Consols, no horrid acres, but what sells itself everywhere—like bread.'

'He told me that he had done so, I do not remember the amount,' was the sad, reluctant reply.

'How *les* these Anglaises are!' muttered Madame hissing, between her strong white teeth. 'Well, well, my love, besides foreign securities, there are in your British Consols three hundred thousand pounds. Of these, in the event of success, I ask for my poor share, a bare third—one hundred thousand, and for this I am willing that your word should be my bond.'

'I give you my word, Madame. If I am acknowledged, legally and socially, as Marchioness of Leominster, as Wilfred's widow, I will gladly pay you over the sum of one hundred thousand pounds,' was the steady answer.

Through her powder, through her paint, a flush of dark red made itself faintly visible on the face of Madame de Laloue. 'It is a bagatelle, a flea bite, a nothing, but it is all I ask, she said, almost prettily, and really bravely, so strong is the continental instinct of a bargain, to pity herself because she had not asked more, whose consent was so facile.

It was but for a moment that Countess Louise was dazzled by the magnitude of the great ransom that she felt almost within her greedy grasp. These people who in childhood and adolescence hearken to talk of roubles or francs, almost as we do of pounds sterling, and who reverence money because it is the only idol that holds its place above the wreck and riot of revolution and anarchy, are more liable than we are to be bewildered by a vast total of swollen figures. 'Two millions and a half of francs! Such a swimming bladder as that, such a life buoy, would float Louise de Laloue, born financier as she was, and as proud of her knowledge of the Bourse as of her secret diplomatic information, henceforth above the troubled waters. But she had too much of keen sense not to remember that the victory had yet to be decided.

'All is arranged between us, Miladi,' she said smoothly, but not carelessly. 'I am bound to you, and you may be sure, by the most binding of all ties, since my interest is wrapped up in yours. It is only a recognised Marchioness of Leominster who can sign me my big cheque for the hundred thousand pounds.' She lingered a little over the words, lovingly, partly as an

amateur might savour the velvet softness of comet-year claret, and partly as if to assure herself that the magnificent bribe was to be adhered to in its completeness.

But Sir Pagan's meter said nothing, and the foreign Countess read her silence rightly.

'I shall work for you, of that be sure,' she said encouragingly. 'All roads—so the maxim is—lead to Rome, but I know one, in this England of yours, that is the surest to travel on, and it is that of Public Opinion. What makes it, who knows! What one hears, what one sees, straws, leaves, blown by the idle wind, a whisper here, a paragraph there. I will help you, I have means to be useful. Foreigner as I am, I can set pens in motion, and tongues, that shall reach her in her palace of pride. Yes, yes, Louise de Laloue can be useful. Law rules—your courts must judge, but I know what runs in the ears of my Lord Judge as he puts on his superb wig in the robing room, and what weighs with Messieurs of the jury as they get so awkwardly into that box of theirs—it is Public Opinion. It shall be for you, my love, or I will cut off my right hand.'

She spoke almost fiercely, with a confidence that had in it something arrogant, for indeed there is no vanity so self-sufficing as that of those who pride themselves on a superior or exclusive knowledge of the world. Then she took her leave. 'Adieu—no, rather, *au revoir*, belle *Mrs* gaze, dearest Lady Leominster,' she said, as she pressed her cold lips on the girl's shivering cheek, and then, with formal courtesy, withdrew.

Instantly there came a change over the fair face of Sir Pagan's sister, and a strange light, as if of triumph, glittered in her blue eyes. 'Two on my side!' she murmured. 'He so good and true, she so wise, with the wicked wisdom of the serpent. Two on my side! I shall win! Yes, I shall win!'

## THE LAWS OF CHANCE

BY W. STREADMAN ALDIE.

### IN THREE PARTS.—II. BETTING AND GAMBLING.

In the last paper, we drew some inferences from the mathematical theory of chances as to the probable fate of a man who perseveringly seeks his fortune at a gambling table or by means of lotteries.

There is another form of gambling by which many are fascinated, and from which pecuniary gain is often anticipated—the practice, namely, of betting on the result of undecided events. A little investigation will show us that the expectation of permanent profit is as illusory here as in the former case. To take the very simplest case, the game of pitch and toss. One person whom we will call A tosses up a coin. A second person, B, calls out 'head' or 'tail,' as the whim may seize him. If his prediction prove right, A has to pay to B a certain sum, and if wrong, B has to pay the same sum to A. The mathematical chances of these two events are equal, and therefore, in the long run, supposing the funds of both hold out, A will have to pay to B just as much as B pays to A. The net result in this, which is the most favourable case, will not be therefore, essentially profitable to either side;

and, as we shall presently see, in all probability the actual event will be run to one.

The same thing holds good when the bet is not what is called an even one, as, for instance, when a person bets five to one against a certain horse winning a race. If the odds are what may, for want of a better term, be called fair, this must mean, that in the opinion of qualified judges, this horse would win one out of every six similar races in which it was engaged and lose the remaining five. Our gambler will therefore, if he never gives more than the mathematical value of his expectation of profit, lose on an average one pound five times for every once that he gains five pounds, and, as in the former examples, if his capital be sufficiently large to pay whenever he loses, in the long run he will neither lose nor gain.

There is, however, always hanging over a permanent gambler the possibility, or rather the certainty, of a run of ill luck. Perseverance in gambling always meets with its reward. Sooner or later, the whole capital of the player must disappear and go into other hands, and the larger the stakes for which he plays, the more quickly will this catastrophe arrive. A gambler who leaves off with as much money as he began with is, both according to experience and the mathematical laws of probability, a very rare one in terms indeed.

We have spoken of the odds being what are called 'fair.' This term requires a little consideration. The only possibility of a bet being fair is, that the value of the expectation of the two betters shall be equal, that is, that the amounts staked are inversely proportional to the chance of winning. This will probably be conceded by all who have followed the reasoning of the former paper. There is no other possibility of a fair bet, because if either party to the transaction stake a higher amount than is necessary to insure this equality, he at least is defrauded, whatever may be the case with the other one. In the long run he must lose, and the bet cannot be in any sense fair to him.

It is, however, open to question whether such a thing as a fair bet is a possibility at all. Suppose that two persons, one having a hundred pounds and the other only eight, bet on the loss of a penny, and each stakes a pound. The mathematical values of their expectation of gain are equal, but the moral values are not. It is an ethical principle that the moral quality of a transaction can be estimated by considering the effect of such a transaction repeated so often as to become a general practice, and we may fairly apply this principle to the case in question. We have seen that the mathematical theory proves that there is a probability, amounting to certainty if the play go on long enough, that in a sufficiently large number of throws there will occur a run of ill luck which will diminish the capital of the player by any given multiple of the stake. The probability of a run of ill luck to the extent of eighty pounds, is much greater than that of a run to the extent of a hundred. Hence the player with the smaller capital is exposed to a much greater risk of ruin than the other, and from that point of view, even the equality of the stakes fails to insure the fairness of the bet.

The moral value of a man's expectation of a

future good as distinguished from its mathematical value depends very much on the extent of his available capital. This is a fact recognized in ordinary commercial transactions. A man with a large capital may sometimes wisely and rightly embark on a hazardous speculation which it would be wrong for him even to think of if his wealth were smaller, and similarly, if two persons with unequal resources engage in a betting transaction, the odds which it might be prudent for one to give may be very unsafe for the other to accept.

Even, however, if the original capitals be equal and the odds mathematically fair, the result of a bet is on the whole injurious. Suppose each person has one hundred pounds, and they each stake one pound. As the result, one person has a hundred and one pound, and the other has only ninety-nine. Few will doubt that the loss of the one pound is a more serious injury to the one man, than the gain of it is an advantage to the other. Looked at from the view of the greatest happiness of the greatest number, the net result of the transaction is a loss.

The objection was once made to the above views, by a cynical friend of the writer, that if one of the gamblers loses all he has, some one else must win it, and that he would endeavour to be the same one else. It is true, as we have seen, that the richer of two players has a moral chance of ruining the other, but any person persevering in betting must remember that he is practically pitted not against one particular man but against the whole community of gamblers. Each person will have his turn of success, but each person will also have his turn of ruin. The wealth of the whole body is not increased: the effect of gambling upon it is somewhat like that of a storm of wind on the water contained in a shallow pool. Waves sweep over the surface, which raise the level of the water at some points for an instant, but as certainly ebb away immediately, and lower as much as they previously raised it. With all the energy they exhibit, they make no permanent addition at any point to the contents of the pond.

It is sometimes, however, maintained, rather than alleged, that the feverish distribution of money effected by gambling is beneficial to the community in the same way as the exchanges in a commercial transaction. It is certain that an enormous amount of time, which is money, is wasted by the artisans of many of our large manufacturing towns on gambling in connection with boat races, horse races, and other exciting amusements. In the streets of Newcastle, for instance, it is a very common thing to find the pavements blocked up and the trade of the shopkeepers in certain quarters temporarily destroyed by crowds of men waiting to hear the decision of bets they have made on different sporting events. Competent witnesses estimate that the loss to the national wealth during a year from the mere stoppage of factories and shops owing to practices of this kind must be reckoned in millions of pounds. The circulation of the sportsman's money must be shown to produce some very great advantage, before we can allow that it counterbalances the obvious evil. The assumption, however, that the mere change of the hands

which hold the money is a gain to the nation, is absolutely fallacious, as will be seen when we come to consider the real benefits obtained by exchanges in commerce.

A ship takes coals and iron, say from the Tyne to China, and brings back tea to Newcastle. The coals, iron, and tea are each made more valuable by the exchange. They have each been removed from a place where they were not wanted to a place where they are useful. The world is a gainer by the transaction, and the merchant who effects it is allowed to be a benefactor, and receives his share of the profit. In the transfer of money effected in a bet there is nothing analogous to this. There is no useful labour expended by either party, the money is in no better position after the bet than before, and the transfer may too often be described as merely an exchange of money from the pocket of a fool into that of a knave, with a contingent revelation to the till of a publican.

It is running rather far perhaps from the mathematical discussions with which we started to add, that while the material influence of betting and gambling on a community is thus injurious and wasteful, the moral influence is even worse. The two things, however, go together. The reason *d'etre* of betting is a desire to get money without giving a fair equivalent to get a few days' wage without giving a fair day's work. As a matter of fact, a persistent gambler soon loses all regard for the rights and claims of those with whom he plays. The writer was much struck with an indication of the moral tone of what may be called the gambling world, which came under his notice some years ago. There was a great race in America, for the purpose of concluding in which a crew of Tyne-coast boatmen had crossed the Atlantic. During the heat of the race, one of the English or men fell back exhausted and died. The writer found that among the sporting community in Newcastle there was an almost universal belief that the man had been drugged by persons whose pecuniary interests would have suffered had the English boat won. Probably the belief was unfounded, but it showed plainly that gambling men, who presumably judged the moral level of their fellows across the ocean from their own, fully believed that the desire to win a bet would be a sufficient inducement to run the risk of committing a murder.

It is needless to enlarge on the fact that the same spirit which leads men to wish to defraud their neighbour by winning a bet from him—and that winning money by bets is essentially fraudulent follows from what has been said—may also lead men to practise similar frauds in trade. It is the spirit of gambling which causes that

Chalk and alum and plaster  
Are sold to the poor for bread,

as well as creates Companies professing to give their shareholders a fortune for almost nothing. We may add that it is the same spirit that induces the unfortunate victims to invest their hard earned money in these bubble speculations. There is perhaps no one practice that has more ruinous consequences to us as a nation than this of gambling, and there can be no hesitation in saying that any usages which tend

to promote it ought to be very carefully watched and guarded against. The few whilings, for instance, which a young man may lose at his club or in an evening party are sometimes a matter of importance even to a person in polite society, while the gain of an equal amount has sometimes, and not rarely, proved the impetus which has started him on a career whose termination has been theft or forgery. The amusements of our country are not too numerous, and it is a serious injury to the nation when hours of relaxation become opportunities for evil, and when such games as whist and billiards are made—as is almost universally the case—vehicles for heavy gambling. They are games which are often of great value, imparting lessons of watchfulness and judgment, quickness of eye and quickness of decision, and it is a pity that their use should be injured and their enjoyment limited by their connection with a practice which all allow to be needless, and most feel to be hurtful.

Since the writer first gave special attention to this subject, evidences of the enormous extent to which the practice of gambling, in one shape or another, has undermined our national prosperity and corrupted our nation's morality, have continually been coming to his notice. The columns of the daily newspapers continually report cases of ruin, material and moral, due to indulgence in this vice. The Reports of various Parliamentary Commissions on the laws relating to gambling afford ample grounds for the strongest language that can be used in regard to the evil effects of the practice. Mathematical reasoning does not more surely demonstrate that gambling is wholly unprofitable, and almost certainly ruinous to the pursuer, than experience shows it to be destructive of purity and uprightiness in the heart.

The mathematical theory of chance has thus led us to a complete refutation of the idea that the toss of a die or the rolling of the ball at a gaming table can lead to fortune. In another paper we hope to examine some of the inferences to be deduced from that theory in relation to another and opposite practice—that of insurance.

#### MORE ARTFUL DODGES

In contrast to these petty though elaborate strivings to 'grab' a grain or two of gold—by the process described in our first paper, No 1011—what tremendous, magnificent roguery is that which has prompted men to 'salt' worthless tracts of land with diamonds, rubies, emeralds, gold, and silver, in order to induce mining speculators to purchase it in lots, for every one of which a sum has been received which has covered a hundredfold the value of the precious metal expended on the entire area. Not less remarkable than the knavery of the sharpers is the stupidity which has been exhibited by dupes, who have swallowed greedily the hook baited with a most palpable cheat—as in certain cases where metals which never occur pure in nature have been found sparkling on the surface in unalloyed masses! A silver nugget picked up on a salted district in America revealed a startling phenomenon in the unobscured letters 'TAD' upon it, a *hoax* afterwards explained by

the circumstance that came bearing the legend 'United States of America' had been melted down to supply the dressing for this favoured land!

But though our annals of artfulness can boast of mourning households where coffins have increased stolen plate instead of corpses, and of particular racehorses painted to resemble certain others, and sent on long journeys, in order that intending backers might be misled, we cannot, as a nation, dispute the palm of trickery, mental or manipulative, with some of the oriental races, whose merit undoubtedly rises them to that bad eminence. Possibly, in the special branch of horse stealing, the South American Indian might receive an equal certificate of proficiency with the Arab, but as bold and expert general thieves, the Hindus and Chinese stand unranked. A Chinaman has been known to seize a man's finger and cut it clean off in the midst of a crowd, to obtain possession of a ring, and escape detection. This immunity is due, perhaps, to the great resemblance which the faces of a Chinese mob bear to one another in European eyes, rendering individuals absolutely indistinguishable at first, as well as to innumerable artifices for disguising a broad black knit in the scumblines of a clouded fan, such as all Chinese carry. Hindus will swim or float cautiously along a river at dusk with an old bucket or empty goni over the head, whirling and twirling, dilly with every eddy, and braving the crocodiles, to gain an *otter* to the bungalow they desire to plunder, under the very nose of its proprietor. The writer once saw a coolie immigrant in Guwara, a field hand on one of the sugar plantations, towing a log of wood along one of the muddy canals or trenches which intersect the cane fields. He pressed the manager on the path, advanced compeedly, and was plodding quietly on towards the village, when the rope hitched in a stake on the bank, causing the log to tilt up, and disclosing the fact that it was lashed with something underneath. 'Something' proved to be a coffee pot and various other silver utensils which had been purloined from the breakfast table laid in the veranda of the house to await our return. In a few hours, the whole would doubtless have been converted into bangles, anklets, and earrings, for the poor Indians' untutored mind is just as keenly alive to the advantages which attend the development of speech unlawfully acquired, as that of Mr Fagin or any other metropolitan 'hence'.

Two natives entered the emporium of a Mohammedi dealer in one of the Olden's bazaars and purchased a valuable shawl. They hesitated to pay for it, as it did not appear convenient for them to carry it away just then, but the dealer, an aversive old scoundrel, fearful of losing his bargain, persuaded them to part with the money and have the shawl, by giving them a receipt for the amount, which was duly witnessed by one of the police. Scarcely had the buyers departed, when an English sailor came in, reckless, spendthrift, forcible in expression, three parts drunk, and otherwise characteristic of Jack ashore. The follower of the Prophet spoke a little Inglesh, as he spoke and did everything else which tended to the transportation of rupees or annas from other pockets to his own, and was not long in finding out that Jack wanted something to take home

as a present to black-eyed Susan. Unfortunately, the faithful mistress's loving eye lighted on the shawl which had just been sold, and with the obstinacy peculiar to his class and condition, he insisted on having that and no other. In vain the merchant told him it was sold. Very well, he would walk down the bazaar and try elsewhere. An exorbitant sum was named as the price. Jack did not care, he had plenty of money. It would cost double that, he was told, to get it back from those to whom it now belonged. Jack was willing to pay for all. There is no doubt that the Moslem's conscience would have allowed him to sell the shawl readily enough, but the purchasers had his receipt, and even though he returned the money, the transaction might bring him under the strong arm of the law, for which he entertained an exaggerated respect. Unwilling to lose the chance of so much profit, he bade the sailor return at a certain hour, telling him he should then have the garment he so greatly coveted.

It was just as he feared. When the dusky customers arrived, they refused to accept their money back again, flourished the receipt, and threatened to appeal to the judge if their property was not at once handed over to them. A small bribe, offered as an inducement to them to forego their bargain, had to be increased to a large one before it produced any effect, and when one waved, his companion held firm. At last the dowry was considerable enough to satisfy both, and was handed over to them in addition to their original purchase money. The receipt was torn up, and the merchant found himself once more in legal possession of the shawl, with a fur though greatly diminished margin left for profit. He hurried to the door to await the return of the extravagant seaman, and was just in time to see that ingenious son of Neptune, as sober as a lord chief justice, dividing the proceeds of the little dodge with his two Lascar shipmates at the end of the narrow street.

A singular accident occurred during the time of the Great Exhibition of 1851, which affords a curious converse to the principle, or want of principle, of artful dodges in general. A well-known barrister, still living, who was present in one of the throngs that attended the opening days at the building, felt a fumbling in the region of his watch pocket, and looking down, saw a man's hand swiftly retreating. He made a snatch at the wrist, but the thief eluded his grasp, dropped the watch, and made good his escape. The barrister contrived to pick up the timepiece before it was trodden under foot, when, to his astonishment, he recognised at a glance, although the face was shattered by the fall, that it was not his own!—which, indeed, was reposing safe and unharmed in his waistcoat-pocket all the time! He at once proclaimed his discovery, as it was obvious that the loss must have been incurred by one of the innumerable bystanders, but in spite of the full publicity which the police advertisements and newspaper reports gave to the matter subsequently, no owner ever established his claim to the watch, which rests under a glass case in the finder's drawing-room to this day, its fractured countenance provoking inquiries from all who have not

heard the tale that hangs thereby. Valuable rings have been discovered in new gloves, left there inadvertently by people who had previously tried them on, and who probably had sought high and low for the missing jewel, before they abandoned the quest in despair, never to see their property again. Stranger than all is the wulf picked up in the Aeyrusa bear's den at the Zoological Gardens—three fourths of a human finger, belonging to somebody who must have been too much ashamed of his folly in disregarding all warnings, to make his loss known to the authorities.

It is often said that we manufacture criminals here by the special facilities which we hold out to them, and it is easy to suppose that the fashion of ladies' pockets and the wearing of exposed watch-chains must offer an irresistible temptation to the budding street thief, while the habit of leaving a card basket on the hall table, within arms reach of the door, certainly provides the Alsatian of his/her class with munitions of the warfare he wages upon society. Be that as it may, speculative crime has never reached such a pitch of definite organisation in any age as it presents now. The police succeeded in unearthing a mystery not long ago which opens up a vista for contemplation by no means reassuring. The clue was not strong enough in this instance to link the convicted convict home to the culprit, but of his guilt there was no moral doubt, nor is there any reason to believe that the case was unique. A gentleman—one who fully deserved the conventional title in every sense, as far as appearances are concerned—took up his residence in a fashionable watering place. He was well connected, brought good introductions with him, had been a great traveller, represented himself as having inherited a moderate competence from a deceased relative, and being a pleasant, agreeable companion, soon established himself on terms of intimacy with most of the residents, and was received with great hospitality by the leading families. The man so far was no impostor. His letters of introduction were genuine, and it subsequently transpired that all the information respecting himself that he had so unreservedly given was literally true, save and except the amount of the legacy from which his income was derived. After a little while, a series of burglaries at the houses of all the local magnates took place, under circumstances so inexplicable, that the detectives could only come to the conclusion that they had been committed by the servants, some of whom were arrested. Nobody dreamed for a moment of associating the new comer with such events—why should they? since he was in bed and probably fast asleep while the depredators were at their work. Nevertheless, this engaging individual decamped in hot haste one morning on receipt of a telegram, and although the police officers were making warm inquiries for him a few hours later, he was seen on that coast no more. Beautifully executed plans of the pillaged houses, inside and out, with maps of the roads and byways by which they could be reached, all sealed to the inch, together with most minute details of the domestic arrangements pertaining to the different households, had been discovered in the possession of a London gang to whom some of the stolen property was traced, and the

writing was identified as that of the frequent and favoured guest. Thus, there had been no loitering about of suspicious characters. Armed with their chart and guide book, the burglars could delay their arrival in the neighbourhood until after nightfall, proceed to the scene of action with the confidence of old inhabitants, do the job, and be clear away again before morning, while the gentlemanly draughtsman would receive his commission a few days afterwards.

The land of wooden nutmegs and of oats manufactured from 'shoe pegs sharpened at the other end,' might supply us with a store of anecdotes about the dodges which the wit of Cousin Jonathan has devised with a view to bring gain, directly or indirectly, to the mill, sufficient to fill a goodly volume. Spruce fails for more than one—here offered, by way of conclusion, as an example of the sheer force of logic.

A tall 'down easter' entered a grocery or general store in a village of one of the Western States and asked for a ten cent cake, with which he was supplied. 'Hold on, though!' he said meditatively, putting in the act of drawing the money from his pocket. 'I believe I don't want this cake, now. Guess I'll have a ten cent cup of Bourbon instead.'

The cake was taken back, and the liquor handed to the customer, who drank it at once, and walked out.

'Hi!' shouted the storekeeper, 'here, I say, mister, you haven't paid!'

'Paid for what, squire?' asked the imperturbable Yankee, looking round.

'You haven't paid for your liquor!'

'I give you a ten cent cake for it, didn't I?'

'Yes, but you haven't paid for the cake.'

'Well, you've got the cake!'

Puzzled, though not convinced, by this startling position, the storekeeper hesitated for a moment, during which the logician sauntered off.

## MISS GARSTON'S CASE.

### IN FIVE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER III.

'You must think it strange,' said my visitor, 'that I should wish to reveal to the ears of a person I do not know, what even a bold man would fear to confide to an intimate friend. But, sir, in some terrible crises of life, one must do unusual things, or connive with evil doers. Do you understand me?'

'I do not, indeed,' I replied.

The man looked at me uneasily, and fidgeted with his umbrella. 'You see,' he continued nervously, 'I am a bit shaken in my own health since Mr Garston died, and am easily put out. But I must tell somebody what ought to be known, if only for inquiry's sake. Mr Lamport has been drawing Miss Garston's money out of the firm, and I don't think she knows anything about it. If she dies, you know, it will belong to her next of kin. Mr Lamport is infatuated with a scheme for gold mining in America. He has sunk his whole means in it, and I fear he is appropriating Miss Garston's fortune now. I am the cashier of the firm, and know many things that are secrets to the world.'

'Well, but why should you divulge such matters to me?' I asked. 'I am not a man of

business. I know nothing of Miss Garston, except as her doctor. What could I do to prevent Mr Lampport from speculating with Miss Garston's money? I have no authority to stop him.

'True, true, sir, but you can tell Miss Garston what is going on.'

'It would be almost a crime to distress her with worldly affairs in her present state. She is, I may tell you, sick unto death.'

'Do you think she will not get better?' demanded the man, with a despairing voice.

'I am not her Maker,' I returned, 'and therefore do not hold her life. Speaking as a medical man, I say she is in a most critical condition.'

'What ails her, sir?'

'That I cannot tell you.'

Something in my face or in the inflection of my voice struck my visitor. He looked at me inquiringly, and said with a low tone: 'Does Mr Lampport see her often?'

'I think, twice or thrice a day. He is very much distressed at her illness.—By the way, has Miss Garston always been on good terms with her guardian?'

'That's it, sir,' cried my visitor hastily. 'Mr Lampport is not her guardian. Mr Garston died without making a will. Now I have told you part of the secret.'

My curiosity was now thoroughly roused, and the interview began to assume an importance that I had not anticipated when I consented to listen to my visitor's revelations. I had thought him one of those triflesome bores that medical men often have to endure.

'Explain what you know of this extraordinary affair,' I said eagerly.

'I will, sir, and as briefly as possible, for time presses. I must be at my post before the bank closes. Light months ago, Edgar Garston was a healthy, happy, prosperous man. His daughter was one of the finest of our young ladies. Any one would have taken a lease of their lives, everybody would have envied their fortunes. Miss Garston had had many years before, by a fall from her horse—'

'Stop!' I interrupted. 'Are you sure of this? Did she not die of consumption?'

'No, by a fall from her horse. Well, that terrible misfortune made father and daughter miserably dear to each other. I do not think such tender affection ever was felt before by father and child. They were inseparable companions, except in business hours.'

'Light months ago, a change began. Mr Lampport was on the verge of ruin through this gold mining. It came out by his taking a large sum of money belonging to one of the clients of the firm and applying it to his own use. There was a fitful scene in the office when the discovery was made, for Mr Garston was the soul of uprightness. I overheard it. My office is adjoining the private office. I thought the partners would have fought, Mr Garston was so enraged, and Mr Lampport was quite maddened by his reproaches and his own desperate condition. Beads, as the confidential servant and cashier, I was bound to know all about it. Ah, a painful time, that! Well, the matter was kept secret, the money was repaid to our client, and Mr Garston made the sacrifice. But he determined to break the partnership. Nor was that difficult,

for the deed was nearly at its term. Twenty years had my employers been together, and for periods of ten years had their agreement been dated. At the end of the current year, it would lapse, and so Mr Garston resolved that he would draw out and retire. He was a generous, forgiving man, and attached to Mr Lampport by lifelong friendship.

'After his passion had subsided and matters were smoothed down, Mr Garston proposed that Mr Lampport should take the business to himself, upon paying a stipulated sum. Now, Mr Garston did not know that his partner was absolutely ruined. He supposed that he was embarrassed by over-investment in the mine, for Mr Lampport brought evidence proving that vast quantities of gold had been got, and that an endless mass of ore remained to be worked. From what I have learned since, these statements and figures were fictions, and were prepared by the schemers who were plundering the shareholders. Mr Lampport was himself deceived. But a change came over Mr Lampport from the day Mr Garston determined to dissolve the firm. He became moody and taciturn. News from the mine added to his disturbed condition, more money was wanted, or the whole enterprise would pass into other hands.

'A little over six months ago, I left the two partners together one evening. They were going into particulars connected with the coming dis-solution and I heard Mr Garston say to his coachman, who was leaving the room as I passed, that he would be detained until late, and would go home in a cab. Mr Lampport had been in a very curious humour all day, and seemed at times to be walking about in a dream. He had grown quite nervous of late, and was, in short, a changed man. I left the office about half past four, and was just getting out of the train near my house, when I remembered that I had left a parcel upon my desk that I should have taken home. It contained something for my children, and was needed for an evening party they were going to. I had, therefore, to return by a town train. It clung half past six as I mounted the stairs going to my room. I must tell you that there are two entrances to the office, by different corridors, for it is situated at a corner of the building. The place was deserted, business being long over in most establishments. My room was next to the principals', and as I opened the door, I heard an angry altercation going on. Indeed, it appeared as if a repetition of the old quarrel had begun. Mr Garston's voice came across my ears saying: "I will not do it. You are mad to throw your money away as you have been doing. I will not help you. Perish by yourself!"—Let the partnership last six months longer, then," demanded Mr Lampport. "I cannot carry on this new business yet, and if we stop, all is over with me."—"I will not go on for six days," returned Mr Garston, stamping his foot. "You have robbed me again. You are a villain, Lampport!"—"Then take the consequences of driving a man to desperation," exclaimed Mr Lampport.

'A heavy fall followed this, then silence. I was horrified, and unable to stir. But the situation passed in a second or two, and I was just going to rush into the partners' room, when a sharp crack, like a whip strongly lashed, burst upon my ears.



I could not guess what it was, and became again riveted to the floor. The sound of a swiftly passing foot aroused me. I ran to the door of the private office, which I must explain, opened into mine, as well as into the further corridor. It was locked on the inside. I hurried round to the other entrance and entered in. What a sight met my eyes! Mr Garston was lying upon the floor, and from a small hole in his right temple a stream of blood was fast flowing. A faint cloud of smoke was rolling towards the window. I gave forth a cry of anguish and consternation, and stooped to raise my master. A pistol fell from his hand! Good heavens! had he killed himself?

'You cannot understand the shock this tragedy gave to me. I believe I fainted. At any rate, when I lifted up my eyes again, there were two policemen and Mr Lamport standing beside the dead man and myself. It was like one of those hideous nightmares where the most extraordinary changes follow. Mr Lamport was excited to a degree that I have never witnessed in any other man. I was wrung with sorrow and astonishment, but Mr Lamport's behaviour drew me from my own feelings and compelled me to remark his fitting grief. He wept like a child, and trembled as if in a fever. He could not approach the body of his late partner, and kept his eyes averted while he spoke to the policemen. When I became a little calmer, and could comprehend what was being said, I found that Mr Lamport had brought in the policemen to see a gentleman that had shot himself. "What do you think he did it for?" asked one of the men, a simple-looking fellow. Mr Lamport answered, "I cannot tell you, unless I guess that money had something to do with it."—"But who is this gentleman?" asked the other policeman suddenly recognizing the fact of my presence.—"Oh, this is our cashier," replied Mr Lamport, looking at me in a strange manner.—"How did you come here, Mr Skigh? I thought you had left the office hours ago."

'I explained as briefly as possible what had brought me back, and was going to ask Mr Lamport how the frightful tragedy had come about, when he abruptly turned to the policeman and demanded what was to be done. This had the effect of putting an end to my questions. One of the policemen went away to report the matter to his superiors, the other remained in the room. Mr Lamport bade me follow him into the general office. He there questioned me again upon my return to the office, and asked how I had found out that Mr Garston had shot himself. In my simplicity, I told him all that I had heard. He listened with ghastly aspect to my recital, and when I had done, and began to ask him the meaning of the awful death of Mr Garston, he changed his manner, and warned me that I was quite mistaken. There had been no quarrel, nay, no conversation. He had found Mr Garston bleeding on the floor upon entering the private office, and had run out to bring in assistance.

'I was confounded at this, and so confused and stunned was I by the dreadful event that had happened, that I doubted the reliability on my own memory. I stared like an imbecile at my employer. He watched me keenly, and upon my repeating that I could not be mistaken, he said menacingly "Beware, Mr Skigh! This is

a most serious affair. I would advise you to be careful what you say. People might suppose that you had murdered him!"

'I almost swooned at the frightful possibility of such a charge. "Here, sit down," said Mr Lamport, looking at me suspiciously. "Your reappearance at such a moment and for such a flimsy purpose, bears, let me tell you, a very suspicious interpretation. I do not say you have killed my poor friend," here his voice sank, "but I tell you, that if you deposit to the police what you have just told me, you will be locked up. Ay, Mr Skigh, I will myself recommend your arrest!"

'I was now thoroughly alarmed, and I asked in a subdued manner what I was to do. "Keep to the plain facts, Mr Skigh. Say that you heard the report of a pistol, and upon entering the private office, found Mr Garston dead." Mr Lamport watched me sharply for a while, and abruptly said "Where was the pistol?"—"In his hand!"—"What will do, Mr Skigh?" cried he, almost triumphantly, and with a sigh of relief. "You can swear to that!"—"Yes, I am sure of that!"—"Very good. Now, be careful, my good fellow. Remember your wife and family! You might get into a dreadful dilemma. I assure you, many a man has been hanged upon his evidence that there is a ghost you!"

'The appalling incidents of the past hour, my weak health, for I am not a strong man, and the terror of being accused of the murder, so affected me, that I became utterly unnerved.

'I reached home that night more dead than alive. Indeed, Mr Lamport had to accompany me from the police station, after I had given my version of finding Mr Garston. The instant of self-preservation enabled me to confine my statements to the facts of hearing the report of a pistol and the finding of Mr Garston bleeding on the floor with the pistol in his hand.

'I repeated this at the coroner's inquest, and I was so ill after giving my evidence, that I had to return home, where I remained for several weeks. A thousand times since, I have regretted that I did not tell all that I knew, for each day I am more convinced that Mr Garston was murdered, and that his partner committed the deed!

'I had not in the least movement during the relation of the evidence story. When he concluded, I was still more confounded, for there now arose the question of what to do? If Mr Lamport was guilty of his partner's death, he must be punished. But how could I set the machinery of justice in motion? It was not my affair. This poor creature must do his duty. Why, in the name of all that is righteous, had he made me his confidant?

'I do not see any relevancy in your telling me this dreadful tale," I said, after pondering a few moments. "You should go to the police. Why have you divulged what you have told, to me, of all men in the world?"

'The cashier looked at me. "Because I believe that Mr Lamport is a genuine committing murderer."

'I jumped fit in my chair as if shot. "Upon whom?" I cried, with one of those electric revelations, which burst upon us sometimes, answered my question before it had passed the cashier's lips.

'Miss Gurston'

'Oh, horrible, most horrible!' I groaned. 'Fool, do! that I am, not to have seen before this wretched man that was that has been frustrating my efforts—Sir, I cried in a frenzy of excitement, 'I fear you have come too late!'

I paced the room in agony, thinking furiously over the means to arrest the machinations of the foulest of traitors, and at the same time how to bring him to justice. Presently, I felt the imperative need of caution, and the danger of precipitate action, both for Miss Gurston's sake and my own reputation.

'What proof do you give me of this further charge against Mr Lampport?' I asked, after I had come to a special and final review of the situation of things.

'This,' answered the cashier, putting a phial before me.

I opened it eagerly and smelt it, and was struck with the same odour which I had remarked in the tuberoses. It had the same effect also, as I continued to inhale it, a heavy languor seemed to creep over my brain.

'Where did you get this?' I demanded, putting in the cork and placing the phial upon the table.

'I took it from Mr Lampport's desk last night. A suspicious man finds sinister hints in every act of the object he suspects. I connected the visits of an old Italian to Mr Lampport, with some notorious crime, for he has come home bad to worse during the past few months. I hid the Italian watched by my son, and he found that the man was a sort of herbulist, living in a low part of the town. Inquiry proved that he had a dubious reputation. I found, from what I learned of the health of Miss Gurston, that her condition became worse after this Italian began to call up a day employer. You may perhaps understand that I felt the deepest interest in the poor young lady. The housekeeper at Mr Lampport's residence is a friend of my wife's, and so we have been kept informed of what has been going on. But it was only when you were called in to see Miss Gurston, that her illness became very alarming. Somehow, she has got worse since, and fearing, first, what I heard yesterday, that her life was in danger, I found myself compelled to call upon you. One thing has led to another, and now you know how awfully my destiny is mingled with that of your patient.'

'Does Mr Lampport know that this phial has been removed?' I asked.

'No, it came last night after he had gone. The Italian would not have left it, but that I said Mr Lampport might return. He did not intend to do a bold thing. I took it, hoping that it might give some clue.'

'I will have it analysed,' I said, 'and make experiments with it myself also. But I must first return to Miss Gurston, whom I left asleep. Call for me again this evening, and we will have a further conference upon this dangerous man's doings, and concert means for dealing with him.'

We separated.

I hurried to my patient, who lay in a state of extreme exhaustion. Her mind appeared to wander, and I feared that she had sunk too low

for recovery. I was terribly perplexed. So weak was she, that I feared if I introduced a strange doctor, the patient might be fatal to her. Yet the overwhelming responsibility of acting by myself in such a crisis deterred me. I was so young, so inexperienced in worldly devices, that I trembled at the alternatives before me. I could not contain the secret longer, and leaving my patient in the charge of the housekeeper, with instructions to apply restoratives if Miss Gurston grew worse, and with orders to Mr Lampport's coachman to have all ready for bringing me quickly, if I should be wanted, I hastened home, to consult the only councillor that I dared consult in at the momentous juncture. My mother was a clear-headed, brave woman, with much resource in difficulty, and with that alert perception of the right thing, to do in an emergency, which make some women remarkable.

She was not so confounded by my revelations as I expected. She remained cool and thoughtful to the end, wasting no time in needless speculations. I was astonished, and not a little comforted, to find such help as she afforded by her criticism and her recommendations. Together, we planned a scheme to meet the emergency—to do all that was possible to save Miss Gurston's life, and to obtain proofs of Mr Lampport's guilt, if criminal he were. My mother was somewhat unassured of the cashier's veracity in some points, thinking that he might be mistaken. Still, she believed that Mr Lampport was guilty in certain degrees.

I returned to Mr Lampport's residence, greatly relieved in my mind, and far more capable of doing my duty than in my previous agitated state. My patient continued in the same deep languor. Towards afternoon she rallied a little. I applied a new remedy. It had a speedy and encouraging effect. But it proved that the contents of the phial were poison, for my remedy was an antidote to what I judged it contained. I was only able to get to form a very imperfect opinion of the noxious ingredients, but I was satisfied that I was upon the right track.

When Mr Lampport came home at six o'clock, I was able to report a decided change for the better in my patient. He assumed an air of joy at the news, but it soon gave place to an expression of anxiety. We dined together, and I studied my host with an intensity which, had he observed it, must have rendered him far from comfortable.

## PAYMENT PORTRAITS.

### A CITY WOMAN.

'WOMAN is the lesser man,' sings Tennyson through the mouth of the pitted lover of *Locksley Hall*. She may be, but I doubt whether *Amy's* countenance would have been allowed to be so dogmatic in this utterance if the poet laureate had ever seen this lady of, let us say, Little Lombard Court. Daily, for six days in the week, a faded green omnibus plying between Bow and the Bank bears to the City this business lady. Every day, punctually at 9.45 A.M., when the door of the omnibus in question is opened by the conductor at its journey's end, a plump leg, clothed in a black-

cloth boot and spotless white stocking, may be seen to descend carefully from the straw covered floor of the vehicle on to the step behind, followed by another leg of precisely similar proportions and covering, and when both legs are firmly on the step, the black bombazine drapery of their owner falls quickly over their momentarily exposed faces, and their proprietor lands safely on the road. Here then stands exposed to view the City Woman.

A curious little figure it is, and well worth looking at for a moment. The two things that mostly strike one about it are its solidity and its blackness. So firmly does the City Woman stand on the ground, as she waits for a moment for her change from the conductor, that she looks as if she were rooted there, and would require picks and spades to effect her removal, and so black are her garments, that they cast quite a gloom around her. One would think that her life was passed at the edge of the grave, and that she buried her nearest and dearest every day.

Slowly and methodically does this dark 'portent' move away to its daily work. Along Cornhill it goes, and runs to earth, as it were, up one of the numerous courts on the right hand side of that thoroughfare, looking eastward. No sooner, however, has the dignified dark one turned out of the very public way of Cornhill, than some of her solemn deportment seems to go from her, and the wheeling gait breaks into quite a little trot as she draws near to her goal. This is a curious old-fashioned shop, with a front of many panes of glass, all whitened, to prevent the ink-not of the establishment being seen, and with a quaint little narrow doorway, through which the City Woman can only just pass without rumpling her stible garments. There is no name over the shop front, there is no occasion for that, for the place is as well known in the City as the Monument itself. It is the old established luncheon house of Tupp, to which the sombrous 'portent' has led us, and that solid female is its present proprietor.

Who Tupp was, nobody knows, but he—if it was a he—must long since have joined the majority, for the almost obliterated inscription, 'Established in 1768,' appears in faded brown paint as a legend over the mantel piece in the principal of the two rooms in which the business is conducted. No one cares to know about the passed-away Tupp. It is sufficient that the present owner of the place is called 'Mrs Tupp' by all her customers, and has been so called by all who have known the shop for how many years it would be ungalant to record.

Three handmaidens of remarkably clean appearance and quiet demeanour receive their mistress with respectful and undemonstrative greeting, and then resume their interrupted occupation of cutting up loaves of bread and filling baskets with the slices, making sandwiches from a splendid York ham and nice looking bread and butter,

peeling hard boiled eggs, slicing a prime Cheshire cheese, dividing pork pies into quarters, and piling cold sausages into pyramids, for at Tupp's, nothing more in the way of eatables than these things can be procured. The original Tupp seems to have made an irrevocable law for the conduct of this establishment, that the linc was to be drawn at cold sausages and pork pies, and within this line the present Tupp rigidly keeps. But the glory of Tupp's is its beer. Not in all London is such ale or stout to be found, and in this circumstance lies the secret of the success and popularity of the place, for that it is successful and popular, we shall presently see.

Divested of her black shawl and bonnet, the respected proprietress, after a short absence, reappears among her handmaidens. She looks, perhaps even more curious in her business habiliments than she did when enveloped in the concealing folds of her walking attire. The first thing that arrests the observers attention on beholding Mrs Tupp divested of her outer coverings, is an extraordinary black wig. Brushed almost to reflective shininess, this headgear adorns a dome like forehead, and passes away in two broad Dey and Martin like streams, one over each ear, into an immense sort of reservoir at the back of her head.

There are no eyebrows on Mrs Tupp's face, but this deficiency is made up for by the broad rim of a pair of spectacles firmly fixed on the bridge of her nose. So were eyebrows worn by Mrs Tupp, it is doubtful whether they would be visible behind such a screen as this rim makes. Her manner, like her mien, is cold. She encourages no familiarity on the part of her customers, among whom there is a diversity of opinion as to whether she is a maid or wife or widow. She moves like a spectacled sphinx among hat plumes and glasses, and the middle of her life, if asked by any, is solved by none.

At twelve o'clock in the day approaches, customers begin to arrive, and from noon until six P.M., a never ceasing little tide of men flows in and out of Tupp's in Little Lombard Court, attacking the bread, cheese, sausages, pies, eggs, and sandwiches, until, when the latter hour strikes, not a crumb of eatables is left in the place.

During these six hours, Mrs Tupp has ample opportunity of reviewing through her spectacles a very large contingent of the City army of desk workers. Seedy old men, with coats white at the elbows from over wear, creep in and have a fourpenny lunch—bread, cheese, and a glass of beer—which they buy at the counter, and carry away to a corner to eat. Dainty, dapper, young men, who at night flow into gorgeous members of the 'Masher' fraternity, come and block up the counter while they munch a sandwich and discuss the latest bulleagues over their glass of 'bitter.' Severe men, neither young nor old, but of a sort of iron gray tint, rush in, snap up a sausage and bolt it as though to spend a moment out of business during business hours were a heinous offence. Small boys just out of school, who believe themselves to be full grown men of the world because they are 'in the City,' saunter up to the counter, and select with great judgment the crustiest piece of 'household' and the daintiest piece of cheese

A bank porter, a commissioner, or a policeman, occasionally lends colour to the scene, but these last never do more than buy sandwiches for which they have been sent, or quaff beer in a mild and hasty manner at the door, for Mrs Tupp looks at them from over her spectacles, and to be subjected to such a gaze as this is to lose one's 'staying power'

All sorts and conditions of men can, however, have bite and sup at Mrs Tupp's hands. But while they are within her domain—such is her influence—even the wildest of her customers has

seemed, from the shrouding of her shoulders, to be asking her minds whether they 'ever saw the like of that before'

The poor stranger, now in speechless perplexity at the glances of dozens of curious male eyes which were directed towards her, somehow got to the door and out of it, and was no more seen.

LEAD POISONING AND ITS REMEDY

MANY of our most important chemical manufactures cannot be carried on without serious detriment to the health of the workpeople, unless a number of necessary precautions are taken. The manufacture of white lead is one of these, and has been for upwards of a century the cause of a very distressing malady known as lead poisoning or lead colic. People who pass much of their time in white lead works, or who frequently manipulate colours containing lead, are apt to be struck down with this insidious disease, which in most cases comes on gradually, but in some with extraordinary rapidity. Sickness and violent colics accompanied by constipation are the first symptoms, and in a short time a bluish tint is observed on the edges of the gums. After a time, neuralgic pains, paralysis, and epilepsy, may supervene. It is a serious disease, and often very obstinate as regards treatment.

So much illness of this description has an end of late years, and the number of deaths from lead poisoning have increased so rapidly with the extension of the white lead manufacture, that the subject is at the present time attracting very considerable attention in Great Britain. The recent Report of the Chief Inspector of Factories certainly presents a most deplorable picture of the condition of the men and women engaged in works of this kind. It is only in a small minority of cases that certain precautions are attempted in order to prevent wholesale poisoning. The Report shows us that in the generality of cases the persons employed in the white lead works—who are of course ignorant of the physiological properties of lead and its compounds—receive no warning from their employers of the dangers of their employment, and are left without instructions as to the means of avoiding them. In St Leonards, Shoteditch, twenty three sufferers from lead poisoning were admitted into the parish infirmary in eighteen months, three of them died, and in several other cases the health of the sufferers was ruined for ever. During only twelve months, fifty four cases of lead poisoning were received into the Holborn Workhouse Infirmary, and the same story repeats itself in numerous other instances. In fact, matters in this respect have arrived at such a crisis that the Chief Inspector very properly considers that legislation is imperatively required to render the necessary precautions compulsory in all white lead works. But alas! these precautions, however carefully they may be carried out, are quite inadequate to put a stop to the evil. The introduction of the safety-lamp

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM

No 1017 — Vol. XX. SATURDAY

PHOSPHORESCENCE

THERE is about among us much incomprehension of what the term 'phosphorescence' properly signifies. This is especially to be noted on board gun, ships, where the expression, 'the phospho on the water, is frequently heard in the mouths of otherwise well educated people, as well as among the seamen. Now, phosphorus is what is termed a metalloid or non metallic substance, one of the elements of chemistry, forming various compounds with other bodies, and having, the property of being luminous under fixed conditions. Phosphorescence, on the other hand, is the property which some bodies possess of being luminous in the dark without the emission of sensible heat, as observable in various bodies, liquid and solid, organic and inorganic. Phosphorescence has no necessary connection with phosphorus, neither does the term imply the presence of phosphorus. The luminous appearance on the sea is commonly described as 'phosphorescence, yet that phenomenon is not due to phosphorus in any shape or form.

Another mistake into which people are liable to fall is in supposing that phosphorescence implies combustion. This it does in some cases, but by no means in all. It is generally asserted by those who have studied the subject, that phosphorescence may be induced in five different ways. We prefer to describe it here as arising in six varieties of manner, subdividing one of these usually set forth. Thus, the phenomenon may be the product of oxidation or combustion at a low temperature, or it may appear spontaneously, or it may be induced by heat, or by friction by mechanical action, or by electricity or by exposure to sunlight—insolation, as it is called.

In the first place, then, phosphorescence may be the result of slow combustion in certain bodies, and is chiefly exemplified in phosphorus itself. When exposed to the air, combined with the various persons here, and having said this, the relentless hostess turned her back on us all, and

has not done away with disastrous explosions in coal mines, and compelling men and women engaged in lead works to wear respirators, and to wash their hands before meals, &c., will not eradicate lead poisoning. The very fact of living day by day in an atmosphere of lead dust, which penetrates the mouth, the nostrils, and the pores of the skin—the fact of being constantly in contact with so insidious a substance, must sooner or later tell upon the strongest constitutions, in spite of all precautions, how far rational appears in a

But lead poisoning does not stop at white lead works, plumbiers, painters, and painters, suffer from it frequently, for white lead, in the form of putty, mastics, and colours or pigments, finds its way into a vast number of places which we least expect it. When we purchase a fine green or red paint which the oil and colour man assures us is perfectly harmless, we little suspect that more than half of that colour is white lead. Through the green, the blue, or the red substances themselves may be innocuous, they are always largely diluted with white, to bring them to the proper shade and cause them to cover well, and in this way, until very recently, white lead has been exclusively employed as the basis of all coloured pigments.

But, it may be asked why do not chemists discover some safe material to take the place of white lead? This is no doubt an easy question to ask, and rational enough. The problem has been, however, one of the most difficult in the whole realm of chemistry. The late Dr. Stanhouse, a most eminent chemist, formerly Professor at Edinburgh, grappled with the problem and introduced a light coloured antimony paint which is far less dangerous than white lead, but it was proved to be only applicable as a basis for coloured pigments, and I would not take the place of white lead as a pure white colour. Before Stanhouse, oxide of zinc had been proposed as a safe substitute for white lead, and has long been manufactured for that purpose, but although beautifully white, it does not work so well, or 'cover' so well as white lead, and appears to be more expensive. More recently, another kind of white zinc pigment known as 'Griffiths' Patent White,' has proved far more satisfactory in this respect, and appears likely to supersede white lead altogether. For several years its manufacture was kept a profound secret, but Dr. Flupson of London made known its composition in a paper read at the International Congress of Hygiene, held at Paris in August 1878, and called attention to its merits. It is now largely manufactured in Liverpool by Messrs. Griffiths and Berdoe, and if it were as widely known as it deserves to be, we should in all probability hear no more of lead poisoning from this particular cause.

This new white pigment, which possesses all the properties of white lead without its dangers, is a compound of sulphur, oxygen, and zinc. We are informed that there has never been a case of illness among the workmen engaged in its manufacture. By mixing it with non-poisonous blues, reds, yellows, &c., a whole series of beautiful and harmless pigments have been produced, which rival in every respect the same pigments having a basis of white lead.

The remedy for lead poisoning, as far as colours and pigments are concerned, has, therefore, been

found, and is available to the public. This is no mean result, as the great majority of cases of this disease emanate entirely from the manufacture or use of white lead pigments, and those which are traced to the action of water upon lead pipes and caulkings form a very minute proportion. The chemist has done his duty to society by discovering a substitute which is a perfect and harmless substitute for the dangerous white lead, and it only remains now for the public to take advantage of this discovery.

the excess and popularity of the place, for it is successful and popular, we shall presently see.

Dressed in her black shawl and bonnet, the selected proprietress, after a short absence, re-appears among her handmaidens. She looks, says, even more curious in her business habits than she did when enveloped in the conning folds of her walking attire. The first thing that arrests the observer's attention on seeing Mrs. Tupp divested of her outer cover is an extraordinary black wig. Brushed to reflective shyness, this headgear forms me like forehead, and passes away in two long Day and Martin like streams, one over each into an immense sort of reservoir at the back head.

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Printed and Published by W & B. CHAMBERS, 47, Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 249 High Street, EDINBURGH.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Fourth Series

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No 1017—Vol. XX.

SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1853

Price 1½

## PHOSPHORESCENCE

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Another mistake into which people are liable to fall is in supposing that phosphorescence implies combustion. This is done in some cases, but by no means in all. It is generally asserted by those who have studied the subject, that phosphorescence may be induced in five different ways. We prefer to describe it here as arising in six varieties of manner, subdividing one of those usually set forth. Thus, the phenomenon may be the product of oxidation or combustion at a low temperature, or it may appear spontaneously, or it may be induced by heat, or be caused by mechanical action, or by electricity, or by exposure to sunlight—insolation, as it is called.

In the first place, then, phosphorescence may be the result of slow combustion in certain bodies. This is chiefly exemplified in phosphorus itself, which, when exposed to the air, combines with the oxygen contained in it. Phosphorous acid is thus formed, the process giving rise to the luminous

appearance of the substance in the dark. This condition is identical with what we term combustion. The decay or decomposition of animal and vegetable matter is slow combustion. Inflatable balloons are set free, which combine with the oxygen of the air, and form a luminous halo about the decaying structure. This may frequently be observed on dead fish in warm weather like Will's the wiper's Jack a Lantern of our marshes is due to the same cause.

Phosphorescence may arise spontaneously, as in the first case, so far as can be decided by ordinary tests, without being the result of combustion. Of this kind is the most wonderful illumination of the phenomenon—namely, the light on the sea. Frequently observable in almost every part of the ocean, this has excited the awe, admiration, and curiosity of simple and sage poet and philosopher alike. One of the finest descriptions of its appearance may be found in *The Lord of the Isles*.

Awaked before the rushing prow  
The mimic fires of ocean glow  
Those lightnings of the wave  
Wild sparkles crest the broken tides  
And flashing round the vessel's sides  
With ev'ry lustre lave  
While far behind their livid light  
To the dark billows of the night  
A gloomy splendour gave  
It seems as if old Ocean shakes  
From his dark brow the lucid flakes  
In envious pagantry  
To match the met' or light that streaks  
Great Hecla's midnight sky

Other bards besides Sir Walter Scott have described this appearance, but none so truthfully or beautifully. Physicists have experimented and speculated on its special causes, but the field of inquiry still remains open. More than one theory has been broached to account for marine phosphorescence, but none appears wholly sufficient or satisfactory. The most generally received opinion is that the light proceeds from animalcules. Various marine animals seem to possess phosphorescent power,

especially radiates, polyps, infusoria, and the like. Some assert that these creatures have special luminous organs, like the glow worm and fire fly. Others suppose that they secrete a kind of luminous mucus, which covers their bodies, and is even still phosphorescent when detached from them and dissolved in the water. This theory might be sufficient, were it uncontestedly proved, but, unfortunately, this yet remains some doubt, owing to the varying nature of the circumstances under which the phosphorescence becomes visible. Thus, while some observers have noted that animals taken from the sea and placed in a vessel of dark water have instantaneously caused the whole of this water to become phosphorescent, others have vainly endeavoured to detect any light given off from such animals, as could be captured at a time when the water was usually luminous.

Personal observations in the Atlantic, Pacific, and Indian Oceans, have led the writer to infer that not one but several distinct causes operate in producing the phosphorescence of the sea. There are times when electricity would seem to have some very active agency in inducing the light, the phosphorescence having been most marked when the air was heavily charged with that subtle fluid, and growing fainter as dispersion occurred. Again, sunlight seems occasionally to influence the phenomenon. In some latitudes, there exist patches of sea where phosphorescence seems to situate upwards from the depths, and these neighbourhoods are known to observant seamen, who imagine that there are 'beds of phosphorus under the water.' It may be that this effect is due to marine animals.

Granting that the organs of animals are the producers of the light, or that the mucus they secrete is so, we are still as far from our point as ever. What is the exact chemical or physical cause of this phosphorescence? That is what we require to know.

The hypothesis is—first it is really no more than that—put forward to account for this phosphorescence in marine animals, argues that they are provided with special organs, that such organs secrete a mucus containing fat and other matters, that this, in decomposing, produces a species of combustion attended with the evolution of light. This theory, however, is open to some objections. Possibly, when the intimate correlation and interchangeability of the physical forces become more fully understood, the explanation of the sea's phosphorescence will be taken out of the realm of conjecture. The ocean is a vast laboratory, wherein much matter, both organic and inorganic, is constantly being digested, undergoing change in its elementary combinations. To effect such processes, various forms of physical forces are at work. Motion, heat, and chemical affinity play their known parts, and the influence of the rest is more than suspected. The action and play of these through the water, and especially among the matters dissolved in it, may be the exact cause of marine phosphorescence.

Another very well known kind of phosphorescence is that of the glow-worm and the fire-fly, which are provided with special organs

that secrete a liquid having luminous properties. The glow worm—and probably also the fire fly—seem able to light up their little lamp, or to extinguish it, by an act of will. But here, again, we have no more than conjecture to aid us in ascertaining the particular cause of the phosphorescence. Analysis of the secreted substance, and the how and why of its luminous property, controlled by the creature of which it is a living part, have yet to be finally determined.

In the vegetable world there are some instances of spontaneous phosphorescence. 'Pole-wind' emits a greenish lustre in the dark, and the juice of a Brazilian plant (*Cyano canarium*) is luminous for some hours after being drawn. Various aquatic plants, the *Elodea*, *Utricularia*, and others, with sundry of the Fungus tribes, are more or less phosphorescent. Some flowers, the marigold and sculet poppy among others, are said to emit phosphorescent flashes shortly after sundown.

Phosphorescence may be induced by heat. Many solids phosphoresce when heated between 550° and 750° Fahr. Of these may be mentioned the diamond, fluor spar, oyster shells, &c. The light is usually of a bluish or violet tinge. The well known lime light is an instance of the brilliant phosphorescent property of lime at a high temperature. Such bodies as are phosphorescent after exposure to sunlight, will live their degree of luminosity increased by the application of heat.

Phosphorescence may be induced by mechanical action. Certain bodies when submitted to friction, hammered smartly, or violently broken or torn, will phosphoresce. The light they emit may be given off in sudden flashes, or it may be continuous for a short time. Of this kind is the light given off from quartz, when it is pounded in the dark, as, similarly, is in rock salt, fluor spar, sugar, and other materials. In both this variety of phosphorescence and the last, the cause would seem to be due to the interchangeability of physical forces. Thus, in the one case, heat becomes converted into light within the structure of the body operated upon, in the other, it is motion which changes into light.

Phosphorescence may be induced by electricity. Here we have another example of change from one force to another. This is peculiarly well illustrated, because the bodies that will phosphoresce during or after the action upon them of a current of electricity, are themselves non-conductors of electricity. On the other hand, phosphorescence cannot be induced by this cause in good electrical conductors, such as metals, for example. The explanation must appear obvious. In non-conductors, the electric current is wholly or partially checked, it cannot traverse their structures. The force, therefore, must expend itself by conversion, and thus light appears. Bodies that originally possessed the power of being rendered luminous by heat or insulation, and that have lost that power for some reason, may have their former sensibility restored to them by a discharge of electricity through them. A lump of sugar will be rendered brilliantly luminous by a discharge of electricity through it, and will continue to phosphoresce for a short

time after Many other substances are affected in the same way

Phosphorescence may be induced by insolation—that is, by exposure to sunlight This is a very remarkable and interesting variety of the phenomenon About the year 1604, an Italian artisan accidentally discovered the means of preparing sulphide of barium in a phosphorescent form, by heating heavy spar with combustible substances The discovery created a good deal of excitement during the course of the seventeenth century, so much so indeed, that a family named Logani, who possessed a monopoly of the secret, contrived to amass some wealth by the sale of what was known as 'Bologna Stone' Similar to this are various substances, subsequently discovered, which are all rendered strongly phosphorescent after exposure to the sun's rays. Lately, an attempt has been made to render of some practical utility this property possessed by certain minerals. A few years ago, a Mr Pulman patented a pigment, with which is incorporated some prepared mineral having the property of becoming luminous after insolation, and remaining so for some hours. This Luminescent Paint has been used for clock faces, watch boxes, the lettering on the cover of a book, playing pictures, and other matters that it seemed desirable to render visible in the dark. Probably the best use to which it has been put is that of being painted over diving dresses, which are thus rendered phosphorescent, enabling the diver to distinguish objects at the bottom of the water.

Of the various inorganic substances known to possess this luminous property, the sulphides of calcium and of strontium—chemical combinations of sulphur with lime, and with the earth called strontian—do so in the most marked degree. When well prepared, the phosphorescence lasts for a number of hours after exposure to sunlight. The luminosity is usually of a violet tinge, and it may be excited by other light than that of the sun. Candles and gas flames induce it feebly, the electric light very vividly, it being richest in chemical rays. It has been found that the colours of the phosphorescence vary in the different sensitive substances, and that different rays also variously affect the tint. Experimenters have thus been enabled to prepare very beautiful and curious pictures.

ONE FALSE, BOTH FAIR;

OR, A HARD KNOT

CHAPTER XXV.—JORD LUTWICK.

'CLEAR, my dear child, this once, indeed, I can take no denial. The woman, remember, is drawing to a close, and Lady Minnie's party furnishes an occasion not to be lost. If it were a mere question of pleasure,' continued Lady Barbara distinctly, 'I should be the last to urge you to do what I know is, very properly, so uncongenial to your feelings. As it is, your sense of the duty which you owe to the name you bear, and to the family, must prompt you to make the effort. Your presence in Society, and the warm welcome you are certain to receive, my dear, will be the best possible contradiction of the unpleasant rumours that are now becoming rife in London. And this, though every one worth

mentioning,' added Lady Barbara superbly, 'will be there, is still a serious, quiet sort of thing, to which you may perfectly well go.'

'I thought you told me, Aunt Barbara,' remonstrated the girl, 'when first Lady Minnie's card arrived, that it was quite a grand party, at which Boylily would certainly be present. In any case, I had much rather stay away.' And she glanced at her black robe.

But Lady Barbara's mind was made up, and her resolute, not to say obstinate will overbore the weaker mood of her young charge. It was conceded, on the one hand, that the latter was to go to Lady Minnie's party, but, on the other hand, that she should wear her black—a plain high dress, unrelieved by ornament.

'If I may go in my black gown, since you think it right, Aunt Barbara,'—she had got into a custom of calling that dignified spinster 'Aunt' instead of 'Lady,' to the secret delight of that aristocratic ilk—'then I will go to the concert of Sir Frederick Minnie.'

For although it was called, officially, Lady Minnie's party, it was really and truly Sir Frederick's. And it was most certainly a concert. Sir Frederick gave nothing but concerts, except matinees, and Sir Frederick prided himself on being the one amateur of music in broad Britain of whom foreign artists spoke as of a genuine patron, a real judge. They would have been struck by its originality, or singularly ungrateful, had they not recognised the merits of the harmonious baronet. The man was music mad, if ever man was so. Young fellows of the Guards' Club avowed that he played himself to sleep every night with a Stradivarius filled of unloosened pedalee. But it is a fact that he had music on the brain—that he was unflinching in his zeal—that he had taste as well as energy—and that his concerts, somehow, were the best in London. He was a rich baronet. His father had held high office, and had refused a peerage. The son was respected, and even liked, by those who thought him mad. A once nice man is sometimes popular. He had Highnesses write a point of attending the concerts which Sir Frederick and his blind wife gave, and yawned discreetly, if at all, at the ducal character of the programme.

The Minnies lived in a great house on the eastern fringe of Kensington, a great house, which had been altered, at much expense, with a special view to music. They were a childless couple. Personally, they were extremely unlike. 'Don't know a note, Lady M.' She couldn't tell the King of the Cannibal Islands from the Dead March in *Saul*, but still she's a capital wife for him, and smiles and smiles as if she understood all about it. I understand that his long-haired foreign fiddlers are quite fond of her, 'was a common remark on the part of unrepentant youths.

Lady Minnie was a large, handsome, silent woman, with the bust of a Juno. She had not had a penny, but then Sir Frederick had a considerable fortune. She was not conversational; not a good household manager, not brilliant in social intercourse, and yet her health and temper were beyond all praise, and her smiling stupidity made her very dear to her active husband,



and caused her to be liked and laughed at by her own sex. Sir Frederick himself was a little man in a black wig, with beady eyes and beaming brows, strangely busy, and preternaturally nimble. 'Jumps like a frog, and scours London, in his brougham, like a fashionable physician, but he's a good sort of man, to—very worthy old fellow, poor Sir Frederick Mumm,' such was the general verdict.

There are parties and parties. To be a guest at Sir Frederick's house, and back Kensington mansion was in itself a sort of distinction, much more so, for instance, than the more heterogeneous hospitalities of Vinlville House and Marble House, pitiful shacks as these were. Had it not been in this, and for the steady friendship of Royal Highness, which always does throw a golden sunbeam upon the favoured heli, the would-be children of fashion, tired out by the labours of a London season, would not have cared to compete for the privilege of heartening to scientific strains that died off, ever and anon, into quasi silence, and then throbbled or wailed on, feebly, provokingly, some said, like the flickerings of an expiring candle, until they blazed up into one triumphant crash and shower of sonorous fireworks, as it were, and then sobbed themselves to sleep—had it not been for the fact that space was valuable, and invitations a favour. There is always something exciting in pushing at a shut door.

The deep, heavy roll of the carriages sounded like summer thunder among the Alps, in proximity to the red Kensington mansion of Sir Frederick Mumm, on the evening of the last grand concert. Among the last to arrive were Lady Barbara Montgomery and her ward. The young mistress of Leominster House had adhered strictly to her original resolve, and wore a plain high mourning dress, without a scrap of lace or the sparkle of a gem to set it off. There were Leominster family diamonds, and Lady Barbara had been anxious that she who now possessed these should wear this or that almost priceless heirloom, but nothing could induce the fair young owner to swerve from what she had said, when first persuaded to appear at this crowded assembly. 'A plain black gown, as usual, dear Aunt Barbara,' had said the youthful heiress of so much wealth and splendour, 'but nothing more.' Yet how beautiful she looked, as she made her entry into that great concert room—it was more of a hall than a room, and how spontaneous was the murmur of unbidden admiration which followed her as she went. There was no lack of good looks in that distinguished company—quite the reverse. How could it be otherwise, in the great marriage market of the world. The two or three chief belles of the season were there, and many sweet competitors, and those young married damsels of high degree, whose photographs and praises are bandied about from hand to hand and tongue to tongue, and who have received the nickname of professional beauties. But they, too, in all the array of their charms, flashing in jewels and fine cloths, seemed outshone for the moment by this modest, girlish young creature, whose lovely head was crowned by no adornment save her golden hair.

The warm welcome which Lady Barbara had

predicted for her young charge may not have been more than meted up service, but it was, at any rate, a very flattering one. Lady Mumm came to bestow a handsome share of the sunshine smiles that with her did duty for articulate speech, upon her youthful guest. She was, as has been mentioned, a silent, bygone woman, who rarely talked to her friends, but who beamed upon them with honest eyes and dimpled cheeks and very white tiny teeth. 'So very kind of you to come to us,' was what she said, but the timid guest felt grateful to her because of her comforting method of saying it. And Sir Frederick, all the cares of the concert on his shoulders, fresh from a conference with Signor Alderlath, eager for an understanding, with Herr Fiddlebake, found time to rush up for a moment and make his bow, and whisper a word or two to Lady Barbara his old friend, and then plunged off into the fray. The Duchess of Snowdon too, and sundry other very great ladies, made a point, for Lady Barbara's sake, of being publicly very civil to the young Lady Leominster, concerning whom, and her strange dispute with her sister, such odd tales were afloat. Little Nell Tuttle, who had, by unheard of intimation and shameless solicitation, secured a card for the party, stood on tiptoe at the back of the crowd, and, as be noted the countenance which the cream of London society extended to the fair young lady, mentally determined that here was the winning cause. And then there was a hush and a settling, into places, and then, after a moment of agonised expectation on the part of Sir Frederick, as with quivering features he watched the baton of the leader of the orchestra, the concert began.

The concert itself it is perhaps needless, and even impossible, to describe, without resorting to the technical phrases of analysis, commendation, or blame, which form the stock in trade of the newspaper critic who are set in judgment over violins and violas. One concert, it least one of Sir Frederick's concerts, is very like another, but this one was pronounced, by enthusiastic long-haired esthetes of the innermost ring, lily waivered, sunflower worshippers, to have surpassed its predecessors, especially in the rendering of the chromatic chorals. And young ladies whose own pianoforte playing had been but dull dulcify for governess and pupil alike, and who did not know the difference between rendering chromatic chorals and dancing on the tight rope, swilled the chorus of applause and of encomium, and with pretty infinity, hushed out that dear old Sir Frederick's music was 'quite too—too,' just as they would have spoken of a winning racehorse at Ascot, or of a bank of asails at a flower show.

Behind a leafy shrub, or so far behind it that its stiff green leaves sheltered him from the observation of part of the audience, and leaning against the wall, stood Arthur Tillet. He had, himself unseen, noted his golden-haired friend's arrival, and the sensation which her beauty created, and he was scarcely able to withdraw his own eyes from that fair, innocent young face, on which a shade of sorrow seemed to rest, as when at times she spoke in answer to the remarks that were addressed to her during the pauses of the music. How like, how very much alike, not merely in features and in stature, but in expression, those

two sisters were? There was scarcely a turn of this young girl's head, scarcely a movement of her lips, that did not remind him of that other one whom he knew to be alone and sad in the dingy solitude of Bruton Street.

Presently there came an interval of rest for orchestra and singers—in *en scène*, as the French would have described it—and many of those present rose from their seats, and there was a general movement and a buzz of conversation. This stir brought Arthur face to face with his few friends, who had all then been un- aware of his presence. She held out her hand to Arthur with all the frankness of their old intimacy in far off Egypt. 'I am so pleased to see you, Mr Talbot,' she said. 'I began to think that you had gone back to your home in the country, or had forgotten us—*for, often me!*' It was a very sweet melancholy voice in which she spoke, and sweet too, and almost childlike, was the faint smile on those dainty lips. How different from her manner on the day when he had met with her in Regent Street, and when he had begun regretfully to think that she was being spoiled and hardened by prosperity and power. Even the tone of her speech in which she spoke had in it something fluttering to that soft love from which so few of us could justly boast to be quite free.

Lady Barbara, too, chided cordially in. Why had Mr Talbot forgotten his friends? He had become a stranger, indeed, at Leominster House, but if he liked to call, she would promise to forgive his tardiness. Dear old Lady Barbara talked, when she wished to please, like a printed book—so her juniors declared, and this was her method of being gracious. Then Lady Barbara turned to exchange greetings with a contemporary of her own, and Arthur Talbot and the fair bearer of the Leominster title talked together for a little time. The young man felt strangely embarrassed. He had only could resist the fascination of the lady's manner, and yet he remembered his pledge to her lonely sister, and loyally abstained from promising to visit her successful rival. He found this negative tick the easier because Lady Barbara suddenly intruded, saying, 'Clara, love, a very old friend of ours'—it must have cost the stately spinster an effort not to say 'our House'—'asks to be introduced to you—Lord Putney, of whom you have so often heard me speak.'

Now, Lady Barbara had never, to the young lady's knowledge, made mention in her presence of Lord Putney's name, but it was easy to tell by the intonations of her voice that she thought very highly of the nobleman who had craved to be presented to her youthful charge, and who now made his bow with a dilt suppleness and old-fashioned courtesy that would have done credit to a French *petit maître* of the pie Revolutionary days. In person, Lord Putney was slight and spare—an old bean, of course, but amazingly alert, and astonishingly well preserved. There was quite a natural pink colour in his patrician countenance, a colour that owed nothing to art. His very white teeth, of which he was a little vain, were all his own too, and though he had the trick of peering into people's faces through a great gold mounted eyeglass, it was only because such an affectation had been in vogue when the

sailor king reigned over us. There was nothing artificial about Lord Putney except the tint of his somewhat thin hair, which was dyed to a beautiful shade of almost golden brown, and of the long whiskers that blended with his carefully trained moustache, and which were also dyed to the same bright yellowish brown. The wrinkles in his face, the lines and the puckers, the tell tale marks, in fact, were not so perceptible with him as with some men so very much younger that they might have been his sons. But Lord Putney was a wonder in his way.

This mature nobleman's age—of course it is of Lord Putney that we speak—was patent and notable to all who chose to study any one of the gilt edged volumes, bound in red or blue, which tell us the most salient facts concerning our hereditary legislators. But then ours is a time when young men quickly grow old, when to be bald at three and twenty is not remarkable, and when strong emotions and restless minds mar the fresh smoothness of a youthful face with a rapidity that would have astonished our tougher ancestors. It was very odd for a philosophic observer to hear Lord Putney's mental vigour in mind, and then, with that knowledge ever present in his memory, to observe how he moved—how he skipped—how neat and slender and upright was his figure—how keen his zest for the enjoyment of life. And yet, older still, Lord Putney, gloried in being of the old school—'old school, good school,' he would say, and kept a dreadful little gold box in his pocket, enamelled at the top, that box, and with a history of its own. Imperial Somebody had given it to diplomatic Somebody at the Congress of Vienna. And my lord would take it out, and tap it significantly, and flourish it and open it, and practically present the scented snuff within to large lumbered, languid young swells of the generation, who recoiled from tobacco in such a form as from a snake.

Perhaps the most remarkable thing about Lord Putney was, that although what is called a ladies' man, although, too, what is called a marrying man, and ample as were his means, he had never been married. He had never even made a proposal of marriage. Perhaps his taste was too fastidious. Bachelors are sometimes apt to set up too high a standard for their ideal wives. Lord Putney was confidentially reported to have lectured over his claret, after dinner, on feminine perfection, and the difficulty of finding it, with tears in his eyes. His eyes were bent on the umbrelly clothed lady of Leominster, now, with unmistakable admiration. It was not so much her beauty that attracted him as the witty, simple, childlike grace of her bearing. How much of beauty had he seen in his time! and of simplicity how little! Lord Putney asked leave to call. He had not been back long, he reminded Lady Barbara, in London. He had been lingering at his Como villa, and then away in his yacht, or he should have paid his respects at Leominster House ere this. He was so old a friend of the family! Of course Lady Barbara bid him, smilingly, welcome as a prospective visitor. So did Lady Barbara's companion, to whom he probably appeared in the light of a kind, sprightly, old gentleman. 'I shall come back presently, at the finish,' said Lord Putney as he bowed and withdrew, and chairs were resumed, and the fiddles

were tuned afresh. And then the second half of the concert began.

The second half of the concert was, to all but experts, monotonously like the first. Crash and wail, wail and crash, with perhaps a little too much of the minor key, and too depressing an association of ideas, and the patience of the well-bred audience. The longest lane has, of course, a turning or a termination, and at last there was an end of Sir Frederick's concert. Then came the compliments from angust lips, echoed by those who were within the purple of nobility, but not within the sacred royal circle, and the thanks and the leave-taking, the cloaking, the scramble for carriages. Lord Putney gave the young lady of Leominster House his arm. Sir Frederick Minim, with a heated brow, came to meet Lady Barbara through the crowd. As they stepped into the splendid Leominster carriage, much admired by the London throng of neck-outdoor spectators, the younger lady started, as she encountered the overbright eyes and queer smile of Chinese Jack. Lord Putney said a polite word at the carriage door; then the equipage rolled off. 'Is he not charming?' asked Lady Barbara. The girl by her side was thinking of Chinese Jack, not of Lord Putney. She made no reply.

#### AN AGRICULTURAL EXPERIMENT WHICH PAID.

THERE is one question upon which two very different opinions are held by the two classes affected. The producer of vegetables, the market-gardener, is of opinion that the market is glutted, so much so, that he can barely make a living by their cultivation. He also laments that the masses know so little of the value of vegetables as to use not a tenth of what they might with advantage to their health. The consumer, on the other hand, laments that so little vegetable produce is sent into the market, for prices rise so high as to be almost if not entirely prohibitive to people of moderate means, to say nothing at all of those who are straitened. Whether the average inhabitant of our towns is aware of the hygienic value of vegetables or not, it is certain that were they plentiful and cheap, much greater quantities would be used.

Vegetables are almost as necessary for health as bread. Physiologists are pretty generally agreed that man's original food was fruits, nuts, and roots. In the nursery of the human race, the winterless regions of the earth, savage man found these foods in plenty all the year round. Migratory habits, however, carried him to regions where he could not find these except during a few months in autumn. For the nuts, he found a substitute in grain—cereal nuts—which is not a natural product, but an artificial product of civilization. Our grains are the result of long and laborious improvements, by continual selection, on comparatively worthless grasses. The wild-wheat is so; so are our vegetables. The wild forms are mere weeds, quite if not altogether unfit for human food. The grain of wheat, oats, barley; the cabbage, turnip, pea; nay, our apples, pears, and plums, gooseberries and strawberries, are as much monuments of man's skill and triumph over nature, as any of his wonderful mechanical achievements; ay, much more so, for

they are the results of the labours of countless generations.

As grains have taken the place of nuts, vegetables have to a large extent taken the place of fruits, possessing as they do much of the good qualities of the latter. In tropical countries, the use of fruit predominates; nature so guides men. In countries such as our own, grains form the staple, but high health is best secured by the use of fruits and vegetables. That man is really a frugivorous animal is seen in the enormous amount of oranges he consumes, and also apples; but were these and the common cabbage more plentiful, and consequently cheaper, much more would be used. The only limit to their consumption is the power of the people to purchase.

It is not often that the thing substituted is better than that the place of which it takes. Yet wheat is better food than nuts, if hardly so sweet. Nuts are more oily, but better on bread makes the substitute perfect, dietetically and gastronomically. Fruits or their substitutes—vegetables—are necessary. Without them, we should speedily become diseased, as was the case a century or two ago, when scurvy and other diseases, including even leprosy, raged furiously, and kept the population thin. The introduction of that all-the-year-round vegetable the potato, has done an amount of good that we fail to appreciate. So has the turnip, which has enabled us to keep our cattle healthy too, during winter, and has secured to us fresh meat and fresh milk instead of salted meat and hardened milk cheese. Potatoes are not perfect substitutes, as the craving for other vegetables and fruits proves. But how is a supply at once abundant and cheap to be got? That is the question, and we think an answer can be furnished. The middleman's services must be dispensed with, salesman's commissions, retail dealer's profits, the heavy rents charged for the necessary shops, and the loss sustained by unsold, decayed vegetables, must be got rid of, and this is how it was done in one case, and may be in most. Like fish, vegetables are dear not because they are not abundant, but because of the many intermediate hands employed in their distribution.

Like most public benefactors, Mr. Smith, as we shall here call him, helped the public by helping himself. Beginning life as a ploughman, he had, by sheer dint of shrewd economy and stern frugality, raised himself to the position of a small farmer, and supplied a portion of a manufacturing town in Scotland with milk. The town in question had grown rapidly; but, thanks to the exorbitant feu-duty asked by surrounding landlords, it had grown over into what were once gardens and open spaces; so the houses were huddled together in defiance of sanitary laws. The consequence was that almost the whole of the urban population depended on their greengrocer for every scrap of green food they used. But the same is true of every large town. The dairyman to whom Mr. Smith sold his milk was also a greengrocer; and it occurred to Mr. Smith one day that he would like to know the price of cabbages in a retail shop. He bought one; took it home, and weighed it; and found that, though it was by no means fresh, it cost just twopence, halfpenny per pound.

'What is the matter?' cried the old gentleman.

'I do not like bringing the police upon the scene,' I faltered. 'You know that I have no direct proofs against Mr Lamport. The phial has come into my hands in a roundabout way. Would it not be well to have it carefully analysed and—and—do all that is necessary before taking extreme measures?'

Dr Dawson's face grew more lowering with each word I uttered, and the form of his visage was wholly changed from the pedantic superciliousness it had borne during the earlier part of our consultation. I felt alarmed, though I could not tell why.

'Mr Leighford, your hesitation to bring this dangerous man to justice places you in a most unwise position.' The doctor spoke with severity—I was quite abashed—'You are young,' he continued in a more kindly tone, 'and know nothing of the exceeding gravity of the circumstances of this case. If you refuse to put the police to work, I shall take the matter in hand at once, and that will probably lead to your arrest, Mr Leighford.'

'Good heavens!' I cried in an agony of dread, 'what have I done?'

'That would be determined by a judge and jury,' returned the doctor with epigrammatic promptness.

I was confounded by this view of my position, and yet I was annoyed. I had perhaps been over confident, but I had not acted like a fool. I therefore could not help retorting. 'I think I could prove that I have neither been an idiot nor a homicide in Mrs. Garston's case.'

'Pooh!' snapped the old doctor. 'Prove that you have enough to get out of the affair without compromising yourself further. You ought to have had a consultation long ago. Go to the head constable at once.'

I looked at the hard red face before me almost breathlessly. The idea of being mixed up in a police court trial was almost revolting. I had a horror of publicity, and then I thought of its effect upon Miss Garston. But the hard red face was relentless, and I felt that I must submit.

'I am going into town, said Dr Dawson, pulling on his gloves with graceful deliberation, 'and I will drop you down at the head constable's office. Get your hat, I must be off.'

A quarter of an hour afterwards, the doctor's magnificent pair of bay cobs were pulled up with a grand flourish before the police office, and I stepped out of the carriage miserably furnished, wishing that Mr Lamport had been a thousand leagues away on the fatal night he had linked my fate with his.

Dr Dawson, who followed me into the office, was received with the consideration due to a magistrate, and the old chief constable listened to my communication with respectful attention. This somewhat calmed me, and I was almost at ease when the doctor rose to go. I would have gone also, but the chief constable requested me to stay.

'This will be a case for Inspector Knabman,' he said, 'you must see him.'

Responding to a call down a tube, a tall gaunt man came in. His face bore the queer mixed expression of simplicity and astuteness that could

be conceived. Mr Knabman was a celebrity that everybody had heard of, and I felt no little curiosity in coming into such close contact with him. While his superior officer was relating the purpose of my visit, the famous detective kept his eyes fixed upon me with a calm investigation that explored me to the core. I do not know if he was satisfied with me, for his opinions were not accessible to such an unsophisticated youngster as I was.

Having heard the particulars of the case impressively to the end, Inspector Knabman subjected me to the most drastic questioning I have ever known. I told all my facts, divulged all my conjectures, and made such a complete deliverance of everything that had happened during my attendance upon Miss Garston, that even my former appeal to be contented at last.

'Is this Italian herbalist, Pandofini, known?'

'Yes, sir,' replied Mr Knabman shortly, going on with his notes, for he began to make copious memoranda of the case. These being completed, he afterwards corrected them by a few secondary inquiries, then I was permitted to depart.

I walked slowly homewards, thinking over the whirl of things, in which I was being swept along almost as recklessly as a straw down a rapid stream. I pondered on the context of the destinies of outcasts with my own. A little while ago Mr Lamport was as unknown to me as an inhabitant of Surus, of his existence I was as unconscious as of the men who may tread the earth a million years hence. And this unsuspected personality had sprung suddenly from out the infinite crowd of humanity, and riveted my personality to his in the indissoluble bonds of crime. By what strange concatenation of things are men conjoined in this world!

From Mr Lamport, the transition to his victim was natural. If I had not been called to attend Miss Garston, if another medical man had been chosen to mask the murderer's designs, what would have happened? Perhaps the poor girl would have been hurried from the stage of life as abruptly as her father. When once we give up ourselves to a stream of speculations, there is no saying how far we may be carried, or what new and startling vistas we may behold. I had in some way saved Miss Garston's life. That life would go on perhaps for years. What sort of career would it be? Then I remembered how lonely and friendless the poor girl was. Probably the downfall of Mr Lamport meant the financial ruin of his victim. Thus poverty, with its corroding anxieties, with its narrow and darksome horizon, was sequential in the hideous train of suffering that Mr Lamport had put in motion. How could a lady nurtured in kindness and elegance endure the shocks and disgusts of the nether world into which necessary would plunge her? Miss Garston was no longer my patient. I saw her in new relations, a lone orphan, bereft of all that makes existence desirable. For the first time, I dwelt upon her personal appearance, her dark questioning eyes, which had long ceased to glare distrustfully into mine, and which met me with the sweet confidence of a child. Her delicate features, over which anguish fitted in a hundred modes, as

pitiless villainy worked its deadly way. Those fair young cheeks wasted, withered in their early bloom. The lips made for smiles, pallid, distorted, her bosom rent with agonies, which the monster who caused them could never feel. Why, I asked myself, are the base and the merciless permitted to inflict the extremities of physical and mental pain on the innocent and the helpless? How can the sublime intelligence of a man be degraded to infamies like these?

I reached home in a species of frenzy, which alarmed my mother and sister exceedingly. I am not of a demoniacal nature, thus my agitation was the more distressing to others and to myself. I told my mother all that had happened without reserve, and in doing so, I grew calmer. Then we had a long conversation respecting Miss Garston. How should I break to her the news that Mr Lamport was about to be executed for her attempted murder? A vast, yes, a fundamental revolution was trembling around her should its approach be announced, or was I to permit it to burst upon her unawares?

'If she is it all able to bear the communication, tell her,' said my mother. 'You will of course quietly prepare her for it. Women can endure far more than men suppose. Besides, if Miss Garston knows that she is in no further danger from that horrid man, that will sustain her.'

'But where is she to go afterwards?' I asked. 'I know she will not stay in Mr Lamport's house.'

'Bring her here,' returned my mother resolutely. 'Your sister and I will care for her until she is able to decide upon her future. You are sure that she will recover?'

'Dr Dawson is positive of it,' I returned. 'He says I have been mistaken as to the peril she has been in. Of that I have my own opinion. Still, I am bound to admit that she has rallied marvellously in a few hours. If I find her stronger when I return, I shall venture to tell her a few particulars about Mr Lamport's death, in trouble. But I will not mention the poisoning. Something she must be told, to account for the changes that will take place in the house. I hope Mr Lamport will not be arrested at home, that will demoralise the servants, and they will frighten my poor patient, and goodness knows what the result may be.'

It was now nearly four o'clock. I hurried to prepare Miss Garston for another change in her fateful life, fearing lest it might have been revealed by the event itself. But all was in its wonted order. The fine old mansion never looked more imposing. Upon it, the after-glow of a frosty sunset fell resplendently, its windows gleamed with rejoicing fires, as though a grand gala were in progress. The evergreen shrubs along the pathway were more withering than at summer's noon. By the side of the house, a gorgeous conservatory sent forth a glow of flowery loveliness that looked like fairyland. Every thing bespoke the home of wealth, taste, and luxury. And in the house, all was as usual, the servants pursuing their duties, from the kitchen came a faint hint of an exquisite repast preparing, along the lobby the portly butler walked leisurely, with a plate basket gleaming and jingling in his hand.

Miss Garston was still improving. She had

just dismissed the attendant who had performed her toilet, and she lay in the soft luminous of the fatigue it had caused. The sun fell rosy upon the bed, and lent a faint tint to the pale face lying on the pillow before me. A smile, a bright welcoming smile, and a flash from the sunlit eyes, told that I was expected.

I stood entranced for an instant at the changes that met my eyes. Hitherto, the sick room had been darkened to a twilight, the expression on my patient's face had varied from supplication, to terror and despair. Now all was radiant, transformed. Why did I thrill as I took Miss Garston's hand? Why did I tremble as I spoke to her?

But my embarrassment did not last long. I had a duty to perform infinitely more difficult than any that had fallen to my lot previously. With the utmost caution I opened the subject of Mr Lamport's affairs. I told of his business distresses, how he would have to leave his present abode and live on a lower level, and how Miss Garston would need another home. The prospect did not alarm her, as I feared, nay, she seemed almost glad at the impending separation from her self-styled guardian. Then I ventured to offer the hospitality of my mother's house until she was convalescent, and begged permission for an interview on my mother's part. These propositions somewhat disturbed my patient. I saw that I had gone as far as her strength would admit of, and bidding her rest, I left her with a promise to return later in the evening.

I had rickened the rest. Miss Garston was prepared for the inevitable, and her energies had seemed equal to the shock. But I quailed at the thought of the further strain that would be put upon her unfeeling powers, when Mr Lamport was brought to trial.

When I reached the library, I cogitated upon the courses that lay open to me. Should I wait where I was, until I learned if Mr Lamport were arrested, or should I return home to meet Mr Slough the bookkeeper, as arranged? I determined to stay, and so prevent any possible mischief to my patient. I therefore wrote a note, bidding Mr Slough to come to me without delay.

#### A FEW WORDS ON THE SALMON

It is difficult, in the present state of information on the subject, to appraise with anything like accuracy the amount of loss inflicted upon our salmon rivers by the disease from which this fish has recently suffered so heavily. The disease, referred to is attributed to the attack of a fungus called *Saprolegnia ferax*, which has been long known to infect sickly fresh water fish, and is very often seen on gold and silver fish insufficiently supplied with fresh water. It commonly attacks first the tail and other fins, but in the tributaries of the Solway, in the winter of 1876, it broke out with a hitherto unknown violence, and spread shortly to other streams. Its deadly development in these Solway rivers was first marked by the presence of a small sore on the snout or top of the salmon's head, described by careful observers as if cleanly eaten or scraped

out, and which in the course of some weeks increased in size and depth, till in many cases half the head seemed eaten out, the fish gradually becoming weakened, and only then becoming visibly affected with the fungus growth, which rapidly spread, eating into the flesh of the fish, and destroying it. This peculiar development of the disease has of late almost—if not entirely—disappeared from these rivers, though the fungus growth very often yet begins on the snout, afterwards spreading to the fins and other parts. From the Tweed in one year, fourteen thousand diseased fish were taken dead, and from the Tay in the same year two thousand, while from the Eden and its sister stream, the small river Esk, nearly as many have been taken for several years. This fungus seems to grow equally well on the dead bodies of its victims, which include many kinds of fresh water fishes and even insects.

The life story of the salmon has been often written, though no two narrators in telling the story seem to agree. The fish is mysterious in many of its movements, doubtless from the fact of its being a sea fish during certain portions of its existence. With unerring instinct the female deposits her eggs in some shallow stream out of these ova, issue in due course tiny creatures, which in course of time become parr in the months of April and May at the varying ages of one, two, and even—though in smaller number—three years, the pair acquire a new set of true salmon scales, and are then known as smolts, after which they are impelled by instinct to seek the salt water, where for some weeks they grow rapidly, some of them returning, as has been proved beyond doubt, as grilse in from six to ten weeks. Curiously enough, even part of the same brood do not all become smolts the same season, nor do all come back as grilse, the presumption being that many remain longer in the sea, some of them not returning to their natal streams till early the following spring, as spring salmon.

That it is to the young stock we have mainly to look for our food supply, is evidenced by the fact, that of six hundred 'kelts' (spawned fish) taken from the Tweed in one season, and carefully marked and returned, not one was ever heard of again in any river, and as further proof that comparatively few large fish ever return to spawn, we have the fact that, in many rivers where twenty pound fish are plentiful year after year, there are yet few fish of thirty pounds, while fish ranging from thirty five to forty pounds in weight are quite rare.

As we know from marked fish that salmon fry grow some seven pounds in the first two or three months after going to sea, and continue to grow rapidly while there, and as we know that salmon have but rarely been caught in Scottish waters weighing sixty or even fifty pounds, and very rarely indeed as high as seventy pounds, while we have no reason to

doubt that salmon of twenty or thirty pounds weight go on increasing rapidly in weight, it seems fair to conclude that the great proportion of large salmon which spawn in our rivers never return there. If they did, we would surely have many more fish of forty or fifty pounds weight and upwards. If it be a fair conclusion, that large fish, being less active, more readily fall victims to their sea foes, the great desiderata are the safety of spawn and (ii) the kelts being of comparatively little importance. In many of our rivers, salmon ascend through out the whole year. Many spawning fish do not leave the sea till December, and these doubtless succeed in spawning, ere they are affected by disease, and so strong is the reproductive instinct, that plaques stricken salmon cling to the spawning beds even when unable for any length of time to hold their own against the current. Thus the seed sown is still abundant. Sea trout, which in some rivers ascend almost exclusively in May and June, and being in July and August, being longer exposed to the virus in the duck-tamined streams before the breeding season, have suffered more acutely, in the Solway river; these beautiful fish have been greatly decimated.

A formidable looking, bony or cartilaginous hook grows on the point of the lower jaw of the male salmon as the breeding season approaches, fitting into a socket in the upper jaw when the mouth is closed. This 'rib' as it is termed, disappears somewhat mysteriously soon afterwards, and the common belief in Scotland is that it is specially provided for digging out the stones and gravel (the 'redd') wherein the female fish may deposit her roe, and for covering it up as the work proceeds. This is a popular fallacy. The skin of his 'rib' is as delicate as that of his snout, and little fitted for digging stones and gravel, while the position of the hook is unfavourable for such work. Had it projected outward instead of inward, or downward rather than upward, it had surely been a better adaptation.

The 'redd' or hollow in the gravel of the stream, which is the work of the female salmon, is usually supposed to be the depository of the spawn, and is formed during the process of spawning. Nevertheless, it is an undoubted fact that the fish deposits but a fraction of her eggs in this excavation. Indeed, it would take a very clever fish to continue burying her thousands of golden grains in one beam for three or four days—the usual spawning period when undisturbed—without casting out continually the seed already planted. Salmon select swift running streams for spawning, and prefer the upper part or crown of a stream, their instinct no doubt guiding them to cast their roe where there is a stretch of sharp running water below, with a suitable stony bed for its retention. The female selects her place,

and as she casts her roe, turns upon her side, making the redd by plying her great tail most vigorously, filling back in the stream and rising towards the surface of the water in the process. In making the redd, the plying of the tail fin, aided by the action of the swift current, whisks the gravel and stones down stream, till in course of time a basin is hollowed out, and the excavated stones and gravel form a scattered heap below.

This action of the tail in rusing the gravel may be readily illustrated by the sculling of an oar in similar water, and to discover how roe is unlikely to lodge in a salmon redd, let any sceptic take a few small pellets of clay and float them from his hand, when it will be seen that the trend of the stream caused by the dip in its bed casts them upwards, whirling and scattering them as they pass over the shallow caused by the raised gravel. In fact, a pair of human hands with a dibble could scarcely plant roe in a redd.

A further proof that the redds are not the true seed beds might be found in the fact that these are soon levelled up by floods, and that thus much of the roe would be hopelessly buried. There is abundance of spawn laid in the chief rivers in Scotland, and their salmon producing capacity is probably only limited by the food supply for the young fish.

Mr Lloyd, in his *Scandinavian Adventures*, gives the result of the observations of a friend (Mr A Keller) during a long residence on the river Save in Sweden. That gentleman erected an observatory over a spawning stream near his residence and made long and careful observations of the spawning salmon. He says 'The stream of the male at that time is at six or seven feet distance, directly in view of the female, and just beyond the heap of stones—that is, the tail of the redd.' Mr Keller kills us that during the day the female made numerous little excursions, chiefly to the slower water above. He says further 'Much of the time of the male fish is occupied in driving off interlopers,' and it seems a fair inference—from his inability to hold his position, and from the persistent efforts of other males in disputing it—that the tail of the redd, or even further down in a line with the redd, is the much coveted place. This is strikingly shown when the male fish makes a lengthened pursuit of an antagonist, during which time a third male—often a very much smaller fish—takes his post and holds it till the return of the rightful master.

Though the station of the male fish is considerably lower down stream than that of the female, and is thus, as it were, beyond the range of her vision, she will nevertheless insist upon a spot being there, as was proved by Mr Young of Inverness in his evidence before a Committee of the House of Commons in 1824. He stated that a female salmon which had its attendant male killed from behind it nine times in succession, retired on each occasion to the pool below, bringing back with her a fresh mate, and on the ninth errand not finding a salmon, returned with a large male yellow trout.

Pennell, in his *Angler Naturalist*, quotes an account of a great salmon battle witnessed by fishermen on a spawning stream in the Lindhorn, in which one of the fish was killed, and on being

examined, was found torn to the bone from head to tail. Pennell adds 'The weapon in all these attacks is the cartilaginous horn on the lower jaw, which is used as a sort of battering ram, the fish rushing on open mouthed.' Keller says the male fish attack each other 'usually with closed mouth, the hook of the lower jaw imbedded in the upper, thus affording the latter support, and still further lessening, as applied to himself, the effects of the concussion.' This seems both better authenticated and more probable than Mr Pennell's theory of making a battering ram of the point of the lower jaw. The impetuous rush of a large salmon, ending in a blow on the point of an open lower jaw, would assuredly dislocate that weapon of offence without doing much damage to his adversary's tough skin.

Some newspaper writers have been crying out against that unique and beautiful little bird the water ouzel, as a destroyer of salmon roe. These birds are nowhere numerous, and do not particularly frequent spawning ground in the spawning season. They may pick up a few outwashed grains, and he is a poor proprietor and a needy angler who would grudge these to such a charming winter sport and pleasant river side companion. The late Mr Buckland examined the crops of several water ouzels shot on spawning ground without finding a single salmon egg, the contents per centae being mostly of some of which we believed to be destructive of salmon roe.

Fly, trout, heron, and gull destroy myriads of young salmon, and we have seen wild flocks sweeping a piece of water—exactly as fishermen sweep a long canal with their nets—and driving the small fish into shallow water, where they rapidly enclosed them. But the destruction of fry by the foregoing jattons is probably surpassed by the havoc wrought amongst the fry by their own progenitors, the 'kelts.' This is most serious in small rivers, and in dry spring term, when evil kelts do not get to sea to satisfy the voracious appetite which seems to come upon them with their new spring coat of scales. At such times, kelts have often been observed stationed at the narrow tail of a stream, snipping up smolts in rapid succession as these allow themselves to drift seawards, tail first, and when in such dry terms the kelts may be seen in hundreds in one pool, some conception may be formed of the loss at a time when smolts are ready to become salmon.

With our present ideas as to the heinousness of spawning breeding salmon, it is curious to look back a few years and to see how popular this practice then was. Indeed, nearly every town and village in the vicinity of a salmon stream has its old men who yet recollect, with a sparkle of youthful fire in their eyes, to their 'hunting' exploits. Now that salmon-kilting has been made illegal, much of the Border sentiment that once pervaded the existing practice has died out, though there is yet to be seen an occasional 'light' illumining some well known salmon hole, and occasionally strays are heard of between water bailiffs and poachers. Still, the preservation of salmon is not without certain evils, if we can believe the assertions of trout-fishers, who declare that their speckled quarry is on the decrease owing to the comparative





hope of receiving countenance in other attractive quarters.

It may, however, be hoped that, in the long run, even without this system, the facilities given here for speedy settlements between estranged lovers will help to make young people less rash or less capricious. It would no doubt be unfortunate if so mean a motive as the fear of having to pay substantial damages should be alone or mainly depended upon for insuring greater constancy to plighted troths. If this were so, there might be some grounds for deploring the yet more deplorable evil of an increase of divorce cases. But still even this mercenary feeling may sometimes help to teach foolish flirts of either sex that promises of wedlock are too sacred and serious a subject to be trifled with. Should a few more verdicts, with round sums attached to them, teach capricious wooers how dangerous it is to 'propose' in haste and repent at leisure, the result will certainly rejoice all good-hearted people, who regard the exposure of lovers' quarrels with sentiments more or less tinged with pain.

#### PLEISTOCENE GIANTS

In *Nature* for April 19th the Duke of Argyll, quoting from a communication received from the Governor-general of Canada, writes as follows:

I have been surprised to see in the English scientific journals no notice taken of the very remarkable discovery reported from the Californian Academy of Science in a paper communicated to that body by Charles Dighton Gibbs, C.E., on the discovery of a great number of (apparently) human footprints of a gigantic size in the State of Nevada. It appears that in building the State Prison, near Carson City, the capital of that State, there was occasion to cut into a rock composed of alternate layers of sandstone and clay.

On several of the clay floors exposed in this operation great numbers of tracks of all sorts of animals have been exposed. These tracks include footprints of the mammoth or of some animal like it, of some smaller quadrupeds apparently canine and feline, and of numerous birds. Associated with these are repeated tracks of footsteps, which all who have seen are agreed can be the footsteps of no other animal than man, and the engravings and photographs which accompany the paper leave no doubt on the mind of any one who sees them. The most remarkable circumstance characterising them is their great size. In one case there are thirteen footprints measuring nineteen inches in length by eight inches wide at the ball, and six inches at the heel. In another case the footprints are twenty-one inches long by seven inches wide. There are others of a smaller size, possibly those of women. One track has fourteen footprints, thirteen inches long. The distance between the footprints constituting a 'step' varies from three feet three inches to two feet three inches and two feet eight inches, whilst the distance between the consecutive prints of the same foot constituting a 'pace' varies from six feet six inches to four feet six inches. In none of the footprints of the deposit are the toes or claws of animals marked. As regards the beasts, this is probably due to the 'slushy' state of the

mud when the tracks were made. But in the case of the human footprints it is probably due to the use of some kind of shoe or moccasins.

I need not say that so far as the geological horizon is concerned this discovery does not carry the existence of man beyond the Quaternary Mammalia, with which it has long been pretty clear that he was associated in prehistoric times. Nevertheless it is, if confirmed, a highly remarkable discovery, especially as connected with the various inscriptions so curiously made in the Jewish Scriptures, 'And there were giants in those days' hitherto, so far as I know, the remains of prehistoric man, so far as hitherto discovered, have not revealed anything abnormal in point of size. It is just possible that the slippery and yielding nature of the muddy lacustrine shore on which the tracks were made may have partly occasioned the apparent size. But the photographs and engravings, exhibit them as very sharp and 'clean-cut.' Professional Indian trackers have been employed to examine the tracks, and none of them seem to have the smallest doubt as to the footprints being human.

As to such a charming winter conjurer in a river side companion. The late Mr. Auckland examined the crops of several waterfowls shot on spawning ground without finding a single salmon egg, the contents *per contra* being seen to be some of which are believed to be destructive of salmon roe.

Pike, trout, herring, and gulls destroy myriads of young salmon, and we have seen wild ducks keep a piece of water—exactly as fishermen sweep a lung circle with their nets—and driving the small fish into shallow water, where they rapidly enclosed them. But the destruction of fry by the foregoing 'luttons' is probably surpassed by the havoc wrought amongst them by their own progenitors the 'kelts.' This most voracious in small rivers, and in dry spring runs, when such kelts do not get to sea to satisfy the voracious appetite which seems to come upon them with their new spring coat of scales. At such times, kelts have often been observed stationed at the narrow tail of a stream, jumping up smolts in rapid succession as these follow themselves to drift seawards, tail first, and then in such dry terms the kelts may be seen in hundreds in one pool, some conception may be formed of the loss at a time when smolts are ready to become salmon.

With our present allusion to the hamonness of spawning breeding salmon, it is curious to look back a few years and to see how populous our prairie then was. Indeed, nearly every town and village in the vicinity of a salmon stream is its old men who sit roving, with a sparkling youthful fire in their eyes, to their 'hunting plots.' Now that salmon hunting has been made illegal, much of the Border sentiment that once pervaded the exciting pastime has died out, though there is yet to be seen an occasional 'light' illumining some well known salmon lie, and occasionally affairs are heard of between water bailiffs and poachers. Still, the preservation of salmon is not without certain evils, if we can believe the assertions of trout

Printed and Published by W & R CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 438 High Street, EDINBURGH.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Fourth Series

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No 1018—Vol. XX

SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1883

PRICE 1½d

## DOGS THEIR HUMANE AND RATIONAL TREATMENT

BY DR GORDON STABLES, R.N.

IN TWO PARTS.—II. THE DOG IN SICKNESS

A LARGE amount of responsibility devolves upon any one who undertakes the treatment of the ailments of the lower animals, and he must be morally bad who, having taken charge of a case, does not exert his utmost skill to bring it to a successful termination. Probably the dog, more than any other domestic animal, feels and suffers, ay, and understands, although he cannot tell in words where the pain lies, nor complain if neglected or improperly treated. His very dependence commands our sympathy and claims our skill. His beseeching, watchful eyes, when really ill, tell us that he trusts us and knows we will try to do him good, and he will be grateful too, grateful with a gratitude we but seldom find in human patients.

Animals in the wild state do not appear to be subject to a great variety of ailments, it is only when they become domesticated, when they throw in their lot with man, and share with him his pleasures, sports, and enjoyments, that they become destined to share with him his troubles and illnesses as well. From this fact, we gain a useful lesson in treating the creatures we take under our care, whether they be birds or beasts, and the more completely their existence in domesticity, their feeding, their housing, their exercise and freedom, and their supply of water, not only for drinking but for the bath, are made to assimilate to what they would have been in the wild state, the less likely will they be to succumb to disease.

Although the ailments that canine flesh is heir to are very numerous indeed, and their diagnosis difficult even to the experienced veterinary surgeon, still the more common of these can usually be treated successfully by the animal's owner, who has the advantage over even the skilled 'vet,' namely, that he is constantly with the dog; and

if he cares for him, his eye will mark at once the slightest deviation from the path of health, and nip the illness in the bud.

If, then, 'prevention is better than cure,' it is well that we should know not only the ordinary causes of disease, but the first symptoms of coming illness also. Diseases in dogs may arise from infection, contagion, or epizootic influences, or from neglect and bad management—that is, management that goes contrary to all the well known and simple laws of health. Infection or contagion is best guarded against by keeping the dog well up in condition, by making it a rule never to take him abroad while he is fasting, by restricting his liberty in some measure, preventing him, under penalty of the whip, from eating garbage on the street, or holding nasal communion with every strange dog he meets, and from bathing in stagnant water or still pools where cattle drink.

Epizootic influences are more difficult to guard against, but if a dog is well tended and well fed, he will be less likely to fall a victim to any prevalent form of disease.

The commoner causes of illness in the dog are—(1) Mismanagement in the matter of diet, want of regularity in the time of feeding, want of variety, the too constant use of biscuits or meat instead of a mixed diet, unwholesome or stale food, too little food, and indiscriminate feeding, or the abuse of dainties. (2) Impure water, which often produces dire illnesses in the dog. (3) A damp unwholesome kennel—dry straw thrown over wet, for instance, or a floor of cold stones or brick. (4) Uncleanliness of kennel, of coat, or surroundings. (5) Want of exercise. (6) Exposure to cold while the dog is at rest. (7) Exposure to wet while fasting, and (8) Both of the latter combined, as when a poor dog is left cold and hungry to shiver in the rain at a door step.

The morning bath, a bucket douche, or a short swim in the sea or a running stream, is a valuable agent for maintaining a dog in health. And even at the risk of being regarded as possessed of extreme views, I must say that a dog's mental condition exerts an influence for good or evil on

the state of his health. It is well known to dog breeders that dogs that are happy seldom ail, that those who are not permitted free intercourse with their masters or owners, often do, and that one can generally tide a puppy over all its baby ailments by keeping it dry, warm, clean, and well amused.

One of the most dangerous and fatal illnesses which dogs can have is what is called distemper. There is a good deal of general misunderstanding about this ailment and its symptoms. It is a mistake to believe that all dogs must have distemper. I have not had a case in my kennels for many years, but pups that go thence, sometimes after a while—being exposed to adverse influences—take the disease and die, while their brothers and sisters at home are living and well. Dogs are no more 'obliged' to have distemper once in their lives, than a human being is to have measles. Young dogs about the teething months are more subject to it than at any other period, but old dogs are sometimes attacked also, and a dog may even have distemper twice during his lifetime. Distemper is one of those diseases on which quack dog doctors fatten, and druggists' apprentices get pocket money by. There is no such thing as a specific for the cure of distemper. The notion of such a thing is eminently absurd. One might as well expect to cure smallpox after the eruption began, with a specific, as distemper when prominent symptoms show themselves. But specifics are given in cases of common colds with running at the nose—erroneously called 'distemper,' the dogs recover, and are then said to be over distemper.

This disease really is caused by a poison absorbed in the blood, which nature seeks to eliminate through the mucous membranes that line the respiratory passages, beginning with those in the nose and pharynx, giving rise to the evolution of water first, then mucus, hence the running at the nose and eyes, which is usually the first symptom that draws attention to the disease. But before this, the animal has been unwell, there has been loss of appetite, probably shivering, a dry staring coat, and emaciation. This emaciation, thus falling away in flesh and condition, is one of the most important and diagnostic symptoms of distemper. A young dog may have cold and cough with running at the nose, but if there be no wasting, danger is not to be feared, and in this case, if you give him a dose of castor oil in the morning, with from a tea-spoonful to a tible spoonful of Mindererus spirit and a little sweet nitre at night, a dry warm bed and lower diet for a day or two, and you will have him all right again. But if the dog is noticeably thinner, with a distressing cough, and pinched, pained appearance of face, the sooner a skilled 'vet' sees him the better. All 'vets,' remember, are not skilled in the treatment of dog diseases. The practice of too many of them is 'rule of thumb' and rough, but in justice to the profession, let me add that of late years more attention has been given to the study of canine ailments in our veterinary colleges. The reason why advice should be taken in cases of distemper is that the disease assumes various types, and the symptoms need watching and combating as they present themselves. Serious lung inflammation may occur, or head symptoms, fits, &c., generally fatal, or acute diarrhoea and dysentery. But medicine is not everything; good

nursing is half the battle. Opiate cough mixtures and diarrhoea mixtures may be needed, but in any case the dog must be kept in a warm dry apartment, with, if necessary, a fire in the room; he must be covered up if cold, his bed must be soft and easy, and while he is kept scrupulously clean, he must get all the fresh air possible, and sunshine too. His food must be light at first, while there is fever, and while the inside of the thighs and stomach is hot. He must be fed little and often, and have cooling, soothing drink and fresh water, which he may lap at *libitum*. When the fever abates, let the food be more nourishing—beef tea, eggs, and probably a little raw minced meat. If there be much prostration, give good port frequently, or even a little brandy and water. But never overdo your dosing either with food or physic. Quinine is valuable in the latter stages of the complaint, with gentle exercise, but no excitement or fatigue.

Inflammations of all kinds are ushered in by rigors or some degree of shivering, with great heat of skin, dry nose, injected eyes, staring coat, want of appetite, great thirst, general uneasiness, and derangement of the ordinary functions. The seat of the inflammation may be one of the vital organs, such as the lungs, the liver, or the intestine. In a case presenting such dangerous symptoms as the above, the aid of a 'vet' is to be obtained without delay. Meanwhile, if you value the dog, he ought to be removed at once to a warm, comfortable, well ventilated apartment. An outhouse will do, if it be free from damp and draughts. A dose of castor oil, with one half the quantity of syrup of buckthorn, and a few drops of laudanum in it, will do good, and no more can be done until the 'vet' comes. In inflammations, as in distemper, nursing and care are half the battle, but in carrying out the treatment, the animal is to be disturbed as little as possible. Quietness and rest are imperative.

Diarrhoea in dogs is often a dangerous complaint. Keep the animal as quiet as possible. Give just one mild dose of castor oil, then give the chalk mixture of the shops, with a few drops of laudanum in each dose. This should be given four or six times a day, if needed. Food no meat, only farinaceous diet and milk. If weakness prevails, eggs, beef tea, port-wine and brandy.

Colic—This is a painful illness, distinguished from inflammation in this way—the pain is not constant, but so extreme at times as to make the dog rush about howling, there is little if any fever, and rubbing gives relief. Give castor oil at once, and thereafter an antispasmodic of some kind, brandy and water hot, with spice in it, is always handy, and several doses should be given. Pomest the stomach well in the intervals with hot water. An opium pill will afterwards do good, and the dog should be kept very quiet for a few days.

In colds and coughs and all febrile disorders, a cooling mixture can be prepared by mixing Mindererus spirit, sweet nitre, and a little chlorate of potash in water sweetened with glycerine, and giving a dose proportionate to the dog's size three times a day.

Of ordinary medicines, a dog of collic size will require about as much as a man; bigger dogs more, smaller less. A dog will stand more alcohol and opium than it would be safe to give to a

human being, but less mercury. Nux vomica is a dangerous drug to give to a dog. Paregonic, tincture or syrup of squills, and Friar's balsam, are capital remedies for coughs. Tartar emetic is another dangerous remedy, which kennelmen and so-called dog doctors are too fond of prescribing. Opium should be given with caution, and its effects carefully watched. Chloral has found its way into the canine pharmacopœia, and is at times useful in conquering spasm and allaying excitement. It is dangerous.

Flies are common in dogs. If not the result of distemper, poisoning, or some nervous ailment, they are brought on by errors in diet and treatment. The cause should be sought for, and removed. Give an aperient once or twice a week, castor oil or Pullar water, good food, the bath, gentle exercise, and a tonic, from one to five grains of sulphate of zinc in a few grains of extract of dandelion twice a day. Beware of excitement.

Dandelion extract is a capital liver tonic, and may be made the vehicle for the exhibition of most other tonics, such as quinine or the extracts of gentian or gusonia. The last is a capital bitter and anthelmintic tonic, and ought to be better known than it is.

For indigestion, rhubarb, ginger, and aloes, may be used, but get the dog into better form, if lean, feed well, if fat, give aperients and exercise, but in any case, regulate the diet and give a morning bath.

Joint lice and rheumatism require the attention of the 'vet'. The former is often fatal, some times rapidly so. Chaulmoogra pills aid in curing rheumatism, and the application of the heated flat-iron or bags of hot sand removes pain, with judicious doses of opium or paregonic.

Canker in the ear is known by the dog shaking his head, and by the exudation of badly smelling matter. It is difficult to cure, because so apt to be neglected. The dog is generally out of condition. This must be seen to. His system should be kept cool by aperients twice a week, and plenty of well washed greens in the food, and the animal's body should be washed once a week. A solution of ordinary green tea makes a good lotion, or either alum, sulphate of zinc, or nitrate of silver, two grains to an ounce of distilled water. Before the tea spoonful of lotion is put into the ears, to be there retained for one minute, they must be washed out with warm water—no soap. Do this twice a day with great regularity. Dry out with a soft rag.

Canker, worms, and mange are the most common of all dog diseases, and indeed it is not unusual to find all three diseases combined in the same animal. It will serve every useful purpose to merely say that the parasites most commonly found in the intestines of the dog are the tapeworm and the round worm. 'Vets' are in the habit of talking about a third, which they call the 'maw worm', but this is merely cast-off joints of the tapeworm. It must not be forgotten, however, that each of these joints is a separate individual, capable of propagating its species, and that the so-called tapeworm is in reality a conjoined association of parasites. The symptoms that would lead one to conclude his dog was suffering from worms would be somewhat as follows: unhealthiness of skin, emaciation

without fever, some swelling of the region of the bowels, alternate diarrhoea and constipation, and an uncertain or ravenous appetite.

Areca nut is the best cure we have for tapeworm. It should be freshly ground, and the dose is about two grains for every pound the dog weighs. For round worms we give santonine (pure), from one-third to three grains. We have also kamala—ten to one hundred and twenty grains—a valuable anthelmintic for tapeworm. The dog, to be doctored must be fasting, he should have had no food for eighteen or twenty hours previously. The powder is made into a ball with lard, and put down the throat, and two hours after, he is to have a dose of castor oil, or twice the quantity of pure olive oil, then a bowl of good soup, warm. This will get rid of the worms, but the dose should be repeated four days afterwards. We have to remember, that in killing the parasites we do not get rid of the condition of constitution that made it possible for them to live in the dog, therefore, an entire change of diet will be required, the animal must be washed carefully twice a week with dog soap, and from one to five grains of that excellent anthelmintic tonic, the extract of quassa, should be given twice or thrice a day in a little dandelion extract. Give also cod liver oil, to bring the animal into condition, with an occasional mild aperient.

There are at least half a dozen skin diseases classed under the general head of 'mange'. Some of these are caused by parasitical insects, visible only by aid of the microscope, others are constitutional. In some cases, the itching is very extreme, even when there is but little to show for it. Nearly every case of mange will yield to treatment, if judiciously and unremittingly carried out. Fowler's solution of arsenic is our sheet anchor as regards internal medicine. From a half drop to six drops, according to the weight of the dog—ranging from five to one hundred and fifty pounds—should be given three times a day in the food for a fortnight, gradually increasing the dose till it has reached from three to fifteen drops. Then the medicine is to be omitted for two days, and begun again for another fortnight, giving now from one drop to twelve drops three a day. The medicine must be labelled 'Poison', and used with great care. A sulphur and mercurial ointment should be well rubbed into the skin three a week, after the dog has been washed. It is composed of one part of the green iodide of mercury ointment, two parts of sulphur ointment, and three parts of oil. A milder plan of treatment is to give the animal sulphur internally every morning, and drench the skin with whale oil, keeping him in a warm room—temperature sixty five to seventy degrees—for a week or a fortnight.

The disease called rabies, or dog madness, is a very terrible one, but far less common than people imagine. Indeed, dogs that are not rabid at all are constantly being killed by ignorant people. It is difficult to give concisely even the diagnostic symptoms of rabies, but when any indication of the disease is given, or anything suspicious is observed about the dog's manner, he ought to be put under restraint and watched, and advice sought respecting his condition. He may evince too much affection for his owner at

first, and want to lick his face and hands more eagerly than usual. He may be nervous and strange, morose, and desirous of solitude or shelter. Then he may become watchful and suspicious, and indeed there is an entire change in his manner. His appetite may at first be voracious, and he drinks water with avidity, even plunging his head in it. His tastes become depraved. He will be found eating cinders, wood, &c., or even chewing or biting stones. He looks haggard and gloomy, and snaps at imaginary flies, and there is a strange look about his eyes. These are merely premonitory symptoms, by and by the furious stage comes on. I have no desire to describe this, nor is there any occasion. The animal should be destroyed at once, but humanely, as soon as the disease is made out unmistakably to be one of rabies.

Many of the suggestions I have made from time to time in my books and writings have been adopted, some even by the legislature, but one has not. It is this: the premonitory symptoms of rabies should be printed on the back of every dog license.

About three hundred thousand dogs have passed through the Home at Battersea in twenty years, but the overseer tells me he has never seen one suffering from rabies.

Let me conclude by saying a word or two about dog bites. They are hardly ever dangerous, but should nevertheless be well sucked, washed in salt and water, or, better still, rubbed with hart-horn or strong washing soda, and cauterised as soon as possible. If the dog that did the mischief be suspected of being rabid, by all means keep him alive, to make sure. It will be a great relief to the feelings of the person wounded to know that the dog is living, and well. If a dog is not rabid at the time he bites, his going mad months afterwards will have no effect on the person bitten. From all those bitten by really mad dogs do not, as a mad, and a bite from a healthy dog is comparatively harmless.

Contrary to general opinion, more dogs go mad in the early spring months than in the heat of summer. Whenever a dog bites any one, we ought not to rush off at once and punish the poor fellow. Even a dog must be treated justly, let us therefore find out what temptation or provocation led to the act, before we make up our minds to chastise him. A verbal reprimand is often more effectual than an application of the cruel and generally unnecessary whip. A man has no truer, braver, more faithful friend than his dog, surely, then, it is his duty to make him as comfortable and happy as possible, and to strive to keep him in health.

## ONE FALSE, BOTH FAIR,

OR, A HARD KNOT

CHAPTER XXVI.—'I REMIND DON'T THINK I SHALL MARRY'

Of all the many clubs of London, perhaps the Elmcus is the most select. It stands, like most of its younger brethren, within short walking distance of St James's Palace and Whitehall, but it has no architectural pretensions to boast of. It is a very old club. My Lord March, afterwards Duke of Queensberry, and much

better known as wicked Old Q, lost and won very many games there. It is a small club, very hard of access, and Lord Putney was now the oldest member, and so, metaphorically, the Father of it. He was at the Elmcus now, on a hot August afternoon, when wretched MPs were asking one another whether there would ever be an end of committees by day and divisions by night, and when an exacting ministry would permit escape to cooler regions. He stood in the small bay window, amongst a group of languid members with newspapers in their hands, tapping his gold snuff box and talking about himself, as was his wont. Now, to talk of one's self and to do it gracefully and well, is an accomplishment, not, of course, if the audience be of the female sex—sisters, cousins, aunts, and dear girl friends of the family. Women like to hear a man talk about himself, and brag about his merits, and pity his own misfortunes, just as, on the prairie, the squaws are all attention when Mad Buffalo bursts out with his war song and his tomahawk dance, just before the raid into Pale face territory. But it is more difficult when the auditors are men. Lord Putney managed it pretty well.

'I really don't think I shall marry,' said the old beau, for the third time that afternoon. Indeed, it was a catchword of his, and he was hardly aware how often it sprang to his lips. His juniors, who heard it thus repeated, could scarcely preserve their gravity, and indeed the old lord's favourite phrase, taken in combination with his shaking hands and restless limbs and twitching features, made the speech almost resemble that of some comedian at a music-hall. Slender and trim and nimble, Lord Putney had remained, at an age which had relegated most of his competitors to a gouty chair or the family vault, but his nerves were unsteady, and his experienced valet often equalled him swiftly and apprehensively, as a dealer would contemplate a costly picture from which the paint was peeling off. 'I don't believe I shall,' went on his lordship boastfully, as if endeavouring to impress a fact on the incredulous minds of those around. 'I am so hard to please, you see.'

'O yes, you will, Putney. I've always booked you as a marrying man, and I'm to do a lot in the way of shying rice and satin slippers, eating slices of wedding cake, and returning thanks when the bridegroom's health is drunk. You'll marry, never fear,' rejoined young Lord Lapping, who was barely twenty one.

'I don't think so myself,' replied the other peer, with perfect gravity. 'It isn't, Lapping, as those other fellows know, that I haven't been sorely tempted. When I remember the lovely creature, by Jove! splendid woman, who have been brought out in London society, and whom it only rested with myself to convert into Lady Putney—'

'Hear, hear!' called out, in a bass voice, a big man with tawny moustache and sleepy eyes, from his easy chair.

'Quite accurate, Seymour, you ought to remember an instance or two, only men are so abominably selfish,' went on the unabashed dandy. 'Even now, if I wore a trifle less red, less prudent—ah, yes. I've been at minister House almost every day this fortnight

part—ever since the Minnie concert, you know it's rather a favour to be asked there, of course, in the present state of things, but the ladies do ask me—can't do without me, I believe. It's not in my nature to deny a pretty woman any thing but one, and that, of course, don't you guess—is a proposal. 'Too old a bird to be caught with chaff, hey, Lapwing? I've promised to look in at Leominster House to-day, by George! for a cup of five o'clock tea, and, by Jove! I must be going. See you fellows again, after dinner, hey?—I really don't think I shall marry, Seymour, you dog,' added Lord Putney in conclusion, as he smote jocosely on his big friend's shoulder with the white wrinkled palm of his bejewelled hand, and then, with a valk dictory nod, was gone.

The other members of the group looked at one another and laughed, with the lazy good humour of the true clubman.

'Poor Putney! he was always like that, remarked one of the company. 'Chance for some penniless girl, though, for Putney is a very big fish. Ninety thousand a year, they say, from the London property alone. And then there are all the Hertfordshire estates. That young Lady Leominster, rich as she is, and pretty as she is, might do worse.'

'She, at her time of life—rubbish!' said young Lord Lapwing. 'Even old Putney would not be capable of marrying a girl young enough to be his grandchild. I chaff him, and he likes to be chaffed, but he'll no more marry than'—

'Good thing for poor Withers, if he don't put in Sir Horace Seymour, over the edge of his newspaper.'

The Withers in question was Lord Putney's cousin, heir at law, and pet aversion, a hard worked cavalry major, with six children and a sickly wife, in cantonments at Secunderabad, under the broiling sun of India. And then nothing more was said of the peer and his fustics.

Meanwhile, Lord Putney, with his high stepping horses doing their best to whirl the light brougham along, was conveyed on rapid wheels to Leominster House, and was at once ushered into the great sombre drawing-room which was in general use. There were other and yet larger saloons in the London mansion, which Lady Barbara indeed could remember blurring with walklights and peopled with guests, but which for years and years had presented a ghostly and funereal appearance, with their muffled furniture, shrouded mirrors, and swaddled chandeliers. The elderly peer had been a frequent, an almost daily visitor at the town palace of the Marquess of Leominster since the memorable date of Sir Frederick's concert, and a welcome one. Lady Barbara, who had a sort of hereditary esteem for the wearers of the Putney coronet, and who had learned long ago to regard the present lord as a then fascinating young man and leader of fashion, received him with cordial courtesy. The young lady herself seemed glad to see him, and to hear the gossip which was ever ready on his glib tongue, as on that of a fashionable physician.

On this occasion, Lord Putney found her alone. 'I am so sorry, she said, 'Lady Barbara is not here. I am expecting her in half an hour, but she was obliged to go to a friend, Lady—

forget the name, but some one she has known all her life, who lives in Mohock Street, I think my aunt called it, and is ill—Let me offer you some tea, Lord Putney. I am sorry Lady Barbara is not here.'

Lord Putney did not seem to partake of her sorrow, for an expression of satisfaction, not to say a smirk, hovered about the corners of his mouth. He sat there, smiling, and holding the delicate cup of egg-shell porcelain between his jewelled, trembling fingers. He did not care much for its fragrant contents, it is a new variety of our neo Queen Anne period to be enthusiastic about the tea that cost some twenty shillings a pound when Pope wrote and Secretary Bolingbroke plotted. Some of the golden youth with whom Lord Putney associated—he liked, as some mature foplings do, to consort with the young—were almost as fond of tea as were their own aunts and aunts. But Lord Putney could never forget that he had belonged to a hard living generation, that had despised tea, and had branded it by the opprobrious name of 'cat-lap.' What the elderly dandy really relished was curaçoa. He believed in the virtues of that elixir, and had sipped four glasses of it, since luncheon, at the Lotus Club that very afternoon. He wished he had a little more of the cordial now, for his hands shook provokingly, and his rings rattled against the teaspoon in the flimsy porcelain saucer.

The conversation did not exactly languish, but it was very unequally sustained, the visitor taking, as was his habit, the lion's share. Lord Putney had always piqued himself upon the abundance of small talk at his command, and was prone to attribute much of his popularity to his own store of anecdote and readiness of repartee. On this occasion, however, he was screwing up his courage for a communication much more important than any second-hand London story could be, and presently he said: 'My dear Lady Leominster, I am not very unhappy—lad, rather, by George! that our good Lady Barbara—for whom I have a monious respect, really—is absent for the moment. This sounds ill bred on my part, but permit me, pray, to explain. It is, that I have something to say—to you.'

'To me, Lord Putney?' returned the lady, turning her candid blue eyes upon the veteran's face, as if unable to divine the reason for his speech, or for the marked emphasis laid upon the personal pronoun with which it ended.

'Something to say,' pursued Lord Putney, who, once launched, went swimmingly on, 'which can be breathed to you ears alone—something which is very near to my heart, and—can you not guess, dear Lady Leominster, dear Clare—I may call you Clare, may I not?' This was very insinuatingly said, and in a low, hesitating tone, that would have done credit to a *jeune premier* making his timid declaration on the stage to a heroine in white satin and jewels.

The girl looked, as if surprised, at her visitor, and then her eyes drooped. 'I have no objection,' she said sadly, as a lonely child might have spoken. 'There are so very, very few to call me Clare now. And you, Lord Putney, are a friend.'

'I would be a friend to you, indeed I would,' fervently exclaimed the titled dandy. 'I would devote my life to your service, if you would

but gave me the right to protect and cherish the fairest—dearest — O Clare, adorable creature, it is more than friendship that I ask and offer! As your husband, I should be the proudest, the happiest! —

'Lord Putney.' The young lady seemed fairly startled now. She grew very pale, and rose from her chair, like a frightened fawn from amidst the fern. 'I never dreamed—and then, you forget! Her eyes had lit on the mourning garb she wore, and with a reproachful, fearful glance at her elderly sister, she sank back in the seat from which she had risen.

'No, I do not forget,' replied the old peer, his withered heart throbbing with perhaps more of generous emotion than it had known for many a year, and sitting up his chair a little more, he spoke, and spoke well, waxing almost eloquent as he pleaded his own cause. He talked of the grace, the beauty, the lonely position, the painful history, of her whom he addressed, described his own afflictions as irreparably heightened by the difference of age, and summed up by drawing a picture of future felicity for both, when every wish of Clare's heart should be anticipated by her loving lord.

'As my wife, he added, 'you would be shielded from the persecution of foes, screened from malignant gossip, and rely on it, dearest, there would soon be an end of this wretched family feud, which darkens your young life.'

With downcast eyes, the fair one listened. Perhaps the solitude in which, with all her rank and splendour, she was doomed to dwell was more frightfully home to her than usual by Lord Putney's discourse. Perhaps, too, she shrank from rejecting the proffer of a manly arm, old and feeble as it might be, whereon to lean in that rugged path that lay before her. There was one thing ludicrous, of course, about the rich old peer, but then there was no denying his station and his fortune, his unblemished name, and his honesty of purpose. Gently, and with a smile, she raised her eyes from the ground. 'You are very kind, my lord,' she said softly, 'and your preference does me great honour, but—it is too early as yet—for Wilfred's loss is still so recent—I cannot forget the dear, indulgent husband I who—' But I am not ungrateful,' she added humbly.

'Still, I hope I am not to despair, I trust you will give me hope in the future, dearest Clare,' cried the old lord, in a flutter of delight and anxiety. 'My devotion, my truth, should plead for me, and if per chance I am not hateful in your eyes, why, then—I see signs of relenting in your sweet face. Don't sob, dear Lady Leominster—dear Clare. One little word would make me the happiest dog, ahem! in all London. And that word, when I ask you, after some brief delay, to let my wife, is 'Yes. Won't you say it?'

'Yes!' she at length faltered, and her elderly accepted lover, in the exultation of the moment, dropped gracefully on one knee and pressed her hand to his lips.

'Not a word of this is yet, to any one,' she murmured with averted face.

'Your will, sweetest, is law to me henceforth,' replied the aged sutor, but just then, there was a sound of steps and voices, and it was with

some difficulty that Lord Putney struggled up from his kneeling posture in time to greet Lady Barbara, who now, all smiles and apologies, made her appearance. Then the conversation, with more or less of awkwardness, was shifted to the grooves of commonplace topics, but when Lord Putney took his leave, he bowed the younger lady's hand respectfully to his lips, bowed low over it, with antiquated chivalry, and then gracefully glided away. To get out of a room neatly had been a social art highly valued in that nobleman's youth.

(To be continued.)

## A LEAP FOR LIFE

WHEN I WAS a young fellow, now many years ago, I frequently spent part of my vacations with an uncle, who lived in a beautiful part of Wales, and whose house was only a mile or two from the coast—in that neighbourhood, very wild and precipitous, and remarkable for the peculiar character of the strata of which many of the wave and weather beaten cliffs were composed. My uncle was a keen geologist, and had imbued me with some of his own interest in the subject, and many a long and pleasant ramble we had together, armed with our little hammers and specimen cases, sometimes starting directly after breakfast, and returning absent till the evening, either carrying our simple luncheon with us, or adjourning for refreshment to some humble village hostelry, when such happened to be within easy reach.

These were pleasant days. I often look back to them now, when I am an elderly gentleman, subject to gout and rheumatism, and tied for most of the week to a dingy office in the City. But they were very nearly being brought to an abrupt conclusion by an incident that occurred during one of our more distant excursions, and as the relation of this incident commemorates a rare instance of combined pluck, presence of mind, and heroic self-sacrifice, I do not think I need any further excuse for entering upon the details connected with it. Few people are ever likely to be placed in a similar position, should, however, such an occasion arise, let us hope they may not be found wanting in ability to follow so admirable an example.

During one of my visits to my uncle, he had at the same time as guests two professional geologists of some eminence, who had heard of the special facilities the neighbourhood afforded for the pursuit of their favourite science, and had had some correspondence with my uncle on the subject, which resulted in their receiving an invitation from my hospitable relative to come to his house and judge of the matter for themselves. This invitation was accepted, and the geologists arrived, two very pleasant, well-informed men, between whom and my uncle a very interesting and animated conversation speedily ensued, in which the terms 'granitic debris,' 'boulder clay,' 'newer formations,' 'dip of the strata,' were freely bandied about in a manner very edifying, to listen to, if not altogether intelligible to the majority of their hearers.

For the first day or two we contented ourselves

with showing the strangers the features of scientific interest more immediately in the vicinity; and with these they were greatly gratified. But my uncle was anxious that they should inspect a district some miles off, peculiarly rich in specimens, and which he had himself visited several years before, but never since I had been the companion of his expeditions, therefore it was new to me as well as to our guests. Everything was arranged for our start, and we set off after an early breakfast, driving the first portion of the distance, and putting up our trap at a farm house, to await our return, while we pursued the remainder of our excursion on foot. It was an exquisite day, and as we walked along the cliffs—here of very remarkable height and magnificence—we indulged in loud expressions of admiration at the beauty of the scenery, the bold line of coast stretching away for miles on each side, the tremendous precipices descending sheer to the blue waters that lapped their base, only here and there broken by some jagged and pointed rocks, that threatened rapid destruction to any unfortunate vessel which should be cast upon them.

Our expedition was a great success. Many rare specimens of different fossils were added to our collections, and my uncle was much gratified that his exertions for the entertainment of his guests had been so satisfactorily rewarded. We had taken some sandwiches and alms with us, and enjoyed our lunch during an interval of cessation from our geological researches. By this time we had reached the extreme end of our expedition, and were on the point of retreating, our steps, when one of the strangers expressed a desire to round a promontory a short distance ahead, so as to inspect the line of coast just beyond. The proposal was agreed to, and we all started along the cliff, which at this place was of a lesser altitude than at some points we had previously passed, though still it was about fifty or sixty feet above the level of the sea, which at the time was at full flow, and washed against the rocky wall below us. To round the promontory, we found it was necessary to descend a little way, and then proceed along a narrow ledge of projecting rock, so very narrow in some parts that it would have been impossible for any one to have attempted the passage unless he had a remarkably good and steady head.

We were all experienced climbers, so the risk was disregarded, and the two geologists and my uncle had just turned round a rather steep angle, and I was closely following, when the rock on which I trod suddenly gave way under my feet, and after a brief but ineffectual struggle, I slipped down, with my face towards the sea. Uttering a cry, I instinctively flung my hands upwards, one of them in some marvellous manner caught a projecting portion of the ledge, the other was strongly grasped by my uncle, who, being mercifully close to me, turned at my shout, and instantly seized hold of my extended hand. For two or three minutes, which seemed an eternity to us both, my brave relative, who though an elderly man, was a very powerful man, held me suspended in this frightful situation, while he endeavoured to take in the situation and decide on a plan of action. Our horrified friends were powerless to help, as they could not possibly get near me, on account of the narrowness of the ledge, which

afforded even my uncle a most precarious footing, and rendered useless any attempt to raise me from my dreadful position. I was young, and life was very sweet to me, but I felt that my last moment was at hand. Another second or two must end this matter, so severe a strain could no longer be endured, our hands must loosen their hold, and I must inevitably be dashed to pieces on the broken rocks I had observed at the foot of the precipice.

There was an instant of breathless silence, during which time my uncle had clearly realised the critical nature of the situation, and decided on a plan of action. He looked over, and saw that just below the spot where I was suspended there was a rugged projection of rock, extending fully six feet beyond the perpendicular of the point where I hung. If I fell on this, my fate was sealed, no power could save me from death. Beyond this rock was water, possibly of a depth sufficient to break the force of a fall, if only that water could be reached, but in this lay all the difficulty. My uncle was a good as well as a brave man, he loved me as the son of a dead sister, and he was willing to dare everything to save me, but he did not undervalue the nature of the awful risk he was undertaking on my behalf, and he knew that he was going to take his own life in his hands as well as mine. Breathing a prayer for Divine protection, he said quietly but firmly, "Tom, there is but one way for it. I'll save you, or we will both perish together. When I say the word, take your hand from the rock—Now!"

As my uncle loudly said "Now!" I relaxed my hold of the rock, and at the same instant my uncle made an immense effort and sprang horizontally into the air, carrying me with him and retaining his hold of my hand as we rushed violently down, turning over in our headlong descent. I cannot pretend to say that I ever very distinctly recollect my sensations during those awful seconds, for it was nothing more. I had my senses pretty clearly while I hung from the rock, and I can recall the gasping feeling which I experienced as I took my hand away, but beyond that, all is chaos. So great was the force with which my uncle leaped, that he completely cleared the projecting ledge, and we fell into the sea, which was deep enough to break our fall, though the violence of the shock unloosed our grasp of each other. Half stunned as we were, the cold water probably acted as a restorative. We were both excellent swimmers, and a moment or two later we were breasting the waves, fortunately not too boisterous for our sorely tried strength. We rose about twenty yards apart, at some little distance from the rocky ledge, and rather nearer a flat-topped rock which reared its head from the billows. For this shelter we made; and too deep for utterance were the feelings with which we took each other's hands and gazed into each other's eyes.

"Thank God!" my boy, at last said my uncle fervently.

"I do, uncle; and you too. Where should I have been now, but for you!"

"Hush! Tom! Thank God, we're both safe. It was an ugly jump, no doubt of that!"

We both shuddered as we gazed on the precipitous foreground, above us, on the top of which we could



see our two so recently horror-stricken friends, wildly waving their hats in a transport of joy at their discovery of us on the rock, apparently safe and sound.

A hearty cheer in reply assuaged them of our perfect safety, and then my uncle shouted to them some directions as to the course they were to pursue in endeavouring to procure assistance for our rescue. Owing to the width of ledge broken off where I fell, their return by the same route was impossible, and a long and perilous walk had to be undertaken before they were themselves in security, where they immediately sought out means of deliverance for my uncle and myself.

But in the meantime better luck had befallen us. The noise made by our shouting had attracted the notice of a fisherman who lived in a little cottage under the cliffs, at a place where the shore receded, and left bare a tiny creek, where a small boat was moored. He had clambered over the crag that hid us from his sight, and as soon as he spied the two figures standing on the solitary rock, our attention became apparent to him, and he lost no time in launching his boat and coming to our assistance. Truly thankful we were for the timely aid. We were both soaked to the skin and shivering with cold, and the rock was far too small for any attempt at exercise. A very short time saw us in the cosy interior of the fisherman's cottage, where a bright little fire was burning, very welcome to us in our chilled condition, while his kindly wife busied herself in preparations for our comfort, and ransacked her humble stores for a supply of dry garments, also highly acceptable.

Little remains to be told. When we were quite rested and refreshed, and our clothes were dry enough to be worn, the fisherman conducted us to the top of the cliffs by a circuitous little path, which in some places unpleasantly recalled our recent experiences. We reached the summit in safety, however, and made the best of our way to the farmhouse where we had left our conveyance. The fisherman undertook to apprise our friends of our whereabouts, they having procured a boat at the revenue station, and come round the coast in her, to point out to her crew the exact spot of our confinement.

Having liberally rewarded those who had so willingly assisted us in our extremity, we returned home, our bodies fatigued by the varied exertions and excitements of the day, our minds penetrated with lasting gratitude towards the Almighty Being who had brought us through so many perils, and had mercifully preserved us from the jaws of a sudden and terrible destruction.

MISS GARSTON'S CASE  
IN FIVE CHAPTERS—CONCLUSION

I never have fallen asleep, for I jumped up with a feeling of bewilderment as a voice called out 'Dr Leighford.' It was the butler who stood beside me.

'What is it?' I asked, recollecting myself. 'Am I wanted?'

'No, sir. But a man is in the hall who wants Mr Lampport. It is very strange that he has not come home yet. Dinner has been waiting more than an hour. Do you know what may be keeping master so late?'

I looked at the butler, to see if he suspected anything, but his face was only languidly perturbed.

'What sort of a man is he?' I asked, ignoring his question.

'A rather queer sort of a person, sir, a foreigner, and he is evidently in a hurry. Do you think he should wait?'

A sudden thought swept through me. 'Bring him in here, I said, 'perhaps he will write a note to Mr Lampport, if he cannot stay.'

In another breath I was asking the stranger if I could deliver any message for him to Mr Lampport, or if he would make use of the writing materials lying on the table. He was indeed a queer sort of a person, of any age from sixty to eighty. His eyes were deprecating, yet suspicious, his smile unmeaning, but with a cruel cynicism pervading it. He moved his hands restlessly, and bowed from time to time with oriental abjection.

'I do not know what to do, he said, after a pause. 'Mr Lampport has written to me to meet him here. But I cannot stay. I am wanted elsewhere.' He spoke English very well, though with a strong accent.

'You had better stay for a little while, at any rate,' I said. 'Mr Lampport is much behind his usual time of returning from business. Will you not sit down?'

I quivered with excitement, nor could I conceal it. Instead of taking the chair I offered, the man glared at me and I made for the door. 'No, no, think you, I cannot stay.'

'Will you not leave a message for Mr Lampport?' I cried, following him.

'No, thank you, I will call again to-morrow,' and he shuffled quickly across the floor.

'But you must leave your name, I exclaimed, hurrying back to him.

He started before in alarm. 'Never mind my name, my business is not at all important.'

'Is it Pandolfi?' I demanded, standing with my back to the door.

The old man uttered a strange cry, looked round the room, as if in hope for another means of quitting it, then stood measuring me with a wary calculation.

In another second the scene changed, the door was hastily opened, hurling me towards my opponent, who leaped back with amazing agility. I turned to see who was entering, and met the staring eyes of the butler. 'O doctor, there are four men in the hall, and they refuse to say what they want. I think they are policemen.'

Behind him stood two stalwart individuals, who walked unceremoniously into the room.

'What is your business?' I asked automatically.

'To arrest this person,' answered one of them, while both advanced to the old man, cowering on the sofa upon which he had fallen.

'His name is Pandolfi, I suppose?'

'Yes, sir, answered the policeman. 'I am to wait here until Inspector Knabman comes.—Now, Pandolfi, put out your wrists.'

The miserable old man fought with the desperation of an entrapped tiger ere the handcuffs were fixed to his skeleton limbs. Both the policemen were blown and red faced when they had done; and they looked at their prisoner with very unamiable countenances as he groined on the floor.

The butler had witnessed the operation with the horror of a gentleman who had passed his life in the serene regions where vulgar passions are only known by printed reports of their doings. I recalled the good fellow to himself, and sent him to the servants' hall to keep order and quiet, bidding him remember the sick lady up stairs.

Then followed a curious silence. The police men sat by the door, the Italian, half dead with the reaction of the struggle, leaned against the wall. Perhaps ten minutes passed, when the grating of wheels was heard on the drive, and the flash of a carriage lamp shot through the window, whose blinds were still undrawn. It was Mr Lampport returning at last. I heard him walk swiftly through the hall and my heart throbbed as he approached. He looked like a man under the influence of drink, as he entered the library—that fit way gaze that uncomical news of surrounding objects. The spell lasted but a moment. He rubbed his brow, glanced at the policemen, then his eye met the glittering stare of Pandolfi, who strove to restrain his feet. Here Inspector Knabman walked quietly in, and gently he had come with Mr Lampport, for he had that person's overcoat in his hand.

'I now inform you, Mr Lampport,' said the inspector, 'why you are under arrest. You and this man Pandolfi are charged with attempted poisoning.'

Mr Lampport became ghastly pale and turned hastily towards the door. Both policemen sprang to seize him. But he waved them off, saying, 'I am unacquainted with this man, and know not why he is here. Who says that I am guilty of poisoning?'

'That you will know at the proper time,' answered Mr Knabman.—'Have you searched your prisoner?' he continued, addressing his comrade.

'No, sir.'

'Then do so.'

This time, Pandolfi submitted to the will of his captors, and amid the mellowness of his belongings was found a small phial, the counter part of that I had received from Mr Slough.

Mr Lampport had watched the searching of his confederate with a frantic curiosity, and when the phial was laid upon the table, a groan burst from him.

'Did you ever see a bottle like that before?' asked the inspector.

The miserable man turned his face away.

In the meantime, a rapid change came over Pandolfi. He was no longer cowed. Looking keenly at the inspector, Mr Lampport, and myself in turn, he appeared to decide upon a new course of action. Turning to the inspector, he said ingratiatingly, 'I wish to tell all I know, sir. Mr Lampport has had three bottles like that, pointing with his manacled hands to the table. He said he wanted something to destroy the sparrows which spoil the fruit. But I am not guilty, indeed, sir, I am only a poor man, I never hurt anybody in my life. Let me go home, sir. My wife is waiting for me.'

The inspector heard him quietly to the end, then he made a sign to his men, who took the protesting and beseeching Italian out of the room.

'Now, Mr Lampport, you must go with me,' said Mr Knabman.—'Here, Jackson, Brown, take

your prisoner, he called loudly. Directly, two other policemen, who had so far remained in the hall, entered the room. They led Mr Lampport away, each supporting him by a shoulder. I believe he would have swooned, but for the speculations of the crowd of servants standing in the hall.

The cook, who had lived with him for twenty years, burst out into loud sobs, and cried, 'O master, master! what have you done? The housekeeper pushed through the throng and said, 'What am I to do, sir, while you are away?'

With a piteous cry, the wretched man hurried out of the door. In this manner Mr Lampport bade an eternal farewell to his home and servants.

By a stratagem worthy of his reputation, Inspector Knabman had brought Pandolfi to Mr Lampport's house.

I need not dwell upon the trial which followed. Both were found guilty. Each was transported for the remnant of his far spent life. Mr Lampport died within a year of his sentence, but Pandolfi survived his deportation to the antipodes for several years.

Of vastly more interest to me was the fate of the poor wily whom life I had happily saved. In spite of all my precautions, the arrest of Mr Lampport and the disruption of the household had serious consequences. For a time I feared the worst. Even Dr Dawson agreed that Miss Garston had been in a more serious condition than he had supposed. But the recuperative powers of youth are enormous, and good nursing can work wonders. Three months after my first acquaintance with Miss Garston, she was convalescent.

In the meantime, the crisis, which Mr Lampport's recklessness had made inevitable, burst furiously upon the house of Garston and Lampport. The arrest and conviction of the surviving partner precipitated the disaster. But in Mr Slough, Miss Garston had a devoted servant and a shrewd man of business. It is not the purpose of this story to dwell upon the terrible struggle that ensued to maintain the house from utter collapse, and thereby to save something of Mrs Garston's fortune. Several business friends rallied round the tottering firm, and by Mr Slough's skill, the liabilities of Lampport were disentangled from the estate of his former partner. I am not skilled in commercial affairs, and cannot fully realize the immense service rendered by the book-keeper. It made him famous on 'Change, and the name of Slough is still remembered in the romance of trade. Soon after Lampport's death was reported in England, the establishment that he had built to ruin had recovered, and Miss Garston's fortune was saved, and the man who had accomplished the extraordinary task was worthily recompensed. Mr Slough became the successor to Messrs Garston and Lampport, and, with his sons, advanced the old house to greater influence than it had known previously.

What became of the lady who had experienced so many dark vicissitudes? What was Miss Garston's future of a happy, companionable life? To these questions, which every reader is constrained to put, I can give the simplest reply. Miss Garston became my wife some time after her affairs were

restored to order. For forty years now, we have trod the world together, enjoying a larger measure of happiness than falls to most. The circumstances which brought us together perhaps made us nearer and dearer to each other than we might otherwise have been. We are still sweethearts, for time, though it has transformed us externally, has not changed our love.

### A MATCH LUMBER FACTORY

Few if any people who are daily in the habit of using matches have ever thought how much ingenuity and skill are expended in their manufacture. Yet the extent of the match lumber, or as it is termed, lumber manufacturing business in the United States and Canada may be faintly realized when it is stated that one match manufactory alone paid four million dollars in taxes during the year ending December 31, 1881, being at the rate of one cent per box. That is, the manufactory had produced in one year four hundred million boxes of matches.

In the town of Point Lewis, on the St Lawrence, opposite Quebec, stands one of the largest match lumber factories to be met with anywhere. It is the property of Messrs Fitch and Hamilton, and is known as Fitch's factory. The raw material out of which match lumber is made is brought from Ottawa. It consists of deals and deal cuttings, that is, the worst ends of merchantable lumber, which cannot be shipped to Europe. In consequence there is a wastage of seventy-five per cent in manufacturing. The logs are bought in this instance by the owners of one of the numerous saw mills to be found upon the river St Lawrence and its tributaries, and the mill owner distributes the lumber after it is cut. The wood used is pine and spruce. The match lumber factory is divided into departments, in which are manufactured match boxes, cases, called skillets, match sticks, called splints, and the round wooden match boxes which are less used now than formerly. Match boxes are made from a square piece of wood by one turn of a machine which consists of two collars, a borer, and a side saw. This machine makes twelve boxes and twenty-four lids per minute out of a piece of wood an inch and three-fourths square. When the box and lids are made in the rough, they are placed together in a hollow roller, which is revolved by water power, and in this way the defects are removed, and the whole box is made beautifully smooth, owing to the friction created within the wheel. The match sticks or splints are cut double the length of the ordinary wooden match, and when sent to the match manufactory, they are dipped at both ends, and cut in the centre when dry. These splints are made from solid blocks of wood, which have been previously steamed, by a machine which makes from twelve to eight sticks at a blow, and all the blocks are three inches square. In a day of ten hours, no less than forty-six million splints are made at Fitch's factory. The whole machinery, which is wonderfully ingenious and complete, has been made on the premises. The knives of each machine are changed every hour, and all the

supports or cutters which split the wood into splints are renewed every two hours. Each 'shop' has two fitters employed, whose duty consists in grinding and setting the knives and supports in regular order. The machinery used to grind the knives and bend the supports is so simple, that an ordinary labourer can learn the business in a day. The knives slice the blocks, and the supports split them into splints, by one motion of the machine. One shop is devoted entirely to the manufacture of square match boxes. These boxes are made from blocks of wood of three cubic inches, each of which has first been steamed, and here the machine slices the wood into sections, and makes the necessary cuts, which enable the skillets or frameworks to be bent into the form of a box without further trouble. In this form they are sent to Bryant and May's or some other large wholesale match factory, where the skillets are bent, covered with paper, and made into the ordinary square box in common use. Anything more ingenious than this machinery it would be impossible to imagine.

When the splints are made, it is necessary that they should be thoroughly dried before being shipped to Europe. For this purpose, extensive drying sheds have been erected, which are heated by steam pipes, and at Fitch's factory no less than seven miles of steam piping are used in this process. The splints are packed for drying in racks, each rack containing twenty-three thousand splints, and two thousand racks, or forty-six million splints, are turned out every day. When dry, the racks are taken out of the drying sheds and removed to the packing room, where they are placed in cases, one such case holding eight racks, or a hundred and eighty-four thousand splints. It is not uncommon to receive in order for fifty thousand cases from one firm.

The whole of the machinery is worked by water power derived from the river L'Ichennay, which adjoins the works. In order to control the water power, it is necessary for the owners to acquire the rights on both sides of the river by purchasing the property on one side and several feet on the top of the cliffs on the adjacent banks of the river. The force thus derived is estimated at sixty horse power, and the machinery consists of a double action water wheel placed the reverse way of those in ordinary use in England, so that the water can be admitted either over or under the wheel, according to the amount of power it is desired to use on a given occasion. By this means the wheel can be regulated so as to run either by its upper or lower half only, and the water is let into small buckets attached to the wheel, by which plan the force of the water is converted to the utmost extent. By a simple arrangement of tubes and an exhaust pipe attached to each machine, nearly the whole of the sawdust is carried from the workshops to the boiler house, where it is burned in the furnaces which supply the steam for the drying sheds. By this process the shops are kept comparatively free from refuse of all kinds, and the economy in labour alone is very great.

The packing department is a business in itself. The match sticks or splints when taken from the racks after their removal from the drying shed, are shaken very skilfully, to eliminate the bad

ones, which from long practice are made to go to the top, and by this process the dirt is removed at the same time. In order to get as many splints as possible into the cases, they are honed with a wooden ironer or brush, and it has been found by numerous experiments that the friction which results is so considerable, that, as a matter of fact, an iron brush wears no longer than a wooden one. The cases are all made on the premises, and both sides of the lids are planed by a machine at one turn. The sides, top, and bottom are 'tongued' together, outside supports being added, and then nailed. The sections of wood used are by an ingenious arrangement each grooved out at one end and tongued at the other by the same machine. So cheap is the wood here, that it is found less expensive to tongue the ends and ends in large pieces, in spite of the waste thus caused, and then to saw them up to the sizes required.

In the packing room, on one side are arranged the packers proper, who sort, arrange, and place the splints in the cases, and on the other the mechanics, whose duty it is to fix the lids and close the cases ready for shipment.

All the match lumber here made is sent to England, except the round boxes, which are made mainly for the American market, whilst the flat ones are exported to Europe. It is impossible to do justice to the machinery which is displayed in the machinery used in every department of these works, and no one should visit Quebec without making an inspection of one of the most novel and interesting manufactories in the world.

Between three and four hundred people are engaged at Fitch's factory, and they consist for the most part of boys, girls, and young women, with a few firemen, machinists, and fitters to look after the general arrangements of the various shops. As there is no system of government inspection, girls and boys commence work in this factory when they are eight years old, and the girls usually remain until they are married. The men receive from thirty runs cents to one dollar per diem, each boy gets twenty five cents per day, each girl, thirty cents, and each young woman engaged in the packing department—this last being usually paid by piecework—about forty cents. They are engaged from seven in the morning till six in the evening on each day, except Sunday, throughout the week, with an interval of one hour for dinner.

It is interesting to watch the energy, industry, and smartness of every person employed in this factory, there was no idleness, dilatoriness, or loss of time. This fact is remarkable, because at the first blush it would be held to be impossible that a boy or girl of eight years of age could work for five consecutive hours without intermission, and that they should continue such exhausting and tiring labour for ten hours on each of six days throughout every week in the year.

Although the whole staff consists of less than four hundred hands, the marriages are frequent, and during some months in the year they average some two or three a week. When married, the girls usually leave the factory, and the men are engaged as firemen or fitters, by which work they get from one to one and a half dollars per diem. Every one throughout the establishment appeared to be healthy, happy, and contented. The utmost civility was shown to visitors,

and when offered a small fee for showing the manufactory, the foreman respectfully declined it, because it had been a matter of genuine pleasure to exhibit the details of an establishment with which he was proud to be connected.

## THE MONTH SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE World's Fair of 1851 was so successful that it was naturally followed by many imitations in all countries. From general Exhibitions, containing every natural product and manufacture that were sent to them, has grown the idea of special Exhibitions in which one trade or calling only is represented. And now, in London and elsewhere, these trade shows, occurring continually, are doing much good, not only from a commercial point of view, but in educating the masses upon technical subjects in a very palatable manner. We may suppose that some of these Exhibitions are not of absorbing interest to the public at large, but are chiefly supported by persons in some way connected with the particular trade represented. But there are others which appeal to the sympathies of all, and of none can this statement be more true than of those relating to Fish and Fisheries.

In the Great Exhibition of 1851, the exhibits relating to fishery were so few as hardly to be worth notice, but in subsequent Exhibitions, both in this and other countries, they gradually assumed greater dimensions. At last, in 1865, our French neighbours conceived the idea of inaugurating at Boulogne an Exhibition devoted solely to Fishing and Fisheries. Other schemes of a like nature soon followed in other parts of France, also at the Hague and at Naples, until, in 1880, the series was crowned by the magnificent International Fisheries Exhibition of Berlin, which quite eclipsed all its predecessors. At last, Great Britain was roused to a sense of the national importance of the subject. First came the Exhibition at Norwich, then that at Edinburgh, and now the great Fisheries' Exhibition in London, which, if we may judge from the crowds which have filled its galleries since its opening on the 12th of May, is a vast success. We cannot at present do more than record this success, for the Exhibition is so vast, that even a brief account of its wonders would occupy space to the exclusion of everything else. Its size can be judged from the fact that the catalogue forms a closely printed volume of six hundred pages. But we may venture the statement, that after the first interest and excitement has cooled down, people will begin to ask whether this magnificent collection of everything pertaining to the fishing industries of the world will succeed in bringing fish nearer to the mouths of humanity than hitherto. That this important element has not been forgotten may be judged by the establishment of a fish market within the Exhibition enclosure, where fish is sent direct from our coasts for sale to

visitors. One would suppose that under such circumstances this fish ought to be cheap, but although we have paid many visits to the market, we have, while we write, found it no cheaper than it can be bought in the fishmongers' shops outside. Why the abundant harvest of the sea should be retailed at what are to many people prohibitory prices, is a question which no one seems able to solve, but it is one that should be answered satisfactorily before the close in October of the great International Fisheries' Exhibition.

It has for many years been acknowledged that the Suez Canal is not equal to the traffic which is imposed upon it, and which is growing in dimensions at a rapid rate. As British ships represent four fifths of this traffic, we, as a nation, are most interested in securing better facilities for travelling to and from our vast Indian possessions. With this view, a scheme is on foot for constructing a new canal through the Isthmus of Suez by an English Company. Such a proposition has perhaps not unnaturally roused the ire of our friends in France, who maintain that M de Lesseps has a monopoly of canal cutting in Egypt. M de Lesseps himself supports the plan of cutting a second canal by the side of the first, both channels to be under the direction of the present Company. In the meantime, we have the alternative scheme of cutting a channel between the Mediterranean and Red Seas without encroaching upon the alleged rights of France in Egypt. This design is to construct a water way through Palestine from Acre on the Mediterranean side to Akabah on the Red Sea. Nothing more definite has yet been done in the matter than to form a small Company, under the chairmanship of the Duke of Marlborough, to undertake a careful survey of the proposed route. This survey is particularly important, because some portion of the country immediately concerned is almost untroubled ground, so far as Europeans are concerned, and there is a conflict of testimony as to its nature, and whether or not the natural obstacles are such as can be easily surmounted. The proposed canal will consist in the first place of a channel two hundred feet wide and forty feet deep, connecting the Bay of Acre with the valley of the Jordan, twenty five miles distant, then the waters of the Red Sea will be connected by another channel twenty miles long with the Dead Sea. In this manner, it is expected that an inland sea would be formed two hundred miles long, and from three to ten miles in breadth, of sufficient depth to accommodate the largest vessels.

The well known explorer Baron Nordenfjöld has now started upon another Arctic voyage, which in its nature and objects is of somewhat greater popular interest than most expeditions of the kind. It may not be generally known that Greenland is one of the few stretches of land that have never been crossed by man. Many attempts have been made, including one by the Baron himself, thirteen years ago, when he penetrated into the country for a distance of thirty miles. The difficulties were such that he was obliged to return, but he was convinced that, with proper equipment, the journey might have been extended to one hundred and eighty miles. It is to penetrate into the heart of Greenland that the present expedition—at the cost of Mr Oscar Dickson—

has been formed. Baron Nordenfjöld believes, from observations made, that the interior of Greenland is not the land of ice generally supposed, but that it really justifies its name. The arguments upon which these anticipations are formed chiefly deal with the physical features of the country as compared with those of better known lands, and the climatic phenomena resulting from such features. A secondary object of the exploration is the discovery of any remains of those hardy Norsemen who formed important colonies, and who represented the first discoverers of America five hundred years before the time of Columbus. Whilst the work of interior exploration is going forward, the ship *Syda*, which carries the expedition, will go north as far as Cape York in search of zoological and botanical specimens. An endeavour will also be made to collect some of that cosmic dust which Baron Nordenfjöld, in common with many other scientific men, believes is necessarily being attracted by, and is adding to the bulk of this earth.

A contribution to the art of weather forecasting was offered to the Meteorological Society recently in the form of a paper read by the Hon F A Bello Russell, M.A., on Cirrus and Cirrocumulus Clouds. The author maintained that constant observation of the character of clouds was second only in importance to barometric records, and the knowledge of the distribution of atmospheric pressure which was gleaned from comparing such records. He dwelt more particularly on the importance of noting the appearance of cirrus clouds, which, for the enlightenment of non technical readers, we may point out are those wispy looking fibrous cloudlets seen high in the atmosphere and commonly called 'mackerel'. The paper contained a description of twelve different varieties of cirrus, noted by the author during observations extending over a number of years, and he suggests that cirrus observers stationed over a wide stretch of country would add greatly to our weather wisdom, and that such observations could be adapted to a telegraphic system of forecasts.

It is curious to reflect how the invention of the electric telegraph has made the modern practice of meteorology possible, and how the simultaneous comparison of widely separated barometers, upon which the system of forecasting weather depends, differs from the rough and ready predictions and erroneous notions of bygone days. But popular ideas, however absurd, are very hard to kill, and still we hear many people gravely anticipating changes of weather from a change in the position of the moon with regard to the earth. Other old beliefs in weather lore are indicated by the notion that animals will govern their proceedings by the kind of weather which is to come. For twenty years, Dr Abbot of New Jersey has kept records of the building of their homes by muskrats, of the storing of nuts by squirrels, and other movements of animals which are popularly supposed to indicate the character of a coming winter. He finds that these instincts are in no way connected with the mildness or severity of an approaching season.

At the Norway Iron works, Boston, Massachusetts, a new system of using liquid instead of solid fuel for heating the various furnaces has

been adopted with considerable success. In this system, petroleum is forced by a pump into a receptacle, where, as it emerges in a small stream, it is vaporised, and mixes with superheated steam. This compound vapour is carried by pipes to the furnaces, where it is used in place of coal, with the result that there is no formation of coke or ash. A scrap iron furnace operating upon two ton charges in thirty minutes, a puddling furnace, and another for reheating steel ingots, are all worked by this system. The heat obtained is almost more than actually required, for in one instance the roof of a furnace showed symptoms of melting down.

The stringent but necessary restrictions as to the use of dynamite and other explosives has caused some inconvenience to those miners and others whose employment of it is legitimate and customary. The new Explosives Bill was so hurriedly passed, that it is not surprising that its provisions should inconveniently affect those engaged in lawful pursuits. The Welsh quarrymen and miners who petition the government to modify the provisions of the Bill, must command sympathy, and there is little doubt that those in authority will see their way to make the working of the Act as easy as possible to them.

We learn from a letter addressed to the *Times* by Mr W. F. Howard, that the Chesterfield and Derbyshire Institute of Mining Engineers have promptly acted upon the Home Secretary's suggestion as to the creation of depots where the Fleuss apparatus can be kept in readiness for instant use in case of need. It is probable, he says, that the organisation of the St John Ambulance classes, first taken up, in connection with mining, by the same Institute, and now in operation at most of the midland collieries, may be extended to training in the use of the Fleuss apparatus. From the same source we learn, that another invention of the life-saving class—Lalbin's Fire damp and escaped gas Indicator—has recently, for the first time in this country, been subjected to trial at Chesterfield. These trials, extending over three days, were witnessed by the government Inspector of Mines, as well as by the managers of about twenty of the levelling collieries. As compared with the Davy Lamp, hitherto used as a test for the presence of dangerous vapour, the Lalbin Indicator detects a far smaller percentage. For instance, a mixture of air with three per cent of ordinary illuminating gas was distinctly indicated by the new apparatus, but scarcely had any effect upon the lamp. When a two per cent mixture was used, the lamp altogether failed to recognise the presence of gas, but the Indicator recorded it. These indications, in the trials referred to, were recorded by the sound of an electric bell carried by the operator, but for constant records, the Indicator would be fixed in different parts of the workings of a mine, and would telegraph its warnings to the managers' office. The apparatus is also adapted to employment in coal bunkers on shipboard, and also in buildings, such as theatres, where escape of gas is likely to occur.

The danger to railway travellers at night, through the possible mistakes as to signals by colour blind engine drivers, has led to the proposal, by Messrs. Clumson and Tait, that the movable arms on semaphore should be illumina-

ted. By this arrangement, the drivers would be guided by the position of the arms, as they are in daylight. These arms would be made of panes of glass boxed in wooden frames, and lighted up by lamps, but the ordinary coloured bulls' eyes, upon which the driver at present depends, would be abandoned. The plan is no doubt feasible, but to render it more so, the signals must be made sufficiently luminous to be seen at the requisite distance from a point of danger, so as to give a driver time to pull up. If the new plan meets this necessity, it ought certainly to be tried.

The slipping of locomotive wheels is a difficulty not always easy of remedy, and on steep gradients with heavy loads, such spinning round of the driving wheels leads to loss of steam, wasteful expenditure of fuel, and excessive wear and tear of engine and rails. M. Posset recently communicated to the French Scientific Society a note bearing upon this subject, which may lead to valuable results. At the Maronny Mines, where smoke, condensed steam, and general dampness combine to make the rails abnormally slippery, the difficulties just adverted to have been very great, until a lucky accident revealed a remedy. A joint in one of the cylinder cocks of an engine sprang a slight leak, through which a jet of steam was impinged upon the rail. The engine driver immediately found that the wheels bit the rails so well, that he was enabled to ascend a steep gradient without the usual slipping. By a slight modification in all the engines upon the works, they have been made to discharge steam upon the rails when required, with the result that no more fuel is now expended upon hauling out one hundred tons of material than was formerly used for eighty tons.

Mr Atkinson, of Lo ton, recently sent two casks of ensilage to this country for analysis and trial. One contained maize fodder, and the other rye. Professor Volcker, to whom these casks were committed, reports that the maize fodder was perfectly sound, but the rye was slightly mouldy. When mixed with a small quantity of cotton seed meal, the cows on an experimental farm took the food with evident relish. Commenting upon this favourable result Mr Atkinson makes the following remarks: 'The fact that fodder could be taken from the pits (silos), packed in casks, and sent to England in good condition, is suggestive, first, as to the feeding of live cattle in crossing the sea. Would not good corn fodder, packed in casks, be better than hay, and more suitable, bulk for bulk? Secondly, may not persons who live in cities and villages use fodder at some distance, permit it to wither on the field, so as to lose its elasticity, and then pack it in flour barrels or sugar barrels, using a lever to press it, to let it lie in sight in the farm to the city or village as needed for the family cow?'

The Kimberley Diamond Mine, in which the greatest number of South African diamonds have been found, has been brought to desolation by a vast fall of roof, the removal of which, so as to again lay bare the blue clay in which the gems are found, will occupy at least nine months, and entail an expenditure of about two hundred thousand pounds. To understand the nature of this disaster, we must remember that the mine consists of a huge beam, an artificial valley, in which numerous Companies have claims, and employ

thousands of workers. One side of this pit has fallen in, covering with debris nearly half the floor of the mine. The accident probably happened at a fortunate time, for, although much of the working gear was carried away in the land slip, only one life was lost. The disaster has had the effect of causing a rapid rise in the price of diamonds.

The wonderful inventions which have been made within the last twenty years in the art of wood engraving, are patent to any one who will take the trouble to turn over the back volumes of any of our illustrated periodicals. In doing so, but few will remember how much the art owes to the labours of Thomas Bewick, who has been aptly styled 'the father of English wood engraving.' His life and work formed the subject of a lecture lately delivered in London by Mr Ernest Relford of Cambridge. Bewick was the son of a Northumbrian collier, and was born in the year 1753. Gifted with great powers of observation, he speedily showed signs of talent, and was ultimately apprenticed to an engraver. Subsequently, when his apprenticeship ceased, he worked on his own account, and produced the numerous illustrations which have made his name famous. Perhaps the best monument to his memory is the fine collection of his drawings, which are exhibited on screens in the King's Library at the British Museum.

In spite of the great additional space added to our National Picture Gallery, in 1873, by Mr Barry, the accumulation of art treasures has become so great, that many works are either hidden away, or, as in the case of those purchased at the Hamilton sale, are exhibited on screens to the great inconvenience of those who wish to study the pictures on the walls. With a view to remedy this state of things, important additions to the existing galleries are contemplated, and so soon as parliament will vote the necessary moneys—in the shape of a grant of sixty or a thousand pounds—the work, which will occupy about five years, will be commenced. In addition to new rooms, a grand staircase is part of the contemplated scheme. It seems a pity that nothing can be done to render the exterior more worthy of its contents, and to crown 'the finest site in Europe' with a better specimen of British architecture.

The measurement of temperature is, as we all know, of extreme importance in various chemical and manufacturing operations. The ordinary mercurial thermometer will answer for every purpose within certain limits, but when it becomes necessary to measure the melting point of different metals, or the heat given out by different forms of furnaces or lamps, the thermometer must give place to an instrument of another form altogether. Hitherto, no really satisfactory instrument has been produced for the exact measurement of high temperatures, but Professor Tait, at a recent meeting of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, stated that from experiments he had made with those rare metals iridium and ruthenium, he believed that he would be able to form from them a standard thermo electric couple which would answer the required conditions.

Miss Gage, in an article published in the *North American Review*, gives some interesting

facts respecting mechanical inventions the conception of which has been due to the weaker sex. In 1798, the first straw bonnet was made by Betsy Metcalf, and that first bonnet was the foundation of an important industry in the United States. The cotton gin, by which the seed is mechanically separated from the cotton, was the invention of Catherine Greene, a planter's wife, who daily saw the necessity which existed for a contrivance of the kind. Mrs Manning is said to be the mother of the American Mower and Reaper, which is capable of cutting down a field of corn and delivering it tied up in sheaves. But the invention is patented in the name of Mr Manning. The object of the writer of this interesting paper is to endeavour to prove that women have the capacity and brain power of men.

## OCCASIONAL NOTES.

### DEATH AND BURIAL IN MOSCOW.

In Moscow, as in other parts of Russia, dissenters are met with, and amongst them we have the 'Old Believers,' who conduct their worship according to the rites of the ancient Greek Church, not admitting the various changes adopted by Nikon and others, and now carried out in the Russian Greek Church. These dissenters go to great expense whenever death enters their dwellings, and just now—March 1883—there has been in Moscow a very important example of this fact. In a Russian merchant's family in that city, consisting of father, mother, two marriageable daughters, and one son, the eldest daughter, about twenty years of age, has just died, and an outline of the proceedings consequent thereon will be interesting. Certainly the social position of the family was of the middle class—wealthy, and their living was of fair style for such folks. On the day of the daughter's death, immediate preparations were made for the burial, which in Russia must be at once, dead bodies not being allowed to remain amongst the living for more than twenty-four hours. The coffin was made of thin boards, but covered with silk velvet, having Hall marked silver handles, and 'coffin furniture,' costing over a thousand roubles (a hundred pounds), and in the hands of the corpse was placed a small painting of the Virgin, having a silver frame and covering, costing another hundred pounds, and which became the property of the church while the funeral prayers were recited at burial. The body was dressed as a bride—she had become the bride of heaven, and these robes and the dressing involved, the first, two hundred pounds, and the latter, one hundred pounds. First, she was dressed in a fine linen chemise, trimmed with costly lace, over this, a chemise, and then a short tunic in white satin, embroidered with gold and silver thread, called a  *sarafan*. Then the head dress was the usual Russian hat with pearls.

But the greatest expense was incurred in prayers and masses. In forty churches of the city of Moscow, prayers were ordered to be said for her, morning and evening, for forty days, for which sixteen thousand roubles were charged, or at the rate of ten shillings per service—sixteen hundred pounds being paid for three thousand two hundred services, and at each service some one stunded and distributed bread and alms to





# WILLIAM CHAMBERS, LL.D.

BORN 1800. DIED 1882.

In Memoriam.

THE life-story of the originator and part-conductor of *Chambers's Journal*, who died on the 20th May, need not again be told. The story is well known, and was related by himself in these pages on the occasion of our Jubilee year, 1882.

For upwards of fifty years William Chambers was permitted, on the one hand, to watch over and rejoice in the gradually increasing popularity of the various works that have issued from his press; and, on the other, to bestow much of his time and means upon the carrying out of various schemes for the social and intellectual advancement of his fellow-men.

From youth to manhood, and from manhood to old age, the great aim of my uncle was to endeavour to show by his writings and by his example that perseverance may overcome the roughest of obstacles. Having himself cut through the tangled pathway of early trials—hand in hand with my late father Robert—he saw no reason why others who were similarly circumstanced should not go and do likewise. He set up for his guide the old Scottish motto, 'He that tholes overcomes,' and from small beginnings, and smaller earnings, he and my father advanced to the honourable position the brothers so long enjoyed.

Dr William Chambers's crowning act was one of pious munificence, namely, the restoration of the interior of the old Cathedral Church of Edinburgh (St Giles') to its former state of grandeur; and until within a few months of its completion, his health permitted him to give an occasional direction to the work. The restoration was so far completed in May, that it was resolved to open the church on the 23d with befitting ceremony, but ere that day arrived the Restorer was no more. On the 25th, the remains of William Chambers were consigned to the grave of his ancestors in Peebles, his native town.

For five or six years before his death, Dr Chambers's connection with this *Journal* had become, chiefly by reason of his advancing years, little other than nominal, its management having been conceded to me. Nevertheless, until the beginning of 1882, he was still able from time to time to contribute an occasional article, always welcome, to its pages. But during those years, while under my care, *Chambers's Journal* has been steadily conducted on the lines originally laid down by my uncle and father; and the success which has marked its career during this later period—aided largely by the able body of contributors whom we have gathered around us—warrants me in expressing the belief that the popularity which the magazine now enjoys, will be more than maintained in the years to come.

ROBERT CHAMBERS.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

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LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fourth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

CONDUCTED BY R. CHAMBERS (GLASGOW)

No 1019—VOL. XX.

SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1863.

Price 1½d

## THE RECORDS OF THE PAST

DURING the last session of parliament, a Bill was introduced into the House of Commons by a private member, which, although unsuccessful then, for want of time, may probably be again brought forward, and which had for its object the collection and preservation of the ancient parochial registers of England and Wales, extending over a period of three hundred years, and including those which are known as 'bishops' transcripts'

The importance of these records cannot be over estimated, and it has often been proposed that they should be copied, and the copies deposited with the Registrar general at Somerset House. If this were done, however, it would necessitate the erection or obtainment of a more suitable building, in which to place the whole of these interesting national archives, than the one at present in use, which occupies but a corner of Somerset House, and which has become so small for its purpose that additional vault room has just been acquired for it.

The Bill to which we have referred above proposed that every existing register which shall have been kept in any parish prior to the year 1837, and also every transcript thereof now existing in the registries of the various dioceses of England and Wales, shall henceforth be under the charge of the Master of the Rolls for the time being, and shall afterwards be removed to the Record Office. Thus, with regard to all bishops' transcripts of a date prior to July 1, 1837, and all registers made and entered before January 1, 1813, the proposed Act of parliament would authorise the Master of the Rolls to issue warrants for their removal to London. An exception was proposed to be made in the case of the registers intervening between January 1813 and June 1837, which were to remain in the custody of the local clergy for a period of twenty years from the passing of the Act. This provision was inserted to meet any difficulty which might have arisen in regard to fees, that

is, the money received for supplying copies of the certificates of births, deaths, and marriages registered during the period mentioned.

These important national records have hitherto been kept to a certain extent in duplicate, but very imperfectly so. Of course, all those in the Registrar general's possession since 1837 are duplicates of those which are in the custody of the superintendent registrars throughout the country, and records of all kinds, or mutilations, are thereby very effectually guarded against, but previous to that year, the system of duplicates was only carried out in theory, and everybody seemed too apathetic about the matter to render the principle successful. The original and the duplicate were to be kept in different localities, and for this purpose, in the year 1897, were invented the documents known as bishops' transcripts. By these means, the original register remained in the possession of the parish clergyman, while the duplicate was deposited with the bishop's registrar. Thus the parish register was always at hand for ready reference in a particular locality, while the collection of duplicates from the entire diocese in the office of the bishop's registrar gave facilities for a general search.

Many of these old records have been very imperfectly kept, while others have been allowed to moulder in damp, musty cupboards or cellars until much of the writing which they contain has been rendered illegible. This seems a great pity, for they unquestionably supply data for a world of information with respect to the origin of names, the causes of mortality, and the habits and religious customs of the people for at least three eventful centuries in the history of our country. It is in the rural districts, mostly, that the old registers have been allowed to get into such a bad condition; for in London we find the parish records generally in an excellent state of preservation. Many of the latter date back to a very distant period, and are not only well preserved, but are beautifully written and explicitly kept. But in the former case, even where these conditions have been attended to, and the

transcripts forwarded to the diocesan registrar, the confusion into which they have been permitted to fall has totally destroyed their historic value for purposes of reference. Numbers of parish registers have been lost altogether, perhaps used for trade purposes, or to supply 'spills' wherewith to light the pipes of jaunty Cavaliers or phlegmatic Roundheads. Indeed, so careless have been the custodians of these valuable books, that it has been known for them to send the books themselves to inquirers, in order that they—the clergymen—might be saved the trouble of searching for the required information!

Registrars were appointed during the Commonwealth, and although there is evidence of these officials having worked well for the state, it is probable that their system of registration added to the confusion into which the older records had fallen, while it is also possible that some of the latter may have been ruthlessly destroyed. Again, when the monarchy was restored, it is just as probable that many of the registers kept by the officers of the Commonwealth may have met with a similar fate.

The proposal to bring all available ancient records together under one roof, is a good one, although it would be far better if room could be found for them in Somerset House instead of at the Record Office. Already, the 'non-parochial' registers of England and Wales, or as many of them as could be found, have long ago been placed in the General Register Office, and there appears to be no good reason why the former should not also be deposited there. While suggesting this, however, we would call attention to a defect in the otherwise excellent arrangement of the records deposited with the Registrar general since 1837. All the civil registers are splendidly kept, and by means of a well arranged and comprehensive index, every kind of information is attainable with the minimum of delay. But this is not the case with the non-parochial registers, which number about seven thousand, and which, with the single exception of those belonging to the Quaker community, have never been indexed. Thus it is a work of infinite delay and trouble to search for any information connected with the dissenting bodies, whose registers lie almost unheeded at the General Register Office, the general public being unaware of the existence of the fund of information which thus lies dormant.

Many of these registers are no larger than, and are in fact in many cases actually, pocket books and clergymen's memorandum books. Dating from the year 1800, they contain a mass of varied and interesting information, which ought to be made available to the seeker after genealogical or antiquarian knowledge, but at present they are almost as useless for the purposes of research as they were before they were fished out of the many holes and corners in the towns and villages of England in which they had long lain buried. This should not be. It would not be a very difficult or expensive task to prepare an index to these useful volumes, and an intelligent clerk or writer would in a few months produce such a work as would be of incalculable benefit both to the office and to the public. At present, if a person wishes to seek any information from these registers, book after book belonging to the town or county in which the event searched for was

supposed to have taken place have to be looked through, and page after page scanned until the entry is found or the search given up. Thus valuable time is lost by the official who makes the search, which might, if an index were made, be saved to the office.

Some of these old registers are very curious, many of them containing on one page the clergyman's gardening or housekeeping account, or some Latin dissertation, and on the other, entries of baptisms, marriages, and deaths. Some contain the history of the chapels to which they belonged, and the rules laid down for the guidance of the congregations. Those relating to the Quakers and the French Protestants are highly interesting, while the records from the old Fleet Prison, with their beer stained pages and 'quart-pot' marks, are unique amongst these relics of the past.

These volumes were collected in 1852 by a Royal Commission, which was empowered to examine, and to accept or reject any that were forwarded to it, and many and curious were the places and hands in which they were found. The Commissioners rejected many as being of doubtful origin, and we may here mention, as an instance of the carelessness of the original custodians, that one volume thus rejected had a *rat's nest* imbedded in its pages! The wisdom of the course then pursued with regard to these non-parochial registers might with advantage be followed in the case of the parochial records, provided an index of them is made, and as in the case of the former, these also should be deposited in a fireproof vault.

Unless some such step as that proposed in last year's Bill is soon taken, the country will lose many of these ancient tomes, which have lain so long at the mercy of the ignorant and careless, of the ravages of fire, and of the slower but equally sure annihilators—mildew and decay. Let us save, then, by all means, these valuable relics of the past, in order that we may obtain information from the brief records of those who did not live in vain, and whose patient and unremitting efforts, broken though they may have sometimes been by the strife of faction or the dash of civil war, built up for us, their children's children, the liberties we enjoy, and the splendid inheritance which is ours.

## ONE FALSE, BOTH FAIR;

OR, A HARD KNOT

BY JOHN S. HARWOOD

CHAPTER XXVII.—MR STERLING SEES HIS WAY.

ABOUT a fortnight after the failed sister's social triumph at that grand Kennington concert of Sir Frederick Munn's, whereto so many assiduous readers of the *Morning Post* had studied the report, a letter reached the other sister in Bruton Street. It was from Mrs Tucker's lawyer, and was addressed to the Right Hon the Marchioness of Leominster. The lonely girl felt her heart beat quicker as she opened it, for its very outside told of help and recognition. Here it is:

MADAM—I have felt it due, less to myself than to those who are dependant on me, to wait long,

and carefully to weigh in my mind the circumstances of the case, before giving a positive answer to your Ladyship's request that I should become your solicitor, and in that capacity undertake the management of the suit which you propose to institute, as *vs* Loomister & Carew, for the vindication of your rights. Had I not come to the conviction that the truth is on your side, I should indeed be reluctant to commence a struggle in which all the weight of wealth, prestige, and position will be thrown into the adverse scale. But I have such faith in Justice, that I will, unless my messenger, who waits for an answer, brings me word that your Ladyship has seen fit to change your mind or to intrust your affairs to other hands, at once proceed to take such steps as I consider necessary, and shall hope before long to call on you for fresh instructions, and to communicate such information as may come to hand.—In the meantime, I have the honour to subscribe myself, your Ladyship's humble servant,

WILLIAM STERLING

TEMPLE, August 1, 18—.

It was a dry letter and a quaint, but it was honest and well.

'You will please to tell Mr Sterling that I feel very grateful to him.' That was the message which the office lad carried back with him from Bruton Street to his employer's office in the Temple. He had had the answer from the lady's own lips, he said. Sir Pagan's master had come down to the entrance hall and spoken to him. The message was a simple one, and easy to remember. 'Tell Mr Sterling that I feel very grateful to him.'

'That means *carte blanche* for the present, at anyrate,' said the little lawyer, with a well pleased look, as he concluded the brushing of his hat, and then, picking up the gloves that lay beside it, walked forth, and made the best of his way to Scotland Yard. The Assistant Commissioner for whom he asked was in his office—so said, with bated breath, the stolid but respectful constable on duty at the outer limits of the unpretentious workshop for the repression of crime, the name of which strikes terror into many a knave's heart. Mr Sterling handed his card to the policeman.

'Major M'Intyre knows me,' he said. 'If not particularly busy, say that I should be glad of a few words with him.'

Perhaps the Major was not particularly pressed by stress of work just then, or, more probably, he had acquired the useful habit of getting through it so steadily as to be able to brood an occasional interruption, for the solicitor was speedily admitted.

'Sit down, Mr Sterling, pray,' said the Assistant Commissioner, whose coat, in spite of the sultry heat of the day, was tightly buttoned, with military precision, to the throat, and who had, in fact, very much the air of an officer in charge of some outlying picket, in a peculiarly dangerous position, in front of an active enemy. And indeed this fiction, pleasant to the mind of an old soldier who had smelt powder in his day, was not an unwholesome one, for where has society more ruthless and unsleeping foes than among the criminal classes of a great city like London, and the Major perhaps knew better than did any one

beyond the confines of Scotland Yard, how hard it was for a blue coated army of twelve thousand to keep in check the roguery, the rascality, and the riot, which lay hid now in dens and slums, like a cowed wild beast afraid to spring.

Mr Sterling, who indeed seemed no stranger to his official host, briefly stated his business. His request was to be allowed the services, properly remunerated, of course, of one or two of the most astute detectives at present off duty. 'I may as well say at once,' he added, 'that this is no ordinary case, but an investigation of the most difficult and delicate nature—very important, too, concerning as it does not merely the possession of a great property, but also the honour of a noble family, and'—

'Then don't tell me anything about it, for mercy's sake!' bravely interrupted the Assistant Commissioner, with a wave of one gloved finger, in his sheath of stiff buckskin. 'I am sure, Mr Sterling, from what I know of you, that you will make a proper use of whatever information you may acquire through the help of the police, and— Ah, well, there's Birch, fresh from Liverpool, where he collared an absconding cashier with his foot just planted on the New York packet's gangway. Wasn't it Birch—a very good man, staunch as a bloodhound on the scent—that I gave you for that insurance office business where the prisoner was trapped, eh?'

Mr Sterling had a perfect recollection of Inspector Birch, and of the good service he had done, and said so.

'And then,' continued the Major, 'as two heads are better, so they say, than one, and as our hedges do sometimes hunt better, or at anyrate bring down the game better, when they hunt in couples, why, it's a lucky chance for your client— You said two detectives, didn't you?'

Mr Sterling assented. No expense, he added, would be grudged, and he said it as cheerfully as if there were not much prospect that the outlay would come out of his own pocket.

'A lucky chance for your client that Drew is at liberty. You hardly could do better than engage Serjeant Drew, a smart officer, if we have got one in the Force,' said the Major. 'I thought of Blake, first, but he, though a valuable man, is Irish, and has the Celtic failing of being too imaginative. Had it been an affair of a plate chest or a jewel case, Blake would have answered your requirements to the full as well as either of the officers I recommend, but this is a fly of another hackle, as we old anglers say.' The Major touched a bell as he spoke, and a blue uniformed henchman appeared. 'Inspector Birch and Serjeant Drew,' said the Assistant Commissioner, writing the names on a slip of paper, with his initials affixed.—'Not here, are they? When they look round at twelve, then, ask them, from me, to call at this gentleman's in the Temple immediately.—You can leave your address, Mr Sterling, in the outer office.—Thanks. Good bye.'

So the Assistant Commissioner fell to again at his formal work of dockets and reports and signing of official stamped papers, and Mr Sterling took his leave, and went back a ell pleased to his office. He had not very long to wait before his ears caught, on the uncarpeted staircase, the martial tramp of heavily booted feet, and presently there was a sharp peal of the bell.

'Mr Birch' announced the clerk, showing in, according to orders, the plump jovial looking inspector, in plain clothes, and with very much the air of a collector of the water rate, or possibly, of the landlord of a public house, while behind him, in uniform, stiff, smart, soldierly, looking every inch a policeman, appeared the tall figure of Sergeant Drew.

'Hope I see you well, Mr Sterling, sir?' said the inspector, with the affability of an old acquaintance.

'Pray, be seated,' said the solicitor, addressing the policeman collectively, and the policeman took the chair towards which he motioned them. Mr Sterling was very glad to see Inspector Birch. He had had occasion, while conducting his inquiry for the insurance office of which mention has been made, to appreciate the merits of this excellent inspector, whose patient industry had battled every turn and twist of the cruel and cowardly villain, on whose trial, as on that of a boy of prey, he had been set, and whom at last he had brought to the well merited punishment. But then worthy Birch had one great natural qualification for his difficult calling. He would never, under any circumstances, if not informed, have been taken for a member of the force. For a grocer's boy in a white apron—Yes. For a water-carrier—Yes. For a plumber—Yes. But for a policeman—No. Now, Sergeant Drew, who wore a medal or two, and had probably earned his medals in India, sabre in hand, had very much the air of a trooper, and perhaps even more the air of a constable. And a spy, as Mr Sterling had wit enough to know, is but a very inefficient agent in eliciting the truth.

Inspector Birch noted the movement of the little lawyer's eyes, and seemed to vent his thoughts, for he made haste to say 'My comrade and brother officer here, the sergeant, didn't take time to get into muffs, Mr Sterling, sir, after giving evidence at Bow Street to obtain a remand. Always wear for a detective to give his evidence in open court in uniform. We plain clothes officers can't afford to teach the rogues to know us in disguise. Look at the sergeant here—wears his blue cloth and badge as if it were his own skin, and yet, sir, I've met him that floury, with bare arms and nightcap, as a journeyman baker, that I didn't know him till he gave me the wank. Imberlificament case, that was. Drove a cart, too, on the Embankment, he did, and swore at his horse, and took off his beer quite natural, till he nabbed the chap that did the Hickney murder. What games, to be sure,' chuckled Inspector Birch.

It is excusable in a detective to chuckle when he remembers how wicked men and artful wiles have been baffled by the industry of the trained servants of Law. But Mr Sterling perfectly understood that Inspector Birch's remembrance had been evoked to quiet his, the lawyer's, doubts as to Sergeant Drew's fitness for a delicate task. He looked at the two men. There they were, alert, ready, not like the poet's conception of bloodhounds straining in the leash—which, by the by, those sensible animals never do—but like two grim scouthounds in human shape, male Eumœides, to be launched, avenging, on the track of Crime.

'Now, gentlemen,' said little Mr Sterling, 'I

must ask your best attention.' And then he went on to tell them, briefly, but omitting no detail known to him, the story of the adverse sisters, of the rival claim, of the great interests at stake. The puny little solicitor warmed to the task of his narration, and his voice grew stronger, and his manner more emphatic, as he went on.

The behaviour of his auditors was characteristic. Inspector Birch, his penial between his plump finger and thumb, and his open memorandum-book on his broad knee, hearkened attentively, took frequent notes, blinked at intervals, and some times pursed his lips until his mouth resembled that of a fish. The sergeant listened, impassive, sitting as stolidly as if he had been a mere Dutch doll, six feet high, with wooden joints.

At last Mr Sterling ceased to speak. 'And now, officers, what do you two say to that?' he asked breathlessly. It was unreasonable to put the question. As well have demanded, of two eminent doctors, an immediate remedy for an obscure and dangerous disorder, the diagnosis of which had just been empirically stated.

'When?' half whistled the inspector, looking into his hat, as though he expected to find an answer to the middle inside.

'Tough job,' was the professional comment of Sergeant Drew, knitting his brows, as if there had been a battery to be carried, under fire of shot and shell.

'I am perfectly well aware,' said the lawyer, 'that this investigation is one beset by peculiar difficulties. When you and I, inspector, were hunting down that wretch Rafford, and were seeking high and low, for the druggists who had sold him the fatal medicine, of which he made use to rid himself of the life that lay between him and his base greed, we had strong suspicion and certain facts to go upon. And when you deal with the criminal classes'—Mr Sterling paused, and the inspector broke briskly in.

'Quite so, Mr Sterling, sir. Our work's cut out for us, sometimes, every as a teed ball, as golf players say up North. An Englishman's house may be his castle, but his public isn't, and at taproom doors and corners of courts, one can get a word with somebody, and stand three pennyworth of rum, or of beer half a pint, that leads to more liquor and more talk, and the witness box, or the dock, and bless you! Thus, as the sergeant says, is a tough job.' And the inspector got up, and drummed a tattoo with his muscular finger tips on the window glass, as he sometimes did when he was thoughtful.

Sergeant Drew listened with perfect gravity for a while to the tap, tapping of his brother officer's fingers on the pane, and then said, with startling suddenness: 'I don't despair—not a bit of it. It's to be fought through, Mr Birch. Most things are.'

'I say so too,' returned the inspector, as he left off drumming and came back to his chair. 'But these cases of disputed identity are the worst of all—lead to hard swearing and cross-examination, break down the witnesses, bother the jury. Possession, so we are aware, Mr Sterling, is nine points of the law.'

'But nobody ever lead down, in the rules of the game, how many are the other points,' cheerily answered the little lawyer. 'We are,

I know, upon what appears to be the losing side, but money shall not be spared, nor labour spared, to turn the tables.—Now, officers, if you will lend me your attention, I will state, as shortly as I can, what are my own views, and on what lines we ought to work. My own notion is briefly this:—And then Mr Sterling pronounced his plan, which need not be here set down in detail, but the general features of which were that they should, for obvious reasons, divide their forces, that one detective should repair to the immediate neighbourhood of the Crews' old Devon home, and there lend a greedy ear to garrulity, and that the other should do his best in London. 'So, if our friend the sergeant be told off—that is, I believe, the correct military phrase,' concluded Mr Sterling—'for metropolitan duty, and you, inspector, explore Carew and the parts adjacent, why, perhaps we shall soon have sufficient to back the application to a court of justice which I propose to make. As it is, we have but one witness'—

'Right you are, sir,' responded the inspector. 'Only, if you will allow me, Mr Sterling, to give my opinion, it is my brother officer who ought to go to Devonshire, not I. London is my element. But it is not that. Sergeant Drew is a stumpy fellow, and set up, and has drawn a sword for Her Majesty in foreign parts, and the very sight of him, as an old soldier, will soften the temper and loosen the tongue of many an old woman whose son never came back from the Crimea or India. If you please, sir, I'll take the metropolitan half of the job. It looks brighter to me, as I think it over.

So it was settled, then. A few preliminary arrangements were made, some notes and gold were manufactured, for current expenses, to the inspector's keeping. 'No, thank you, sir, no wine. Too early for us, except on duty, for them, of course, we must hob and nob every where,' said chief Inspector Birch.—'Good morning, Mr Sterling. I'll keep you posted up, sir, as we work the article.'

### PRISON PETS

THERE are numerous instances on record of persons in 'durance vile' making pets of the most unlikely of animals, nay, even reptiles and flowers. The instances considered noteworthy have been generally those of persons of rank. In reality, the passion is not more to be wondered at in the Count Fiesola of school book notoriety, who gazed over the good feeling of his keeper to respect the pet flower which had sprung up between the stones of the prison yard, than in a similar feeling exhibited by the doped dyed criminal of the common jail. In fact, it has been noticed that the feeling, if anything, is stronger in the man of few resources.

The present humanitarian system of conducting prisons provides the educated prisoner with many means of killing, if not improving, his time, which a bygone system ignored. Companionship is found in books of the very best kind. In the case of the uneducated prisoner, it is very different. For many hours of the day he is shut off from everything but intercourse with his own thoughts,

and these being, as a rule, not very companionable, he casts about for something to engage his attention other than the four bare walls of his cell. Suddenly he hears the chirp of some impudent sparrow, enticed by a few stray bread-crumbs which the poor wretch has secured from his allowance and pushed through the grating of his window. Here is something which certainly bears him no ill will, something which, to one given to suspect, is above suspicion. There is not the slightest doubt about the visitor. Put the unsuspecting feeling is not reciprocal. The crumbs are all very well so long as they can be reached from without the bars. The dark within is an unexplored region. But there comes a spell of sharp frost, may be, which whets the appetite of the feathered visitor, or there is something in the manner of the wretch he hoots which reassures him, and the inquisitive little head is cautiously pushed inside the bars, in order to follow up a trail of crumbs judiciously laid by the tempter. No harm if it does, and familiarity breeds boldness. The little fellow is surprised to find himself quite within, tail and all, and, as though astonished at his own audacity, beats a hasty retreat. The next visit finds him less modest. He advances across the floor, then, with sidelong glances, makes a backward movement, then a forward one, till he feels quite positive that the statue like figure in the corner has no bellicose intentions. As a sort of feeler, the figure moves a foot or a hand. This is too much for Mr Sparrow. A flitting retreat to the bars, out, and away, leaves the lonely inmate still more lonely. The thought of the crumbs, however, stings the little feathered beast, and by and by he makes an attempt. At last he loses all fear, and hops up quite close to the unmoved one to snatch a few crumbs sprinkled from the hand in sight of the bird. From this it is not far, as confidence is gained, to hop on to the knee and shoulder. What sort of bird he has been going on in the breast of this little sparrow? In a week or two he leans to come at a call, and to eat his meals from the hand of the man who, very possibly, is suffering imprisonment for kicking his wife very nearly to death, or for some hundred crime but who would take infinite pains to attract this little soulless bird to himself, and content with blows if necessary, any interference with his pet.

What is the philosophy of the matter? Is it the waking up of dormant feelings? the softer, better memories of happier days, when the love of wife and children had not become estranged? Every man, even the lowest type of criminal, loves something or somebody. It may be a selfish, base love, but it is a love nevertheless. Who can fully understand the anomaly presented by the wife kicking 'Black Country' puddler, who teases his favourite bulldog while his poor children go about uncared for? Most likely the prisoner who has been so tender with the sparrow when shut off from the world, rarely notices such an obscure creature in his days of freedom. There existed, however, some object or objects upon which he lavished his love, and refused access to these, he turns to the sparrow or the mouse. To whatever cause the passion may be attributed, it is true that all are equally ready to avenge any insult offered, and he would be a rash man who,

of malice aforethought, would injure a prison pet. We have seen men, perfectly tractable and well behaved on other occasions, behave like demons when the favourite sparrow or mouse has suffered violence at the hands of a warder, who, possessing more zeal than discretion, has not been able to discover anything in the affair save a breach of prison rules.

Whether or not the domestic mouse is more cognizant of the baseness of human nature than his relative the field mouse, we cannot say, but certain it is that he rarely succumbs to the blandishments of the tamer, is less docile, and more apt to return to his normal state on the first opportunity. A pet domestic mouse is a rarity compared with the more tractable field mouse, and the tamer of the former is looked at in the light of a professional. His ability is requisitioned to assist the amateur, and his proficiency in the profession thus becomes a marketable commodity. A 'tixer' or an 'e,htix'—prison slang for a six or an eight ounce loaf—occasionally, is payment rendered for assistance in bringing a domestic mouse into a state of subjection.

A free man, with hundreds of other matters to engage his attention, could not spare the time necessary to turn out such marvels of the taming art as are to be found among prison pets. At work in the fields, haymaking or harvesting a mouse is seized, secreted in the breast pocket, and kept in there by means of a handkerchief which closes the mouth of the pocket. Instantly with what anxiety the man would go through the customary ordeal of being searched on his return from labour, fearful lest, when the handkerchief is removed, a thorough search, mouse's bright eyes should peep over the ridge of the pocket, and thus discover himself to the searcher, very possibly to be ruthlessly despatched. Should some more than usually amiable warder be the searcher, he may—seeing that a mouse cannot aid the prisoner in an attempt to escape—willingly pass over him, or, in his hurry, fail to 'feel' the little soft creature. Mouse's education has already begun. After having been taken out 'to work' some two or three days, he learns to 'be cloy,' not, however, before he has received sundry tipplings on the nose, as warnings of what to expect in case he should feel disposed to wander. Then the experiment of leaving the little fellow at home is tried. A nest of picked oakum has been made in an out of the way corner of the cell, and into this nest he is put with many injunctions not to stir while the master is from home.

There is great perturbation of mind on the convict's returning from labour, for many things may have happened during his absence. Everything is eagerly scanned to see if it is in the same condition as it was left. On being satisfied that it is, the little quadruped is taken out for a share of the meagre meal, that over, he is put through a course of training—taught to run up the sleeve and come out at the shirt collar, to beg for crumbs, and, on the approach of the slightest danger, to rush into the harbour of refuge, the breast pocket. Some unlucky day, the prisoner returns to find his pet gone, and read are his secret lamentations over his loss—far more real, possibly, than when, in his days of freedom, he lost his child by death. The unsentimental prison

cat, seeking what she may devour, has smelt out our little friend, and in a moment this companion and solace is a thing of the past. Or seeking 'fresh woods and pastures new,' but not dreaming of forsaking his old home altogether, mouse shyly wanders off, and is snatched up by some other representative of the taming fraternity. In either case, he is lost to his old master, who is inconsolable at his disappearance. Should he be able to fix the cause of his loss on anything or anybody, it is easy to see that he will become that thing or that body's implacable enemy. A case in point occurred at a London local prison a short time ago, and was reported in the public press. An order had been issued for the extermination of prison pets. A warder attempted to carry out this order in, perhaps, not the kindest or most judicious manner possible, and received a stab with a shoemaker's knife for his pains. A fatal affray at a convict prison in the south of England was the cause of this order being given. In a quarrel between two prisoners as to which should be the possessor of a certain mouse, a blow was struck which resulted in the death of one of the disputants.

Mice and sparrows are common prison pets, but what will be said of rats as things to be desired? We can imagine the horror of the female portion of our readers, who would, doubtlessly, consider pests a much more appropriate name than pets. A prisoner given to pet miking will tell you that the rat is almost unteachable, the most that can be taught him being attachment to the person. He cannot be trusted out of sight, but must be always carried out to work. He evidently enjoys the warmth afforded by the tamer's body, and being neither an epicure nor fastidious in regard to lodgings, finds this kind of life preferable to days of grubbing among foundations, fearful of terrars, poison, and guns, in a house of his own making—in short, he prefers it to working for his living. We fear that this rat is too true a picture of the habitual animal in prison. The latter, supplied with a good roof over his head, a good and clean bed, fairly good food in comparative abundance, congenial companions, plenty of good literature, and no terrars in the shape of policemen, prefects, or if he does not prefer, is too easily contented with his prison life.

## TWICE LOST

A TALE OF DOUBLE CONSCIOUSNESS  
IN FOUR CHAPTERS—CHAPTER I.

THE first faint rays of morning were stealing through the windows of the sick room, and combining strangely with the subdued lamplight, produced that painful, incongruous, melancholy effect which every sufferer long confined to a sick-bed, every watcher in the sick room, will know, and which has for most of us sadly mournful associations. No hour of day or night is so trying or so melancholy, none so suggestive of distressing fancies, or so apt to recall, in their saddest, darkest aspect, the bitterest recollections of our lives. There was something mournful and suggestive, too, in the aspect of the room itself. Still comfortable and even luxurious at a first glance, the second noted everywhere signs of neglect, of faded beauty

and half forgotten elegance, traces of a vanished taste, a care that had long since ceased. Everything spoke of a woman's tact—a woman's love of neatness and grace—a woman's delight in the little cares, the work, half labour half amusement, that makes so much of the charm of home. Many things spoke, too, of a woman's memory still fondly cherished, but not with a woman's heed of trifles—a woman's close loving attention to all that reminds her of a love that has passed away. A woman's instinct certainly would have recognised at once the chamber of a widow, even before her eyes fell on the kneeling figure beside the bed, whose sombre dress, black ribbons and ornaments, told of a mourning technically overpassed, but which the motherless girl had not yet formally laid aside. She was evidently to resume it. The unforgetten pain of her first and heaviest loss—that of her mother—was about to be renewed by another loss that must leave her utterly alone, for none, looking on the face of him by whom the young maiden knelt, her hand clasped in his, her face hidden on the counterpane, could have noted the feeble movement of the thin, tremulous, wasted hand laid for a moment on her head, and failed to recognise the approach, almost the presence of death.

'Not for me, darling,' the dying man faltered in a voice that scarcely rose above a whisper, that from moment to moment faded altogether, broken perhaps by weakness, perhaps by emotion. 'I shall see—your mother—soon. If only I could tell her—I left—her child—safe.' It is hard for you, Liza—easy for me.'

A sudden spasm choked his words, and made her look up in alarm. At a sign from the trembling hand, she reached the cordial that stood close by, and love mastering both sorrow and fear, gave it with a steady hand. For a minute, the dying man's voice gained comparative strength and firmness. 'Written—he may give trouble, but—you will find—my will—secret— Give it—Clinton—he will not see you'—The voice, which had sunk once more into a whisper, here utterly died away, the intelligence, regained by a strong effort, faded out of the eyes, the breath came in gasps, more and more slow, labouring, unfrequent. At what moment the spirit actually passed, a more experienced attendant might hardly have known, but before the nurse, who, by the patient's desire, had left them alone for a little, re-entered the room, Eva Linwood knew that she was an orphan.

'How is she? Have you been able to ask, to ascertain anything, Eliza? There should be no need for uneasiness, but I know Linwood had no regular lawyer. He drew his leases him self, and knew enough, he always said, to keep clear of law. But he must have left a will.'

'Does it matter, Philip? Everything will come to her, of course, whether he has or not.'

'But he should have settled everything, have appointed guardians, and he was too much a man of business to forget that. Can't you ask her?'

'She is so mere a child, very childish for seventeen, I doubt whether he has told her, but I will ask when she is a little calmer. Had he no lawyer? Did he consult no one?'

'I think not. I never saw a lawyer here except young Clinton, and he is a barrister, he would

have nothing to do with Linwood's business. It is the more important, too, that the property is all, or nearly all, I think, real—some freehold, some leasehold, and some, I am afraid, copyhold.'

'But, Philip, she is his heiress, it is all hers, and a large inheritance too. When we took our house, you told me that Linwood Square was all his, and since then, he has covered the whole estate with houses.'

'Yes, some hundred and fifty houses, worth each from thirty to eighty pounds a year. Poor child! Often as I regret our poverty, I could not wish that Edith or Lily were heiress to such wealth.'

The speakers—Mr and Mrs Clavering, Mr Linwood's oldest tenants and nearest friends, if friends the eccentric, somewhat solitary man could be said to have—sat in the library, which had been his favourite sitting room, as well as his principal place of business. Sympathy with the lonely orphan had induced Mrs Clavering to offer at once such kindly attentions as Eva might be able or willing to receive, and the instant clinging, almost frightened eagerness with which these were received—the evident comfort which the young girl derived from the presence of a single older friend—had overcome all scruples, and led her, at no little inconvenience to herself and her household, to devote herself entirely to the orphan, at least till the funeral should be over, and the reading of her father's will should consign her to the care of guardians selected by himself. The door opened, and Mr Linwood's old and trusted man servant entered with a letter. Much attached to his young mistress, and much distressed by her helpless loneliness, he had welcomed the presence of the Claverings with a cordiality which they, familiar with his usual surly temper, had by no means expected.

'It is for your mistress, Andrew.'

'Yes, ma'am, but Mrs Linwood could not understand it, should not be troubled with it now. I know the hand and seal. It is Master Warren's, the lawyer's. My master knew him for a bird you. Won't you open it, ma'am?'

With this, of course Mrs Clavering could not comply, but the letter, taken to its owner, was returned to her with a simple childlike request that she or her husband would open and answer all letters addressed to her at present. The letter was from Mr Warren, the nephew and sole male relative of the deceased, and merely intimated the nephew's intention to attend the funeral, and the subsequent reading of the will, 'if any.' Mr Clavering, though somewhat nettled by the tone of the letter, knowing that the writer could have no concern with the affairs of the deceased, thought it necessary to welcome, on the orphan's behalf, the presence of her father's only male relative at his funeral. It was difficult to direct Eva's attention to the question of the will, impossible to make her understand the importance of the subject, but when, having at last induced her to join them in the library, Mrs Clavering asked, 'Did your father say nothing, mention nothing and no one, at last?'

'Yes, he said something—I should find a will, and something about a secret, and that—his voice failed.'

'Did he say where? Did he mention any one? He had no lawyer, I believe!'



'No, he used to ask Mr Clinton to settle things for him sometimes. I remember the word, because it seemed to mean writing, not settling. Yes, and at the very last he said "Mr Clinton will not see you"——'

'See you what?' Mr Clavering interposed.

'That was the last word. I think he meant, he would not see me wronged.'

With Eva's permission, and in her presence, Mr Clavering—who knew perhaps as much of his late landlord's ways and habits as any living man, much more than his own child—carefully searched every drawer, pigeon hole, and cupboard, first in the library, then throughout the house, but without discovering anything, like a will, or even a memorandum. That the search had been incomplete, that some secret hiding-place had escaped them, he was inclined to infer, when they found only a little loose gold and silver in the drawer that contained Mr Lanwood's bank passbook, for Mr Clavering knew that his wilful and eccentric friend preferred to receive his rents and pay his bills in cash rather than by cheque, and habitually kept sufficient money for the latter purpose in the house. The passbook had been returned from the bank only three days before his death, and Mr Clavering was nearly sure that a very considerable sum must have been paid to Mr Lanwood since the date of the last entry.

'Can you trust all your servants, Miss Lanwood?' he said at last.

'O yes,' answered Eva with unaffected confidence. 'Cook and Andrew have been with us ever since I can remember, and Wilson was my mother's nurse, as well as mine. O yes, if they know anything, if they can help you——'

It did not even occur to her that they could be suspected of fraud or robbery, and Mr Clavering did not care to suggest a doubt, which, after all, seemed, after Eva's assurance, extravagant and unfounded. He questioned Andrew closely as to his master's ways, but with little result. Andrew was as sure as the inquirer that Mr Lanwood had always in money, and plenty of it, in the house, seemed to regard the question as an affront to the wealth of which he was proud. But where the money was kept, where his master's more precious papers were bestowed, he did not pretend to know. In truth, Mr Lanwood had trusted no one, and his distrust, as often happens, entailed worse consequences than even misplaced confidence.

'Did you not ask Mr Clinton?' Eva murmured to Mrs Clavering as they returned fit in the funeral. 'I thought he would have been here.'

'You forget, dear, I don't know him. But it was thoughtless. I should have asked you, when you mentioned his name.'

Several of Mr Lanwood's tenants who had paid him the last honours had, at Mr Clavering's request, followed himself and Mr Warren into the library, and the latter, taking a seat at the table next to the vacant chair at its head, turned naturally to the gentleman on whose arm Eva had leaned as she followed her father's remains to the grave.

'Mr Clavering, as you seem to have acted for Mr Lanwood's daughter in these matters, you will perhaps ask her to be present, since, if

there is a will, she is probably the person most concerned.'

'Whether or not, I suppose?' retorted Mr Clavering, somewhat defiantly, angered as well as disgusted by the lawyer's tone, especially by the absence of any show or pretence of feeling. That Mr Warren should feel much regret at the death of a distant relative, with whom he had hardly been on speaking terms, was not to be expected. As he chose to attend the last ceremony, he might, Mr Clavering thought, have assumed at least a decent regard for the occasion, a decent sympathy for the orphan.

'Miss Eva, Warren said, in a tone that made the nerves of more than one man present tingle with a strong impulse to knock him down, as the young girl, dressed in crape from head to foot, entered the room, leaning on Mrs Clavering's arm, and looking round with a timid almost frightened glance—'Miss Eva, has Mr Lanwood left a will?'

Eva looked to Mr Clavering, who answered for her. 'We have searched everywhere, but have found none. If he had not been so thorough a man of business, I should have thought that he had deemed it unnecessary. But, considering the character of his property, and that he told Miss Lanwood she would find one, I am surprised that we have failed to discover it.'

'It would be as well,' said Mr Warren sharply, 'it is, I think, necessary to search again in this young lady's presence and my own, and it may be well to have so many respectable witnesses to the result.'

The search was renewed, with the same ill success as before.

'Then,' Mr Warren said, a look of relief and satisfaction on his face, which not a little perplexed all present save Eva, who submitted to the search as a mere form in which she could not be practically interested.—'Then, Mr Clavering, and you, Miss Eva, I must warn you to remove nothing, except, of course, the young lady's own wardrobe and ornaments. I claim Mr Lanwood's property and effects as heir at law.'

The attachment of the whole party was extreme. Mr Clavering, recovering himself, answered sharply. 'You presume too much, Mr Warren, on the ignorance of laymen. An only daughter is her father's heiress.'

'A natural child,' rejoined Warren scornfully, 'is no one's daughter—can inherit nothing.'

'What do you mean?' asked very angrily a young man whose mother had been one of the late Mr Lanwood's most familiar acquaintances.

'Simply this—that the lady who was called by Mr Lanwood's name was not his wife.'

'A falsehood!' exclaimed the young man indignantly, springing to his feet.

There was something almost dignified in Mr Warren's coolness under the insult. 'I did not affirm that the lady might not consider herself married to Mr Lanwood, or that no ceremony may have passed. But she was not his wife, and that, sir, you will find. Mr Clavering, when my claims are admitted—and I think you will not venture to dispute them—I shall be willing to make, as Mr Lanwood's heir, some suitable provision for this young lady.' He rose, bowed somewhat stiffly to Mr Clavering and the gentlemen present, made a more

courteous inclination to the ladies, and quitted the room.

'What can he mean?' said Mr Clavering, detaining one of his best informed and most intelligent neighbours, as the party dispersed, Mrs Clavering having considerably led Eva at once out of the room. 'Mrs Lanwood was received in good society, though she went out but little.'

'And,' said the other, 'Lanwood was not a man to insult social prejudices, to break social rules on such a point. No Warren means that the marriage was, on some technical ground or other, invalid. Find out where it took place, look to the registrar, and consult a lawyer. Had Lanwood no legal friend?'

'None that I know of, except a Mr Clinton.'

'Ah,' said the other, 'young Clinton of the Inner Temple! I have heard of him, and I saw him—yes, and his mother—here more than once while Mrs Lanwood was living, when Eva was almost an infant. See him. Most likely he knows, at any rate, he is a man to take up the case and find out all that is to be known. Warren will play no tricks on him.'

Mr Clavering had already given to Eva Lanwood's affairs, as his wife to Eva herself, much more time than he could well spare, and had important engagements at his office that afternoon. But he was too generous, or too warmly interested in the orphans' fate, not to postpone his own affairs, however pressing, to such need as hers, and before an hour had passed, he had climbed so eagerly that he forgot to complain of their height, the stairs that led to the chambers in a garret of the Temple, outside which was printed the name of Everard Clinton. He stood breathless and panting, and when the door was opened, a full minute elapsed before he could state his name and business. But in that minute he had taken in, with the quick purchased glance of a man naturally observant of men and manners, the appearance both of the chambers and their occupant. The former, poorly furnished as they were, were surprisingly neat and clean, were evidently Clinton's dwelling as well as his place of business. Instead of rickety second-hand mahogany, the tables and chairs were of plain, strong, stained deal, instead of a ragged carpet a clean bare floor, with a large skin on the hearth, the prize of some rare holiday in the Highlands. The writing table, which stood in the further window, and from which Clinton had evidently risen to admit his visitor, was covered, not with law books, but with that miscellany of literature which Clavering had noticed in the rooms of a friend engaged on the daily press, and which occupied the centre of the room, and at which any one calling on business would naturally take his place, was devoted exclusively to legal text books and professional papers. More unprofessional than the contents of the writing table was the flower stand, which occupied the nearest window, every plant evidently tended with especial individual care, no purchase of the day, no hued outcast from a nurseryman's stock, but nurtured for months or years by its present owner, some in flower, some in bud, some that, as Mr Clavering, himself an amateur florist, well knew, had flowered already, and would not

flower again for months to come. The rooms were characteristic, and fixed the visitor's attention the more closely upon the person of their tenant. Neatly and carefully dressed, with a slender figure, that would have looked taller save for the slight stoop of a student, Clinton's thin pale face suggested overwork, perhaps work too constant to allow leisure for sufficient air and exercise. But the bright penetrating eyes showed no sign of weakness or ill health, and the voice, though quiet, had in it a certain ring that told of energy not exhausted, of spirits not depressed by labour, however severe and prolonged.

'Mr Clavering, I think? I met you at Mr Lanwood's. I was grieved to hear of his death. That has brought you here, I presume? He has left a will, of course?'

Far from being offended, Clavering, as a man of business, was pleased by the quick sharp-toned questions, the glance reading his unspoken answers, that brought him instantly to the point. Evidently, Clinton would waste no time even upon a question in which, as Clavering instantly saw or felt, he was keenly interested.

'So?' the young lawyer said when he had heard the story. 'There was a will, but for the moment we must presume its absence. What then? Eva is legitimate, or her father thought so, her mother was his wife, or he believed so. Where were they married? Have you found any papers on that subject?'

'Yes, in his desk, on a third search, after Warren had put us on our mettle.'

'Ah!' Clinton said, after perusing them carefully. 'This is too good. Warren can never have made such a claim on mere speculation, because, perhaps, the marriage taking place abroad, he had not heard of it. No there is something we do not know. She was his second wife, but I have seen the tomb of the first, and here we have the attested record of her death two years before the second marriage.'

'That seems thoroughly satisfactory. What more would you have?'

'Good enough, Mr Clavering. Ask Mr Warren to call to-morrow night. I will look into the matter meantime, and will be there—if you will obtain Mr Lanwood's permission to call at six, and appoint Warren for seven.—You can tell me no more? Then I will not waste your time with comment or conjecture. Good-morning.'

## SEA ISLAND COTTON ITS HOME AND ITS CULTIVATORS

THE Sea Islands are a group lying off the coast of South Carolina, and at no great distance from the mainland. The cotton produced on them is of superlative excellence and length of staple, and John's Island—one of the largest—is a name familiar to the cotton exchange of the world. A more primitive place it is hardly possible to imagine. At an early period, Lord Fenwick built there a grand manorial residence, which is still in excellent preservation, and are also the roomy stables, kennels, &c., and the fine racecourse which he constructed for his pleasure. The house is

now known as 'The Headquarters Plantation,' a name it received from the British officers who made it their home during the revolutionary struggle in the Carolinas, and its large comfort and solidity, its fine avenue of approach, and its splendid and ghostly traditions, make it a grand landmark of the days of English colonisation.

At that period the Island was divided among a few families, and some of the large brick mansions which they erected, and their stately family burying places, still remain, although the houses are now generally deserted and the vaults empty. But around them time and misfortune have thrown a glamour of ghostly romance. At one, a lovely girl in bridal costume, plying on a trundle, walks up to a mirror and looks away. At another, a handsome soldier dashes furiously up the avenue on a powerful horse and suddenly disappears, while at the Old Headquarters' Plantation, some spiritual visitor knocks every day precisely at noon at the front door. A remarkable thing about the latter ghost is, that for some time past it has gone round to the back door, the quaint old brass knocker having been removed there, to make room for a modern electric bell. Evidently, it could not make up its mind to use the bell, and so followed the knocker to the other side of the mansion. Strange love stories are also told about these old homes, and Lord Fenwick's lovely daughter, who ran away with her father's coachman, and lived very happily with him, has a perpetual youth in the songs and tales of the negro population. In fact, all traditions indicate that, in colonial times, John's Island was a gay and wealthy settlement, and that the English gentry who owned it kept up in lavish splendour the sports and the domestic traditions of the mother country.

To-day however, like on John's Island—and it may stand for all the Sea Islands—is a very different affair—a hard unlovely struggle with poverty. The ladies make dresses for the negro women at fifty cents a dress, or teach government negro schools at thirty dollars a month. Yet I never met any family who did not claim to have been very rich before the war. There are, however, no remains of this wealth, or of the refinement that generally accompanies wealth. Poverty and ignorance are evidently at home there. The people have forgotten the hunts and races and hospitality of colonial times, and the forty white families which constitute the John's Island proprietors rarely meet, except at church. The church is a small frame building erected on the brick foundation of Lord Fenwick's church. Some of the tombstones in the graveyard are far back in the eighteenth century, and reveal, quite unconsciously, the peculiar vanities of the early settlers—thus, Dame Elizabeth Carson is described not only as the 'loving and beloved wife of James Carson,' but also as the 'daughter of John Gibbs,

Esq. Pedigree was something, even on a tombstone, at that date.

The negroes are the most interesting part of the population, and in some respects they are unique among their own race. They belong to these Islands. Freedom has not tempted them away. They came with the early English settlers, and they at least preserve many of their manners and superstitions, traces of old English songs and tales, and peculiar words, not heard elsewhere in America, are part and parcel of the negro life in John's Island.

I went to John's Island just as the spring opened. The glad event was announced by the peculiar cry of 'Chup, Widow Will, Chup! Widow Will, Chup! Widow Will!' 'Don't you hear him in de sycamore tree, Ma'udy gull?' cried Old Uncle Major joyfully. 'Bress God, him call for de winter dead!'

For this welcome bird, like the swallow of more northern climes, 'carries the spring on his back.' It is of the same family as the Whip o' Will of Texas and North Carolina, and South Carolinians declare they can tell at night the moment they cross the boundary line by its call. The cry of this bird inspires the John's Island negro with a marvellous energy. As soon as it is heard, hoes are sharpened, and every one is impatient to get his cotton in the ground. 'De cotton, de corn, and de rice, drive him close now,' is the common saying. The cabins are shut up, for even the children are off to the fields to help in clearing away last year's stalks and trash. This is always about the 10th of March.

The first process for the cotton is called *listing*. If new ground is broken, of course the plough is used, but if an old field is to be replanted, the stalks are removed from the last year's beds, and in the alleys between them, the negroes go tramping up and down, shaking from the all-serviceable fauna baskets the pine trash or other manure intended as a fertiliser. Upon this manure they draw down with the hoe the last year's beds, and then leave the ground a short time to suck in the heavy dews of the night and the glorious sunshine of the day.

The next step is to 'bank' the ground, that is, to make a new bed on the top of the listing. These beds are about two feet high, and raised at regular intervals. Into them are dropped the small black cotton seed, and 'soon it pop up, one here and dat, den it all come to see what dis world is like,' says Old Major. The morning glories follow the cotton, as the poppies follow the wheat, these are removed with the hoe, and some time later the earth has to be drawn up around the roots. The latter process is called 'hauling,' or 'lucking back,' because the women when at work brace one foot against the bed behind them.

The cotton is ready to pick about the middle of August. At this time may be seen on one plant the flower, the green, the half-ripe, and the wholly ripened pod. Sea Island cotton grows to a great height, on John's Island, eight feet and over is usual in a good season. Unless there is a short crop, the picking lasts till after Christmas. It is a season of universal suspicion, husbands watch their wives, and wives their husbands. No

one trusts anybody else. The planter has his special watchmen, and even then, he loses many pounds by what the negroes call 'dem tricky members,' for they never call each other 'thieves.' The small stores on the Island buy this stolen cotton, and very young children are experts in keeping them in stock.

The negroes work on what is called 'the contract system.' They make bitter complaints of it—I think without any just cause. For working an acre and a half of ground for the planter they get seven acres of land for their own use, also a house and the right to cut as much wood as they require. Few, if any, plant half of the land they are allowed, they rely on making enough to clear them one year. But to look even two years ahead is a tremendous piece of forethought in a negro, very few are inclined to do it. If they buy a horse or cow, they generally starve or work it to death in less than a year, though very likely it is only part paid for. A negro's horse, while I was on John's Island, died of starvation and ill usage, and when spoken to, he laughed and said 'I see a man as is used to lose, dat 'unt hold me none.' They are poor because they have a bird like indifference regarding to-morrow and its wants.

While in the fields, they laugh and jest and sing continually. Their songs are generally inappropiate, and refer to passing events or needs. Thus, I heard a splendid young darkie, with the proportions of a Hercules, bare armed and bare chested, singing in a voice that Campanini might envy, as his hoe scattered the morning glories

Dry land dry land, Lord!  
Dry land I say  
'Tain't good fur de cotton,  
'Tain't good fur de corn  
'Tain't good fur de taster nor  
De big water melon

From March until June, the negroes are busy in the fields, then the crop is laid by, that is, it is worked no more until the pods begin to burst and cover the fields with the snow of southern summers. White and fleshy, the cotton drops from the pod, and then the real work begins. Up and down the green alleys, men, women, and little children walk, gathering the cotton into the bags that hang in front of them, or are drawn a little under the left arm. As soon as enough cotton is gathered, 'gunning, commencing, and in this, as in almost all other parts of planting and working cotton, women take the most prominent part. The packing and weighing are mostly done by men, but women gin and sort and whip better than men. After the ginning, it goes into the sorter and whippers' hands, the bag is divided from the good, the yellow from the white, then the dust is whipped out, and it is packed in round bales, the round bale being the distinguishing form of Sea Island cotton. When less than a bale is packed, it is called a 'pocket.' The canvas used in packing Sea Island cotton is of very superior quality, and the price the cotton brings per pound varies greatly. It has been sold at a dollar per pound, but about forty cents (one shilling and eightpence) is probably a fair average. An old John's Island planter told me that twenty cents (twopenny) was the lowest figure he ever heard of.

The negroes generally build their own cabins, they are of the roughest description, logs and mud being the materials used. Windows are not considered necessary, the doors have no hinges, and the furniture usually consists of a couple of rude beds, a table, a chair or two, and the hominy pot. Yet, however humble, the house is always 'christened,' that is, the preacher carries the Bible through the house with prayer and 'shout singing.' For if the John's Island negro is not pious, he is nothing. From this side of his nature he is most surely and safely moved. Every event of his life has its appropriate religious ceremony, some of them extremely beautiful, others grotesque and silly enough, yet somehow raised above contempt by the sincerity of the devotees. Thus, on last Easter Sunday I saw men and women join hands in a ring, and then, to their peculiar swaying religious dance, sing a hymn, which began thus

Oh, Him died fur you and Him died fur me,  
And Him died fur de whole souz worl, you see,  
And Him said he wouldn't die any mo' children,  
He said Him wouldn't die any mo'

Intense indignation at the revision of the Bible was general. In a special meeting called on the subject, the preacher said 'Brethren, I done call you up 'bout dese men what have been a fooling wid de Bible. I done been informed dey has got up a new Bible, and I want you all to toes up your money, and send some good man to talk all dat nonsense down.' The money was freely 'tossed up,' for the preacher is an absolute power among them, and his commands both as regards things temporal and spiritual more binding than the common law.

The little churches stand mostly in the pine-woods, and it is a pretty and picturesque sight to watch the negroes on a Sabbath morning gather in crowds around them, laughing, smoking, singing, and chatting until service begins.

Once in church, they stay there for hours, and go home only to get a dish of hominy, and return again. Their services have a colloquial character which often impresses a white stranger as irreverent. But irreverence is a sin of which these negroes are incapable. Their interruptions of the preacher in his discourse would to a white stranger necessarily appear to indicate a want of proper decorum and respect, but the fact is that there is nothing in life about which the John's Island negro is so earnest as his religion. He brings it into all his occupations, and often uses it in a very beautiful and poetic way.

Their use of English is in many respects very peculiar. They never use the pronoun 'I,' man, woman, child, ox, or bird, is 'he' or 'him,' thus, instead of saying, 'I can walk back easily,' they would say, 'He can take his foot back easy.' The plural is rarely used. Instead of saying, 'I came to see you twice,' they say, 'I come one and one time.' Some of their forms of expression are forcible and very original, thus, when a man acknowledges his fault, 'he makes his low bow to de Lord, and says 'I ain't a gwine to done it no more, ar, no, Lord, no more.' Others are more proverbial, thus, 'You 'You needn't

'Don't kick before you're spurred,' or are expressions of contempt 'Shoo! you go home, you little puff of wind.'

Rice and the majority of the splendid vegetable to be found in Charleston market are grown on this group of Islands, and they would appear to be, from their fine climate and proximity to the recently discovered wealth of fertilising phosphate, a favourable place for a better class of emigration, especially as there is yet much land in primitive wilderness, great woods stocked with game, and inlets full of delicious oysters and fine fish of every kind.

But I have no desire to mislead, and it must be admitted the drawbacks to such emigration are not trivial. First, there is an insidious malaria. To be out in one of the drenching dews, or even to sleep with open windows while dew is falling, is to be prostrated by an attack which effectually destroys all energy, and may eventually master life itself. Snakes of many kinds abound, and the rattlesnake is of large size and deadly venom. The swamps, though full of exquisite flowers and birds, are also the haunts of dreadful insects and of thousands of alligators. The latter when hungry often come into the farms and after chickens, &c., and I saw a negro with an axe walk up to such a deprecatory and silent his head fully and squarely open. With a tremendous convulsion, the creature rolled over and died. Of course the skins are very valuable, but few white men would care to compete with the negro hunters.

As sportsmen, these negroes are of the keenest order. Nelson, the chief negro skin keeper, always locks his store and calls his dogs the moment he hears a horn, or is tempted by some cry with a suggestion of 'Big fox in de bush' and sometimes the store is left locked for three or four days at a time. 'Store ain't gone to run away,' Nelson argues, 'and dar out no certainty bout dem fox.'

The Islands, indeed, are favourite hunting grounds for the Charlestonian gentlemen, and as there are plenty of fine stragglers and other sporting dogs on them, with any number of dukes always 'ready fur de fun, a run after a deer or fox, or a shooting expedition for birds, can be organised at a few minutes' notice. The whimper of dogs or the sound of a horn sets the negro blood on fire. He flings down the hoe, shoulder his rifle, and puts on a different kind of manhood. All trace of subservience is gone, his keen scent, his flying feet, his great strength, and his natural knowledge of woodcraft, make him the conscious peer of any man in the chase. And as a rule, he is a charming companion, never weary, never cross, full of fun and song and queer observations. Many English and Scotch gentlemen visit America solely for the purpose of sport. The Great Divide, the Texas prairies, and the Colorado Plains are now an old story. I may describe a 'Thank you' for pointing out a new locality full of a picturesque and peculiar life.

Not only are there plenty of foxes and deer, but there is capital sport in an alligator hunt. The dogs—though a favourite prey of the alligator—are always ready for the attack, and drive him from cover with eager interest. Just as this spring opened, there was a great baying

heard one evening, around a little clump of gum and myrtle trees, and an old black man, gun in hand, hurried up all excitement to the house. 'Come quick, Massa Tom! De dogs done turn up de ole alligator whet eat my best dog last week.'

We all made what haste we could, and found, on reaching 'Gum Island,' eight dogs barking furiously at an alligator, nine, perhaps ten feet long. They of course kept at a safe distance from his tail, for these creatures, when thus brought to bay by dogs, fight with their tails—that is, they rush at a dog, and with one terrible blow of their tail flop the dog fairly into their open maw. This creature was uncomprehended by his foes, but they were too alert and watchful to come within his reach. He had lashed himself into a fury, and his growling 'Huff! huff!' was really a terrible sound. But Africa the negro made a clear bound to his side, and instantly split his head open with an axe, a blow followed by the dying roar of the huge creature. He was then dragged to the quarters, and I followed to see the brute skinned. He lay on his back before the cabin—a cabin perhaps not very comfortable, but picturesque to the highest degree, for it was covered with jasmine, while the long grey southern moss drooped over it from a gigantic tree like a huge umbrella, so that we lifted or patted it to get inside the space so protected. Cassinda, Africa's wife, in her blue huckery dress and white turban, stood at the door churning in a stone water churn, and about twenty little laughing, chattering, dancing children were watching Africa's operations. Very soon Africa's daughter Susan, and her husband Silas, joined the group. Susan was smartly dressed, and Silas—who is the dandy of the plantation—wore his hat on one side, and lounged nonchalantly forward with his hands in his pockets. As he sat, these negroes turn everything into a song, and Susan, after looking at the alligator, nodded to her husband, and said 'Silas,

What an alligator good fur?

Alligator good to buy dog, eh?

Bull dog, cut dog, any kind ob dog.

Chorus—Alligator up an' died de spring, sah!

What alligator tooth good fur?

Alligator tooth good to make a whistle.

Car whistle, railroad whistle, any kind ob whistle.

Chorus—Alligator up an' died de spring, sah!

What alligator tail good fur?

Alligator tail good fur make steak.

Round steak, lean steak, any kind ob steak.

Chorus—Alligator up an' died de spring, sah!

And so on, until every portion of the alligator had been described, even to its entrails, which Silas informed us were good to make 'rims ob; stage-rims, buggy-rims, cart-rims, any kind ob rims.' The skin is really now a very important article of commerce, the latter being used extensively for mink's hunting boots, storm shoes, cigar cases, or leather articles of any kind likely to be subjected to moisture, which it resists. Leeches have also adopted it, as well as rattlesnake-skin, for bags, belts, pocket-books, and the like.

To those fond of butterflies and beetles, the Johns Island swamps are rich and almost

unknown ground. Specimens of extraordinary size and brilliantly abundant, and I also saw there some rare and beautiful orchids, ferns, and other botanical treasures usually sought in more tropical countries.

### OUR LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT.

One of the duties incumbent on man is to leave instructions for the proper disposal of his goods and effects after his decease. This is a moral obligation which ought never to be avoided. It is true that laws exist providing for the succession to the property of any individual who may die without making a will, but these laws, though generally beneficial, do not, and never can, in every case make out that justice which heirs may separately deserve. The family status, the amount and character of the possessions, the rights, reasonable expectations, necessities, qualifications, and perhaps the talents, of the different heirs who ought to succeed, along with numerous other considerations, should receive the gravest attention. Owing to the uncertainty of life, procrastination regarding such a weighty subject almost an sin to a son, for a man is bound to do justice to his offspring, that unaccountably wronging him, may be obtained amongst brethren, who otherwise get on little in dwelling in unity.

The following remarks will be confined to a brief review of the qualifications required by a testator, of what estate a person may test upon, and of what constitutes a valid will.

The power of a testator is regulated mainly by the law of domicile. If his home be Scotch, whether he is English born or not, his personal estate will be subject to Scotch jurisdiction, and will be distributed according to Scotch law, which will determine the validity and interpretation of his will, and vice versa. In England, since 1538, every person before executing a will must be twenty-one years of age. In Scotland, the law is somewhat different. There, males above the age of fourteen, and females above the age of twelve, may make a testament or will conveying personal, but not real property (land or houses). In this way a boy or girl above these ages, if possessed of a house and furniture, may, for instance, will away the furniture, but not the house. Furniture, money, stocks, ships, &c., come under the category of Personal or Movable property, house and land under that of Real. Insane persons, except during lucid intervals, cannot make a will, nor can persons whose faculties are so impaired by old age as to render them incapable of fully understanding the meaning and effect of the particular document. In England, illegitimate children have always had the same privileges as those that are legitimate so far as the making of their wills is concerned. In Scotland, prior to 1836, persons who were illegitimate could not, according to high authority, make a valid testament of movable estate. As regards real estate, they were never under any special disability, although, like all other persons, they were until 1868 subject to the law of disinheritance, and to a law requiring,

technical formalities in the disposal of real estate by will.

Every qualified person may now dispose by will of his property of every description, including lands, houses, money, stocks in trade, good will of business, and investment of every kind, if words are used which, though not technical, clearly refer to real or well personal estate, always, of course, under burden of the rights of creditor. All debts must be paid. Government duties, funeral expenses, servants' wages, and other preferential charges, require to be settled. Then there are rights fixed by law or contract which husbands and wives have in each other's estate, and which children have in their parents' means. These claims must next be satisfied. In England, children never had any indefeasible right to a share of their parents' estate, except prior to 1837 in the city of London, York, and some other old Romin towns, where there was a customary law in favour of children similar to the common law of Scotland, and since 1834, a widow has an indefeasible right to dower from her husband's real estate, although in certain cases the husband has an indefeasible right to curtesy (that is, a kind of life rent) from his wife's real estate.

In Scotland, the widow and children have always enjoyed right indefeasible by the will of the father and husband—named *jus relicte* and *legitim*—to shares of the husband's movable estate, and in most cases husband and wife have indefeasible rights, named *curtesy* and *tertia*, in each others' real estate. Yet in the latter country, if a testator converts all his property into lands and house, or invests it in heritable bond, he may leave his whole estate to a stranger, and so, defeat the rights of his children, provided that it cannot be proved to the satisfaction of a jury that he did so with intent to defraud them. While English wives and children may be left without a farthing in any case, Scotch widows and children have a right indefeasible, except by ante-nuptial (marriage) contract, to personal estate, such as money in bank, furniture, clothing, animals, carriages, implements, stock in trade, good will of business, and so forth.

The children's share or birth part is one third—or one half if there be no widow—divided equally amongst them. The wife is entitled to another third, or, in the event of there being no children, to a half of her husband's personal estate.

In the case of marriages after July 18, 1861, the husband has a smaller right in his wife's separate estate.\* This new right of succession in husband's has been held to extend to all marriages whatever date contracted, but the point is now under appeal to the House of Lords. In making a will, it is unnecessary to refer to these rights and obligations, for they are supplied by law.

Probably the most bitter hatred that infests humanity is that which arises from a quarrel over a will. Passionate feelings of the most degrading kind originate, and seldom cease till death steps in and ends them. Far better make

\* For recent changes in relation to women's rights in property see an article on 'The Married Women's Property Act (1882)' in No 391 of this Journal.

no will at all, than make a valid one in unwisdom. Every child should be carefully retrained. It is too true that a will doing father his often a spendthrift son, but seldom does it mend matters to leave that son penniless. Indeed, in Scotland such an attempt can only bring about an awkward capture of the father's estate, for besides being entitled to his share of the estate, the child can fall back upon his father's estate, if there be any existing, or traceable to the possession of a gratuitous recipient, to support him in the poorhouse, or otherwise secure him against starvation. Money can be easily tied up by a trust, or in the shape of an annuity, or a life interest, through which it can be rendered impossible to squander the capital sum, or permit the income to pass directly to other hands than those of the prodigal for whom it is intended. In this way, kindlier emotions are far more likely to prevail over that enmity, which otherwise is certain to be rampant.

No person should write his own will, unless there be urgent need for it. Perhaps more litigation has arisen from this cause than any other. The most experienced lawyers, not even excepting learned judges, in making their own wills have been known to fail, not, however, in making simple bequests, for in that a man of fair intelligence and education could scarcely go wrong, but in trying too much in the way of complex and alternative and contingent disposition—in short, looking too deeply into the future. A man of standing, and one who is constantly in the habit of drawing such documents, should be employed. Nothing is saved by being too parsimonious in this respect.

In Scotland, more wills are permitted in reference to wills than in England since 1838. In the former country, almost any kind of written document purporting to dispose of the testator's property, and sufficient to show his intention, is regarded as a good will. It is not necessary that ink be used, and a legacy by word of mouth is good to the extent of one hundred pounds Scots, or eight pounds six shillings and eightpence sterling. If the will is holograph—that is, written entirely by the grantor's own hand—no witnesses are required. If it is not holograph, then two witnesses are necessary, with a regular testing clause, or with the designations of the witnesses written after their signatures. They need not sign their names in the presence of the grantor, but he must either sign or acknowledge his signature in their presence. In England, every will must be attested by two witnesses, no matter who wrote it, and after either seeing the testator sign or hearing him acknowledge his signature, they ought to sign in his presence. A gift or legacy to a person witnessing a will is void, but it does not affect the validity of the will. The same holds good in Scotland, except in the case of very small legacies, which are not void. In England, a creditor may be a witness, while in the latter country the opposite is the case. All English wills must be in writing. Soldiers and sailors, however, when on service may make nuncupative wills—that is, by word of mouth. If a will is written on more pages than one, each page should be signed, the witnesses signing only on the last. In England, if the grantor cannot sign, he may

make his mark or a  $\times$ , or he may ask some one to sign for him. In Scotland, only a notary or the clerk of the parish can sign for another. All errors and improprieties should be carefully mentioned at the end of the deed, and all marginal additions signed. Such, then, are the principal formalities to be observed in the execution of a will.

In the old Roman law, if a father wished to disinherit a child, he required to insert a special clause to that effect, or such child could get the will rendered void, on the ground that it had been for, than Pluckstone in his *Commentaries* conjectures that this gave rise to the custom in England of leaving to a disinherited child the sum of one shilling, to show that he had been remembered. From this custom springs the well known phrase, 'I'll cut you off with a shilling.'

If any man is determined to write his own will, let him do so in plain English, stating forth as clearly as he can what he has clearly and definitely resolved to do. All legal terms and phrases, notwithstanding the learning they may display, ought to be avoided. Children, if mentioned, ought to be called by their names, and such expressions as 'heirs, successors, issue, heirs of the body,' and so forth, never used at random. Most of these terms have a certain legal interpretation, which may differ from what the testator intended. There is no use, either, in inserting long strings of words like 'give, grant, devise, bequeath, liquidate, convey, dispose, and make over.' Although most of the legal peculiarities attaching to these words are now swept away, their repetition only leads to confusion. All jointed forms of wills should be rejected as dangerous, at least in so far as their meaning is not quite clear. If no legal aid is at hand, let the party express his wishes on paper in plain simple plain just as if he were telling a friend a story, or writing a letter expressing his wishes. And let him not forget to sign it, as has been the case with many an amateur will in this.

The same rules apply to codicils. They may be executed at the testator's pleasure, but if they make changes upon or partial revocations of the original will, great care should be taken that these are clearly expressed. The will and each of the codicils should be dated, although this is not essential, if their provisions do not clash. When two testamentary provisions are clearly inconsistent, the later revokes the earlier, and a will disposing of the whole estate, real and personal, heritable and movable, by implication of law revokes all prior wills. Litigation often arises from defects in the written instrument, but still more frequently from the author of a will not having clearly thought out what he intends to do, or having partly altered his mind, or having forgotten what he has done in some earlier codicil, which has fallen out of sight on a loose shelf, and bequeathed the same ring or piece of plate, or other memento, to two different persons, or left the same money legacy twice over to the same person, or mentioned some college or charitable institution, or failed to distinguish two of similar names, or, worst of all, has delayed this duty of 'setting the house in order' until disease has weakened or destroyed the sound disposing mind, and left the kindly wishes and

benevolent hopes of a lifetime—long cherished, but expressed perhaps too late—to a battle of medical and legal theories about insanity, or the incidents of a jury trial

### HOME FROM PENANG

MANY years ago, I left the beautiful island called Prince of Wales Island, more commonly known as Penang, in one of the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamers. We were three friends together, one of whom had been thirty seven years in the island. He had been sent out when a young man for a sea voyage, as the last hope for a supposed case of consumption. Happily for him, he found the governor of Penang on board the ship, and so commended himself, that he was chosen for an appointment under his government. So, after a long service there, he returned to Europe, and lived twenty five years more, dying lately at the age of eighty seven. His career seems to testify to the advantage of finding a home for delicate people in a climate that is not antagonistic to their health. The other friend still lives. He had been five years in the island, and had gained the good will of all who knew him. Before the voyage ended, he very distinctly proved that 'a friend in need is a friend indeed.'

We left our beautiful island on a fine sunny day. The elder friend, who was leaving a vast wish the home of many happy recollections, was so overcome that he remained in his cabin until out of sight of land. We other two stood looking at the beautiful hills, wooded to their very summits, some with trees of enormous growth, and others with the graceful nutmeg trees growing on terraces, built with incredible labour by the industrious Chinese immigrants. We thought, too, of lovely 'Glingar,' where we had both stayed, the residence of some English friends, whose house and heart were ever open to all comers, and whose kindness will be ever affectionately remembered by thousands of those who visited the happy island. Sad to say, very few years passed below both were called to their rest, but if those who have been loved on earth can be recognised in the spirit land, they will have found many rejoicing to see them again.

The seven days' run to Ceylon passed pleasantly enough, and we arrived at Point de Galle in good time to catch the steamer to Suez. Here, of course, we were visited by the Cingalese diamond merchants, who board every ship in the hope of selling their 'precious stones.' It is said that many of them are made in Birmingham, and that an offer of five shillings has been accepted for a stone priced at seventy pounds sterling, which afterwards proved to be made of glass. Another excitement is often added here by the dhoby or washerman forgetting to return the passenger's clothes, that have been too readily consigned to him under the strongest promises of being returned clean in a few hours. The run on shore among the fine cocoa nut palm trees, and a quiet day in one of the hotel gardens, was a very pleasant break in the voyage, preparing us for what was coming.

On changing to the main line steamer, we found matters very different from what they were on the moderately filled steamer we had

left. In the first place, a large part of our new steamer had been given entirely over to a native Queen from India, on her way to England to petition parliament about her grievances. It was said that she paid eight thousand pounds for her passage. Certainly her retinue was large indeed. At night, the attendants covered the whole of the lower deck, and it was an act of difficulty, requiring much agility, to reach one's cabin with out treading on some of the sleeping Indians. In addition, in the adjoining cabin to ours there was a native Prince with three companions, who had all their eating, smoking, and betel nut arrangements in too close proximity to be agreeable. So, under these difficulties we never slept in our cabin, only using it for dressing purposes. We slept dressed on deck, with our feet on chairs, and though we seldom retired before midnight, and were awake about four A.M. by deck cleaning, the short rest so obtained sufficed for our requirements.

There were some strange individuals on board—one 'Captain'—rused to that rank by himself. His position had been that of a shopkeeper in India, and he obtained the post of English Agent to the native Queen on board our steamer. It was stated that soon after leaving Calcutta, he had his boxes up on deck, and had this rank painted before his name—'CAPTAIN (A.L.S.O.)', king of —, SULTICE.

Another passenger was a good natured old man of enormous size, returning to England after a long residence in a sugar producing island. He slept lying down on the deck, and one night, impelled by the movement of the ship, he started rolling, and went on until brought up by the crew, that putioned off the part reserved on deck for him, to their great disturbance.

A third passenger, a Madrasite, is worth notice. He was one of the English educated natives, an intelligent clever man, but completely *hors de combat* from the bad weather we experienced. 'Oh, if I could only get to Marseilles!' (as he called Marseilles) was his constant cry. He never reached that port, for after lying in his cabin with his servant, both equally helpless, until the steamer reached Aden, he went on shore, saying he would go to England another time. Poor fellow! He took the return steamer to Madras, where, not long after, he was thrown out of a buggy and killed.

There was indeed enough to make one tired of sea voyages. The run in favourable weather from Point de Galle was then about eight days, in the teeth of the monsoon, we took fourteen days. The long narrow steamer rolled and pitched incessantly throughout this voyage, so wearisome to sufferers from *mal de mer*. We hardly saw another vessel during the fortnight, but two stirring incidents occurred, that made the hearts of some of us leap into our mouths. One morning, a great commotion was heard on the upper deck, sailors running and throwing over his buoys, as if there was a man overboard. And so it was, for one of the native Queen's servants had tumbled off the anchor at the ship's bow. In the heavy sea, he was lost sight of in a moment. A boat was lowered, but searched in vain. The steamer then put about, and in returning, some one on the deck described the black hair of the poor Hindu. The boat



already lowered being far away, the captain's gig, manned by one of the ship's officers, with a Chinese crew, was lowered in a minute. The poor half-drowned man was soon dragged into the boat, where he lay like a drowned dog. He seemed, however, safe. But his troubles were not yet over. Just as the boat was about to be hauled up, a tremendous sea dashed it against the steamer's side, smashed it to pieces, and let officer, crew, and Hindu into the sea. As the boat drifted from under them, one and all caught hold of ropes that were either hanging over the ship's side or were thrown to them. Officer and Chinaman came up the rope hand over hand and reached the deck. So, indeed, nearly did the poor Hindu, who seemed roused into life by this new danger. He clambered up the rope until on the point of reaching the deck, when, strength failing, down he slipped into the sea, retaining, however, his hold on the end of the rope. Happily for him, the other boat soon returned, when he was hauled up by a pulley with a rope tied under his arms. This boat was got up without damage. The newly-drowned Hindu was well cared for. His poor fellow, came from the interior of India, and had never seen the sea before this voyage. The captain's entreaty induced the native Queen to give fifty pounds to the boat's crew, and, in addition, she promised, if he was an intelligent and amiable person, and earned out the role he had undertaken with credit and efficiency.

This exciting scene was, however, followed in the course of a day or two by one of a similar nature still more exciting. One of the Indian sailors, called Laocare, fell from the topmast yard, owing to a sudden lurch, into a tremendous sea. It proved afterwards that in falling, he had broken out arm in two places. He was lost to sight in a moment. The experience of the day before had proved the uselessness of lowering boats until the man was seen, so the steamer was put about it once. Steadily she descended a mile once, within the circumference of which it seemed certain the lost one would be found, but none but those who have had experience can imagine the difficulty of 'spotting' a small uncovered head amid high rolling waves. Once round, twice round, and nothing seen. We knew the third time would be the last, and were on agonising tenter-hooks, when a fine old Colonel returning after a long Indian service, standing a little way up the rigging with head uncovered, gave a shout of joy. The man was found, and soon was got on board without accident. Though very much exhausted, having, with incredible courage, supported himself with one arm in a raging sea, he soon recovered sufficiently to give an account of himself. 'I saw the ship go round, once, twice, and hope remained, but when the third came, I knew it was the last, and I thought it was all up.' No doubt the fatigues that supports these people in all inevitable trials had its effect in these two cases. Both of these men belong to castes not usually considered brave. It is curious how these Hindus, as in the case of Nuncomar, so well described in Macaulay's Essay on Warren Hastings, will await their end with patience. The very men who would flie in scores before two or three English soldiers, will, when placed in another situation, evince the utmost

coolness. Such are the anomalies of Hindu character, most difficult to explain.

One word about the gallant Colonel, the successful mauler. What a lunny figure he was! He had been many years in India, and had of course taken out with him from England the usual outfit of clothes. Like the Anglo-Indians of those days, he had, when requiring new suits, given the pattern originally brought out to guide the native tailors, who seem unable to measure. No doubt, the divergences from the original pattern, added to the eccentricities of native tailors in their work, produced in thirty-five years some very peculiar garments. Thus his waistcoats appeared to be about half the usual length, the coat sleeves tight as stockings, and other things in corresponding proportions.

But to return to our ship. We rounded Cape Guardafui at last, when the head wind ceased, and the thermometer, that had been standing at sixty-eight degrees, rose at once to ninety and something more. Soon we reached Aden, and cooling, went on all night while we still slept on deck. On awaking every one commenced to laugh at each other, as our neighbour covered with coal dust, black like swamps, for, during the moment that he was no better himself in colour. We reached Suva in six days, having made a not unpleasant passage through the Red Sea, for though the thermometer stood at ninety-eight degrees, there was some head breeze that modified the stifling feeling of its atmosphere. Crossing the desert from Suva to Cairo in the old way, we reached Alexandria in due course, and on to London, to Malta, Marseilles, and Paris.

Two curious coincidences followed within two years after the termination of this journey. At landing, the three friends from Penang, and the Indian Colonel went on their respective ways and had little or no communication. In course of time, when two out of the four were married, it was found that, strangely enough, they had married cousins. Strange still, both the ladies were also cousins to the child friend from Penang.

### SPRING IN AUTUMN

SHALL we remember in some time far off  
When youth is dead and life has lost its sweetness,  
What scenes and souls in that day were woven of  
Whose memory, rose like in our life's December  
Would melt its snows to June a divine compactness?  
Shall we remember?

O lay too bright too brief! when we two stood  
Beside the old wall where we had more loved  
The purple mist clung to the maple den wood—  
May to our hearts set in the year's November!  
Above our souls the soul of parting, hover! I  
Do you remember!

Ah that one moment ere we turned to go  
If this my earthly life have not tomorrow  
Strong in that memory my soul will know  
Not one regret for life's expiring ebb  
Nor one thought a pain, nor one hour a dream of sorrow,  
While I remember.

E. NISSITT

Printed and Published by W & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 209 High Street, EDINBURGH.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF  
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fourth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

CONDUCTED BY R. CHAMBERS (SECUNDUS)

No 1020—Vol. XX.

SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1893

PRICE 1½d

## SCARLET FEVER

### HOW TO LIMIT ITS SPREAD

DURING the early ages of medical science and indeed until quite recent times, physicians aimed exclusively at the treatment of disease. While the idea held sway, that disease was a something which required to be evulsed by herbs or incantations, to be weakened and finally vanquished by blood-letting, or to be expelled from the system by drastic purgatives, according as the popular or prevalent theory ruled at the time, *prevention* was little thought of. Better counsels came by degrees to regulate opinion, and knowledge increased and now the aim of advanced medicine has come to be the prevention of disease.

While there are many ailments which arise in a manner too obscure to be as yet exactly traced, there are some which by almost universal consent are believed to be only communicated from the sick to the sound, and which never own a spontaneous origin. Of such, measles, hooping cough, and scarlet fever are familiar examples. Each has peculiarities of its own as to the mode in which it fixes on its victim. Of all three, measles may be said to be most infectious. Few persons escape an attack of measles, and there are many well-authenticated instances of its recurrence, even after no very long space of time. It is undoubtedly communicable before the characteristic eruption has shown itself, when merely sneezing and the symptoms of an ordinary cold in the head, with perhaps some degree of rough cough, are present. Separation of those unaffected is often not resorted to till too late, and as measles, for a considerable time, often nearly forgotten, gives no sign of its having been caught, parents are lulled into fancied security. Measles seems most infectious during its earliest stages, becoming gradually less so as it approaches convalescence, and this feature renders the limitation of its spread, by isolation of those first affected by it a difficult, and in many cases an almost impossible task.

Hooping cough is also infectious before the well-known hoop has been heard, and the nature of the disease thus rendered unmistakable. To the inexperienced, its commencement is exactly that of a feverish cold. And the fact that there is more cough and that the paroxysms of coughing recur with a certain degree of regularity, and are worse after meals, is not in general noticed, unless attention has been excited by the occurrence of other cases in the neighbourhood. In hooping cough also, the general health suffers little in mild cases, and the children suffering from it, if kept from school, are still permitted to go freely about. Hooping cough and measles, therefore, will under present circumstances continue to spread and be spread, without our being able very materially to limit their extension. Hooping cough, it is true is mainly a disease of childhood, and though it does sometimes seize on grown-up persons and may even attack those a second time, yet childhood once passed, immunity, even without intergoing it, is the rule during after-life. Measles may occur at any age, provided security more or less complete has not been afforded by a previous attack. It seems, too, to toll more severely on adults than on children, and to be to the former more dangerous, hence, while we should not count it for our children, it is perhaps better not too jealously to shun it.

Scarlet fever stands out in distinct contrast to measles and to hooping cough in many particulars. It may attack with a severity which strikes one with awe. Constantly entire families are attacked by this dreaded disease, and since smallpox, thanks to vaccination, has been abolished, and might be entirely stamped out, scarlet fever is the most fatal of all the eruptive diseases. It is scarcely if at all infectious during its earliest periods, and when it can be most certainly recognised, while left to itself, it tends to become day by day, and for a considerable if not indefinite time, increasingly communicable. No wonder then the name of scarlet fever carries terror with it. Attempts have been made to lessen the dread by calling mild cases scarlatina,

a euphemism much to be reprobated, though fast passing into disuse. It cannot be too fully known that scarlatina is but scarlet fever under another name, and that the mildest form of this disease in one individual may impute it in its direct malignity to another. The restriction is useful, advisedly, for there are unquestionably epidemics of scarlet fever much more severe than others. The type of the disease is not always the same.

It is, then, the manifest duty of every one to do his utmost to check the progress of this disease by all means in his power, and that much, very much may be done in this direction, is certain. Indeed it may be said that while there are few diseases more preventible than scarlet fever, there is perhaps none with which the medical man dreads more to have to do with, its course is so uncertain, its vagaries so peculiar, and its results at times so serious.

The treatment of scarlet fever can only be properly carried out by a duly qualified medical man, but the means by which its spread may be prevented, cannot be too widely known, or too promptly acted on. The sore throat, the strawberry tongue, the feverishness, and the scarlet rash, though not all equally distinct, are yet unmistakable, and as all these occur at the very onset of the disease, and at the time when we can almost certainly prevent its spreading to others, action should be taken at once. Scarlet fever is a disease of children and young adults. In general, with advancing life the liability to it steadily decreases, and when middle age has been reached, the chances of taking it are small. The later in life, then, we are exposed to its contagion, the less risk we run. Hence the young should be isolated, and the elderly should act as nurses to those struck down by it, or if not the elderly unprotected by a previous attack, those who have already had the disease. A second attack of scarlet fever, though not absolutely unknown, is excessively rare.

The removal of those members of a family who have not yet had scarlet fever to a distance from the individuals affected, where they may be free from accidental communication, or may be transplanted entirely for a time from an infected district, would seem the most certain mode of protection. And yet there are often many drawbacks. Such a procedure is always more or less expensive. It may necessitate that children requiring special care should be placed in the hands of comparative strangers, and in the event of their falling ill, the anxiety of the parents is doubled. Can there be no means devised which will reduce to a minimum the chances of the spread of the disease, without distant separation?

It is needless to estimate the possibility of this, to understand the modes in which scarlet fever is conveyed from one to another. The infective particles which have the power of

reproducing scarlet fever, exist in the scales which separate from the skin of the convalescent, and float in the breath exhaled from his lungs. These are the means, if not the only channels through which the disease is conveyed from the affected to the healthy. When once these minute infective particles have become diffused in the air which surrounds the sick person, we have no further control over them. We have no available means of disinfecting the atmosphere. Those substances which might possess the power of neutralising the contagion in the air, are incompatible with life, and if employed in a strength sufficient to exercise control over the infective material, would prove fatal to every living being within their range. Thus all agents employed to disinfect the air of the apartment, or the house, are, to say the least of it, harmful. If they are possessed of odour, they mask the closeness of the air, and the consequent necessity for ventilation. If they have no smell, they are objectionable, as tending to foster feelings of false security.

When an individual contracts scarlet fever, when he catches its infection, the first symptoms are manifested in the throat, the second, within a few hours after, in the eruption on the skin. Now, though we cannot disinfect the air which surrounds him, we can, by the employment of what we termed antiseptics, disinfect his throat, and thus prevent the infectious particles from being taken up by the breath which he expires from his lungs. We can in the same way disinfect his skin, and thus render the scales thrown off in the process of peeling which takes place during his recovery, innocuous. We can thus prevent the air of the chamber in which he lies from ever becoming charged with the floating poison, which is much better than was to endeavour to destroy this poison when it has become diffused in the atmosphere. The latter method is a very roundabout one. The clothes, the bedding, all he touched, all round about him during his illness, are carefully fumigated, and otherwise cleaned, purified, or destroyed, after he becomes well, but the patient himself, the source of all the danger, is forgotten, as far as employing precautionary measures for the protection of his attendants during the whole course of his complaint.

What, then, can be done in this respect? First, the congested skin should be kept soft and pliant, and should be soothed by warm baths. Such, of course, should not be given without sanction from the medical man in attendance, but are not usually counter-indicated. Bathing a child in water of a temperature of ninety degrees Fahrenheit at bedtime, cools the fevered skin, and calms and soothes, and predisposes to sleep. At the same time it washes away any particles of skin which have become loose, and prevents an excessive dryness of the surface, which favours too free peeling. After the bath, a medicated ointment is

gently smeared over the whole surface. This prolongs the cooling effect of the bath, and while by its oiliness it lessens the production of the dry scales, it renders at the same time those which form, harmless. The ointment best suited for this purpose is one composed of thirty grains of carbolic acid, ten grains of thymol, one dram of Vaseline, and as much simple ointment as will make the whole up to an ounce. The odour of this is not unpleasant, while it retains its greasiness for a considerable time after being applied. It should be smeared on in the morning, as well as at night, after the bath. When the patient is well enough, one or two thorough washings with carbolic acid soap, in which process the hair and head should be included, will remove all remains of infection. For the throat we now possess a remedy thoroughly efficient and at the same time safe. The whole of the back and sides of the throat and the tonsils should be brushed three or four times a day at least with a saturated solution of boracic acid, or still better, of Barff's boroglyceride, in glycerine. This causes no pain, and the taste is not unpleasant. Children make no objection to its use, for they find how much more comfortable the throat feels after it has been painted over.

All bed and body linen, everything which can be washed which the patient has used, should be put into a tub containing one large table spoonful of carbolic acid dissolved in the water with which it is filled, so soon as they are removed from his person. In this way they can be carried from the room without any risk of their spreading the disease to others, and washed without danger.

The process we have described thus briefly is simple enough. It can be carried out in the poorest home, and if carried out, might many a time and oft stay the progress of this justly dreaded disease. We owe it as a distinct duty to those around us, to endeavour to shield them by any means we can from acquiring through our negligence any contagious or infectious disease. We should seize with vigour any means which can protect our little ones, or those of others, from a very infectious and a frequently fatal disorder.

The writer has very thoroughly tested the plan suggested. As an example of what may be effected, the following instance may be cited. A child in a family where there were four other younger than herself, who had not had scarlet fever, contracted the disease from a neighbour's child. She was seen as soon as the rash had come fully out. The house consisted of two rooms, but isolation, in the sense of completely separating the family, was impossible from various circumstances in the house, and the parents objected to the removal of the child to a hospital. The plan of treatment sketched above was carefully carried out by an anxious and intelligent mother, and though all the family used the room more or less by day and night during the entire course of the child's illness, none of the four unprotected children took the disease. The mother at the time had an infant, which she brought up on the bottle, and thus handled the milk freely, and she was the sole attendant on the other children. This is no solitary example. Others, where the conditions were as crucial as this, might easily be related, but all indicate the

same fact—that it is possible very materially to limit the contagiousness or infectiousness of scarlet fever by very simple means, and thus to control more or less completely the spread of the disease.

## ONE FALSE, BOTH FAIR,

OR, A HARD KNOT

CHAPTER XXVIII.—'WE SHALL UNMASK OUR ART'

'A GENTLEMAN, please, Captain, who would like to speak a word with you, if you are dressing,' said old Robert, the head, and index of only waiter at *Indrag's Hotel*, June Seymour Street, Strand, as he stood in the doorway of Chinese Jack's private sitting room, on the first-floor of that delightful but busy, his day napkin twisted *secundum artem* around his dingiest thumb.—'No, sir, he didn't give any name. From abroad, I think,' added the waiter, with a cough.

The captain was held to be a Chinese race, but Mrs. Budget's favourite lodger must either have been very tolerant of interruptions, or the visit must not have been entirely an unexpected one. 'I'll come down, Bob,' said the Captain, with a nod, as he laid down his pen—he was engaged in writing—and the waiter vanished. Instantly a dark cloud of anxiety settled on the sunburnt face of Chinese Jack. 'No news, so the proverb says, is good news,' he muttered between his teeth as he closed and clasped and carefully locked away, in one of his new and shining trunks, the slim volume in which he had been busily making entries in a fine clear hand writing, 'and if so, I suppose I am as likely to hear of failure as success.' However, his hand was quite steady as he brushed his bright hat, and opening his door, stuntered slowly down stairs, pausing to exchange a civil good morning with Mrs. Budget, the landlady, who, with her arithmetical flowers in her portentious cap, and looming large, more than ever resembled a bloated spider lurking among the bottles of the darkling bar. On the outer threshold stood a thin, shabby, wiry man, in black. His back was turned, but Chinese Jack was not in the slightest doubt as to whom his visitor was. He strided forward, however, without hurrying his pace, and said, 'I beg your pardon—they told me—Ah, what is it you?'

'Glad to meet you, Rollington,' answered the other with perfect gravity, and the two men shook hands so simply, though they were—what the luncheon of Budget's believed them to be—two old acquaintances who had met after some years.

'What you come in?' said Chinese Jack, hesitantly.

Put the stranger, whose American accent had been perceptible to the practical ear of Bob the waiter, declined to come in, and a brief colloquy ended in the pair of lately reunited friends strolling slowly off together, down the steep and narrow street, towards the black wharf that overlooked the river, Chinese Jack puffing at his eternal cigarette as he rambled on.

The wharf once reached the uttermost threw off his air of languid indifference. 'Come, old partner, he said, with a laugh, that rang harshly even on his own ear, 'you and I learned in

California to read the faces of the sportsmen we played cards with, didn't we? Just now, we're in the same boat as at Golden Gulch. I see, Melville, as plainly as if it were printed or painted in eight-inch capitals on yonder board, that you have not come empty handed, in the figurative sense of the word. Well, out with it, old mate and old friend. It matters more to me than to you. I don't know whether the London fog has dulled my nerves, or what it is, but it is burnt home to me, sometimes, that this is my last chance in life. I've spent money on it—put my pile on, haven't I? as we staked it at Monte once, in Pacific seaboard towns.

'The last time we talked together, and again in your last letter to me — in the American.

But Chinese Jack feverishly cut him short. 'Yes, yes, I know, I know. I promised five hundred pounds—and I am solvent. Come now, man, let us have a settlement at once.'

'My dear former partner,' answered Silas Melville, with a touch of sternness, 'you need be under no apprehension. It is my belief that you have made an excellent investment, both of the cash you have disbursed, and of the sum which you propose to pay. I really think, Jack, that you are doing a good deed, for once in a way and that we shall both of us be instrumental in preventing a cruel wrong.'

'When I polished off that Indian who already counted on your scalp to add to the emeralds of his descendant's moorings, you, my friend, Chinese Jack, you didn't doubt, then, that I was good for something.'

'You are dead right, Jack,' placidly rejoined the American, 'but we are among quiet folks now, and far from the purple. Count, Rollington. I excuse your impatience. You are a man used to an active life, and you have been chaffing here, and among your money goes, as you thought, in dribbles for no purpose. But the more I study this case, the more it unfolds itself before me, the surer do I feel that we are on the right track. The proof of it is, that I have ceased to ask you, as you know, for the further advances which, according to our talks, should have been exacted, and that now I feel convinced of success. That young woman in Bruton Street—that other sister whom Sir Philip hubom—'

'Is—what?' asked Chinese Jack curtly.

'Is the vilest impostor, the most double-dyed dissembler that ever cloaked the rapacity of a false nature beneath a fair outside,' replied the American, with an earnestness that was unusual with him, 'it would seem, for his former companion half sneeringly remarked—'

'You seem quite excited, Silas.' 'I am,' replied the Private Inquirer, whose temper remained unshaken by the implied sarcasm, 'and I will tell you why, Jack. Since I have been in this line of life, I have come to take an interest in my new profession, quite independently of the pounds, shillings, and pence to be earned by the exercise of it. And why not?' demanded the American, warming as he spoke. 'When a sharper was detected, west of the Rockies, with engaged dice, or cards up his sleeve, we honest men rejoiced, didn't we? But what is the wickedness we have known out in the frontier

Territories, where every wanderer carries his life in his hand, compared with the cool, deliberate treachery of a young gull like that? I tell you, Rollington, that if I went to lose—an load of gaining—by the prosecution of this case, I could not take my hands from the plough stalks now. When first you came to me at the office, I took your instructions as a mere matter of every-day routine. But when you interested me, gradually, with more important tasks, and it dawned upon me by degrees how exceptional was this business, even in our line, where mysteries are rife, I came to care for the case for its own sake. I have given it more and more of my attention and of my thoughts, as time went on, until this Lacominster affair has come to be uppermost in my mind.'

'It signifies a good deal to me, answered Chinese Jack, tossing away a charnel remnant of his cigarette. 'I shall be a made man, as they call it, if our side wins. And I grow weary of ranging the world, like a winter wolf that is hunted from township to township, when hungry drives it in from the snowy wilderness to scold and growl about the log hut and the corral of the settler. It is a question with me of comfort and peace for my old days,' added the adventurer, with some thing of mournfulness in his flexible tone, 'that led it to the moment of its striking tone. And so I'm glad, Silas, that you are so confident as you seem.'

'That Mademoiselle de Talouze,' said the Private Inquirer abruptly, 'you know a trifle more about her, Rollington, I guess, than even you thought fit to communicate to me.'

A queer smile curled the listener's lips. Chinese Jack had winked a little at the sudden mention of the Sphinx's name, but so very slightly, that he flattered himself that the start had escaped the vigilant eyes of his companion. Very competently he made answer, between the whiffs of a fresh cigarette. 'I told you what I knew, Silas, and what I fancied, too, if you remember. A dangerous woman—not pleasant to have for an enemy—not fit to have for a friend. All the more formidable in either capacity, because she has been prudent enough to keep on speaking terms with Mrs Grundy, and is not, like Chinese Jack and I, the sort of her sort, quite outlawed and quite lost.'

'Well,' resumed Melville, tapping, with the ungloved forefinger of one nervous hand, on the tough black top of the weather-beaten post against which he was leaning, 'what you think fit to tell me, Jack, concerning this former foreign acquaintance of yours is, I am bound to say, very amply confirmed by all which I have managed to pick up through various channels. A dangerous friend, as you say, and a dangerous adviser. Her presence in Bruton Street—and she is there often now—is of itself a sign that— Never mind what. There certainly is something brewing. I could but watch and wait, but it is not for nothing that I have kept my eyes and ears open, all putner. We could not, from the nature of things, make the first move. The only question was, what would be the tactics of the enemy. Well, they are bold, of their kind, then I, for one, had expected. I hardly thought to find Scotland Yard against us, but so, just at present, it is.

'Umph!' muttered Chinese Jack meekly, and

with a sidelong glance at the Private Inquirer 'Got your familiar spirits there, too, Bill?'

'I find it necessary to procure intelligence wherever it is to be had,' quietly rejoined the American, 'and I could tell you, if you would care to hear them, the names of the detective officers—very reliable men, as I have been told—whom Miss Carw's lawyer has engaged for the commencement of the campaign.'

'Her lawyer!' growled out Chinese Jack, irritably kicking a puddle into the water that oozed past the wharf edge. 'She has found some satisfaction my land shark, then, to do her work for her. He won't be long, however, before he throws his client over, as expenses thicken.'

'Mr Sterling is a very respectable solicitor,' was the cold reply of his former associate, 'and at the outset, he is zealous enough in her cause. That he will throw his client over, and wash his hands of the whole affair, in which he has so rashly engaged, I do not doubt, but it will be when he finds out'—

'That the money is lacking, eh?' broke in Chinese Jack, with his cynical laugh.

'Not that, Rollingsdon, was the reply, seriously spoken, of the American investigator of private affairs, 'though even an attorney, like ourselves, must live. In my words, as we both know, Jack, don't spread the butter thicker on one's waffle cake. But Mr Sterling—I learned to know something of him once, when we were concerned in a complicated affair—is not only honest, but capable of self-sacrifice. I really do believe the man would spend and be spent, body and bones, cash and credit, in what he honestly believed to be a just cause. But, quite as certainly, he will withdraw with horror and disgust from the side he has adopted, when once he learns, as I can teach him, what a poor dupe he has been in the tools of a pair of artful Devils's.'

'Devils, eh?' grimly retorted Chinese Jack. 'Well, the word might apply tolerably well to one of the likes in question. Her supple hand, he added, in a tone which, as it fell on the fine ear of the American, was eloquent in suppressed emotion, 'was just the one to shear a Dunison of his strength. The other is young, Silas, very young. The best witness one can put into a box—so I need to hear old knowing Q.C.'s declare—was a child. And that girl, if ever she comes to give evidence in court, will be listened to, because she seems so innocent and so like a child.'

'Not while there is justice on this earth of ours,' angrily retorted the American. 'I came here, Jack, to day, to set your mind at ease, old fellow, if I could. I knew you would be fretting, in your forced inaction—on who are used to bear yourself by sea and land. It was pure kindness that brought me to Budget's, not love of lucre, I am sure.'

'You are a good fellow, Silas—a good fellow,' said Chinese Jack dreamily, but with a cordial friendliness in his tone that was rarely heard in his voice, 'and I, I suppose, have grown to be a cantankerous animal, morbid from evil surroundings, and scarcely fit for intercourse. When I play my part,' he added, with his strange smile, 'I think I forget myself, and play it well. When I was Ali Hassan, not so long ago, and for twenty months before, not a cut-throat kidnapper of my Arab crew suspected that the turbaned

believer who led them in their slave trading runs across Red Sea and Persian Gulf, the show ballasted with naprous, the steady in moon tilling our big sail till the British garboots steamed in vain astern—that Ali Hassan, I say, so regular in kneeling, five times a day, on his prayer carpet, with his face to the Black Stone of Mecca, then model captain and holy sheikh, was, really and truly, the son of an English poison—Do try a cigarette, Silas, it makes a man feel so kind, smoking all alone.'

Mr Melville, with some tact, accepted the cigarette which, for the third time, Chinese Jack proffered, and lighted it, but, after three or four whiffs, he withdrew it from between his lips. 'Thank you, my constitution won't stand that Opium, eh?' he said, tossing the tiny pipe under away.

'Of course it is,' answered Chinese Jack indifferently. 'Tink and Lavantine are much of the same mind as the Celestials on that head. I, for one, couldn't get on without the puppy to shed its soothing influence over my tobacco.'

'You always were a wonder, physically, Rollingsdon,' said the American, with a glance of admiration at the well-knit form of the powerful man who had done and dared so much, 'but it will to temper with persons of that sort. What I want to understand is, that I feel sure of victory. There will be a movement in the adverse side—an artful claim speciously pressed, and then, under the pressure of overwhelming proofs, such as I am sure I shall furnish, the craft, false faced girl, who has deceived herself with a scheme in so experienced, if not wiser, than herself, will be plied for ever beyond the power of demerol harm—Now, good bye.'

'Leave!' were the last words of Chinese Jack, and as he spoke, he seemed to be infected by some of the American's enthusiasm in the cause. 'Well done, Sil!' We shall unmask her yet!

## FROZEN FOOD

It is but a small consolation to the British householder to be told that good mutton may be had in some parts of Anstaliasia at two pence halfpenny per pound, while he is paying ten pence or a shilling for the same in the home market. In the present depressed state of our agriculture, and with limited home supplies, prices have a tendency upward rather than downward.

With a population of thirty five millions to provide for, we would fare badly were we restricted to home supplies. Leaving out of the question in the meantime, we find only twenty four million sheep in 1882 to provide mutton for our teeming population, and this enumeration shows a decrease upon the previous ten years. In Anstaliasia, on the other hand, with a sparse population of slightly over two and a half millions, we find Australia, New Zealand, and Tasmania exactly three times as well supplied as we are with wool and mutton. New South Wales alone, with a population of about seven hundred and forty thousand, possesses about

thirty two million sheep, the total for Australasia being about seventy four million sheep. These figures lend an air of probability to the estimate of Sir Francis Dillon Bell, that Australasia and New Zealand could export to England one thousand tons of meat daily, thus being about the quantity which the London meat markets are said to get through in a single day. We have thus an indefinite supply of mutton, could it only be placed at a moderate figure in our home markets.

In America, where mutton is not looked upon as an important article of food, and sheep are bred more for the clip of wool than for mutton, beef occupies the first place. The transatlantic dead meat trade dates from about October 1875. Mr. Latham of New York was among the first to fill his consignments of fresh beef and mutton, but the trade was rapidly taken up by others, and soon all the lines sailing between England and Scotland, left the Hudson with several tons of preserved meat on board. In the year ending June 1881, the exports of fresh beef from the United States were over one hundred and six million pounds, valued at one million nine hundred and seventy two thousand and fifty six pounds, and of fresh mutton over three million pounds, valued at fifty one thousand pounds. Owing to a rise in price the exports were in great measure stopped for four months of last year, but were resumed again in the autumn. At first, the meat was preserved during the Atlantic voyage by a draught of cold air forced off blocks of ice. This system, which made the meat rather moist, has been superseded by the Hulam, the Bill Coleman, and other refrigerators, in which a draught of cold but dry air keeps the meat at a temperature as little as possible below freezing point. For Australian steamers which have to cross the line with a cargo of meat, twenty degrees Fahrenheit is thought a desirable temperature, and twenty eight degrees for the short American voyage, but this can be easily secured by the refrigerators at present in use. A recently constructed screw steamer, the *Loch Ard*, entirely built of steel, has been fitted up with the Bill Coleman refrigerating apparatus, for the fresh meat trade between Buenos Ayres and Glasgow.

In some time past, an attempt has also been made by Australian steamers to place mutton in Australia and New Zealand in the London market, and these imports are steadily increasing. We read of the arrival of passenger steamers with several thousand carcasses of mutton, but when these shipments first began, very serious losses had to be encountered by the colonial exporters having to place so much dead meat in the market in one day. Some of it also arrived in an imperfect condition. The problem of bringing frozen carcasses of sheep from Australasia in a wholesome condition seems now to be no longer a solution.

Three vessels were recently fitted up for Shaw, Savill, & Co with the Bill Coleman refrigerator, which are capable of bringing cargoes of nine thousand sheep each from New Zealand. The steamship *Sorrento*, which arrived in this country from New Zealand in the beginning of February last, had five thousand eight hundred and thirty eight carcasses of sheep on board. The average

price at which this mutton was bought by the butchers was sevenpence three farthings per pound. This mutton had been sold to the shippers at Dunedin at twopenny three farthings per pound, which ought to leave a good profit for the exporter. So excellent was their appearance and quality, that some of these carcasses, we are told, were bought by West End tradesmen who had hitherto looked upon frozen meat with contempt. The *Lady Jocelyn*, which left Wellington on February 24th, had five thousand eight hundred carcasses of sheep on board. Still further to show what can be accomplished in the frozen meat trade, we may mention that a sister sailing vessel, the *Dunedin*, brought one hundred and seventy five tons of frozen mutton from New Zealand last year, and after a voyage of ninety eight days, it was found in good condition. The cargo brought eight thousand pounds, netting threepence farthing per lb for the sheep. Although some of the carcasses had been frozen four months, they were said to be as bright and clean looking as newly killed mutton. The New Zealand Shipping Company's steamer *Sonne*, one of the new monthly line between New Zealand and London, has refrigerating chambers capable of holding fourteen thousand sheep. Up till January of the present year, there had been four thousand tons of Australian and New Zealand frozen meat brought to this country.

The Orient Company's steamer *Garonne*, which arrived in the Royal Albert Dock, London, in January last, brought with it a freight of four thousand two hundred and fifty seven carcasses of frozen mutton, and one hundred and thirty six quarters of beef. This vessel had been fifty two days on the way from Sydney, and the meat was in excellent condition although frozen as hard as a stone, and requiring to be thawed before use.

The Bill Coleman refrigerator, already mentioned as in common use for this purpose, is based upon the principle of compressed air being thoroughly cooled and then allowed to expand. In the act of expansion, it becomes cold enough to freeze water. To accomplish this, the air is taken by air pumps from the meat chamber and then compressed, after which it is cooled by jets of water and passed through a system of tubes. After passing through the expanding apparatus, the air is discharged at the rate of forty thousand cubic feet an hour into the meat chamber. The air is drier, and this system works better than was common in the first experiments of preserving meat during a long voyage by means of blocks of ice. By means of this refrigerator, salmon has been brought from Labrador to London, and kept frozen for six months while being sold in instalments. Tons of English fish have also been conveyed to Australia, and eagerly bought there as a luxury. It also enables vessels provided with refrigerating apparatus to carry a store of fresh fish, or other fresh meat, for use on ship board.

The first machine constructed by the Bill Coleman Mechanical Refrigeration Company, of Glasgow, under the guidance of Mr J J Coleman, was built in 1877, and since that time vessels sailing to and from all parts of the world have been fitted up with it. The largest refrigerator with which they have had to do is that erected by the New South Wales government for

cooling the whole meat supply of Sydney to forty degrees in the height of summer. This renders the inhabitants independent of the necessity of eating meat upon the day it is killed. The floor area of this abattoir is eighty feet by one hundred feet, and the cold air produced by the refrigerating machine has registered as much as one hundred and thirty seven degrees below freezing point.

Each carcass of mutton, of perhaps sixty pound weight, which arrives in this way has been carefully dressed and sewn up in white calico. At wholesale price, before despatch, this mutton may have cost two pence per pound, and an additional three pence or four pence must be added for carriage. Thus, while the mutton can be sold in the London market at a lower figure than the home product, there is still a margin of profit. In the case of the *Garonne*, which we have mentioned, its cargo of dressed meat was deposited in the dark in refrigerating chambers similar to those on board, whence the meat would be taken as required for sale. This plan may avert the loss which might take place by so much dressed meat being sent to market at once.

If we are to trust the unbiased experience of a London householder, the prejudice which exists with some regarding Australian mutton thus proved, is groundless. Having purchased a haunch of mutton from the supply brought by the steamer *Garonne*, he placed it in a slack oven, with the door open, until it was thoroughly thawed. After roasting the haunch for two and a half hours, it was served, and was pronounced by those who partook of it to be in every respect excellent. It was tender, well flavoured, especially the fat, and had a rich, high coloured gravy in plenty. This was certainly the reverse of what he had been told concerning it.

During the Egyptian campaign, supplies of frozen meat were sent from this country in the case of the troops in Egypt. The steamer *Orontes* left with seventy five tons of frozen meat in a cool chamber. This supply was drawn upon up till the date of the ship's return from Australia on 6th September last. Between thirty and forty tons of unused meat were left in the cold chamber on board ship, and brought home again, but, unfortunately, on attempting to dispose of some of it in London, part of this supply was discovered to be unsound, and of the rest was at once given by the sanitary authorities to have it all destroyed.

Nature has done and is doing in other parts of the world the work of the refrigerating machine. The well preserved carcass of the Siberian mammoth, found about a century ago in a block of ice, and upon which the wolves fed greedily when it was discovered, is a case in point. It has been estimated that twelve million inhabitants of the northern hemisphere consume about a million tons of frozen food during the winter, and this exclusive of the supply we mention as being imported into England. Frozen meat markets exist in Russia and Canada, beginning about the second week of December, and lasting until April. The roads during this period, leading to St Petersburg, are crowded with sledges laden with food, the whole frozen as hard as iron. This supply includes swine from Finland, caviare from Astrakhan, reindeer flesh from Archangel, bear flesh from Olonetz, sheep from Oranburg, and beef

from the Ukraine. About sixty thousand oxen are sold during the season, thirty thousand tons of herring, an six hundred tons of caviare. The Canadian consumption of frozen meat and fish is about one hundred thousand tons, and fifty thousand tons of fruit, milk, &c. The whole soundness of the supply is attested by the general good health of the populations who use this frozen food.

Leaving the American trade out of the question, should the New Zealand and Australian trade in preserved mutton be satisfactorily established, there are other countries, such as the Argentine Republic and Russia, whose supplies of meat are enormous. But if the middleman, the retailer, does not consume the profit, Australasia could well afford to supply us with cheap mutton for many a year to come. The American dead meat trade is already well established, but it is liable to fluctuations, caused by increased demand on the other side, and a consequent rise in price. As to the success of the imports of Australian mutton, good deal will depend upon the amount of encouragement received, and should a gap be filled in the London market by this colonial supply, it certainly ought to assist in keeping prices moderate, and lessen the drain which the metropolitan market makes upon the rest of the kingdom.

## TWICE LOST

### A TALE OF DOUBLE CONSCIOUSNESS

#### IN FOUR CHAPTERS—CHAPTER II

THE very announcement of Mr Clinton's evidently revived Eva's spirits, and served to restore her shaken nerves. Perhaps she had felt the tone of Mrs Clavering's consoling assurances a certain impatience, a certain not unkindly contempt for the childish helplessness and simplicity of the girl of seventeen. Mrs Clavering was confident, but her confidence did not satisfy Eva, when her questions, 'How do you know? What is the law? met with no clear, satisfactory answer. The girl's alarms were at once vague, indefinite, and unlimited. She could not accept comforting promises that were evidently founded only on the general convictions of practical experience, not on any actual knowledge. She dreaded her enemy, less because he might take her fortune, and consign her to absolute poverty, than from the fancy that his power might extend to her person, and she dreaded his possible guardianship. Mrs Clavering endeavoured to reassure her upon this last point; but could not quite convince her that the very assertion on which Mr Warren founded a claim to her inheritance was incompatible with any possible pretension to control her person.

In Mr Clinton, however, not more perhaps from his legal knowledge than from his personal character, she had implicit confidence. His promised presence almost dispelled the terror which the necessity of a second interview with Warren inspired, and his cordial, almost affectionate greeting, his straightforward statements,



answering every question suggested by her alarms—making clear to her the exact nature of the issue and its precise consequences—even his pointed inquiries, his searching but very gentle cross examination of her own vague recollections, helped to assure and comfort her.

'Don't be frightened, Miss Lanwood,' he said at last, having collected and arranged every paper he could find that might bear upon the case, as the hour approached, and he saw in her wandering eyes and tremulous hands the return of her fears. 'Mr Warren shall tell us just the thing we don't know, and at worst, you have nothing to fear.'

'How can that be, Mr Clinton?'

'I have not time to explain. But will you not take my word? I am not sure, till I hear Mr Warren's case, that we can save your fortune, but that shall make no other, no further difference. You shall have a home as safe, as pleasant, if not as luxurious as if you were—what I firmly believe we shall prove you—your father's heiress.'

She drew close to him, as a loud knock at the door announced Mr Warren's arrival, and drawing her hand within his own, Clinton led her to his seat at the further end of the table, and stood beside her as he indicated to the intruder a seat exactly opposite. Mr Warren instantly recognised his opponent, and his countenance slightly fell. It was one thing to deal with a mere man of business like Mr Clowering, and then to encounter a barrister already known to solicitors—of whom he was one—as a most careful and a careful diplomat, a shrewd, keen, clear-sighted humorist, and thoroughly well informed jurist. Clinton was not one of whom he could hope to take either legal or commercial advantage. He had now to deal with an antagonist who could neither be tricked nor bullied, against whom he must rely wholly on the strength of his case—a case which, in dealing with a layman he would undisturbedly have affirmed to be con lucid, but whose weak points a lawyer of Clinton's knowledge, even without the advantage of long experience at the bar, would instantly detect and turn to account. The strategy that might have served him with an ordinary man of business, or even with an attorney of his own stamp, would be out of place here. Perfect straightforwardness was his only chance. Opposed to such an antagonist, with such a client, with all natural human sympathies against him, his only chance was to enter court with clean hands, to rely upon his strict right, but to maintain that right fairly, openly, and with no unnecessary discourtesy.

'Mr Warren,' said Clinton, assuming at once the tone of superior rank to which their respective professional positions entitled him, 'you were, in the presence of Miss Lanwood and her friends here, that you were Mr Lanwood's heir at law. Now, I hold the certificate of Miss Lanwood's birth and of her mother's marriage, and I need not tell you that these establish beyond question her right as her father's heiress, unless you can show a flaw in either.'

'I said, Mr Clinton, that I am the late Mr Lanwood's heir at law. Mr Clowering may have forgotten to tell you what I further told him—that the lady of whom you speak was not Miss Lanwood's wife.'

'I hold the certificate of her marriage.'

'No doubt. You are aware, however, that Mr Lanwood was married before. Do you know to whom?'

'Yes, and that the first wife died two years before the second marriage.'

'Granted. Nevertheless, the first marriage invalidates the second. Pardon me, Miss Lanwood, you would call her, I believe Milton, was the sister of Alice Hutton, Lanwood's first wife. Then either changed his name shortly after the first marriage, and the younger daughter, then a child, of course took his later name.'

Considering that Clinton was utterly unprepared for such an attack, the perfect calmness with which he met it, the steady confidence, in which his antagonist could not discern even a sign of surprise, did no little credit to his self-command. Even looking up to him in utter bewilderment, was completely reassured. She could not understand the point, but she saw, or thought she saw, that he understood and cared a thing for it.

'You know it, perhaps?' Warren said, half doubtful, half defiantly.

'I did not know it, but now that I know it, I understand what puzzled me at first, why the second marriage took place in Denmark. Mr Lanwood was thoroughly up in all legal and business matters which he found necessary in business, and doubtless had made himself quite as familiar with the law of marriage. In Denmark the marriage was valid. Valid where it was contracted, it is valid everywhere, and Miss Lanwood is in law, as in equity, her father's heiress. Your claim, Mr Warren, is worth no more—as it deserved to be, and you will doubtless be thankful that you are spared the temptation to deprive an orphan of her father's inheritance.'

'That is your view of the law?'

'Mine, and the latest universal view.'

'In that case, Mr Clinton, Warren versus Lanwood will be a *cause célèbre*. If it cost your client's fortune, it may make yours. I did not know that the marriage had taken place abroad, though I suspected it, and—because I can't expect now a peaceable admission of my right, though I warn you I have no doubt of my making it good!—Good evening, Mr Clinton—Good evening, Miss Lanwood, with a slight emphasis on the name.'

These things occurred, as a reader familiar with recent legal changes will have already perceived, more than thirty years ago. Since the young heir, now a grandmother, and her legal champion, now a well-esteemed judge, every one of the acts in our story has long since been at rest, as is the question on which, in the absence of the missing will, the right to Miss Lanwood's fortune turned the effect of local law on the validity of a forbidden marriage.

The eve of the trial had arrived, and Clinton sat with Eva Lanwood and Miss Clowering in the same library where the two first met. Clinton was pale, anxious, and silent, but conscious that he had done his utmost for the case, that he had on his notes every precedent and principle that could be brought, however remotely, to bear upon it, and that no more could be done, he had determined to quit his chambers, think no more of his books and his brief, and quicken his zeal

and strengthen himself for the morrow's work by spending the evening in the society of his fair client. He sat and watched her cheerful face and light busy form as she moved about the room, for Eva had during the last three months recovered in great measure from her heavy loss, and the dread of losing wealth hardly affected her. She had strong confidences in her cause, and still stronger in her advocate. She was certain that her mother was her father's wife, and certain that Mr Clinton would not fail. She spoke to him now and then, affectionately though shyly, and he answered her with his usual grave courtesy, softened into something that was almost tenderness. But except in answering her, he spoke little. His mind was evidently pre-occupied.

'Eva,' he said at last, then stammered—'Miss Linwood, I beg pardon—did Mr Lanwood say nothing to you about the place where he had left his will?'

'He tried to do so, I think, at the last moment,' answered Eva, as the words came into her eyes. 'I tried not to call me Miss Linwood, you always called me Eva while he was with us.'

'What did Mr Lanwood say?' asked Clinton eagerly, not noticing the last appeal. 'Try and collect it exactly, it may give us a clue.'

'He said "Look you will find my will," and then something about a secret. So I know there is a will, but where he never said.'

Clinton pondered. 'It must be in some obvious place, or he would have taken care to leave an account of it. No lawyer has it, for I have advertised in vain—unless, indeed, it be William.'

'No, papa never would speak to him,' replied Eva decidedly.

But at this moment a note was brought to Clinton, bearing the seal of Miss Lanwood's letters. He opened it, and remained for some minutes deep in thought, then, turning to Eva, he said, 'Miss Lanwood, I am sorry to say that your leading counsel has died suddenly. I reproach myself that I did not insist on having another senior. We cannot repair the loss now, and your cause will have to rest entirely on me.'

'I am very glad indeed to hear it,' said Eva decidedly. 'I heard you say one day you wished to lead in a difficult case, and here you have an opportunity. And I am sure no one could or would do more for me than you will.—But, Mr Clinton,' she said, with a graceful effort to turn from an awkward and personal topic, 'I have been thinking whether my father's will might not be in some secret drawer. We have found no money anywhere, and yet I know he had some in the house, almost always, when I have asked him for it. Do you not think it is possible?'

'Quite possible,' said Clinton, springing up eagerly. 'But do you know of any secret drawers?'

'No, but my father would not be likely to tell me about them. He was always busy here, and I never used to come into this room.'

'Let us search, then,' said Clinton. And they again every piece of furniture in that room was thoroughly emptied and scrutinised. One small drawer was discovered in the writing table, con-

cealed with great art, and only discernible by comparing the external and internal measurements. But it contained only a memorandum book of a business character, and some notes and gold—about four hundred pounds.

Eva was disappointed, but Clinton's spirits rose. 'Thus proved that your father trusted his money to a contrivance of this kind, it is highly probable that he protected his will in the same manner.' And they proceeded to search the standing desk at which Mr Lanwood habitually wrote. At first, no trace whatever of any secret compartment could be found. But Clinton, by careful observation, ascertained that whereas, on two sides, the inner measurement was less than the outer by three quarters of an inch, on the other pair the difference was an inch and a half, thus making room at the deep end of the desk for a drawer of nearly an inch deep and ten inches high. That such a compartment existed, he had strong suspicions. But neither within nor without could he perceive any trace of a spring. At last, looking carefully underneath, he discerned what seemed to be a splinter, which on touch proved to be iron. Thus being pressed, the seeming end of the desk fell inward, revealing a sort of slot fully occupied by a bundle of papers. This being quickly directed to light, was found to consist of a will, and a little packet addressed to Eva, containing her mother's miniature. The will was in a sealed envelope, and Clinton declined to open it.

'I will send it to your solicitors, with a written account of its discovery, which we will all sign.'

When Clinton had written his account of the manner in which the will had been discovered, he requested Eva and Mrs Clavering to append their signatures. Then enclosing both documents in an envelope, he directed it to Messrs Wylie and Kiame, Solicitor, Lincoln's Inn. He rang the bell, and gave the precious packet in charge to Andrew.

'You will take this to Lane's Inn,' he said. 'Mr Keane lives on the premises, so he is almost certain to be in, deliver it to him only. If Mr Keane be absent, bring it back. I need not tell you to be careful, for this packet contains what we have sought so long—your late master's will.'

In a state of extreme agitation, evinced by his speaking eyes and excited manner, old Andrew took the packet and disappeared. About a quarter of an hour afterwards, he was heard to close the house door after him as he departed on his errand. Clinton remained for an hour or two longer, explaining to Eva that the discovery of the will would put an end to all her difficulties, and insure the immediate withdrawal of Mr Warren's claim. It was midnight before he retired to rest, having put in order the notes of his speech for to-morrow, but feeling sure that the will would suppress all occasion for a discussion of Eva's legitimacy. It is only just to say that this new turn of affairs, though it deprived him of a possible opportunity for making a final rate professional reputation, was a source of unmixed satisfaction to the young lawyer. He thought much more of Eva's interests than of his own, and he hid by no means sufficient confidence in his cause to feel sure that, without the will, her title to her inheritance could be sustained.

Clinton rose early the next morning, and repaired to the office of Messrs Wylie and Keane for a final consultation, wishing particularly to arrange with them the manner in which the will should be produced. He was courteously received by the junior partner, who, being a well-read lawyer, was deeply interested in the professional aspect of the case.

'By the way, Mr. Clinton,' he said, 'I do not know whether you have noticed this argument in a somewhat similar matter,' and he produced from an old volume of Law Reports a judgment which seemed to him to bear upon the question.

'Yes, I have seen it,' said Clinton. 'But the will, you know, will avoid all necessity for such a question at all.'

'What! Do you mean to say you have found Linwood's will? I had begun to doubt whether he ever made one.'

'Yes, we found it last night, and I sent it off to you at once, unopened. You don't mean to say you have not received it? And Clinton's voice betrayed the consternation which he felt. If that will had not been left with the lawyers, how came it that Andrew had not informed him?

'I was not at home last night till very late. No one was here but my chief boy—John.' Did any one bring a packet for me last night?'

'A servant came with one, sir, but when he found you were out, he would not leave it. He said it was his master's will, and would give his young mistress her rights. He seemed a good deal excited.'

'Drunk?'

'No, sir, not drunk, but he had been drunk.'

'There is no time to be lost!' exclaimed Clinton. 'Send a cab at once to Miss Linwood's, and bring down the manuscript, and the will, if he has it, and ask Miss Linwood to come here as quickly as she can.'

During the messenger's absence, Clinton paced the office in a state of indescribable agitation, in the midst of Andrew's love of drink, and the leniency with which Mr. Linwood had regarded the man's one fault, and bitterly reproaching himself for the carelessness which had permitted him to intrust the precious document to a servant's hands. Keane, who thought only of the credit of his firm and the professional aspect of the case, was also vexed at so untoward an accident, and scarcely consoled by the fact that the want of a will would make the cause one of the most important of the year. The reader will easily understand that if the will were forthcoming, the trial would be a simple matter, over in a few minutes, whereas, if there were no will, the property would go to the next of kin or heir at law. Now, if Eva were a legitimate child, she would be both next of kin and heir to her father, if she were not, then William would fill that position. Thus, in the absence of a will, the case would turn on the validity of Mr. Linwood's Danish marriage, and the judgment would determine for all future time whether a marriage with a widow, under a legally contracted abroad, were or were not legal in England.

After an incredibly brief absence, which seemed to Clinton interminable, the messenger returned

with Andrew, and a brief note from Miss Linwood.

DEAR MR. CLINTON—Andrew returned last night after we were gone to bed. This morning, he came to me greatly agitated, and confessed that he had been quite stupefied when he came home last night, but had a vague notion that he had not given the will to Mr. Keane. He seems to have lost it. What is to be done? Yours faithfully,  
EVA LINWOOD

Clinton could hardly control himself sufficiently to address a single question to Andrew, who stood before him in a state of abject stupefaction, and with a face in which shame and bitter remorse were legibly written. When Clinton addressed him, it was with no little difficulty that the poor wretch collected his mind sufficiently to reply, and when he had told the little that he knew—which was no more than Eva had communicated—he broke into a fit of sobbing that seemed to shake his whole frame. The man was so evidently heart-broken by the thought of the mischief he had done, that Clinton could not but be softened. Still, it was in a tone of considerable bitterness that he re-examined the offender, with a view to extract some sort of clue to his proceedings, since the will was intrusted to him. But it was utterly in vain. Down to the time that he reached the office, everything that had passed was fresh in Andrew's recollection, afterwards, he had a hazy recollection of going to a public house in the neighbourhood, and beyond that, his memory, until his waking next morning, was an absolute blank. A messenger was sent to the public house, and the barman appeared, but all he could say was, that Andrew had come to the bar the night before, had taken a quart of ale, and gone away without showing any special excitement. 'Indeed,' said the man, 'he seemed more sober when he went than when he came in.'

By this time Eva Linwood arrived, and was shown into Mr. Keane's private room, where Clinton found her.

'Miss Linwood,' he said, 'I am afraid this man's infamous conduct has done you an irreparable injury. We can hear nothing of the will. But it is incomprehensible that he should, as he says, remember nothing of what happened last night, for, by the account of those who saw him, he was by no means intoxicated to unconscionable excess.'

After a little hesitation, Eva answered, 'I remember once to have heard my father say to a friend—a doctor, I think—that Andrew never seemed absolutely to lose his senses when drunk, but that he always lost his memory. I did not recall an instance of what was meant, but perhaps it was the same thing last night.'

'Possibly,' said Clinton. 'The only alternative is to suppose that he has betrayed you, and I cannot believe him guilty of that.'

'O no, Mr. Clinton! I could almost as soon suspect you!' Eva stopped, coloured, and stammered, afraid of having offended.

But her friend went on, 'We must keep him in safe custody for the present, at all events. I shall detain him here to-day, and

when he returns home, he must be forbidden to leave the house. And now, I must settle with Mr Keene what is to be done, for this loss has once more overturned all our plans'

## A BRIGHT SORROW

Artists and poets, with their clearer insight and sympathetic hand, have touched myriad hearts by living in marble and colour and song the true view of a great human sorrow. The vision is so heavenly, that tearful eyes begin to weep afresh under its excess of light, yet it is so human, that the poorest of the world's toilers and spinners can understand it, and feel that it is meant for them. In its countless forms, it is always the same, however poetical, it belongs to the wear and tear of our common life, however stirring, it is a home thought still. It is an Angel carrying upward a little child.

From all over the world come the voices of poets telling of this bright side of the universal sorrow. It has been said that verses written in grief are unreal—that for the most part mourners hide their faces. But when we hear those voices of many nations and of many tongues, making not only harmony, but at times a marked and perfect union, then surely we recognise something better than rhyme and rhythm—the clear cry of the human heart.

One of these notes of unison is the thought that the little one, though grieved for, is yet new with the wonted looks. When a soldier falls himself after the campaign with hand on sword it is well known that for a time he feels the momentary delusion that he could star the lost hand if he would. It is perhaps due in a similar way to some lingering remnant of severed habits and associations, that the presence of the missing child is felt by those of whose life its life was an actual part. So David Macketh Moor calls his 'Casa Wappy', 'It thins own self than a part of mine and of thy mother's heart'. Let us mark the frequency of this thought, beginning with Moor or 'Delt', whose little sons self-conferred pet names, 'Casa Wappy', is the refrain of his yearning for the child.

Do what I may go where I will,  
Thou meet'st my night,  
There dost thou glide before me still—  
A form of light!  
I feel thy breath upon my cheek  
I see thee smile, I hear thee speak,  
Till oh, my heart is like to break,  
Casa Wappy!

Even in the realism of the nursery, with the scattered playthings and the empty chair in a corner, to the highest idea of the bright brief day that was but sunrise and night, or of the little feet treading the seraph path—one feels throughout the whole of these lines the hot pulse of the writer's heart. They are a standing contradiction to the theory that the poetry of

sorrow is unreal. Verses may tell but little, yet the little can be true.

Words may not paint our grief: there,  
So, are but bubbles on the sea  
Of our unfathomed sea, my  
Casa Wappy

From the other side of the world, across the broad Atlantic, is sent to us this same thought of the lost child's presence. There are poems by Pierpont and Stoddard telling of the boy who still bounded round the study chair or ran scotchball through the street, and of the girl who was laid under mignonette and violets, but still was amongst the window flowers or at the writer's side.

She'll come and climb my chair again,  
And I'll see my shoulder o'er,  
I hear a stifled laugh—but no,  
She comes nevermore.

And again, there is *The Changeless* by Mr Russell Lowell, with a new and brighter light upon the same idea. It tells of a baby daughter with the lingering brightness of heaven gleaming in her hair.

She had been with us scarce a twelvemonth,  
And it hardly seemed a day,  
When a troop of wandering angels  
Stole my little daughter away.  
But they left in her stead a changeless  
A little angel child  
That seems like her but in full bloom,  
And smiles as she never smiled.  
It lies in my little one's cradle,  
And sits in my little one's chair,  
And the light of the heaven she's gone to  
Irons figures its golden hair.

The 'bud in full blossom' is neither of the notes of unison, part of the natural poetry of sorrow. Burns had given perfect expression to it long before, in the well known lines beginning 'There lies a rose, a budding rose,' the last part of which, through force of simplicity and truth, has become common property to human nature—that of the bud that 'blooms a rose in heaven'. Another lament of the Scottish poet for his child will be remembered, and will strike home with the same simple truth of human feeling—the verses where he speaks of the dead child in the mother's lap.

When the tear trickled bright when the sob stifled  
breath  
Told how dear ye were aye to each other

But the melancholy of his shattered career throws a shade over the poem, he sees the young life go to the home of rest, while he is left to mourn over 'the hope and misfortune of him, and sigh for 'this life's latest morrow'.

To return to the touching delusion of the lost child's lingering presence, we find it again in another tongue. Our German neighbours, with their marvellous word-building can express all at once what it takes us six words to say, so, when we say, Poems on the Death of Children, they write on the volume *Kindertröstungen*. Such is the title of a posthumous collection of poems gathered from the portfolios of Buckert by his son, and bound under the tall tall emblem of a golden figure carrying an inverted torch, and with face more peaceful than sad. The

German poet, grieving for his own two children, makes a human harmony with the thought of England and of the New World. Here again is the inseparable presence.

Where the evening winds are bending the flowering  
meadow grass,  
I see thy hair free floating waving and dancing, pass,  
And when to the babbling waves the sea'sy short lines  
dips,  
I hear the gentle living of thy sweet and loving lips

And again, where he rings changes upon the  
same words

By day thou art a shadow,  
A light in the night thou art,  
Thou livest still in my sorrow,  
Thou dust not in my heart

Where my tent is thou dost follow,  
Sent even before my light,  
All day thou art my shadow,  
And in the night my light

Where I look thou art all things but I know  
Of thyself some trace or part,  
Thou livest still in my sorrow  
Thou dust not in my heart

These lines remind us of another of the beautiful thoughts that, by occurring, to many poets, prove an origin very deep in our nature. It is the thought of the lost child, of a light thus, a voice from the New World exclaims, 'Thou bright and star-like spirit. In England, (as Wappay is called up n to be a star smiling, above death. And in France, still more beautifully, the little one that is gone becomes the star of life. 'The child shines always, whether living or whether fallen I keep my light. And he goes on to explain that in this world, where we all need help so much, the living child illumines duty for the mother's heart, but the dead child unveils truth as she looks upon it 'here, it is but a torch, above, it is a star.'

We may note an original thought of the same poet in lines written upon the slab of a little grave beneath the sea. After making the distinctive features of the scene—the old church, the mossy stones, the lizard on the wall, the dark woods, the cry of birds, the insects' murmuring unspeakable things, the noise of winds and waves in 'the stormy hymn, the endless chorus, he tells the meaning of his poem in its last lines

Nature where all returns that Nature gave  
Leaves, nests, and branches where the ho-bred winds  
sleep  
Breathe not a sound keep stillness round this grave,  
Let the child slumber, and the mother weep

Now, let us turn to another of the leading thoughts uttered in unison from many nations. It is the coming of the angels. A Dutch writer, Dirk Smuts, joins with the melancholy which pervades most of his country's best poetry, a new and bright idea—that of the pearl and the shell. Longfellow has translated the Dutch verses

A host of angels flying,  
Through cloudless skies unpled,  
Upon the earth beheld  
A pearl of beauty lying  
Worthy to glitter bright  
In heaven's vast hills of light

They spread their pinions o'er it  
And then on high they bore it,  
Where glory has its birth,  
But left the shell on earth

Longfellow himself shows the flight of angels in his *Golden Legend*, when Elsie describes how little Gertrude ceased breathing and no more, how her eyes were like faded violets, how the skies looked in through the window,

And the wind was like the sound of wings,  
As if angels came to bear her away

In his translation from the French of Jean Racine is the same familiar idea. The radiant angel bends over the cradle and sees himself reflected there, and no shadow is to be cast upon the house, where for this purpose the forest dry was the last

We turn to Germany, and find the angels there again coming for the child. This time it is Uhland that speaks, with clear voice full of home tones and of sympathy. Uhland's *Serenade* has a title that contains a sad and sweet surprise. The sick child asks the mother what is the music in the night. The mother cannot hear anything, but while she listens in vain, the child whispers, 'It is a choir of angels.' Mother, go to night, and be at one with the heavenly serenade.

Another beautiful thought that has sprung up in many places is that of the changed relations of the parent and the child. Especially in the poetry of America there are many examples of the thought, which Lowell best expresses

If we could find a friend who thy part and thy child's  
Thou art the man, now he wishes thee  
Should man can only see the secret things  
Which are to him used sights of every day  
He smiles to see thy wondering glance  
The grass and jellies of the spirit world

It is true that there is a first season of sorrow, when it is hard to see and realize this many-sided vision, to which all hearts respond, and which we have called the Angel and the Child. Each tears blind the eyes, visible and palpable things, the small details of the great grief, hurt like commonplace thorns, through the golden tissue of brightness that ought to veil this sorrow. The mother sees again the strange whiteness of the face she loved, her arms are round the child in death as they were in the first bliss of maternity—a type of her immutable love. There is no comforting her with human comforts, and human language is folly. She is out alone with her child in an untrodden region to speak to her is to shout to the stars, or to dip a hand to it is the depth of the sea. Leave her to the great mystery of a sorrow that none beside can comprehend, a light not of earth will show her path in the unknown land, and a Voice, better than the murmuring of poets, will not fail her in her need. But there will come a time of peace, when all beautiful thoughts and all tender sympathies of human hearts will gather without haste or intrusion like a kindly halo about the bright serenity, that lies further and further back in memory. And of all these 'unlit words' that have drifted to us from the wide world of poetry, perhaps the German poet Uhland has said the one that may come earliest to a sad heart, and that, if the bravest, is the wisest. Only four lines he wrote of a child that an angel

came for, but one of the four says all the heart can say

With gentle tread thou dost come and go,  
A fleeting guest in our earthly land  
Ah! whence and whither We duly know—  
Out of God's Hand, into God's Hand

### WITHIN AN INCH OF MY LIFE

DURING the earlier years of my medical military career, I was selected as the assistant surgeon of the Army Lunatic Asylum then established in one of the eastern counties of England. At the time of the appointment, I was given to understand that it was one which paid a high compliment to my professional abilities, and was bestowed as a reward for good services done, but as I did not see it quite in the same light, I went and interviewed the chief who had thought so much more of me than I did of myself.

'Sir,' said I, 'some men are born to honours, others have honours thrust upon them, the latter

my case. I don't understand one bit about the treatment moral or medical of the insane. I never saw but one madman in my life, and he, I really believe, was more knowledgeable than fool, and I can't help thinking that if you send me to the Asylum, you are sending the round man to fit into the square hole.'

'That is not of the slightest consequence,' answered he whom I was addressing, in the richest of brogues, 'not the hole in Irish Rind or square, the hole will suit ye to a T, and if so be that ye don't know anything concerning lunatics, why, the sooner ye learn the better. Ye'll be pleased to join without delay. Good morning.' So he bowled me out, and I, having a wholesome dread of the powers that were, 'joined' forthwith.

It is one of Shakspeare's wise sayings that 'Use doth breed a habit in a man.' Before there had passed away many weeks of my sojourn with the demented officers and men of Queen Victoria's land forces, I found myself highly interested with their pretty and well cared for home, running pleasantly in the groove I had so much objected to, and nothing did for ever and a day of that repugnance which every outsider naturally enough entertains when brought into contact with the dungeons of a madhouse. With a passkey which was an open sesame to every lock in the establishment, I was accustomed to wander over it unattended either by the 'keeper' or the orderlies, and never was I molested or spoken to threateningly save once, and that upon the occasion I have elected to name 'Within an Inch of My Life.'

In the afternoons, when the patients were not indoors, it was my practice to go through every part of the building, inspecting it minutely. I was doing so as usual upon a certain winter day, when, at a curve of a corridor, I came suddenly upon a patient leaning gloomily against one of the pillars. He was a private soldier of the 40th or Sherwood Foresters—a recent admission, and whose phase of insanity was somewhat

puzzling the head surgeon and myself. Without entering upon details, I shall merely say that we had doubt upon his case, and had recommended his removal from the Asylum to the care of his friends. My fortune, however, was to be closely watched, and no garden tools or other implements put into his hands. If we had managed to check the vigilance of the orderly under whose surveillance he had been placed, and to be what I met him, was one of the things I never understood. But so it was.

When he saw me, his melancholic demeanour ceased, he advanced with rapid strides towards me, and I saw at a glance that he meant mischief of some sort or other, for every muscle of his body was trembling with passion, and on every feature of his face was pictured that of a demon. I considered that had come over me. What was this man going to do? But to show apprehension would be fatal, so I faced him boldly, and exclaimed 'Hi lo, Mithens! what are you doing here? Why are you not in the airing-ground with the others?'

He turned a wild and flashing eye upon me, and glared like a wild beast. Then he howled out, rather than said 'Let me out of this!'

'What do you mean?' I replied, resolving if possible to, on time, and trusting that presently in orderly might pass, and relieve me from the terrible dilemma in which I stood.

'Let me out!' he repeated. 'I have been too long in this vile place. I want to rejoin my regiment to see my poor old mother, and Mary, my sweetheart. Why am I here? I am not mad like the others. God knows that, so do you. But if I am kept much longer, I shall be stuck staring mad. Let me out, I say!'

He was now holding over with frenzy. Still I kept my ground. 'Mithens,' I said, 'I know that you are not mad, so listen a moment. If we can't let you out? I am not the head doctor. I can't act without his orders. Your removal has been recommended by him. I'll go and consult him now.'

'No, you won't, in fact.'

'Well, I can't release you. It would be as much as my commission is worth to connive at your escape. I should be fairly court-martialled, and cashiered, if not worse. That you must be aware of.'

'That's no matter to me. I'll make you! See this!' He opened the loose gaiter-pocket he wore, and, to my horror, took from within it a round paving-stone of some pounds in weight, such as the courtyard of the building was paved with. How he had managed to obtain and to conceal it, was another mystery.

A cold perspiration broke out upon me. My life seemed to be hanging by the slenderest of threads. I had no means of defence, the rules prevented my talking into the interior of the Asylum even a walking-stick, and man to man, the man was taller and stronger than I.

The soldier raised the stone in his uplifted hands, and held it over my head, which was protected only by my regulation forage cap. I expected every instant that I should be crushed beneath it, but still the man seemed resolute to strike. Then, while, Damocles-like, the muscled lung above me, a sudden idea flashed across my mind. 'What if I try to dodge him?'

'Put down that stone' I cried out  
'Let me out, then' he answered  
'Put down that stone, and I will. But first declare that you will tell no one who did it or how it was done'

'Doctor, I swear' And then, to my unexpressed relief, he lowered his raised hands

I looked round once again, really to spy if any official was in sight, but in such a sly, covert way as to make Mitheus believe that I fixed an eavesdropper

'You know the lock-hole outside the barrack?'  
'Yes I was mentioned here some years ago with my regiment'

'Well, this door' (pointing to one which was close to us) 'leads down a very short passage to another exit opening on to the Docks'

He was now all ears—every nerve strained to hear what I had to tell him

'How to take this key?' I put into his stretched-out hand one that I happened to have in my pocket, I forget to what it belonged, but I know that it would fit the lock inside the Asylum. He grasped it eagerly, and at the same time dashed the paving-stone on the floor

'What then, sir?' he asked in low excited tones

'This With my passkey I shall let you into the passage. Creep your way for a yard or two down I'll first look of the outer door, open it with this key, and—exit'

'You will tell no one that I am gone—take no steps to have me caught? Remember this if I am brought back, I'll murder you'

'Mitheus' if you escape by the method I have pointed out, no one shall know it'

'You are the soldier's friend!' he replied 'Let me shake hands with you, sir'

I did not feel happy when I found my palm wrung within his, but I quickly opened the door alluded to, and without the least shadow of suspicion, he entered immediately. Once he was fairly in, I pulled it to with a tug, which shook the very walls. He was undressed in a bath-room

The strain of excitement over, reaction came on. I felt sick and faint, and knew no more until I saw one of the officials and my servant stooping over me. The former, going his rounds, had found me lying on the floor, and as soon as I came to my senses, I told them what had happened, and steps were taken to have Mitheus so watched that in future paving-stones would never again be in his possession. I took care also never again to preambulate the Asylum without my orderly escort

### TO YOUNG MISTRESSES

In an article on the Domestic servant Difficulty (No 961), it was advocated that we should endeavour to establish training schools for domestic servants, as a remedy to meet the difficulty, and a very good recommendation it was, but one, unfortunately, not likely to meet present needs, as between the sowing and the reaping there must of necessity be a certain length of time spent in weedy waiting and hoping for the fruits to come. We propose, therefore, to offer a few suggestions that may be of use to

those who are in the meantime struggling in the domestic struggle of despair. What we have to say will have at least this merit—it will not be theoretical, but the result of practical experience

The first thing to do, then, is to organise a system of work and division of labour for your own particular needs that shall in itself be an education, and make your home a good training-school for your servants

'That does not sound encouraging,' some will say 'That is just what we want to avoid. We know little or nothing of housekeeping. What we want, and are willing to pay for, are servants who understand their work, and will spare us the trouble of supervision'

In that answer, lies the root of most of the mischief. Improvement must begin at the head. If we are to have training schools for domestic servants, the servants may very well say there ought to be a training school for mistresses. To rule well is even more difficult than to serve well, and yet how few give the subject a moment's thought! We lay it down, therefore, as a law, that every woman who has a house to govern should know what the duties are of every one she employs, how to do them, and when to do them. Unless she does, she will never be really mistress in her own house. Knowledge is power in this case, is in every other, and the servant who really does her work, very soon detects whether her mistress has any knowledge of the same or not, and becomes master of the situation in a very literal manner, where she finds her mistress ignorant

The first thing, therefore, that we recommend to those who are anxious and troubled on the subject is. Make yourself acquainted thoroughly with the requirements of your particular household, review your forces, see exactly what you can afford to spend on the employment of labour. Having ascertained how many—or rather how few—servants you can keep, study the duties of each servant so far that they will not be able to detect any ignorance in you of their duties, and then you are in a position to command. 'Ah, but what trouble!' some will exclaim. It may be a little trouble at first, but it will well repay you in the end. Never accept a pretence of moral inferiority in your own house, which the indolent woman must always hold. Emerson says very truly, 'Character cannot be hid,' and servants are not slow to recognise the mistress who knows firm the one who does not

But having conquered this preliminary difficulty, it remains to reduce it to practice. We are not advocating that mistresses should turn servants, and do the work, as so many do, to their cost, for the more 'missus does,' the more very often will the servant leave undone. What we urge is, that the mistress shall know how and when everything should be done, so that in the first

place she can instruct, and, in the second, correct, if her orders be not carried out. To assist in this, and lessen labour to herself, she should write out each servant's duties into a small book kept for the purpose, together with the rules she wishes observed in her household. From this she can draw up each particular servant's work for every hour, which should be clearly written out on a luggage list. On this card should be written also the rules of the house which a servant is expected to observe. This should be given to the servant on entering her situation, and when engaging a servant, read over these duties to her, and ask her if she be ready to undertake them. This will be saved one fruitless source of altercation in the future between mistress and maid, when the latter turns round and declines to do what is asked of her on the grounds that she did not 'engage to do it.'

The saving of time and temper to both mistress and servant in such a system is obvious. We have known new servants settle down to work peacefully and comfortably under this method, and in a few days the work of the house has gone on as regularly as if they had been years in the situation. This is always supposing they know something of their work, to begin with.

To help those who have never tried this plan with a new idea how to start it, we must, for example's sake, particularise the household of a professional or business man who has a limited income. It is in such families that the presence of irregularity and incompetence in their servants falls most heavily. The rich make many friends, and among them servants are found faithful, because servants have their ambition to rise in life like the rest of the world. Thus, with the hope of getting some time into a high family, makes them think it a condescension to work for those who are not rich. We remember one little parlour maid who boasted that she had worked for Mr Gladstone, and thought it a certificate of competence, which unfortunately it did not prove. This is merely to hint at one reason underlying the difficulty middle class ladies find in getting good servants, and one they must bear in mind.

We will suppose, then, that the lady we address keeps from two to four servants, according to the size of her house and the requirements of her family. The mistress of the house is the cook. Let us mention her duties. It is essential she should be an early riser. Remember, we are dealing with her as the mistress of family comfort. In the cook's book, therefore, at about the time half past six should be written that she is expected to be out of her bedroom by that hour. The kitchen fire should shortly after, insure hot water, cleaned sinks, and an early breakfast to the master, who, being a professional or business man, may require to be at work by nine o'clock. What is required of the cook is equally required of all servants in the matter of early rising; for this reason—servants look upon situations but as stepping stones to marriage. It is the fairest kindness, therefore, in a mistress so to train her servants that they may not be spoiled by an 'easy place'—the advertised sop to so many—for the very hard one of matrimony in their sphere.

To return, however, to the cook's duties. Where she and the housemaid divide the work of the house between them, it should be required of cook to attend to the hall and dining room before breakfast. While she is doing the latter, the housemaid is sweeping the stairs, which should be finished by the time the cook is ready to do the hall. Then the housemaid should go into the dining room—which the cook was sweeping—while the housemaid was doing the stairs—another dust it, after which she lays the breakfast-table, while the cook goes down and prepares breakfast. Thus the morning's work is done without waste of time or clashing of duties, and as a specified time is named for breakfast—eight or half past eight o'clock—it is very certain the servants can have no time to yawn or gossip. When the family are breakfasting, the servants can do the same. Half an hour is ample for this, and every meal. Much time is wasted by servants gossiping over their meals. The kitchen should be clear for the cook to tidy up her work at nine o'clock. The housemaid should take the drawing room on her way up stairs to the bedroom, devoting a certain time to dusting, &c., while the cook takes away breakfast. By ten o'clock the kitchen should be ready for the mistress to go down and give the orders for the day and inspect the larder. A mistress should never allow a servant to come into her presence in a dirty condition, it is the first step towards that familiarity which breeds contempt. Never let a mistress be afraid of insisting upon that respect which her position demands. In turn, she can point out that every rank in life has its own peculiar dignity, and that no one is more worthy of respect than a good servant, one who really knows his place.

Having given her orders for the day, the mistress leaves the cook to carry on the domestic work, which should be over by twelve o'clock, to allow of her beginning to prepare for the early dinner. We are supposing the family to be one where two servants divide the labour between them. In addition, then, to the ordinary duties, every day in the week should have some particular duty—certain rooms or certain articles that require special cleaning. It is the cook's duty in a small family to keep the servants' bedroom sweet and clean. This may be done by having it scrubbed weekly with carbolic soap. A bath should be in every servant's bedroom, and every mistress should require it as one of the duties and rules of her house that her servants periodically avail themselves of it, which can always be done by their returning to their bedrooms in turn about an hour either than the hour named for their going to bed. A mistress should avoid as much as possible disturbing the routine of the cook's day by sending her out, unless it may be on such a morning when there may be no very great press of work. The cook should wash all the kitchen cloths and dusts, and for this a morning should be reserved. Her kitchen should be cleaned out every upon every Wednesday and Saturday, also the larder, although we have known of some cooks so naturally clean and methodical that their kitchen never looked untidy, nor their boards dirty with only one scrubbing a week, but then they were of the class of 'invaluable' that must flow from your house, and are the comfort of some poor man's heart and



home. We have felt for such women that they were sisters and friends.

It is the cook's place to clean the dining room, and so, where the breakfast is very early, this cannot always be fully done before breakfast, it is always well, for cleanliness sake, to give it up for an hour or so in the morning in every week.

At half past ten there is the early dinner. Every housemaid who wants at table should be dressed by one o'clock, to come and lay the cloth for luncheon or early dinner, as the case may be. A good housemaid can always get her rooms done—three bedrooms, say—and clean one other room thoroughly, by a quarter to one. But to do this she must work heartily, there must be no dawdling out of the window and crawling the walls, her sweeping. The thing is to time her by what you expect done, and don't be afraid of exacting the above amount from a strong healthy girl. Always bear in mind that if they have to work hard in service, they would have to work harder at home, for then they would have to cook and clean, mend and make, nurse, sweep, do everything, in fact, unless they would live in squalor and dirt. The husband of the pampered domestic is the man who is oftenst found at the public house.

After the early dinner, there is no need to be particular in making out the hours as in the morning. I leave the servants a certain amount of leisure in the afternoon, which they will have earned if they have worked well during the morning. There will be bills to answer in the parlour maid. While on the subject of bells, make it a rule that the cook answers all morning and all bills while the housemaid is at work upstairs. Exact punctuality in the serving of the dinner, if you can get it, and insist on things being nicely served. Servants as a rule give what mistakes accept. It is no more trouble to serve a dish elegantly than to send it up unlit. These every mistress must teach her cook—the mistress ways, as they are called, and the more your 'ways' are, the better they will think of you.

Mistresses who require their servants to rise early and work well should allow them to go to bed early. They should be in their rooms by ten or, at latest, half past ten. Never refuse a reasonable request for leisure or an outing. Above all, lighten labour on Sundays, by having an early dinner, and do not exact 'washing up' of plates and dishes until Monday morning. Instruct them to pack the articles away neatly until the next day.

Endeavour as much as possible to concentrate the labour among a few servants as you can do with. If the mistress does any part of the housework herself, let it be to save keeping a servant, not to help those she has. The more you do in the way of help, the worse very often you are served. Let your servants understand that you also have your duties, and that your object in employing them is to enable you to carry on your work in comfort. So much have young women been spoiled by this system of auxiliary labour, that one cook who came to be engaged asked who was to fill her kitchen scullie, as she would not do it for herself. Mistresses must unite in the interest of the servants themselves, so much as their own, to put down this sort of thing, for at last the demands have become so

insolent, that, as a bright little maid of ours once expressed it, 'They're all wanting places while the work is put out.'

And if, when you have done all that justice and kindness dictate, they requite you with ingratitude, and make capital out of your instruction to go elsewhere and get higher wages—as the majority of them will most surely do—don't be discouraged. Look upon your labour as a sort of 'home mission,' and 'do good, hoping for nothing again.' You will at least have the satisfaction of knowing that you have sent a fellow creature on her way all the better for having known you.

On the vexed question of 'visitors,' we tell them, 'that when we stay in a lady's house, we cannot ask visitors without an invitation from our hostess, and we say, 'We wish you to observe the same courtesy towards us. When we think it advisable, we will tell you to invite your friends, but we reserve to ourselves the right to issue the invitation, and if your friends come to see you, we expect that you shall ask our permission if you may receive them.' We have found this to answer.

As these hints are mostly to help the young and troubled housekeeper, we will not conclude without alluding them of an excellent book we have lately met with which they will find helpful in teaching them how to arrange for a small dinner party, and how to instruct a young servant in waiting at table. Who cannot recall some unlucky dinner they gave in their young days of inexperience in housekeeping when everything seemed to go wrong, and they could not tell how to set it right—when the stupid maid put rum on with the cheese, and handed round cucumber with the soup, although when you enquired her she declared she could wait at table! And oh! what an anguish when the cutlets you ordered as *en trée* turn out to be coarse untrained chops, and the soup in milk, was but a humble compound! And there sit your husband's best-beloved friend at table, and this was the first little dinner that you had given since your marriage! It is such a failure that you almost wished you had never married at all! This are no mythic worries, and any one who helps the young wife over them is a benefactor, such as Miss Henry Reeve, who has just written a book on *Cookery and Housekeeping* (London: Longmans) that ought to be in every young wife's library. If she be rich, it will tell her how to entertain her friends in the best style, and if her means be limited, it provides the most modest menus for every day use. It gives a chapter on expenditure, and the 'cost of eating,' that is valuable. One plan we have pursued with success, and therefore we offer it as a pating if troublesome suggestion, but then nothing good was ever gained without a little of that ingredient. In houses where waiters call for orders, there should always be a system of check books kept, and everything ordered should be entered by the boy or man who calls for orders into the home check book, which can then be compared with the tradesman's books at the end of the week.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, LEITH.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fourth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

CONDUCTED BY R. CHAMBERS (SECUNDUS)

No 1021—VOL. XX.

SAURDAY, JULY 21, 1883

Price 1½d

## THE CHARM OF FICTION

WHEN Lord Beaconsfield's *Madame Pharus* expresses her belief that nothing in the newspapers is ever true, her sister adds 'And that is why they are so popular, the taste of the age being so decidedly for fiction.' So decidedly indeed, that we wonder a Society for the Suppression of Fiction has not been started by those who deem romances reading to be a vile, pernicious indulgence. Perhaps the Grudgrunds are in the right. It may be foolish, it may be wrong, to waste one's sympathy on the joys and sorrows of imaginary heroes and heroines, but those who do so have the consolation of sitting in an admirable company of poets, priests, and philosophers, of men who write history, and men who make it.

Little though we know about him, we know that Shakespeare read the romances of his time, and turned his reading to account, much to the world's profit. Byron enjoyed anything in the shape of a story without regard to its literary merit. Coleridge detested 'fashionable' novels, but he heartily admired the robust productions of Murray and the author of *Tom Cringle's Log*. Crabbe was not at all particular as to style or subject, and rarely let a day pass without devoting an hour or two to novel reading. Leigh Hunt, too, owns to a gluttonous appetite of the same kind, his taste being so catholic, that he goes into raptures over the exquisite refinement of heart exhibited in the Chinese novel *In Kiao Li*, when sending it to his friend Dr Southwood Smith, winding up his eulogium with 'The notes marked T C are by Carlyle, to whom I lent it once, and who read it with delight.'

Gray, who was fond of novels, thus wrote of them: 'However the exaltedness of some minds—or rather, as I shrinkly suspect, their insipidity and want of feeling or observation—may make them insensible to these light things, I mean such as paint and characterize nature, yet surely they are as weighty, and much more useful than your grave discourses upon the mind and

the passions, and what not.' Cowper held novels to be writings of drivelling folly, but even he confessed that the *Arabian Nights* afforded himself and Lady Hesketh a fund of merriment, never to be forgotten.

Writing in her old age, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu tells her daughter, she is reading an idle tale, not expecting wit or truth in it, but thankful it is not metaphysics, to puzzle her judgment, or history, to mislead her opinion. Mrs Thrale's daughter liked her judgment to be puzzled, loving metaphysical works better than romances. Dr Johnson pronounced his choice as laudable as it was uncommon, but would have had her like what was good in both. Johnson himself, in this matter, preached as he practised.

Although the Prince Consort declared he should be sorry that his son should look upon the reading of a novel, even one of Scott's, as a day's work, yet he thought his tutor should allow him to read a good novel, as an indulgence. For himself, novels of character, rather than incident, had an irresistible charm. The early masterpieces of George Eliot took great hold of Prince Albert's imagination and memory, and he delighted in quoting Mrs Poyser, whenever apt occasion offered. So highly did he appreciate *Adam Bede*, that he sent a copy to Byron Stockman: 'It will amuse you,' wrote the Prince, 'by the fullness and variety of its studies of human character. By this study, your favourite one, I find myself every day more and more attracted.' After reading Charles Kingsley's *Two Years Ago*, the Prince wrote to his daughter the Princess Victoria: 'The poet is only great by reason that he is great as a philosopher. *Two Years Ago*, a book which you, I think, have read, has given me great pleasure, by its profound knowledge of human nature, and insight into the relation between man, his actions, his destiny, and God.'

Many statesmen and politicians have wooed and won forgetfulness of public cares in the pages of a novel. Fox, Burke, and Cannan loved fiction wisely and well. Guizot acknowledged to a

weakness for novel reading, preferring above all others the stories written by Englishwomen, and comparing Miss Austen and her successors to the galaxy of dramatic poets of the great Athenian age, while Sir William Molesworth found foreign novels more to his liking, and was never tired of perusing them. Flannery Cooper's imaginative portrayals of Indian life had a never-fading charm for Prudent Adams, while Daniel Webster was all for Charles Dickens, and enthusiastically told his countrymen that his favourite author had wrought more good in England than all the statesmen Great Britain had sent into parliament.

Even novelists themselves have been keen devourers of works of fiction, not for the sake of gathering hints therefrom, but out of pure love for such reading. Scott could not leave a word unread of a book with a story in it, he was a devout worshipper of Miss Edgeworth, and declared Jane Austen's talent for describing the involvement, and feelings, and characters of ordinary life, was the most wonderful thing he ever met with. He could, he said, 'do the big bow wow business himself with any one, but the exquisite touch which rendered commonplace things and commonplace characters interesting was beyond his powers.' Washington Irving deprived his nights of sleeplessness of their tediousness by the aid of Anthony Trollope. Miss Mitford never lost her love for the romances of her youth. As a boy, Dickens revelled in *Gil Blas* and *Don Quixote*, and in his manhood he read Hawthorne with delight, and had plenty of praise for George Eliot.

Mrs Radcliffe and Miss Porter were the beloved romancers of Thackeray's young days. 'O *Scottish Chiefs*,' exclaims he, 'did we not weep over you? O *Mysteries of Udolpho*, didn't I and Briggs Minor draw pictures of you?' Smollett and Fielding were so much to Thackeray's mind, that he held even their imitators dear, but his love for bygone novels did not prevent him appreciating those of his contemporaries. He pronounced the production of the *Christmas Carol* to be not only a personal kindness to every man and woman reading it, but a national benefit, a compliment Octave Feuillet would not have deemed at all extravagant, holding as he did that good novels and pure novels went hand in hand in the history of nations, a good novel often exercising the functions of a literary thunder-storm, clearing the atmosphere of noxious vapours, and turning the thoughts of a misguided people into better channels. No wonder the enthusiastic Frenchman pitied the young ladies of ancient days, and thought they must have had a dull time of it, with only the hexameters of Virgil and Ovid to satisfy their craving for literary recreation. Yet there are people who think the writing of a novel something of which a man should be ashamed. 'Haven't you written a novel?' asked a Taunton voter of the opponent of a newly-appointed official, eliciting the stinging reply, 'I hope there is no disgrace in having written that which has been read by thousands

of my fellow-countrymen, and which has been translated into every European language. I trust that one who is an author by the gift of nature, may be as good a man as one who is Master of the Mint by the gift of Lord Melbourne.' What number of novels the author of *Viviana Grey* wrote is known to most.

Literary preferences, like love preferences, are unexplainable. We like because we like. Macaulay's biographer says of him that the day on which he detected, in the dark recesses of a Holborn book-stall, some trumpery romance that had been in the Cambridge circulating library in the year 1830, was a date marked with a white stone in his calendar. He exulted over the discovery of a wretched novel called *Conscience*, which he owned to be execrable, as triumphantly as if it had been a first folio edition of Shakespeare with an inch and a half of margin. 'Why is it?' he asks in his Diary, 'that I can read twenty times over the trash of —, and that I cannot read Bulwer's works? It is odd, but of all writers of fiction who possess any talent at all, Bulwer, with very distinguished talent, amuses me least.' Bulwer, however, conquered him once, for he set down 'On my journey through the Pontine Marshes, I finished Bulwer's *Alm*.' It affected me much, and in a way which I have not been affected by novels these many years. Indeed, I generally avoid all novels which are said to have much pathos. The suffering which they produce is to me a very real suffering, and of that I have quite enough without them.' Theodore Hook ridiculed nothing better with his wine than novels of a serious cast, and was so fond of *Gil Blas*, that he made a point of reading it every year. He would cross-examine Sir Henry Holland's children in the most minute details respecting Sir Charles Grandison and Miss Byron, and could have done the same with regard to the *Prude* and *Prejudice* series, of which he said there were no compositions in the world approaching so near to perfection, a culogium Whately and Whewell would readily have indorsed.

Bishop Thurlwall's greatest pleasure was reading a novel in an open carriage while travelling. Dr Hook was ready to read one anywhere and under any conditions. Mackintosh soothed himself 'before court' and refreshed himself after it by reading *The Old Manor House*, and so dreaded arriving at the end of Dr Staal's *Course*, that he prolonged his enjoyment by swallowing it slowly, that he might taste every drop. Sir William Hamilton preferred novels of the Radcliffe type, while Mary Somerville in the sunset of life spent her evenings over conversational stories, 'her tragic days being over,' in accordance with Mr Froude's dictum, that as we grow old, the love-agonies of the Fredericks and Dorotheas cease to be absorbing, as the possibilities of such excitements for ourselves have it below the horizon, and painful experience of the realities of weekly bills and Sunday induce us to take the parental view of the situation. 'A novel which can amuse us in middle life,' he says, 'must represent such sentiments, such actions, and such casualties as we encounter after we have cut our wise-teeth, and have become ourselves actors in the practical



drama of existence. The taste for romance is the first to disappear. Truth alone permanently pleases, and works of fiction which claim a place in literature must introduce us to characters and situations which we recognize as familiar.

But Mr Frodoe notwithstanding, it is not only young imaginations that yield to the beguilements of romance. Eldon was no interested in sentimental stories when he had gained the goal of his ambition, as when he was young enough and romantic enough to compass a runaway marriage. To the last, Romilly delighted in the romances of Charlotte Smith. Jeffrey was well on in years when he cried over Paul Dombey's death, blessed Paul's creator for the purifying tears he shed, and declared he had been in love with him 'ever since Little Nell,' and did not care who knew it. Nor was Daniel O'Connell a callow youth when he vowed never to forgive Dickens for killing the heroine of the *Old Curiosity Shop*. It must, however, be conceded that Dickens possessed a power of raising a personal attachment for his characters that was unique.

ONE FALSE, BOTH FAIR,

OR, A HARD KNOT

CHAPTER XXIX.—'SISTER, DEAR SISTER'

It was not long after breakfast at Leominster House—a stiff, ceremonious meal, in that cold London palace—had been concluded, that a tiny note was handed to its mistress. She took the note and read it, and then bit her red lip sharply, and frowned, and seemed to hesitate, crushing meanwhile the tiny message in her hand. Lady Barbara drew herself up until an extra inch seemed to be added to her tall stature, and looked austere inquisitive. But the young lady was no daughter or ward who could be questioned, so that when, as presently happened, she left the room without a word of explanation as to her correspondent or her evident change of mood, the aunt of the late Wilfred was perfectly silent.

The younger lady went to what was called 'My Lady's' room, up stairs, a bright little apartment enough, all silk and lace and gold and pearly white, more cheerful than any other room in that gloomy mansion. She rang the bell sharply twice, and it was not long before her favourite maid appeared, responsive to the summons. 'Pinnett,' said she, almost eagerly, 'I am expecting a visit—a visit from my sister. When Miss Carew arrives, which will be very soon, give orders that she shall be shown straight up here, and not on any account into the reception rooms, where Lady Barbara now is. You understand?'

'Yes, My Lady.' That was all that the obedient abigail said, as deferentially she slipped out of the door to execute the bidding of her mistress.

Left alone, she spread out, and for the third time perused the crumpled note. These were its contents:

DEAR, DEAR SISTER—I am coming to see you. I will come this morning, soon after you have this note. I would not come without writing to tell you. You might wish to deny me admittance, but I hope you will receive me. Can you see me alone? I hope I may come to you.—Your loving Sister

Again the letter was fiercely crushed in that clenched white hand, as its recipient paced to and fro with quick steps, like a panther in its cage. There was a frown on her beautiful forehead that robbed it of half its charm, and she bit her lip again and again in the passionate self-forgetfulness of the moment.

'I was a fool—yes, a fool. Why did I say that I would see her?' she exclaimed petulantly, and already her grasp was on the handle of the bell. But second thoughts calmed this rising impulse. 'No,' she added slowly, 'I cannot give a counter order now. It is too late.' And then she paced the room again, with the swift steady step of some wild animal chafing in confinement. In less than a quarter of an hour the door was thrown open, and Miss Carew was announced. The door shut noiselessly behind her. She came forward, with arms extended, tears in her eyes, and quivering lips. 'Sister,' she said pleadingly, 'O dear sister, I have so longed to see you!'

There was no relenting in the cold blue eyes that met hers. The sister thus appealed to had recoiled a little, taking no notice of the trembling hands held out to her, and now she drew herself up, and, with a hard, defiant look, rejoined: 'Why have you come to me?'

'I was so lonely, dear,' gently replied the visitor, 'and I thought, often and often, that you also must miss me, as I did you, and be solitary in the midst of all this grandeur, as I was at Pagan's house in Bruton Street. And I have loved you all the time, through all my sorrow, and in spite of all. So I came to-day to ask if you would see me. It seemed to me that, if we two could once meet, all would be well again and—'

'Well, you have chosen to come. What would you have from me? was the impatient answer.

'First, and most of all, the wish nearest to my heart,' replied the visitor, in the same imploring tone as before. 'I want my sister back again, to win her back to me, as in our old happy days at poor forsaken Carw. And then—do not be angry, dearest—I want my own. All that is mine shall freely be shared with you, but my own name, my own station, these should be given back to me, if not for justice, then surely for a sister's love. Listen, then!—'

'You have lawyers, I believe, on your side,' was the angry rejoinder. 'Do what you choose, or what you can. Why are you here to-day?'

It was a strange interview. There had been, save on one side, no attempt at a greeting of sisterly affection. There was no thought of the common and conventional amenities of social life. Both must have felt that the occasion was too momentous for mere trifling. Both, then, remained standing, the mistress of Leominster House with one jewelled hand resting on a table, her face pale, hard, and resolute, as one who defends a position stubbornly against all odds. In front of her, but at some little distance, was the beautiful suppliant, her eyes still fixed, as if in hope to see some sign of relenting on the fair face that was so like her own.

The visitor paused for a space before she spoke again. 'Do you know, dearest, she said at last, in a voice so sweet, soft, and touching, that a momentary quiver passed across her sister's firm-set lips, 'that there have been times when, —'

in our childish days, I was tempted to give up all to you, like some plaything, cheaply yielded for the joy of a smile and a kind word. But, sister, it would have been wrong; I am no child now, and then there is the memory of my dead husband, of him to whom I owed all, to forbear a tame and cowardly surrender of the rights he left me and the name that I should bear. It is the thought of Wilfred, more than all, that nerves me for a struggle which— But, sister, must it come to this, or may I yet hope that you will turn to me, nay, to your own sweet self, to your own better, truer nature, once again, and—

'Take your own course. My mind is quite made up. Words are wasted upon me,' interrupted the other feverishly.

'There is something so unnatural,' pleaded the visitor, more sadly than before, 'something so strange and shocking, in a contest between us two, between two sisters like ourselves, and yet such a contest must come, dear, if you will not do me right before the world, and for conscience' sake, and mine. O come back to me, darling, and let the past be as a dreadful dream, never to be named again by either of us, and do not let your poor sister plead in vain.'

Again, it was but for an instant, the striking features of the other sister quivered, and she looked down, and seemed to be in doubt. But when she raised her haughty eyes again, there was no trace of the momentary emotion to be discerned.

'It is useless,' she said, in a cold harsh tone. 'If you had all that I possess, things dear to all, rank and power and place and worldly wealth, what I, as Lady Leominster, have at my command, would you—you—give it up, at my mere plea?'

'If you were in the right debt, and I were in the wrong, then must willingly would I resign all this,' was the gently uttered reply.

'Then, for all purposes, we will assume that I am in the right. Whether or not I am so, matters little,' rejoined the other, with a mocking laugh of cruel scorn, that sounded doubly bitter on young lips like hers.

The visitor started back, as from a blow. 'O sister, dear sister,' she said, sobbing, 'as it were, then? Must we two never, never more be as we were?'

It was in a voice that was less assured, and with a manner slightly softened, that she who was thus appealed to made answer. 'Miss Carew, nothing that you can say or do can alter my position. My rank is now happily recognised and unalterable.' Then it was in a voice that had no music in its ring that she added, 'Good-bye, Miss Carew. This interview, I think, had better end.'

Slowly and sorrowfully without a word or a glance, the visitor withdrew, descended the broad staircase, crossed the hall beneath the respectful scrutiny of the wondering servants, and then the outer doors were opened for her egress, and she passed out alone to her brougham.

In the morning room above, as soon as the door had closed behind her sister, the young mistress of Leominster House had flung herself wildly down upon the sofa, and with her head half buried among the cushions, almost moaned

out the words 'Too late—too late! I wish that it had never been. But there can be no turning back upon the path I tread. Right or wrong, I must go on.'

## THE LAWS OF CHANCE.

BY W. STRADMAN ALDER.

IN THREE PARTS.—III. LIFE AND FIRE ASSURANCE.

THE study of the Mathematical Theory of Chance has been often objected to on the ground that it tempts the mind with games of hazard, and thereby indirectly, if not directly, promotes the practice of gambling. Those who have followed the two previous papers will be able to judge whether a man is more or less likely to indulge in ruinous play through acquaintance with the mathematical principles which govern its results. Games of hazard are not, however, the only subject to which this theory can be applied. It is the basis also of those various plans of *Life* or *Assurance* by which men have sought, as far as possible, to obviate the ills of some of the more disastrous changes and chances to which this mortal life is subject.

We have seen in the previous paper that if there be a lottery with one prize of twenty pounds and twenty tickets, while it would be a loss to the lottery keeper to sell the tickets for less than a pound apiece, it is eminently disadvantageous for a purchaser of a single ticket to pay the price. The consequence of persistence in doing so is, as has been shown, very probable ruin, and as the quality of an act must be determined from the general consequences of similar acts if extensively imitated, it follows that a single purchase is a foolish proceeding. The twenty tickets, if all held in one hand, would undoubtedly be worth twenty pounds; but each ticket is no more worth one pound than a single boot whose fellow is lost is worth half the price of a pair. Supposing, that twenty persons, unknown to one another, had each ticket apiece, it could be worth their while to part with them for less than a pound. If any person would take the trouble to go round to all the twenty and offer them nineteen shillings in the pound, they would be wise to accept the offer, because in all probability nineteen shillings would be more than what we have called the moral value of their expectation of the price. It is evident thus that this offer would be a benefactor to the twenty ticket holders; and that, supposing he could gain the consent of them all, he would secure a profit of one pound to himself.

We are all of us, by the conditions of our existence in the position of involuntary holders of such lottery tickets as these. We are indeed in a worse position, because possibly the one pound, the price of the ticket, may represent but a very small part of the wealth of the supposed ticket holder, and the absolute loss of it may be a matter of small consequence. Our stake consists of our health, our houses, our very lives. We are none of us absolutely certain of possessing all or any of these to-morrow, and this loss may entail ruin not only on ourselves but on our families too. If some benevolent fairy could guarantee us the use in perpetuity of something less than we enjoy in uncertainty, we

should esteem it a gain of much, secured by the loss of a little, and should regret the sacrifice necessary to obtain security, no more than the captain of a storm tossed bark when safe in harbour regrets the cargo which had to be thrown overboard to enable him to get to port. The part of such a benevolent fury is to some extent enacted by Benefit Societies and Companies formed on sound principles for assurance or insurance of men's families from the pecuniary consequences of their death, and of owners of property from loss by fire or by storm. These Societies, so to speak, will buy our lottery tickets from us, and save us from much uncertainty and risk, while at the same time, like the collector we have supposed, they are able tolerably well to reward themselves.

The most important of these, perhaps in their actual influence, and certainly regarded as illustrating the mathematics of the subject, are, as has been frequently noted in these pages, the Societies for insuring lives, that is, Societies which, in consideration of an annual payment during the uncertain period of a man's life, undertake to pay a certain sum to his heirs after his death. The same Societies also generally undertake the converse operation of paying a fixed sum annually during the remaining years of a person's life, in consideration of money paid down now. In one case, the risk of leaving the family unprotected at the death of its head is obviated, and in the other, the risk of the person himself, or herself, being left to starvation or the workhouse after working days are past.

The principle on which Insurance Companies base their charges to their customers is, as we have already said, that of 'likelihood,' that future events will be like those of the past. Suppose, for instance, that the lives of ten thousand people born at the same time are accurately observed, and the day of death of each noted, until the last survivor goes. The table giving the numbers of persons alive at the end of each year of age will form what is called a 'life table,' and if the ten thousand persons be fairly representative of the population, experience proves that the rate of mortality in future throughout the whole will not differ much from that of the observed few in the past. If, then, the table tells us that of ten thousand people born at a certain time, 6090 arrive at the age of twenty, and 5642 at the age of thirty, it follows that in a population following this law of mortality, each person born has 6090 chances out of ten thousand of living until he is twenty, that is, the mathematical measure of his chance of living till the age of twenty is  $\frac{6090}{10000}$ , while his chance of living to thirty years is measured by  $\frac{5642}{10000}$ . A person who has survived until twenty may be considered as one of the 6090 living at that age, of whom only 5642 will be alive at the age of thirty. As all the survivors have an equal chance, the measure of the chance of any one aged twenty living till he is thirty must be  $\frac{5642}{6090}$ . In a similar way, the chance of a person of any age living for any particular number of years can be determined from the table. The table also gives the number of the original ten thousand who die in each year. For instance in the table from which the above numbers are taken, the so-called Carlisle Table, the number who die between the ages

of thirty and thirty one, deduced by subtracting the number alive at the latter age from the number living at thirty, is fifty seven. Thus of 6090 persons living at twenty years of age, fifty-seven die between thirty and thirty one. The chance that any particular person living at twenty will be one of these is of course  $\frac{57}{6090}$ .

We now see how the true unitary value of the expectation of a payment of, say, a thousand pounds at the death of a person aged twenty can be computed. The chance of the person dying in a particular year is known. The value of his expectation of payment being made *in that year* is obtained by multiplying the value of the pure, a thousand pounds, by that chance. The sum of these values for all the possible years of life makes up the total value of his expectation, or at least would do so but for one very important modifying circumstance.

This circumstance is the fact that, quite independently of the uncertainty of life, money in hand now is more valuable than the same sum of money available in a year's time. A hundred pounds usefully employed will become a hundred and five at the end of a year, and therefore a sum of money paid as a single premium to an Assurance Company to-day will warrant the payment of a larger sum at death, even if the insurer only lived a year. A very little calculation will show that the sum assumed in the last paragraph as the value of the assured's expectation is exactly a thousand pounds for the persons living at twenty, *all die at some time or other*, and the sum of the chances of dying in different years is evidently therefore certainty, which is represented by unity. But the value of the expectation was obtained by multiplying this sum by a thousand pounds. An Assurance Company would in this case only have the duty of taking charge of the thousand pounds and handing it over to the assured's representatives whenever he died a safe operation for the Company, but not a profitable one for the assured.

The present value of a hundred pounds due at the end of a year is obtained by diminishing it in a certain ratio depending on the rate of interest practically obtainable. The present value, therefore, of the expectation of receiving the thousand pounds in any given year will be smaller the farther off that year may be. It will be found by multiplying the thousand pounds by the chance of dying in that year, and diminishing this product in a ratio which depends on the rate of interest and also on the number of years before payment is expected. Suppose, for instance, that the rate of interest is three per cent. A sum due in one year's time must be diminished in the ratio of one hundred and three to one hundred to give its present value, if due in two years' time, it must be again diminished in the same ratio, and so on. Thus, the present value of the expectations of receiving the thousand pounds in any one of the successive possible years of life will evidently come to be considerably less than a thousand pounds. If this value is calculated and paid down by a large number of persons to an Assurance Company, the latter will be able to invest these premiums at good interest, and, if the lives fall in according to the rate of mortality in the table, will be able to pay a thousand pounds to the family of each immediately after death. In

order to pay working expenses and to insure themselves against risk of a run of ill luck, the Company must, of course, charge each assured something more than the bare mathematical exact premium, but it will still be able to accept less than the sum insured, and give each person a guarantee that, however soon he may die, his executors shall receive the whole.

Even were this all that an Assurance Company could offer, the advantage would not be despicable, though very small compared with those which they actually afford. Comparatively few persons would be able in early life to pay down the some what large single premium required to assure a sum at death sufficient to provide reasonably for the immediate wants of their families. Assurance Companies, accordingly, always commute this single premium in consideration of a series of smaller annual payments during the lifetime of the assured. The 'life table' and the mathematical laws of chance enable us to calculate what the amount of this payment ought to be. The present value of the expectation of the series of annual premiums ought exactly to equal the single premium payable at once.

Suppose that the annual payment were one pound. By means of the 'life table' we know the chance of the assured living to any given age, the future value to the Assurance Company of the expectation of this payment is obtained by multiplying the one pound by this chance. The present value is deduced by diminishing this product in a ratio depending, as before, on the rate of interest and the number of years before the payment is due. The sum of all these present values for the different years of the assured's possible life gives the present value of an annual payment of one pound. By an easy rule of three sum, the payment corresponding to the single premium before determined, can be ascertained.

An Assurance Company undertakes, then, to pay a certain sum at the death of each assured, in consideration of a comparatively small annual payment during his life. The annual premium actually paid is greater than that given by the calculations described in the preceding paragraphs, for two reasons. In the first place, the fundamental condition of the usefulness of an Assurance Society is stability. No measurable risk of failing to meet its engagements must be run. If such a Society merely charged the mathematical value of the expectations of the benefits it confers, it would incur a very serious danger of a run of ill luck, and would probably at some epochs be actually insolvent. To reduce this risk to practical unimportance, a certain proportion mathematically calculable has to be added to each premium paid. The assured still receives more than an equivalent for what he pays, because, as we have seen in the previous papers, it is worth while to take considerably less than the mathematical value of a contingent advantage, in order to avoid the risk of losing all. A second obvious reason for charging more than the bare premium is, that it is necessary to provide some funds for the expenses of carrying on the operations of the Society. Even pens, paper, and ink cost some thing, offices and competent clerks and managers cost more, and all these expenses have to be provided from the money of the assured. The more extensive the business of the Society, the less is

the 'loading,' as it is technically called, needful on these two accounts. The deviations of the actual from the theoretical mortality will be less and less the greater the number of lives with which the Company has to do, so that the risk of a run of ill luck grows constantly smaller and smaller as the connection spreads, and at the same time the expenses of management do not proportionally increase. In this way it happens that well managed Assurance Companies usually find that they are periodically able to return to their customers certain portions of the past premiums, either in the form of an actual cash return, a diminution of the future premium, or an increase of the sum assured at death.

The operations of an Assurance Company have thus in all respects opposite characteristics to those of betting and gambling. The latter practices are in reality injurious to both parties, the effects of insurance are beneficial both to him that gives and him that takes. Gambling aggravates the original inequalities of fortune and resources. Insurance helps to mitigate the evil effects caused by the unequal incidence of disease and death. The management of the Company affords employment and reward to those who conduct its affairs. The sum paid at the death of an assured who has been out of all before the allotted span, has saved many families from sinking into want and distress when the breadwinner was taken away. The only person who can have any possible ground of complaint is the man who pays the premium through a long life and only leaves the same amount to his heirs as the other who died young. And yet he can hardly be said to be a loser, for, besides the constant relief from anxiety given in earlier years by the feeling that he has made a safe provision for his family in case of his death, it is by no means certain that the premiums he has paid would have amounted to more in his own hands than the Assurance Company will pay to his heirs. The Company, collecting a large number of premiums yearly, can practically keep the greater part of the money paid them constantly invested and bearing interest. The twenty or thirty pounds paid yearly, which in private hands would have lain idle and unproductive, in the hands of the Company forms part of a vast capital usefully and profitably employed. Thus even the man who lives longest and pays most premiums, will perhaps leave his heirs as well off as if he had simply put the money by for himself. If, moreover, at any time the necessity for laying money by for others to enjoy after the assured's death should cease, it is generally possible to commute the remaining payments, and receive either a sum of money down in discharge of the Company's obligations to him, or else an annuity for the remainder of his life.

Companies which effect assurances on lives are also usually in the habit of granting annuities to last during the remainder of the life of any person, in exchange for a sum of money paid down. The principles on which the price to be paid for such an annuity should be calculated have already been explained. The advantages conferred by the granting of such annuities are not dissimilar to those of assurances on lives, though perhaps not so widely felt. There are not unfrequently persons to be found who in the course

of a laborious life have saved some money, but not enough to allow them to live on the mere interest. By purchasing an annuity for life they are practically able to consume their capital, with a certainty that it will not be exhausted before their death. The risks of many are shared together, and thus the actual loss of each is reduced to an amount which can be endured without serious harm.

We have already shown that the larger the number of lives over which the operations are spread, the less is the probability of any deviation from the normal law of mortality, and therefore the less will be the 'loading' required to prevent loss to the office. Some argument might therefore be deduced from this in favour of a scheme of compulsory national insurance, which has been lately much before the public. If the constituency were the whole nation, the risk of ruin to the Society would be small indeed. On the other hand, it must be borne in mind that the self-interest of private Companies leads them to be far more careful of details of expense, and thus probably those who desire to assure their lives can do so quite as cheaply and as safely as if all were driven into one vast national assurance office.

A word or two more may be allowed in relation to the history and construction of the life tables on which we have seen that so much depends. Setting aside fanciful hypotheses of De Moivre, one of the earliest life tables actually used as a basis for granting assurances and annuities was the celebrated Northampton Table. The town of Northampton was one of the first in which systematic Bills of Mortality—that is, records of the number of deaths and the ages at which they occurred—were annually compiled. Records of Cowper's poetry are familiar with these Bills of Mortality as having given rise to some interesting and beautiful thoughts expressed in no less beautiful language. In a less poetic but more practical way they were employed by Dr Price to construct a table showing the probabilities of life. By comparing the number of deaths and burials in successive years, he ascertained approximately the rate at which the population of the town was increasing. It thus became possible to estimate the population of the town for any required previous date. The mortality tables gave the number of persons dying at any particular age, as thirty, in a given year. A comparison of this number with the population of thirty years previously showed the number of persons born in that previous year who lived exactly to the age of thirty. A series of simple rule of three sums gave the number of persons out of any arbitrarily chosen number, supposed born simultaneously, who would be expected to die at each successive year of age, and thus a life table, such as we have described above, was constructed.

The table so formed served for many years as the basis of the calculations of some of the most important Insurance Companies in England. It was soon found, however, that it was not a completely accurate estimate of the average duration of the assured's lives, and that the mortality given by it was much greater than that actually experienced, especially during the early years of life. Thus was a less injurious error for the Companies which adopted it than an opposite one would

have proved, but in time led to the abandonment of the Northampton Table in favour of other and more accurate statistics. The probable cause of the error is interesting, as showing the manner in which religious differences affect subjects with which they appear at first sight to have no connection. The registers of burials from which the table was calculated were, strictly speaking, those of the baptisms of infants at the parish churches, and from these records, the children of dissenters, and certainly of the Baptists, who do not practise infant baptism, were omitted. As this latter fact happened at that time to be very numerous at Northampton, the birth rate as derived from the parish registers was considerably less than the actual rate. On the other hand, the registers of deaths included members of all sects, for then and there, as ever, death with equal foot knocked at the doors of palaces and the cottages of the poor. The number of deaths in comparison with that of the burials was thus very much over-estimated, and the rate of increase of the population was equally under-estimated. The general effect of such an error on a table calculated as was the Northampton Table, would be to produce a larger death rate than the actual one throughout, and to exaggerate this error in the earlier years, exactly the phenomenon exhibited.

The Northampton Table has long suffered the fate of most first steps in practical science, and given way to newer and better estimates of observed facts. The few and inaccurate records of mortality which were at the command of Dr Price have been replaced by full details given by many years' experience of Assurance Societies, and by the statistics afforded by a complete national system of registration of births and deaths. Thanks to the scientific labours of many eminent actuaries and statisticians—and among these must be specially mentioned the late Dr Farr, whose loss to its service the nation has much cause to mourn—the value of the expectation of life and health in almost every class of the kingdom may be considered as a known quantity. There is no excuse on the ground of ignorance for any Insurance Company to fail in keeping its promises, or to promise more than it can perform, and assureds may feel the utmost confidence that the expectations held out to them by well-managed and honest offices are based on data as accurate, and principles as scientific, as those which teach the sailor to use the moon and the stars to guide him on the trackless ocean, or those which enable the engineer to bind the forces of nature to his chariot, and compel to his service the resources of all the earth.

## TWICE LOST

### A TALE OF DOUBLE CONSCIOUSNESS.

#### IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER III.

MR KRANE recommended that they should proceed as had been originally intended, taking no notice of the existence of the will. 'If it has come to the knowledge of the other side that we have found such a document, that fact will come out, and you may be able to discover whether they have any hand in its disappearance. If not,



we had better keep the secret to ourselves. Should it turn up, it will always be available. Should it be lost beyond recovery, we shall only damage our case and excite suspicion by mentioning its discovery. It is always the best policy to keep your case as far as possible unknown to the adversary, especially so unscrupulous an adversary as Mr Warren.

After some reflection, Clinton determined to follow this advice and to rest Eva's claim upon her legitimacy. If he should succeed in proving this, he would have gained a double advantage should he fail, the production of the will would at any time enable him to reopen the case, while, if it should nevertheless be forthcoming, it was better not to give rise to damaging suggestions, by relating the very extraordinary story of its disappearance.

The court was just about to sit when Clinton led Eva to a convenient seat, which he had secured for her in the immediate neighbourhood of her attorney. Mr Warren sat not far off, a look of anxiety and expectation on his countenance, which Clinton failed to interpret. 'Can he have heard?' But the case was called on, and he had no longer leisure to watch the varying expression of his enemy's face, which all the attorney's self command could not entirely conceal. Mr Warren looked on eagerly. As matters proceeded further and further without any mention of a will, Clinton tried to catch his eye, and discover from his physiognomy some indication of what was passing in his mind, but with very little success. As the burden of proof lay on Miss Lanwood's side—it being the duty of her counsel to prove the fact and the legitimacy of her father's second marriage, failing which, Warren's claim would prevail—Clinton had to begin. When the latter rose to open his case Warren leant forward and whispered to his counsel with an air of triumph which he could not hide. Clinton caught the look, and from that moment he was satisfied that Warren knew something and had expected to hear something about the will. With a view to ascertain if possible something which might serve him as a further clue, he alluded in his opening address to the probability that a will had been made, and as he did so, a shade of paleness passed over his antagonist's features. After a few words, intended rather to strike the conscience of Warren than the mind of the court, he went on to urge that the very absence of a will was proof of Mr Lanwood's confidence in the validity of his marriage. It could not be supposed that he intended to leave his fortune and his daughter to the mercies of a relation who was virtually a stranger.

On this the plaintiff's counsel interposed, complaining that Mr Clinton had no right to refer to the supposed ill will between his client and the deceased, which did not affect the case in the least.

After some sparring on this point, Clinton—who knew that his words had produced their intended effect, in making the jury feel that Warren's claim was morally a bad one—abandoned the argument, and plunged into the discussion of the real substance of his case. He related the marriage abroad, the proofs of Eva's birth—formal matters which no one disputed—and then undertook to establish the validity of the marriage. With his

arguments on this point, as we could not pretend to make them interesting or intelligible, we shall not trouble our readers. The question whether such marriages, contracted in countries permitting them, were valid in England, was to be the first decided by the judgment in this very case, and consequently Clinton had to rest his argument on general principles and analogies more or less applicable, of which he showed a profound knowledge and a thorough comprehension. Perplexing to the jury, and wearisome to the audience, his speech commanded the deep attention and admiration of the bar and the court, and when he sat down, late in the afternoon, a low hum of approval passed along the ranks of his professional brethren, and one of the leaders, turning to him, said in a low tone, 'Mr Clinton, I don't think you will save your client's fortune, but you have certainly made your own.'

The opposite counsel rose—one of the first men at the bar—and after paying a high compliment to Mr Clinton's arguments, proceeded on by one to demolish them. As he went on, Clinton became more and more uncomfortable. Doubtful as the question was, strong as were his own reasonings, he could not but feel that his adversary's were unanswerable. The court adjourned before the reply was concluded, and a second day was occupied by the remainder of the speech and by Clinton's rejoinder.

On the third morning, the judge delivered his charge. It could not, he said, be final, as yet undecided, the parties were satisfied without the judgment of a higher tribunal. Then after complimenting Clinton in high terms on a display of learning and ability extraordinary in one so young—a knowledge so complete that his client could not have been in better hands—he directed the jury that the marriage was invalid, and they must find a verdict for the plaintiff.

As Clinton, having disrobed, left the court with Miss Lanwood and Mrs Clavering, he passed close to where Warren was standing, in conversation with one of his junior counsel, a man known to the young barrister as one of those happily true persons whose conduct casts a star upon an honourable profession, and whose position at the bar was analogous to that which Warren held among solicitors. As he passed, Clinton heard this man say to Warren, with a peculiar emphasis, 'Well, they say nothing about the will, that is curious.'

'Nay,' answered Warren, 'the whole story was doubtless a drunken boast.'

'Ah, indeed, very likely,' replied the other, in that tone which conveys a sense exactly opposite to that of the words.

Clinton turned round, bowed to his antagonist, and looked the attorney straight in the eyes. Warren met the look, the barrister coloured slightly, and Clinton passed on without a word.

After leaving Eva at home that evening, he asked permission to escort Mrs Clavering to her dwelling, which was situated at no great distance, and as soon as the door had closed behind them, he opened the conversation.

'I'm pretty sure that we shall lose this cause, Mrs Clavering.'

'Do you think so? But there is still the chance of an appeal left!'

'Yes. But I have mastered the arguments on both sides, I have looked at them impartially, as a lawyer should when out of court, and I feel sure that the judge's decision will be confirmed. No court will doubt that any man who chooses, and is rich enough to cross over for a week to the continent, may evade the marriage law of England with impunity. I have done my best for Miss Linwood, but I doubt all along, and after hearing Sergeant Q—and Judge Y—, I am convinced that Linwood's second marriage was invalid.'

'Poor Eva!'

'Ay, poor Eva! The right is on her side, for the will was undoubtedly in her favour. But we shall never find it now. I firmly believe that that villain Warren has got hold of it.'

'Do you think so? Then what becomes of Eva?'

'It is that which troubles me. I wanted to speak to you about it. Of course, if she loses this case, she will have nothing—not even a home. Now, I know you are attached to her, but I also know—excuse me for saying so—that you cannot afford to adopt her. If my mother were living, I would ask her to take charge of Miss Linwood, as she is dead, and I have no claim on any lady's friend ship. I must ask of you what I would have asked of her. If you will give Miss Linwood a home, I will provide for her. I ask you to receive her as my ward, exactly as I might, if I knew you better, ask you to receive a sister of my own, and on the same terms. I have no claims on me, and can well afford to provide for the child of one of my best and earliest friends. She is too old for school, too young to be placed in the care of total strangers. Will you do this?'

Mrs Clavering reflected. She and her husband had already unobtrusively considered what was to become of Miss Linwood, if her cause should be lost, and had, with deep regret, decided that they were too poor to offer her a home. This obstacle Clinton had offered to remove.

'But how can Miss Linwood accept such an obligation from you?'

'She can do nothing else. She is utterly unable to provide for herself. She must not be left to the mercy of Warren, whose private character is as bad as his professional reputation is questionable. Besides, you must not tell her that she owes me anything. I would not for the world that Eva Linwood should feel herself obliged to me, the reason why, you may easily understand.'

Mrs Clavering smiled to herself, but Clinton caught the expression. 'Perhaps you understand already. Then you will do what I ask you?'

'I will consult Mr Clavering. But'—

'Thank you. Remember, that I owe her more than she is likely to cost me. This case will be worth a fortune to me.'

They parted, and Clinton went to consult Messrs Wylie and Keane. The lawyers all agreed that Warren knew of the disappearance of the will, and that probably he had a hand in it. Either he had bribed Andrew, or, meeting the fellow in his state of intoxication, had cheated or robbed him of the document. The only question was how to detect the offence, of the

commission of which there appeared to be no doubt. Andrew had been coaxed and threatened, examined and cross-examined, in vain. When he had awakened in the morning, the will was gone, and Clinton was certain that his distress and his ignorance were alike genuine. All that could be done was to act a detective on the watch, and to have both Andrew and Warren dogged wherever they went.

So time passed on. Eva remained at home, under Mrs Clavering's kindly chaperonage, Clinton spending most of his spare evening hours—which altogether were very few—in their society. Eva's extreme shyness and childishness—fostered by a lonely life in the schoolroom under the sharp eye of an elderly governess, who had always regarded her as a baby, and with no anxiety but that of her father, to whom she was a pet rather than a companion—disappeared by degrees in the company of an intelligent woman, and under the influence of a man of intellect, who directed his conversation with her to strengthen and awaken her own intelligence, and induce her in some measure to think for herself and rely on her own opinions. There are some men with whom it is difficult to associate without learning from them, and Clinton was one of these. Most women are quick at learning, especially from those they love and revere, and Eva looked up to her advocate with the innocent affection and unconcealed admiration of a young girl's hero-worship.

So the period fixed for the hearing of the appeal drew on, and still Andrew never stirred from the house, and never received a letter, seemed, in truth, to be fast sinking into a state of utter collapse, and nothing suspicious appeared in the conduct of Mr Warren.

Mrs Clavering had, with her husband's consent, accepted Clinton's proposal, without disclosing it to Eva, who, in the event of the loss of her cause, was immediately to become the guest of her friends, giving up the property to Warren without delay—an arrangement which, without stating his reasons, Clinton had suggested to her.

Even before the hearing of the appeal, Clinton's table was already covered with briefs. He had made a high reputation in court, he was already known as an industrious and able junior, to some half dozen attorneys, and these now sent him more important and lucrative work, while he was noticed and courted by others who had first heard his name in Warren v. Linwood. Messrs Wylie and Keane took the leading brief in the appeal to a counsel of the highest reputation. He looked at it, and then inquired, 'This is the case in which Mr Clinton led, is it not?'

'Yes, Sir Edward, but his leading was purely accidental, owing to the death of Sir R. Wilnot. He will be with you.'

'That is not fair. He conducted the case admirably in the court below. I would add nothing to his precedents, nor could I improve his argument, and I will not take the case out of his hands. You had better be content with him. If there are more experienced men at the bar, there are none so thoroughly masters of the case and the law bearing on it.'

'We are content with him, it is at his own desire that we bring you the brief.'

'I will not take it. Tell him, it is better in his hands than mine. In any other case, I shall be happy to have him with me.'

Therefore, when the appeal came to be argued, Clinton was again Fyfe's leading counsel. His argument on this occasion was addressed to an audience fully capable of understanding it, an audience almost entirely professional, and the stimulus of intellectual pride, and the spirit of ambition which is never wanting in really able men of active pursuits, spurred him to even greater exertions than his interest in his cause had previously inspired. He had contrived to reason himself into hope, and argued with yet more power and cogency than before. The occasional questions of the judge, the deep attention of the lawyers who crowded the court, were compliments more valuable than the applause of less select assemblies. When the young orator sat down, almost fainting with exhaustion and excitement, the court adjourned, and the leading barristers came round to shake hands with Clinton.

The reply, delivered next day by the Attorney general, resting on more general principles, was less full of learning proper to the special point, and less interesting to the hearers, but again Clinton felt that he was beaten. And he was not mistaken. The court spoke in complimentary terms of his argument, but unanimously decided against him.

This time, in quitting the court, Clinton, who had left his client at home, had gathered round him a knot of lawyers in Westminster Hill, among whom was Mr Aune. The Attorney general followed at a little distance by Mr Warren came up to them.

'Well, Mr Clinton,' said he, 'I am really sorry you have lost your case. It is one of those in which law is on one side, and moral equity on the other. Your client's father should have made a will.'

'I should regret the loss of my cause much less,' said Clinton, in a clear and sharp tone, audible for several yards around, 'if it had been fairly lost. The case was justly enough decided in court, but out of court, there has been foul play of no common kind.'

'What do you mean?' said the Attorney general sharply.

'Nothing of which you, sir, have or could have any cognisance, but something which is perfectly well known to your client.'

Mr Warren reddened with anger, and strove up to Clinton with a menacing air. 'What do you dare to insinuate?' he asked, in a hoarse tone, thickened by passion.

Clinton confronted him firmly. The listeners gathered closer, eager to hear what would pass, but determined to prevent violence. Clinton's calmness made it impossible for any one to suppose that his charge was the mere outbreak of a loser's wrath. 'I insinuate nothing,' he said. 'I say that there was a will, that that will mysteriously disappeared, and that, without any communication from us who discovered it, Mr Warren was aware, within a very few hours after its loss, of all that had happened.' And Clinton related the story already known to our readers, and the words used by Mr Warren in court. The hearers looked askance upon the accused,

who, during the narration, had grown comparatively cool.

'So!' he said. 'I think, Mr Clinton, that you are somewhat hasty in your conclusions. I am not bound to elucidate your mystery, but I will do so. On the evening to which you refer, Mr Linwood's servant met me near my own door. He was in an extreme state of excitement, and had evidently been drinking. When he saw me, he addressed me in a tone of insolence and exultation. "So, Mr Warren, you thought to rob my master's orphan child of her inheritance!" You thought that her father had left no will. But he knew you better, there was a will, as you will see to-morrow.' Knowing from whom he had learned to insult me, and seeing the state in which he was, I could not condescend to be angry with him, but inquired what he meant. I could get no intelligible answer—nothing beyond boasts and threats, and I left the fellow to go his way. It appears that, on reflection, Miss Linwood's advisers have thought it safer to adhere to their original purpose, than to repeat the servant's story. Perhaps the will seemed to them less likely to stand scrutiny than the Danish marriage.'

Clinton had the advantage, and he used it at once. 'Thank you, Mr Warren. We shall now know from what point and in what direction our researches must be commenced, as we know who was the last person by whom Andrew was seen in possession of the will. In the meantime, I have to inform you that Miss Linwood will leave the house to-night, and that her solicitors will give up possession to-morrow.'

Warren saw suspicious looks turned upon him, and heard doubtful whispers, as the bystanders drew back from his neighbourhood. With a great effort, he mastered his rage, and turned away white with anger, while Clinton walked to the door in company with some of his professional friends, and calling a cab, drove quickly to his chambers.

A work which he had been asked to review lay upon his table, with a note from the editor who bids him, requesting that the notice might be prepared without delay. After despatching some pressing business that was forced upon his attention by the papers on his desk, he took the volume in his hand, resolving to look through it on his way to call upon his client and superintend her removal. As he passed through the Temple grounds on his way to the Strand he opened it. It was a treatise on Abnormal Mental Phenomena, and one of the first passages on which the reader's eye fell related a case well known to students of mental nosology, in which a lady, falling into a state of unconsciousness, was found, on awakening, to have forgotten everything that had happened previously, as well as everything and every one that she had known. In fact, her memory became a perfect blank. She had, as it were, to begin life afresh; to learn anew the names and faces of her friends, reading and writing, and the ordinary duties of her station. A year or two later, she again became suddenly insensible, and remained so for a considerable time. On her second return to life, she was found to have regained her first memory, and lost her second. Of everything that had occurred between the two fits

of unconsciousness, she had absolutely lost all recollection, while she recovered her knowledge of all that she had known previous to the first fit. She had subsequently several fits of a similar character, and on each awakening, a similar change occurred. So she lived two alter nate lives, during one of which she was the person she had been before the first attack, while during the other she resumed the memory and the individuality—so to speak—which she had acquired between the first and second.

While musing on this strange story, Clinton's eye was caught by a few sentences on the next page. 'A similar phenomenon is sometimes observed in sleep, the dreams of the previous night, forgotten during the day, being again recalled by the dreamer in his sleep, fanciful instances have been known in which a drunken man, on awakening, has lost all recollections of the incidents of his drunken bout, which, however, have been recalled during the next period of intoxication.'

Clinton was instantly struck by the possibility which these words suggested. Andrews' absolute oblivion of all that had happened during a fit of intoxication, which witnesses had pronounced as by no means approaching to unconsciousness, was so abnormal as to have excited incredulity in all but those most familiar with the old man's devotion to his mother's child. Was it possible that his was one of the peculiarly organized brains to which the writer referred, and that, if again intoxicated, he might recollect some incident which would enable him to recover the clue to the fit of the morning? At all events, the experiment might be tried. He hailed a cab, sprang into it and drove at full speed towards the house of the late Mr Linwood.

## HERONS AND HERONRIES

Among inland Stalkers or Waders, which form a pretty numerous and greatly varied family, the common heron, among the larger birds of the tribe, is most familiarly known in this country. There are also numerous varieties of the bird, but excepting the purple heron, the great white heron, the night heron, and some of the egret herons—all of which are but occasional visitors or stragglers in this country—the common heron may be said to be the only bird of that tribe which makes England a permanent residence. It is also fairly well distributed over the most of Europe, a large portion of Asia, and the northern parts of Africa. In the more northern parts of the globe it is only a summer visitor.

The heron flies at a great height, and from the somewhat sluggish flapping of the wings, the looker on is apt to think it a bird of tardy flight, but such is not the case, for after reaching the apparently necessary elevation, it is a rapid flier. When rising toward that elevation its flight is slow and heavy looking. The angler, when moving somewhat stealthily and silently by quiet or unquiet waters, occasionally comes unawares within a few feet of the bird. This is always on the edge of a river or lake where heron and plover—both with the same fish catching and in view—are screened from each other's sight by bank or bush, and in such

circumstances the startled bird never fails to thoroughly startle the angler. It darts out almost from his feet with a loud wild shriek, and with neck, wings, and legs stretched to their utmost, and on such occasions it never fails in its terror to splash the water when rising. Even in such a predicament the bird rises slowly, although from fear exerting itself to its utmost, thus further showing what has been intimated, that it can fly with speed only when in a high altitude.

It is a large bird. The male measures from point of bill to tip of tail, thirty nine and a half inches, and the wing spread is seventy two inches. The female measures a few inches less each way. When stalking somewhat hurriedly on the prowl for grubs and frogs along a river side, the heron appears perhaps least elegant, but perched aloft in the forest, either at rest or on the alert, or when standing in the water on the watch for prey, still and silent as a sentinel, there is a gracefulness revealed which all bird lovers delight to witness. In bright winter days herons are fond of sunning and preening themselves on the tree summits of some tall sequestered plantation. They will sit for hours at a time thus elevated, and seen against the dark foliage of the trees with their feathers all bunched out to the sun, they bulk largely to the eye, and form a truly pretty and interesting sight.

The food of herons consists chiefly of fish, of which they generally find a full supply in our rivers and lakes. In time of frost, however, when river pools and lakes get ice covered, they feed to a considerable extent on water insects, which they find in the shallows and edges of rapid streams, where the water is seldom frozen over. In such places, the water cricket or creepcr, about an inch long, falls a prey to the heron, and the larvae of trout-flies are very numerous in such places during winter, and are eaten by the heron. Several kinds of earth worm are also found in the shallows of rivers and small streams, both where the water is comparatively still, and in the shallower parts of brackish running streams, and these also fall a prey, but it is only in severe frosts, or when fish are very scarce, that it feeds to any considerable extent on them. These worms, born and bred in the river bed, are the same with which trout are found gorged in times of flood, when, from the increased strength of the swollen streams, the small stones under which the worms lie get shifted, causing the dislodgment of vast numbers of them. The heron also feeds on frogs, small toads, and lizards, and on mice and water rats, but where fish are plentiful, he seldom hunts for any other kind of food.

Fishermen on Tweed and elsewhere find, somewhat to their annoyance, that the heron is a confirmed poacher, for if they do not protect by doot or wire graining such well and small side pools as are used for the keeping of live minnows for angling purposes, the heron swiftly clears all such preserves. The shores of the sea also yield a goodly amount of food for herons, and when the winter is very severe, they fly in considerable numbers, and long distances, to those food haunts. In such severe

weather, the herons that hunt the far inland or upland districts partake of the herbage found about springs and well eyes, but this only when they are very hard pressed by hunger.

Several naturalists state that the heron feeds during the night, especially when it is moonlight, but so far as the writer has observed, no naturalist has stated that he had seen it feeding during the night. The writer has in summer-time been very many times afoot for angling purposes at all hours of the night, and thus over a stretch of many years, and although always residing in a district where herons are numerous, and often on the watch for them, he never saw one of these birds feeding during the night, nor did he ever start one during the night. He has, however, repeatedly seen herons fishing very late, when the twilight had almost given way to darkness, and when the moon had cast faint shadows on the streams. But in cases where he waited and watched for a time, he invariably saw the birds leave the water and fly off landwards. He has also many a time in the summer heard and seen herons flying riverwards overhead in the early dawn, and he has times out of number started them on the river's edge when busy at their morning meal, just after daylight had fairly mastered the dawn. But rooks, jacksnaws, gulls, and numerous song birds are as early astir as the heron, and some of these are also seen abroad as late. Indeed, the black-headed gull (in Scotland called the sea maw), which breeds in upland inland moors, may be heard giving call notes as it flies, during all hours of the night, in June and July. From his own experience, therefore, the writer judges the heron to be a very late and very early feeder, but not a bird that feeds during the night.

Of late years, falconry has considerably revived in England, and the heron has always been and still is with falconers a favourite bird against which they fly their hawks. It can hold its own very well against the bold peregrine, and the falconer knowing this, almost always flies two hawks at a time against it. When, after many bold but futile attacks, the hawks at last clutch the heron, and the fluttering birds slowly descend, the falconer takes care to be near to divert the attention of the hawks before they reach the ground, so as to save them from a deadly fight when they alight, for the heron, though somewhat helpless when clutched in the air, is a savage fighter on land, and punishes its foes severely. The falconer generally rescues the heron when the birds reach the ground, and sets it free, knowing he may have a similar hunt after it on a future day. Hawking, therefore, does not in these days much reduce the number of herons. In the olden time, the bird was generally slain when taken by the hawks, and thereafter lodged in the larder, for it was prized for the table. 'It was then ranked as royal game, and was protected; and a penalty of twenty shillings was incurred by any person who took or destroyed its eggs.' This is correct; but the same writer is in error where he states 'Notwithstanding the quantity he (the heron) devours, he is always lean and emaciated,' because, in autumn, herons are well fleshed, and some are plump. The writer was presented some time ago with a specimen, which, having hung a proper length of time,

was dressed and roasted for dinner. It was plump and tempting in appearance, and was juicy and tender besides, but it was so fishy in flavour that very little of it was eaten, and how royalty so much relished this bird in the olden time is a mystery. It is different with young herons taken from the nest, they make a good stew, and are quite palatable.

In a note by the Rev J G Wood in White's *Selborne*, he states that 'there are upwards of thirty regular heronries in England.' This seems a wonderfully small number for all England. Breeding as these birds do in communities and on trees, we find that in the contiguous counties of Northumberland, Berwick, and Roxburgh, there are twenty-one heronries—a very large number when compared with the number given above as for all England. Of the twenty-one, however, some of them are very small, and the larger run from twenty to thirty nests. Early in the century, the heronry at Wells, on Rale Water, Roxburghshire, numbered nearly one hundred nests. The large number of heronries in the three counties named may perhaps be accounted for because of the large supply of food suitable for herons which the streams there afford. The Tweed and its tributaries, especially the higher tributaries and their small feeders, as also the Cuckart and the higher part of the Tyne with their upper tributaries, are teeming with fish—trout, smolts, minnows, loaches, and eels, and in the boils of those waters, the larvae of trout flies, and river-bottom earthworms can, as has been already remarked, always be had in immense quantities. As herons fly long distances for feeding purposes, the small upland streams in these counties are daily visited. The shelter afforded to the birds in those counties is also excellent, for woods are large and numerous, and the trees in many of them are of huge dimensions. The birds, therefore, are comfortably lodged and secured, and live besides in a land of plenty.

The nest of the heron is broad and comparatively flat, and is built on trees. It is made of sticks, and is lined with dry grass, wool, and other warm materials. Several writers state that it contains from three to five and sometimes six eggs, whereas two is the usual number, but some times three young are in a nest, while others are found occasionally containing only one young bird. When one of the mates is sitting on the egg, it is common for the other to perch beside the nest for hours at a time.

In the Border district of Scotland, few trees contain more than three nests, so that there is nothing as regards numbers of nests which can compare with the famous heron oak at Chesey Hall of last century, which bore eighty nests. Pennant saw it, and wrote to Gilbert White about it, and the latter in reply said 'Four or five nests of such a bird on one tree is a rarity which I would ride half as far to have a sight of.'

Where a selection can be made, the trees preferred for nesting purposes are tall beeches. The nests are built far up, and out on branches which look too slender for such bulky nests. They are very difficult to reach, both on account of the slenderness of the branches and the great girth of the main stem of most of the trees, which makes climbing laborious and precarious.

After the trunk has been ascended, there can scarcely be anything more exciting and nerve trying, than to creep out on the slender branches and examine and handle a nest of young ones, some sixty or seventy feet from the ground. The swaying of the slender branches at such a height, at times causes wild thrills of excitement to pass through the climber, and should terror or dizziness come over him when so placed, his chance of reaching the ground in safety is small. When the young in the nest are reached, they, even though nearly feathered, suddenly arch their long slender necks and strike boldly at the adventurer, then be watchful eyes glaring and flashing, the while, and at the same time the parent birds keep cawing loudly round the nest, screaming fiercely, and making every few seconds a wild dash at the climber, but always swerving and whirling off when within a few feet of his head.

The following is an account of an adventure of a brother of the writer's may fitly close this paper. He, along with some other boys, all of them from twelve to fifteen years of age, had gone out hunting. Some horned nests were seen on a very tall beech tree, the lowermost branches of which spread from the main stem at nearly forty feet from the ground. To enable him to ascend this tree, he had to put climbing irons, locally called spikes, on his feet and in the girth of the tree was great, he, to enable him to get round it in a manner yet in end of a strong napkin put into one of his hands and the reverse end of the napkin was carried round the trunk of the tree and put into his other outstretched hand. He then applied his climbing irons with a little care and well performed work, reached the first cleft or main branch. He then visited the nests and in a short time returned to the cleft with a view of descending the trunk, but to his dismay, he found he could not do so and he catch the napkin, without the aid of which he knew he could not get down. For fully half an hour he exerted himself to put it round, but in vain and a feeling of despair began to creep over him as well as his anxious companions and what made matters worse was the fact that they were on a bad ground, and they were therefore obliged to leave the hunting in a hasty assistance from any person in the neighbourhood. At last

climbers were received with tears of joy by some of the youngsters, and with gratification by all. The nails of the first climber were sadly torn in the descent.

BRITISH MILITARY UNIFORMS

It would probably surprise many if not most people to be told that during the greater part of the military history of this nation there was neither uniform nor uniformity in the clothing of the army. Yet such is the case. Red, as a soldiers' colour, can, however, claim great antiquity, and is even said to have been the choice of Agamemnon for the Trojan expedition. One reason for its adoption may have been that it did not so readily reveal the stains of blood, but probably the chief motive was its brilliant appearance.

In our own country, in earlier times, uniformity of dress or colour was an impossibility. The barons and great men who led their retainers to battle would each have an individual preference of colour, and traditionally associated with the fortunes of his house. There would, of course, be certain fashions in the armour then worn, but even in this matter, uniformity was so rare as to be remarkable. Thus, we are told that when Richard of Gloucester travelled through Flanders to Rome in 1290 he had in his retinue forty knights all equipped alike. These cavaliers, their glittering harness shining with golden ornaments, presented a wonderful and homely show to the sight of the astonished French nobles. For the common soldier, there was little care. The Welsh who fought at Brunanburh were conspicuous for the purity of their clothing, 'for they will wear all naked were, is the declaration of Barbour. The Welshmen were ordered to be clothed uniformly in 1338. 'Naked for it is the descent of me if the men soldiers a little colour to me if the men in uses of uniform were attained by the adoption of badges and cognomens. In the second Crusade, the Englishmen wore red crosses, whilst the Englishman wore white crosses. Yet, at the battle of Barnet, the Earl of Oxford was taken for a Yorkist, and his men were beaten from the field with much slaughter by their own friends'.

was the only suitable climbing apparatus used by the company. Ned mounted in the same fashion as his friend had done, and after reaching him, and fixing how each was to act, the descent was carefully commenced. The first climber put his feet carefully on Sir's shoulders, and the latter, with great caution and steadiness, every nerve, of necessity from the additional weight put on him, dug his hands deeply into the tree and began slowly to descend. But the boy supported was in a highly perilous position. He stood on his friend's shoulders, and with his hands, which could not more than half encircle the tree, clutching and clinging to the bark, the muscles of his forearms somewhat aching him to cling to it, he several times swayed and nearly fell, which caused a thrill of horror to the onlookers. At last the ground was safely reached, where both

cloth. This was said to be Sir Sibbald Scott's—whose work in the British Army most of these facts are related—to be the first time that this colour appears in the military annals of England, but it had previously been adopted for his household by Henry V. There was an order made in the thirty-sixth year of Henry VIII for 'every man soldier to have a tunic of black cloth, after such fashion as all soldiers must be made here in London to serve His Majesty in this journey, and that the same be garnished [that is, decorated or ornamented] with white cloth, after such sort as other be made here.' The distinguishing badge, however, was the cross of St. George, and if a soldier neglected to be in this, and was slain, 'he that so wounded or slayeth him shall be it no part therefore.' The great slaughter of the Scots at the battle

of Pinkie Cleuch is said to have been due to the uniformity of dress, 'wherein the Laird was in a manner all one with the Lord, and the Loun with the Laird,' so that, as there was apparently little chance of ransom, they all suffered a common death.

In 1576, when 400 artificers were sent from Lancashire to Ireland they were dressed in white cloth, ornamented with two laces of crewel, one of red, and the other of green. The next year there was a levy of three hundred men in that county, and their coat was a pale blue Yorkshire broadcloth with two stripes of yellow or red cloth, a vest of white Holms fustian, pale blue kersey shirts with two stripes of yellow or red. They had garters or points at the knees, stockings of white kersey, and shoes with large ties. Over this dress were worn the breastplate, gorget, and headpiece that still remained of defensive armour. In 1584, and green colour or russet is prescribed for soldiers going to Ireland. In 1585, the city of London equipped a body of red-coated soldiers for service in the Low Countries. A few years earlier, in 1580, the Bishop of Chester, in conjunction with the dean and chapter, furnished some cavalry for Irish service, and these were furnished with red cloaks. The buff coat, made of tough leather, from its hue gave rise to the name, and was much worn in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

In the Civil War various colours were in use. Sir John Buckling's men wore a white doublet, a scarlet coat, and a hat with a scarlet feather. John Hampden's men wore green coats, and so did those of Lord Northampton, who belonged to the same county. Lord Roberts' red coats, Colonel Myrnik's gray coats, Lord Syde's blue coats, may all be cited. A red regiment of the Parliamentary army was surprised by the King at Brentford, and then the gray coats showed themselves 'most exquisite plunders.' King Charles and Prince Rupert had each a body guard in red coats.

In a letter written by Lawrence Oliphant, laird of Gask, 6th November, 1777, he describes a relic of the old costume of the Royal Scottish Archers: 'It is pretty odd if my coat be the only one left, especially as it was taken in the '46 by the Duke of Cumberland's plunderers, and Miss Anne Grant, Inchbraken, thinking it would be regretted by me, went boldly out among the soldiers and recovered it from one of them, mistaking with him that it was a lady's riding habit, but, putting her hand to the breeches to take them too, he, with an anathema, asked if the lady wore breeches. They had no fringe, only green lace, as the coat, the knee buttons were worn open, to show the white silk puffed out as the coat elevens, the garters green. The officers' coats had silver lace in place of the green silk, with the silver fringe considerably deeper, white thread stockings, as fine as could be got. All wore blue bonnets (the officers, velvet), tucked up before, on which was placed a cockade of, I think, a green and white ribbon by turns, the bights kept out with wire, and in the middle a white iron plate with the St. Andrew's cross painted on it.'

The great Duke of Wellington was interested in this branch of military antiquities. Lord Mahon wrote to Macaulay, asking 'Pray, when

was the British army for the first time clothed in red? That was the inquiry addressed to me yesterday by no less a person than the Duke of Wellington. I answered that I did not know exactly, but imagined it to be in the reign of Charles II. The Duke seemed to think that it was earlier, and that Monk's troops, for example, wore redcoats. What say you? Macaulay replied in the following brief but characteristic note:

ALBANY, Nov 10, 1861

DEAR MAHON—The Duke is certainly right. The army of the Commonwealth was clothed in red. Remember *Frudibus*.

'So Cromwell with deep oaths and vows  
Swore all the Commons out of his hands,  
'T would that the redcoats would I stand,  
As merry would they be at command,  
And trolled them on and swore and swore,  
Till the army turned them out of door

Ever yours truly,

T. B. MACAULAY

Macaulay scarcely makes out his case, for, as we have seen, in the Civil War the regiments varied in the colour of their costume. There was a 'red royalist' regiment, as well as one of 'red republicans'. Red, it is clear, was not reserved either as a royal or national colour in any exclusive sense. Red appears to have been definitely adopted both for the guards and the line in the reign of Queen Anne. The black cockade was added under George II. The red stripe on the sides of the trousers dates only from 1834.

As late as 1693, the infantry were clothed in gray, and the drummers in scarlet. Hence, the change now proposed to be made in the colour of the regimental uniforms, and which has lately been the subject of much discussion, is, after all, only reverting to an older fashion. Another proof is thus afforded of the fact that there is nothing new under the sun.

## CURIOSITIES OF CRICKET

CRICKET itself is a curiosity to most foreigners. French, Spanish, and Portuguese writers besides those of other countries, have described it with bewildering vagueness and misleading exaggerations. A Spaniard, who desired to make his fellow countrymen familiar with the game, said 'Two posts are placed at a great distance from one another. The player close to one of these posts throws a large ball to the other party, who awaits the ball, to send it far with a small stick with which he is aimed, the other players then run to look for the ball, and while the search is going on, the party who struck it runs incessantly from post to post.' This is only part of the description, but the rest is much like it. If we did not know that cricket was the subject of the sketch, we should think the writer was explaining some game with which we are not familiar in this country.

But cricket has its curiosities, and scarcely a season passes without something happening which adds to the list of novelties. The frontispiece to Parry's *Second Voyage in Search of a North-west Passage* represents a cricket-match being played on the ice between the crews of the *Hecla* and the *Fury*. This was in

March 1823, a month when it is not customary to play cricket in England. Cricket has also been played where grass would not grow, and where sand or gravel has been a substitute for the green turf which the cricketer loves. It must have been very hot at Hong Kong in October 1874, when, during a match, the middle stump was bowled out, but the two bails remained in their original position. The wicket had glued the bails together. This has happened even in milder latitudes.

Matches between women are not very common, but a number of them have been played. They have generally been either for sums of money or on behalf of public charities. In 1823, a match was played in Norfolk between eleven married women and eleven single ones. The stakes were a pair of gloves each, and the married women won.

Among peculiar sales, the family Eleven may be mentioned. Some families are very famous for their cricketing abilities, but it does not often happen that eleven of their members are prepared to take the field against opponents. In 1867, eleven of Lord Lytton's family played

certain that to be a good trout or salmon angler a man must possess a combination of qualities that go far towards the making of good men, and this may be inferred inversely from the fact that so many good anglers are most successful men of business. The angler must be thoughtful and earnest in his vocation, industrious, patient and persevering. He must rise early, work late and be ready to endure many hardships. He must handle his rod daintily, watch carefully over his tackle, and advance warily upon his game. He may rise early and trudge far, and find another man on his favourite cast, he may fish all day, get only one chance at a salmon and lose it by striking too slow, too fast, or too heavily, by a carelessly tied knot, or a faulty reel. When the salmon is fairly hooked, there is danger in the first wild rush and in the repetitions, in the whirl aloft and in the plunging at the rocky ledge. No two fish act exactly alike when hooked, and no regular line of procedure can be followed, head, hands, and feet must all be on the alert for emergencies, and after a exciting chase, that may have taxed all a man's powers, and left his heart thumping in his throat when the quarry is run down, and the battle seems won, the greatest care and patience must be brought to bear on the landing of the prize, for our angler learns by experience how the consummation of long cherished hopes may be dashed from him at the last moment by a blundering stroke of the gill, or an ill-guided revelling of his exhausted fish. Thus, with its risks and fears, there is real mental training in the pursuit, with abundant fresh air and whole hearted exercise to give the sport a keen relish.

It is with the finest tackle and the smallest hooks that most trout are caught, and it is not always an imaginary big fish that so frequently escapes. Alas! how many a shabby

Sometimes the matches for money were genuine, but frequently the money was only pretended to be staked, in order to increase the interest in the public mind. Old advertisements of cricket matches often state that a great deal of money depends upon the game. It was thought that players would be more likely to do their best if they were playing for money. This, however, was a great mistake. Matches are now contested as keenly as possible, when nothing but honour is played for.

At the present time, Left arm would have a poor chance against the best Right arm Eleven which could be put in the field. The Left arm would do very well for bowling, but the batting would be weak. But the match has been played, and the full strength of the country has been divided between the two Eleven's.

Another distinction between sides is Married and Single. The beginning of the alphabet has been pitted against the latter part—A to K against L to Z. During the last few years, a good match was made between Over thirty and Under thirty. In 1810, a similar match was played, but it was between Over thirty eight and Under thirty eight.

Single counties have played the rest of England, just as in the early days of cricket, a single club would hold its own against everybody else. Hambledon against England, with Hambledon victorious, is recorded in the early annals of cricket. The time has gone when any single county strong enough to contend against all the others.

Some wonderful scores have been made at cricket, but in 1882 the Orleans Club beat all previous records. Against Rickling Green they scored nine hundred and twenty in one innings. There are many cases known in which nothing has been scored in an innings, so that is a record which cannot be beaten. One of the highest individual innings ever played is that of Mr W. N. Hoar, four hundred and fifteen for Emmanuel Long Vacantion Club, against Camis Long Vacantion Club, on July 12, 1881.

There are peculiar ways in which a man can be 'out at cricket. In a match between England and Sussex, J. Br. Aldridge threw his bat at an off ball, he hit the ball, and was caught. This is said to have lost the match for Sussex. Several times it has happened that batsmen have played the ball into their own pockets. Batsmen have been out because their hats or caps fell upon the wicket and knocked the balls off. But batsmen have been in as wonderfully as they have been out. The ball has been seen to go between the stumps without removing the bails, and yet when the ball has been placed between them, it has seemed impossible for this to happen. Balls have been known to be knocked off, and to have fallen back upon the wicket. But this is an event which very seldom happens.

A long list of extras does not look well in a cricket score. Some years ago, in a match at Chatham between the Royal Engineers and The Establishment, there were one hundred and one extras. In 1842, the Gentlemen of Kent played a Gentleman of England at Canterbury, and there were one hundred and fifty nine extras in a match.

In Australia it is common to adjourn matches



over Sunday and play them out during the following week. This has seldom been done in England. In county matches there is sometimes an adjournment from Saturday to Saturday. But perhaps the longest adjournment ever known was at Stock Down, in Hampshire. A match was commenced on July 27th, and adjourned, after three days playing, till June 28th of the following year. This was in the 16th century.

One of the most remarkable matches ever played took place at Shillingee Park in 1843. On one side were the Earl of Winterton's Eleven and thirty seven labourers on the other. The Eleven won by five wickets. But this match was outdoors. Three years after, when the same Eleven contended against fifty six labourers. This time, however, the match was not finished.

## OCCASIONAL NOTES

### REASONABLE ADVICE TO BATHERS.

THE Royal Humane Society in its recently issued Report, gives the following useful advice to swimmers and bathers: 'Avoid bathing when too hours after a meal. Avoid bathing when exhausted by fatigue, or from any other cause. Avoid bathing when the body is cooling after perspiration. Avoid bathing altogether in the open air if, after having been a short time in the water, it causes a sense of chilliness with numbness of the hands and feet. Bathe when the body is warm, provided no time is lost in getting into the water. Avoid sitting on the banks or in boats after having been in the water. Avoid remaining too long in the water—leave the water immediately there is the slightest feeling of chilliness. The vigorous and strong may bathe only in the morning on an empty stomach. The young, and those who are weak will better bathe two or three hours after a meal, the best time for such is from two to three hours after breakfast. Those who are subject to attacks of giddiness or faintness, and those who suffer from palpitation and other signs of discomfort at the heart should not bathe without first consulting their medical adviser.'

### THE SALMON PRODUCE OF CANADA.

The value of the rivers of Canada as food producing sources is daily increasing, and later statistics of the salmon fishing on the Columbia River give some indication of the rapidity with which this branch of commerce is developing. There are thirty six canneries along this river, nearly all of which are at the town of Columbia, situated at its mouth. Several of the companies engaged in the fisheries have a hundred boats, and about seven thousand men are employed. The capital invested is about four hundred thousand pounds. In 1882, five hundred and thirty five thousand cases of salmon were packed, which would yield five hundred and fifty six thousand pounds, giving a very considerable profit. The salmon are packed in one pound cans and forty eight cans make a case. The men employed are chiefly Greeks, Portuguese, Russian Finns. Considering, that there is wholesale destruction of salmon in the Columbia River by traps and wheels, the continued run of the fish is very surprising. The salmon is

scooped in by the wheels, and thrown into a chute, down which they slide into water boxes, and find themselves on shore. This system of fishing is very inexpensive and strongly distinctive, as the fish are killed, and those which are too small to be canned are thrown away. One wheel will cast upon the shore from three thousand to four thousand pounds of fish in twenty four hours. A movement is on foot to suppress this practice, as well as the violation of the law which forbids fishing from Saturday at sundown till Monday morning. It is proposed to establish a hatchery, and seeing that the canneries have packed from four hundred thousand to five hundred thousand cases yearly, simply from fish that are up to their natural spawning grounds, it can easily be surmised what may be done when a hatchery has been established. It is calculated that at least a million cases annually could be taken, and the world supplied with the fish. In fifteen years, salmon to the value of over four million pounds has been shipped from the Columbia River. The fishing season lasts for four months, beginning with the closing week of April.

As a 'red royalist' regiment is well as one of red republicans' Red, it is clear, was not regarded either as a royal or national colour in any exclusive sense. Red appears to have been jointly adopted both for the guards and the L in the reign of Queen Anne. The black shade was added under George II. The red stripe on the sides of the trousers dates only from 1742.

Late as 1693, the infantry were clothed in blue, and the drummers in scarlet. Hence, the change now proposed to be made in the colour of the regimental uniforms and which has lately been the subject of much discussion, is, after all, only reverting to an older fashion. Another proof is thus afforded of the fact that there is nothing new under the sun.

## CURIOSITIES OF CRICKET.

CRICKET itself is a curiosity to most foreigners, French, Spanish, and Portuguese writers, besides those of other countries, have described it with mildest vagueness and misleading exaggerations. A Spaniard, who desired to make his few countrymen familiar with the game, said 'two poets are placed at a great distance from each other. The player close to one of those poets throws a large ball to the other party, who awaits the ball, to send it far with a small stick with which he is armed, the other players then run to look for the ball, and while the arch is going on, the party who struck it has incessantly from post to post.' This is only part of the description, but the rest is much like it. If we did not know that cricket was the subject of the sketch, we should think the writer was explaining some game with which we are not familiar in this country. But cricket has its curiosities, and scarcely a season passes without something happening which adds to the list of novelties. The frontispiece to Parry's *Second Voyage to Search of a North-west Passage* represents a cricket-match played on the ice between the crews of the *Hecla* and the *Pury*. This was in

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF  
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fourth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1827

(CONDUCTED BY R. CHAMBERS (SECUNDUS))

No 1022—Vol. XX.

SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1883

Price 1d

## RIVERSIDE REFLECTIONS

SOME enthusiastic anglers aver that a true votary of their art can never be a bad man, the influences that surround the pastime being so sound. It is certain that to be a good trout or salmon angler, a man must possess a combination of qualities that go far toward the making of good men, and this may be inferred inversely from the fact that so many good anglers are most successful men of business. The angler must be thoughtful and earnest in his vocation, industrious, patient, and persevering. He must rise early, work late, and be ready to endure many hardships. He must handle his rod daintily, watch carefully over his tackle, and advance warily upon his game. If he may rise early and tangle for, to find another man on his favourite cast, he may fish all day, get only one chance at a salmon and lose it by striking too slow, too fast, or too heavily, by a carelessly cast knot, or a faulty reel. When the salmon is fairly hooked, there is danger in the fast wild rush and in the rapid return, in the whirl aloft and in the passing of the rocky ledge. No two fish act exactly alike when hooked, and no regular line of procedure can be followed, but hands and feet must all be on the alert for emergencies, and after an exciting chase, that may have taxed all a man's powers, an lift his heart thumping in his throat when the quarry is run done, and the battle is won, the greatest care and patience must be brought to bear on the landing of the prize, for our angler learns by experience how the consummation of long cherished hopes may be dashed from him at the last moment by a thundering stroke of the guff, or an ill-judged revelling of his exhausted fish. Thus, with its hopes and fears, there is rare mental training in the pursuit, with abundant fresh air and wholesome exercise to give the sport a keen relish.

It is with the finest tackle and the smallest hooks that most trout are caught, and it is not always an imaginary big fish that so frequently escapes. Alas! how many a shabby

dish of trout has been dubiously seasoned by the 'Jowin' relation about the 'fin large fellow' that had so newly come to adorn the breakfast table.

The enthusiasm of anglers is a quality little understood by those who cannot share it, and its attendant weaknesses have long been a standard subject of ridicule. When sensible men of mature years travel two or three hundred miles, to toil day after day, in and out of water like amphibious colts, tired and hungry as they be, for the mere chance of catching a few little trout which could be bought at a trifle the part of the cost, when he labours as he never labours during the rest of his life, till back and limbs ache, and legs are weary laden with wet waders and unweary boot, which he has dragged about the river six or seven hours daily, when he has paid his guide five shillings per day and hotel expenses—including the right to kill salmon—at four times that price, and yet goes home, without having extracted the parasite pul for, still admiring his fine fishing gear, and still dreaming of return, on the first favourable opportunity to go through a somewhat similar ordeal, other men not so affected may be excused for looking upon anglers as a strange infatuation, and even hunting that if such vapours were practised in every day life, the man's friends should have him 'cared for.'

Such weaknesses, however, are not confined to anglers, they are widespread and deep rooted in our race. The cricketer and the football player exhaust their utmost powers in pursuit of their sport, forgetful of dangers that not unfrequently kill or maim companions, the bowler on the green, and the curler on the ice defying the wintery blast, run wild over the declivities of their bits of wood and stone, artists and authors corp and limb wrangle themselves up late and soon, often butchering bad art, and blarney, their eyes over 'miserrable books,' many of them having as poor and rubbishy a basket to show when the day is done as the poor fishermen. Great men who sit in parliament watching the framing of laws to

regulate the lives of millions of their fellows, grow feverishly impatient for the close of that important work when the 12th of August draws near, and soon after may be found in damp and drizzly hazes on Highland moors, 'dripping wind, and rain, and fire,' watching more intently for the passing flight of the murrelet, and more excited over a 'winged' bird, than they would be over a bill 'winged' in its final passage through the House of Commons, while by and by the *deuts* of the counties turn out in red coat gait costume, mounted on high stepping, costly chaises, to gallop in break neck dance over fence and fallow, bog and ditch—host of hounds, horses, men, and even ladies, in a wild chase over a poor frightened fox. All of which only demonstrates—as is done in many other fields—that there is a something in our natures craving for special excitements, and prone to occasional extravagances, refusing to be always subjected to the measured rules and sober gut of grave wisdom and cool philosophy.

To return to the angler, it is not by lake and river only that his enthusiasm breaks forth. When the season comes on, the drosco is apt to permeate his whole life and conversation. On the slightest provocation, his talk is of rods and flies, while in travelling, the brackets of a country inn in fine ironing, steam, and grand salmon pools. The conversation at table in many a country residence where anglers' friends are met, is amusingly and unendingly fishy, in an *Angler's* hotel, it must often be beyond endurance to the traveller who cannot share the interest or find a pleasing study in the rapt enthusiasm of his neighbours. While the farmers talk of cattle, sheep, and turkeys, the anglers talk tirelessly of bull trout, gulse, or *ryling*, how, where, with what, and when they are to be taken, of roads to lovely lakes, of lochs and of lakes, and it must be admitted that is a not an uncommon tendency to tell 'big fishing stories.' Even counting-houses may be disturbed in summer time, keen men of business forgetting for a while their interest in the market, to run off in romancing rants across the Border. Our London humorist's description of John Bright behind the Speaker's chair at Westminster, showing off his new salmon rod and stock of flies to Mr. Forster, was a pardonable exaggeration, doubtless written by one who had dined and wined where fishing flats and flies had engrossed the talk of men from whom better things had been expected. An illustrative of the intensity of the angling mind on the details of the sport, here is a personal experience. Complimenting a Scottish fisherman one day on his success in landing a gulse and sea trout in rapid succession from a small clear river, he smiled delightedly, and proudly held up a very nice of a hook, saying 'Ay, there's the hook, ye'd maybe hardly believe it, but I lay waken all night composing that fly.' This lying awake of nights, angling, darning, and planning how to circumvent fish, is no

uncommon thing, and many an angler's wife has had to rescue her husband from a nightmare struggle in deep waters with a monster salmon.

As to the poetical associations connected with the pastime, anglers are apt to get their passion and their poetry inextricably mixed together, trying hard to persuade themselves as well as others, that the beauties of nature form a great part of the charm of angling. This is especially necessary when the sport is poor, as it too frequently is in these days when every water is so well occupied, but whose the passion is fairly developed, the poetry is only the little foot-pace attendant. The angler goes to the river with his mind so bent on capturing fish, that he commonly has little time to think about the beautiful. It is the old deep-set hereditary instinct for the pursuit of prey—inherent in most men from a long ancestry whose lives depended on it—that holds dominion over him, and say what we may, it is this 'grand passion' which makes anglers, so absorbing a pursuit. A Border farmer being told by a visitor that his hill pasture seemed scanty for the stock upon it, replied philosophically 'Ay, ay, that may be so, but the beasts ha' a grand view.' Views here, or views there, anglers like cattle, can only be nourished on more permanent pasture. Yet there are brilliant times in the chase when they may fully realise the glories that surround them.

It is the 28th day of May, a fine sun has fallen in the night, and a full flowing river is before us. The fish are not biting, however—no one can yet tell when they will, or why they do not when they evidently ought to, any more than they can explain why the lightning has affinity for wh more than for other trees, so we leave our friend, who is a most resolute man, to do the fishing, while we rest on the grassy bank to enjoy the surroundings. And what wealth there is to revel amongst! Sunshine and cloud are flitting over earth and sky, with a life-giving breeze 'fresh as the morning,' rippling the broad swift flowing river, and murmuring pleasantly among the trees in the wooded bank opposite, where the lively little fly-catchers wauk joyously their antics of song. It is one of those delightful days which make a Scottish summer hunt the memory from boyhood to age, the sunshine of which lingers lovingly in our hearts, sweetening like the fragrance of childhood's flowers—a whiff of which brings back from early days a train of happy thoughts—a golden treasure laid up against many rainy days, a day deliciously cool, bright and inspiring, beyond anything we ever breathe in summer climes. Earth and air are full of joyous life, the woods are bursting into leaf, their banks are blue with hyacinths, and the wet wind is laden with their sweets. The swallows sit in endless rounds all about the pool, now a host, now for a moment gone, and now they spend in

rapid trains with wind and steam, till quick as thought they whirl up and backwards like dry leaves in a blast, their graceful flight beautiful to the eye, and their twittering song pleasing to the ear.

Surely all the swallows are having high holiday by the river to-day. Brown sand in utans, black and bronzed chimney swallows spreading their long forked tails, and house Martins whose snow-white tail coverts flash like plumes of light dancing over the dark waters. The swift too is here, swiftest of swallows, cutting the air rapidly with its white like wings—as though that were its mission and to be done quickly—uttering its shrill cry as it speeds on, quick of nose and eye beyond our own conception, capturing its airy prey while sheering onward ship up an arrow from the bow and the keel on the wings of the wind. There are pul and yellow wagtails flitting, and tripping about, anxious and busy, piping plaintively, full of family cares, and eager in providing for family wants. Quick and daintily they tappit over the stones, flitting their long tails and dashing into mud or to seize the startled flies, yet quick as our eye is upon them, they are off across the river. Surely, to wild things, all men possess 'the evil eye,' for, excepting 'brinnie Kilmeny,' or other beings whose orbs have been blessed by heavenly spirits, and only speak love to the wild and the tame, all wild animals seem to dread the gaze of man.

Yonder is a water-reed on the rocky margin opposite, under an overhanging arch, dipping his white breast so persistently to the water, that one might suppose he was courtesying his list to his shadow there, in an 'After you, sir!' invitation to drink. The line of them lies in the glen above are whitening with 'the May,' and the mellow notes of the male can be heard from one of them, mellow, but rather monotonous in their repetitions. Now there is a flight of gulls full wing, the windings of the stream, and one after another as they pass some strange object in the water, they stoop and beat the air for a while, on white uplifted wings, hovering hawk-like for a moment, and then passing, each on its own way. Now a snipe pips quick and silently up the river, noiseless enough when nesting, it does tune a whumpung, loud complaining bird—like some other birds—thinking, it has got all the cares and troubles of life and that the world ought to know it, and high above, the broad-winged heron sends forth his stiff scratch, sailing away to some secluded fitting ground, a silent fish, that sets himself motionless as a rock, a stone till some unwary trout or parr glides within the lightning stroke of his great spear. A wood-broking bird as he stands on the big gray boulder by the silent pool, defective of ear, but with an eye quick as light, clumsy of flight when startled, but more aloft, sailing easy and majestic with outstretched slanks, over meadow and moor, privileged to fish many forbidden waters, waiting for no such lumps, but going and coming at his own sweet will by devices, ever varied and new, and with no fear of complaints at 'The Heronry' of fishing too late of nights. This is no fancy picture, but a sunny river-side experience which might be extended, but while we note the passing flight of many birds, our friend is catching fish, and a beautiful sea-trout has just flashed his

silvery sides before us. Thus, with the sight of our own basket empty on the green—like the covered dish served up to the old Bachelor tower with only a pair of spines—reminds us it is time to mount on horse to catch a prey.

## ONE FALSE, BOTH FAIR, OR, A HARD KNOT

CHAPTER XXX—SIR PAGAN DINES AT HOME

SIR PAGAN, for a wonder, dined at home on the day succeeding that which had with such his sister's fruitless visit to Leominster House. The baronet's habits, as has been previously mentioned, were eminently unostentatious. He rarely partook of any meal, save breakfast, beneath the shelter of his own roof. But now he had come back, that very afternoon, as fast as steam could bring him along the iron way, from a three days' absence in the North, and being in high good-humour, he had taken pity on his sister's loneliness, and now set out to her, that his was somewhat shabby apartment dinner-table, on that sultry August evening. Those two were not, perhaps, very congenial company to one another. Brothers, as a rule, have not much to say to their sisters, though ne'ertheless, when involved in many troubles or crossed in love, do they find a confidant so liberal and so prudent as a sister proud to be. On this occasion Sir Pagan was unusually talkative.

'Knowest thou, he said more than once, 'didn't turn out half bad—not half bad, might have been better, though, but I felt, when I left York, as if luck was on my side, to change with me.'

This poor simple reason here by her had a half-heretic belief in luck, akin to the Roman's fithis-fath in Dura Fortuna. He had just returned from a great coming round in the North, and the qualified success which he had met with some of the old country to him.

His sister knew no more of counting matches and tracing events than she did of mathematics. But she felt that she ought to care for the pursuits that interested her in their so much, the more so as Sir Pagan was so kind and lenient in his rough way, to her. And she remembered the sleek slender greyhounds at Curw, and how gratefully they had looked up at her, with their glowing hazel eyes, when with her soft hand she had caressed those intelligent heads of theirs. Even now it put the girl's little greyhound, too old for mooring camps, was dividing his attentions between his master and the gentle girl who had petted him and talked soothingly to him many a day in far off Devon.

'I wish, brother, she said, 'that Prince Arthur—King Arthur, as it's had won the Cup'

'He didn't do it, but he ought, and if the judge hadn't been a blind old buzzard he would have seen that the other dog didn't run fur in that last double, and there were hundreds in the pound who thought like me. I turned Sir Pagan, as earnestly as if life and death depended on the observance of technical rules by a set of swift greyhounds contending, unobscured by the profit of their owners.' 'But,' added Sir Pagan, leaning from his chair, 'if what, as I said, half did Prince Arthur got a second place, it

he got no more, and Weston, my trustee, you know—a deep fellow, Weston—feels certain for the great price next month on the Chester Bondie. Anyhow, we'll hope so—But sit still, my dear, sit still!

And his sister did sit still. She was used now to her brother and his queer ways, one of which was that, when he had to think, it seemed incumbent on Sir Pagan to jump up and walk about the room with quick strides, as he was doing then. It really did appear as though the baronet's sluggish limbs could not work unless his strong muscles were in motion. It was after dinner by this, and the final dessert, which nobody would stand up closely on the table, but Sir Pagan's claret-jess was more than half full, and he had swill-wed but very little of the ruby liquid in the decanter before him. There was something, clearly, on the baronet's mind. He poked himself to and fro, like a man moving himself for a difficult or painful task, and at last said, awkwardly enough, 'Now, my dear, blood's thicker than water, and I hope, remember it, but—'

'Put—is it, Pagan, that you are tired of having me here?' asked his sister in a tone, as he hesitated to finish his speech.

'No, no, command it! no not such a faint as that, stammered out Sir Pagan, blushing crimson. 'No! What's mine, while there's cash or credit, as yours is much as it is my own, as I have either, for that matter,' added the baronet vaguely. 'What I did mean was quite the contrary, sister. Fact is, I've noticed a traffic of money, after settling scores with Weston, and paying up an IOU or two. And it must be so unpleasing for you to go on here in town without a shilling in your purse—and so you are as welcome to my winnings, I assure you, as ever I made my man welcome to a glass of sherry, or—' Stop!' he said after a moment of self-communation. 'Yes, by Jove! we had better say, half the sum for you, half for me—here and there. But I want you not to be pin head.'

Poor, kindly, illiterate gentleman that Pagan Cueva was, all his practical culture had taught him the lesson that cash was hard to get and harder to keep, and he felt the voluntary abandonment of a hundred of gold and notes as others would the loss of their lifeblood, but he had been thinking seriously of his sister's helpless condition, all the way from York to London, and hence the unwonted liberality of his proffered aid.

His sister thanked him gracefully and gently, as was natural to her, as soon as she had quite grasped his meaning, unexpressed. 'But I want nothing from you—no money, I mean, dear brother,' she said, and Sir Pagan instantly felt a sense of relief that he did his best to hide, but very lamely, for he was clumsy in all things, except the handling of bridle, fowling piece, or trout rod.

He sat down again, and emptied his glass with an air of serene satisfaction. In truth, he was one of those men who are capable of a sacrifice certainly, but who would make but ungainly martyrs at the best. 'I really did not know you had anything at all,' he said presently.

'I should have been obliged to throw myself

in your bounty long ago, Pagan, had it been so,' his sister answered, 'but I had seventy pounds in my purse when I left Castel Vawr, and most of this little fortune I spent, with Mrs. Tucker's help, in buying what was necessary and renewing my wardrobe, since all I brought from Egypt was left behind at the castle.'

'I thought that staided stuff old Lady Barbara had sent you your luggage, I thought out the bureau, tippung with one waighty finger on the tible.'

'Not my luggage—not mine,' returned the sister. 'The trunks she sent remain up stairs unopened, for they were marked with the name of Miss Cueva. I could not touch the things, for they were Cousin's, not mine.'

'Not touch your own things,' exclaimed the baronet, with an honest surprise that he could not repress, and then, reddening, he said, 'Pooh! nonsense. I don't profess to understand it all. But after all, my lass, you have a little left.'

'More than I want for pocket money, at present twenty pounds, answered the girl, smiling.

'But surely, resumed Sir Pagan, indulging his memory, 'there must be still, out of Aunt Catherine's legacy, five hundred pounds lying in the banker's book to the credit of Cousin Cueva. Once a ripe of a ripen!'

'Hush, brother, hush!' cried out the girl, her fair face all in a flame with shame and colour. 'Never could I meddle with the sum you speak of, were I staying, and an outcast, for it is hers. I could not sign my sister's name.'

Sir Pagan made a wry face, as if his newly-poured bumper of sound claret had suddenly turned sour. 'Pshaw—gubdush!' he retorted, almost irritably. 'I wish, with all my heart, you would give up this useless harping on the same string. If you and she cannot get on comfortably together, as it seems—'

'But, in that, do you not believe that I am Cousin that I am Mr. Murchinson of Leamington?' the girl exclaimed, so eagerly as to make him wince.

'Believe it. Either it I'd rather not believe anything, thank you, one way or the other,' ejaculated the unhappy baronet, pushing his chair back, and sweeping the dark hair from his swarthy brow. 'It is a most confounded news, as women's guards generally are, so far as my experience goes, and I'd as soon tick a hominy's nest in my bare hand, as be mixed up in it, I give you my word. I believe nothing, for good or for bad, and I don't intend to. I believe nothing, I say.'

He was pacing to and fro now, in a state of the utmost discomposure, but it was quite plain that he meant what he said, and that he considered the neutral attitude which he had schooled himself to adopt, as a very stronghold and place of refuge.

'If you will not believe me, at least you are not sorry, I hope, to have me here in Bruton Street!' asked his sister with a sad smile.

'That I am not, my dear,' replied the baronet, heartily enough, for now he felt himself, so to speak, treading on firm ground, and hospitality

was one of the simple virtues that he hid in his neglected youth been taught to prize, as an Arab does. 'You are my saker, at any rate. There's no doubt of that, I'm glad to say. And you do brighten up this dingy, decayed old rat-hole of a house, whilst I wish was a hatcher and a better home for you than I am able to make it. I may be rough—always was—wasn't I, Dart, old fellow—but I mean well, and if I can be of use any day, just you let me know. I must be going, though, soon,' he added, with a glance at his watch, 'for I promised'—

What Sir Pagan had promised, or with which of his buckler friends the appointment was made, signifies little. At any rate, a quarter of an hour later he was treading the Pall Mall pavement, bound for his club, and his eyes had crept slowly back to the solitude of the dining-drawing-room upstairs. Sir Pagan had heard nothing from his lips as to his unsuccessful visit to Leominster House.

(To be continued)

## MY FIRST CHAMOIS

BY HIS MAJESTY OSCAR, KING OF NORWAY AND SWEDEN

TRANSLATED BY CARL HENRI

The gay and interesting imperial city of Austria invites us to stay! Its palaces bask in the fullness of a summer's sun, and the Prater is crowded with a varied assembly, here gathering to listen to the intoxicating strains of a Strauss orchestra, there disputating into knots around the innumerable cafes. To the foreigners, Vienna has much of interest, many pleasures to offer, and still we have to say farewell after a too short stay. We are tempted to say to another land, towards the snow-covered peaks of the Alps, far from the whirl of the capital.

A rare opportunity had been offered us to take part in a chamois hunt in the Tyrol, in the which we cannot resist, and the following night finds us on the road travelling for twelve hours in a railway carriage, where we get no sleep. At the station of Holzkirchen, in Bavaria, we left the railway for vehicles of lesser speed, and journey in the bright morning past Leutassee Castle, belonging to Prince Chuk, and situated on the shore of a mountain lake of the same name, with water clear as crystal. Upwards, upwards, along the narrowing valleys to the famous Wildbachkreuth, the customary place of rendezvous for the chamois hunters in these tracts. The Prince had himself arranged the chase, in which fourteen or fifteen gentlemen participated, but he himself advanced in years, no longer followed his favourite pursuit, although some of his suite were bold and experienced alp hunters. Besides the Prince, and four Swedes and Norwegians, including myself, the party consisted of members of the Bavarian nobility, the *corps diplomatique* at Munich, officials, &c.

In the afternoon of August the 16th, most of the sportsmen proceeded lazily up the Boden Alps, and met at a *châlet* to pass the night, so as to commence the morrow's exhausting chase with invigorated strength. At half past one in the morning, after only a couple of hours' rest, we left

our pretty residence of Kreuth, and, after a ride of about two miles, reached the dark Wolfgraben 'Wolfschlucht,' to which we attached many strange legends, and here our guide, the alp hunter Mohennadl, met us.

I wish I could give a portrait of this splendid figure, with its sober energy and robust health. Mohennadl is a giant six feet three inches high, with a pair of the broadest shoulders I have seen, and with a noble countenance, from which decision, boldness, and thorough honesty shone forth. He was born in a lowly cottage among the mountains, and his whole life has been passed among the glaciers and rivers of the lofty Alps. It has been healthy and free from any artificial nurture, it has taught him to play with death in a thousand forms of danger, it has stamped his whole being with the impress of nature's grandeur and potency. He speaks but little, is with his shaded lantern in one hand, his sheepstock in the other, and his gun over his shoulder, he trudges before us on the mountain brow, inspiring us, however, with a confidence which a thousand words could not have inspired.

Thus we wandered for a long time in silence. Serious, almost dark shadows rushed upon us, the yet black Alps rising on both sides of us, on our right so close as to form to us to touch the clammy rock, on the left again, some distance off, and below us—we hardly dared attempt to ascertain how near—we saw the yawning abyss, while the torrent below spoke with a gloomy voice, which gradually died away as we proceeded upwards on our lonely path. Above our heads the silent stars twinkled in the dark sky, while shadowy clouds moved circuitally round the lofty peaks, or descended along the giant forms of the mountain tops.

It now became necessary to follow our guide more closely, to lose our footing now would be fatal. We therefore journeyed on with care and caution until we grew a little accustomed to the strangeness of our situation under the wing of night. An hour gone by, and the first grey shadow of dawn creeps along the mountain side. Unfortunately, the clouds rise simultaneously, the sky becomes overcast, and during the greater part of the morning, a fine, chilling, mist falls, which also marred the hunt. In course of the day, however, the weather improved and the sun broke through. We had walked without cessation, and the clock had barely turned four, when we were on the road up the Boden Chuk.

Vegetation here ceased by degrees, long and luxuriant alpine grasses and shrubs clustering in the mountain chûts. For an hour more we climbed some very steep slopes and reached at last a mountain ridge, some six thousand feet above sea level, along which we were then poised, where big stones or clumps of shrubs permitted, with a distance of a hundred to two hundred feet between us, the ridge being in some places so sharp and steep that two persons could hardly find sufficient space at one post. It was with some difficulty one could keep his position immovable and gun in hand, but more difficult still it must have been for any one suffering from giddiness.

The picture unfolded before our eyes was one of the grandest. Below us some fifty yards a ravine, through which the melt water rushed from the glacier rush with a loud roar

On the other side a plain, somewhat longer than the ridge we stand on, abruptly broken to the left, while on the right the mountains rise suddenly, after sinking south into a cove covered with snow to a height of some seven thousand feet, where the snow shuns like burnished silver. Cold sun and warm sunshine alternate from time to time, and the colouring, the light and shade on this marvellous picture, shift with them. Surprisingly picturesque appear also the alpine hunters in their hats with green feathers, their gray shooting coats, their naked, sinewy legs, scratched by the sun, their close leggings and laced boots. They keep the gun lightly slung over the shoulder, but it is with the quickness of lightning that it finds its place for the shot, while the long alpenstock carried in both hands serves for support when ascending down or by the side of the precipitous mountain. But should any game appear, or the wanderer hear any suspicious noise, in an instant the alpenstock is against the shoulder and the hands grasp the rifle.

These sons of the Alps have a faculty of discerning the approach of game which is astounding, they possess the noble and intelligent nature of the hound. The chamois is hunted in two ways, either by a kind of 'drive' or else by 'stalking.' Our hunt was organized in the first manner, still, one must not imagine this to be merely 'beating the woods,' the chamois is easily frightened, and so first *früchtig*, as the Germans term it—that this would be out of the question. Some five to six men cover the whole mountain tract with a few hundred yards between them, soon times more, they walk cautiously, but straight, towards the hunter, driving the latter the height of the wind, they must not, however, make any noise, or this would frighten the animals beyond all measure, and force them to run in hot haste down or up the most break-neck places, and the chase is then spoilt, it is necessary, then, that the hunters should possess as much skill and caution as the hunters. Long, therefore, before the former come in view, if the drive has fortunately been successful, smaller and larger herds of these light-footed inhabitants of the Alps will appear.

There is something indescribably striking in their bold movements as they spring from rock to rock, from knoll to knoll, over the yew-wood, cypress. Suddenly they halt in their wild flight down the mountain slope to listen. Then they again speed on and disappear. Now they reappear, they approach, they are nearly within range, no, they are again a thousand yards away.

Lovely creatures! Why does the hunter look with the deadly bullet to cut short your career, symbols in the presence of such wonders of the commanding manifestation of the Creator's omnipotence! That is the question the sportsman involuntarily asks when, for the first time, he sees these graceful animals free from all restraint, but the next moment he fires, and a 'miss' is obnoxious as loudly as though he had never been touched by a sting of pity.

The other way of hunting, namely, stalking, which one takes upon the animal, is far more dangerous, and but rarely results in any success, while, on the other hand, it requires of course

less preparation; it is, however, not advisable to be less than three when undertaking this sport, especially if the sportsman be not acquainted with the difficulties and dangers which may be encountered, as one's life may easily be brought into danger, and is perhaps only saved by the courage and presence of mind of a companion.

It is an account which will give an idea of the hazard attending this sport, and also of the marvellous resolution of the alpine hunters.

During one of my travels in Switzerland I once obtained an excellent guide from Muffingen, across the Bernese Oberland, who had in his younger days been the boldest and most successful chamois hunter in the place, but who had subsequently for ever renounced this his dearest pastime on beholding his bosom friend fall before his eyes into an immeasurable abyss. He related, among other things, that this friend and himself had once, when they were married, started on a hunt for several days, they stalked without success, which seems to have irritated them to such an extent as to make them determine they would not return without some spoil. At last they took the alpenstock chamois, hunted between two runs of a plain.

But how to get at it! To approach from above below was utterly impossible, as only a long, sharp ice covered ridge led to it, so they linked themselves together with a strong rope at their belts, and commenced to crawl along the naked 'comb,' the eldest first and the youngest after, a distance of forty feet. But the break-neck venture soon overpowered the less experienced of the two, the overstrained limb yields to terror, and with his courage his presence of mind disappears.

A cry of terror, and he falls! No rescue seems possible, a putting up to the heath he left, and he falls. Only One knows how long he was in misery. At last he revived. 'Miracul' he was still hanging by the side of the mountain, a couple of yards under its edge, and with the saving rope round his waist. He listened with shamed nerves. Was he not deceived! Shouts in a well known voice greeted him. 'Do not be frightened, I am here, you!' And so he was. Quick as lightning had his comrade not only perceived the danger, but comprehended it in its whole scope, and with marvellous presence of mind, flung himself down the other side. And there they both hung!

The situation is, I think, easier imagined than described. However, at length, after many efforts and infinite terror, the two friends at last reached the top again, and once more safely reached their homes, thankful to heaven for their deliverance.

To resume my own narrative, the first drive brought no luck to me, as no animal came within range, still, I saw a down, and crept as near to the spot as I dared. These animals fall in other quarters, and the reports of the guns echoed among the mountains, born to and to with long cadenced resonance, while the Alpine eagles, scared from their nests, soared and whirled high above us.

After a few minutes rest, we ascended higher. I was now placed on a steep slope—no steep, in fact, that it was only with the greatest effort I

managed to cling to the mountain. Hohenadel followed, holding my other gun—well, I am afraid I must make the humble confession, holding me also, until I managed, by means of my slipstock, to obtain something like a footing.

The drive now commenced from another quarter. The same glorious and grand view, the same solemn silence unbroken by any noisy horns or reports. After half an hour's anxious waiting, when hope had nearly vanished, I suddenly heard a rattle below us behind a big stone. We listen again with doubled attention in death-like silence. No, nothing! Two moments more, two long moments of expectation—and lo! a splendid chamois creeps softly forward behind me, its whole attention centred on the drive in the valley.

'Attention! Aim low,' whispers Hohenadel. 'Fire!' The animal stumbles, the left shoulder is hit, but too low, another shot in the hump of the flying deer, and it stands overwhelmed with pain, panting with terror, and is aided from whence the shot came. 'Quick here with the other gun!' And by a third shot at a distance of a hundred yards, the animal falls hit in the shoulder, I believe the right, as he turned a little in the flight. I have still a ball left, the hunting fever seizes me, and to a certain extent deprives me of coolness. Throwing the slipstock aside, and using the gun as a staff, I begin to run down with great speed. Luckily, something on the ground, whether a shrub or a stone I do not recollect, covers me just at the very moment I require it, and thus I get a fourth shot at him. The ball goes through the heart, and the horn sounds *All's Teut*, which is repeated and echoed.

This was the only animal shot in the latter drive—we had four in all, mine was the largest 'Lim capitular Boel.' The hump, with its magnificent and gracefully curved horns, its pointed ears, its brilliant eyes and shapely nose, now adorns my home. My eye rests on it often with keen satisfaction.

## TWICE LOST

A TALE OF DOUBTIFUL CONSCIOUSNESS

IN FOUR CHAPTERS—CONCLUSION

'Miss LENWOOD,' the servant said to Clinton, 'was engaged in picking, she would be down stairs before long, and hoped that Mr Clinton would remain to tea. A kitten had come for him from the solicitors.'

Clinton opened it. It contained but a single line from Mr Keant, and an enclosure, which proved to be a letter from Mr Weston to the firm. The contents of part of the latter was as follows:

'Mr Clinton having thought fit to intimate that

son of the house in which are the papers of the deceased. I therefore desire you to retain possession until a thorough search has been made, and you have satisfied yourselves that no will is concealed anywhere upon the premises. Any proceedings that you may think proper to take in pursuance of the instructions made by Mr Clinton, I shall be ready to meet, if none should

be taken, I myself shall adopt measures to compel him to retract an apology for it.'

'He has the will,' said Clinton to himself, 'and makes a show of generosity at a cheap rate.'

The barrister rang the bell, and summoned the detective who had been constantly in charge of Andrew since the disappearance of the will, though the latter hardly seemed to be conscious that he was under restraint. When he directed to use his utmost effort to investigate the old man, and in that state to recall his mind to the history of the errand which had terminated so discreetly. Having given this order, he sat down to read the volume in his hand and await Eva's return.

She came presently, and greeted her defeated champion with an affectionate and grateful warmth which at least assured him of her full conviction that the loss of her cause was due to no fault of his. She was grave and sad at the prospect of quitting the home of her childhood—the only one she had ever known, and Clinton, to divert her mind, drew her attention to the circumstances of the trial. He explained to her the reasons which made it impossible for the English law to recognize her father's second marriage, the nature of the law of domicile, on which the validity turned, and the history of Lord Lynton's Act, which by rendering such marriages valid in the past, but void for the future, had given them a moral validity, of which, in her social position, she would feel the benefit. As Eva was intelligent enough to feel deeply the sting thrown upon her by the legal invalidity of her mother's marriage, she was desirous to find how very narrow and technical were the grounds on which it was impeached, and Clinton was gratified to perceive that, instead of impatiently pronouncing herself unable to understand a legal question, she followed with attention and comprehension his explanation of the law affecting her case.

From this they passed to Mr Warren's letter; and Eva was proceeding to question Clinton concerning the arrangements made for her future, when he was relieved from no little embarrassment by a knock at the door and the entrance of the detective.

'Will you come, sir?' whispered the latter, with an eager countenance. 'You can conceal yourself just outside the door. I had the greatest difficulty to induce him to drink, for he said he had ruined his nerves by drinking, and never would taste spirits again, but when I had persuaded him, as he has scarcely eaten or slept for weeks, a very little overcame him. So now he seems to have forgotten all that has happened since, and is telling me the story just as if it had happened yesterday.'

Clinton eagerly followed him, and concealed himself in a store closet, the window of which overlooked the pantry where Andrew and the detective were seated. The latter returned to his place, and induced Andrew to resume his narrative.

'So I say to the villain "No, my master was not with a fool, he knew what you were, and he would not kiss Mr. Eva at your mercy," so he had made a will as you will find to-morrow, and not a farthing of his money will you ever see.' So he tries to question me about



it, friendly like, and to know where the will was, but I wasn't going to tell him that I had it in my pocket. So, says he, 'I only want what is my own, if you can show me a will, I shall be ready to give up my claim. But I saw through the old fox, and I said, "You'll give it up, no doubt of it, to-morrow, when you find you must." So when he saw he could get nothing out of me, he said, "You had better go home, Andrew, and get to bed," pretending to think as I was drunk, though I was as sober as you see me. So I came home—here Clinton listened with redoubled attention—and then I found that Mr Clinton was gone away, and Miss Eva was gone to bed. So I think to myself, "But Mr Warren's a lawyer, and would stick at nothing, suppose he should have the house robbed while we are asleep, now he knows the will is here?" So I took and hid it where no one would look for it, and where robbers would never find it, if they should search all night, and then I went to bed.

'Well, and where was this hiding place?' asked the detective. 'Have you put it in the plate chest, or among the china, or where? naming the most unsafe of hiding places, in the hope that, eagerly repudiating such an imputation on his good sense, Andrew would betray his secret. But he was now on his guard, and though so completely intoxicated it is to have lost sight of all the events of the period that had elapsed since the hiding of the will, he said returned a firm grasp of the idea which had then possessed it, and which had returned in full force with the memories of that eventful night. He answered with a snarl of drunken cunning, 'No, no, I shall not tell you that. How do I know but you may be one of Warren's men? I will tell no one till Mr Clinton asks me for it.'

Where the detective sat, he could catch Clinton's eye, while Andrew had his back to the closet window. At a sign from his employer, the former rose, and with a jest at the old man's obstinacy, left the room. There was no time to be lost, for the fumes of the liquor had overpowered a nervous system exhausted by sleeplessness and fasting, and Andrew was evidently lapsing into unconsciousness. Clinton took his resolve in an instant, he walked into the partry, and addressing Andrew in a matter of fact manner, studiously concealing his excitement and anxiety, he said, 'Did you not let me see it?'

'No, sir.'

'Where were your eyes? I want the will, Mr Keane is here, and I must give it to him immediately.'

Andrew stared at him for an instant, then evidently made a desperate effort to recover and recollect himself. Clinton felt himself almost choked by the beating of his heart, but commanding his voice with difficulty, said, 'Come, let me have it at once. Have you got it all safe?'

The petemptuousness of this question recalled the remembrance that was very nearly fading again from Andrew's stupefied brain. Taking a chair from a drawer, he advanced towards the fireplace, answering in a voice which the habit of respect strove to render clear and steady, in spite of the intoxication which he instinctively laboured to conceal, 'Ay, very safe, sir. I was afraid of

what Mr Warren might do, and I thought he would never look for it under the hearth-stone.' And, stooping down, he strove to lift the slab. Clinton thrust him aside, snatched the chest, and inserted it at a part where the plaster had been removed, and a chink was visible between the boards and the stone. With some effort he raised the slab. There, close at his feet, lay the missing packet, with the seals unbroken. The Will was recovered!

Mr Warren behaved better than had been expected. Clinton's first step was to write to him, apologising for his suspicions, and stating that the will had been found. After inspecting it, in presence of Mr Keane, Mr Warren withdrew his claims, and suffered Eva to take possession of her inheritance without further negotiation. The will appointed Mr and Mrs Clavering executors to the heirs, and the former, together with a business commission of Mr Lamwool's, trustees of her property. And, at the testator's desire, the Claverings took up their abode in their wife's house, so that Eva remained in her old home, under the motherly care of a friend whose worth and affection she had bestowed in her time of trouble to appreciate as they deserved.

Some weeks had elapsed since these arrangements had been completed, and Mrs Clavering and her ward were once more sitting alone by the firelight in the library where we first saw them. Eva was still in mourning, but the pale face had regained its soft and delicate colour, and its expression, though pensive, was no longer unhappy. 'I wonder,' she said to her companion, after a long silence, 'when Mr Clinton will come again to see us? He has never been here since the business of the will was settled, and you came to live here.'

'He has only been asked once, and then he was engaged.'

'But he used often to come and see my father, without being invited, and when my law suit was going on, he came nearly every other evening.'

'You see there is no more business to bring him here.'

'But he did not always come on business, he used to come and spend an evening whenever he had one to spare. Mrs Clavering, can I have done anything to displease him? If I live, I shall be so very sorry, he did so much for me.'

Mrs Clavering had a very distinct opinion as to the reason of Clinton's protracted absence. She was no match maker, but she could not help feeling a strong and somewhat romantic interest in the love which she was sure the young lawyer felt for her ward, and saying to herself that it would be a great pity that a morbid delicacy should interfere with its avowal. 'She will never find a better husband,' thought the good lady, 'and with her fortune, she has every chance of finding a worse.' Thus thinking, she spoke, letting fall the hint which, as she believed, was alone wanting to turn the course of affairs. 'I think, Eva, that Mr Clinton came without an invitation when he knew that we had need of him. Now that it is not so, he is too proud to come without being asked.'

'Ah, ask him then, dear Mrs Clavering,' exclaimed Eva. 'How ungrateful I must have seemed to him, I, who was so glad to see him when I was poor, and seem to forget him as soon as he has made me rich.'

Suddenly Eva coloured, turned away her head, and was silent. Mrs Clavering readily guessed what thought had entered her mind, and was content to let her alone. If Eva did not care for Clinton, she did not wish to interfere. If she did care for him, the first evidence of this which her inexperience and innocence could not fail to afford, would be sure to overcome his scruples. He might sacrifice his own happiness to his pride, but not hers.

Clinton was invited, and Mrs Clavering must have murmured, without intention, to word her note in a firm more pressing, or more attractive than before, for, despite his own resolutions, the young barrister accepted the invitation. Mrs Clavering, while careful not to embarrass Eva by observation, noticed that evening the extreme elegance and prettiness which an exceptional care had given to her appearance, and the nervous agitation which made her little hands tremble till she laid down her work, and took up a book to screen herself from attention and from conversation. When the bell rung, however, Eva laid down the volume, and made an evident and resolute effort to regain her composure. It was fortunate, or perhaps fortunate, that Mrs Clavering, claimed Clinton's attention for a minute or two on his entrance with reproaches for his neglect, which he parried by pleading the increase of business that had almost overwhelmed him. 'I am a slow worker, and he, and as yet I dare not be careless. I must make up for my inexperience by giving double attention to every brief, if I would keep the good fortune that has flowed in upon me.'

He pressed on to Eva, who had risen and stood with downcast eyes and half-averted head. She held out her hand, and Clinton felt it tremble as he took it in his. 'I am afraid you are more than usually displeas'd with me, Miss Lanwood, he said, in some little surprise at his reception, for Clinton was as little of a coxcomb as a client, and successful men of his age well can be. And he attributed Eva's manner to displeas'ure at the length of his absence, and perhaps at the suddenness with which he had withdrawn from her society. 'I should be very sorry to think that I had been so exact in availing myself of fortune as to seem to neglect the person to whom I owe it all. Pray, forgive me, and believe that if I have been busy, I have not been forgetful or ungrateful.'

'Ungrateful?' Eva murmured. He had not released her hand, nor had she withdrawn it.

'You made my fortune, Mrs Lanwood. Since I had the honour of conducting your case, I have obtained in three months more work and much more money than in the last three years. I have to thank you generous confidence for all this.'

'Eva thinks you have been very long in returning your thanks,' said Mrs Clavering archly.

The girl looked up, in eager deprecation. 'I am sure Mr Clinton owes me no thanks. But I owe him everything, and I should have liked to have told him soon how comfortable I am,

and how I thank him for it—for all she paused, and her eyes overbrimmed with tears.

(Clinton started, in manifest agitation, and Mrs Clavering quietly left the room.)

When she returned, half an hour later, Clinton stood by the window, which looked out upon a quiet, green, shady lawn and garden, and Eva was beside him, her hand on his arm, and her fair head resting against his shoulder.

'Mrs Clavering, you will have to counsel to your own work, by persuading your husband that I am not too unfitting a sutor to his heiress's ward. Nay—if you did not mean this, you should never have asked me here.'

'I asked you because I knew you would not come unasked, and because I thought it hard that Eva's fortune should stand in the way of her happiness. Do not fear. Mr Clavering will be very glad to know that his ward is safe from all the perils of an heiress's position, and married to one who found in her wealth not an attraction but an obstacle to his suit.'

'Is it true?' said Eva, as she parted from her lover in the hall that evening, 'that you meant to give me up because I was rich, though you love me when I was poor?'

'I loved you, during poor or rich. But—the question was not easy to answer.'

'Ah, Evesaid, it was very unkind of old you to believe that my fortune—was he I owed to you—would change my thoughts of you? Or could you, so proud, so independent, be afraid of what others might say, and willing to sacrifice me to that fear?'

'It would have been sacrificing you, then, my love?'

'Ah, yes! If I had thought that money could stand between us, I should have rejoiced with all my soul when the will was lost, and broken my heart when it was found.'

RATIANA

A CORRESPONDENT has kindly favoured us with the following remarks relative to the getting rid of rats.

In your *Journal* number for the month of April, you give some valuable information from a correspondent respecting a good remedy for getting rid of rats in a dwelling house or else where. I think I can state a much more effective remedy, very simple, and one that I have tried most successfully.

It is well known that when once rats have obtained a firm footing in a private house or in any other buildings, such as barns, out-houses, &c., it is a most difficult thing to completely dislodge them, and they continue, sometimes in spite of all attempts to exterminate them, to make fruitful inroads into domestic peace and happiness, and into the luxuries and other eatables, they feed upon in the larders. I came to my present residence in 1875. It is a very old but very comfortable house. Soon after I had commenced arranging my furniture and otherwise placing my house in order, I found, to my intense disgust and annoyance, that the place was infested with rats. Nearly every room on the ground floor gave alarming indications of the presence of rats during some part of the day. Even the drawing-

room was at times a rat hunt. One evening, as my servants were sitting comfortably around the kitchen fire, out came three rats into the room. Having carefully looked round the kitchen, the vermin came towards the fire, and upon the servants moving their chairs they scampered off, only to return the next evening. One morning, when coming down stairs to breakfast, I found the baby's toy rabbit, made of seal rabbit skin, literally torn to pieces, and the bits scattered all about the front staircase. Nothing but a rat could have done this, as the rabbit was perfect a few hours before, and the cats had been turned out of the house for the night. Dogs and cats were quite unable to exterminate these pests.

At last it became so serious, that I thought I would try it as an experiment. Rats are wonderfully clean animals, and they dislike rat more perhaps than anything else, for if at once gets on their paws, they find it most difficult to remove it. Now, I had heard it mentioned that pouring tar down at the entrances of their holes was a good remedy, also placing broken pieces of glass by their holes was another remedy. But these remedies are not effective. The rats may leave their old holes, and make fresh ones in other parts of the house, they don't, however, leave the premises for good.

I thought I would try another experiment. I had not heard of before. One evening I set a large wire cage rat trap, attaching inside a most secure piece of strongly galvanized sheet iron next morning, I found, to my satisfaction, that I had succeeded in trapping a very large rat, one of the largest I had ever seen, which, when I had been in it with two little kittens into his favourite run. The next night I tried again and succeeded in catching another equally large rat, and killed him in the same manner. I could not follow these two rats by several rats into their numerous runs, to see what would happen, but it is reasonable to assume that the other specimens taken, they all the members of their community, and by their chief illness appearance gave them considerable indications of the misfortune which had so suddenly fallen them, or that they frightened them between ways, if they are and ill for a week and fled. The experiment was eminently successful. From that day in 1875 till now, 1887, my house is exempt though it is, has been entirely free from rats, and I believe that there is no remedy equal to this one if you can get it by your rat alive. They never come back to the house again.

In conclusion, let me say, Never use poison. This remedy is almost worse than the disease. If poison be used, you may find yourself in the same sorry plight a fortnight or more once found him in, he had to take up all his dining room flooring, on account of a frightful odour issuing therefrom, and found sixteen dead rats underneath. Besides, poison is dangerous to you, and it might be taken by favourite dogs or cats.

Another correspondent writes us the following touching anecdote. We had been troubled with the company of a pair of fine blue rats, and to our cost we know they took their refreshments on the premises. Their visit having lasted a fortnight, we thought it advisable to take means to discontinue the acquaintance. Last

Monday night we set two traps, thinking to catch them both at once, as they had often been seen together, frequently pilfering off the same dish. We succeeded in catching them, but in a most unexpected manner. The male rat in the morning we found alive in the cage, his better-half lying dead on the floor by the side of the cage, evidently having died of grief. Not being able to call to mind a similar case, I send this, thinking it may interest some of your readers.

The following curious anecdote has been sent to us by a gentleman residing in the north of England.

'The other day,' he says, 'as I was strolling along the brook side, taking a quiet afternoon constitutional, I noticed a dead dog in the middle of the brook, the water running down at the time not being nearly sufficient to cover it. There is nothing so unusual in the sight of a half putrid carcase in either brook or pond as of itself to attract attention, so I suppose it must have been some motion in the mass that unconsciously struck the eye, at any rate, while I was looking, an old rat left the roosting catwax and made off down the watercourse at a rapid rate, looking neither to right nor left. He seemed so thoroughly on business, that I determined to upset the old fellow's arrangements, and see whether it would lead. Accordingly, I cut off a hooked trout stick, made my way from stone to stone to the dead dog, hauled him up high and lay on to the bank under a bush, and with a steady eye was all still upon, when the old rat returned, and in his train came twenty-four more rats, straggling to the spot where the dog had been. Had I known the consequences, it had been better still, for no sooner did the poor old fellow find the treacherous me, than he set up a most pitiful scream and dived up the bank like an arrow. Upon his flight, within twenty yards the infuriated victims of the seeming deception had overtaken him, and eaten up the cruel deceiver.' 'No doubt they had killed them of the misfortune of it was in them, and profited to lead them to where it was.'

#### THE SOUTHAMPTON ARTESIAN WELL

Some forty five years ago the town of Southampton, being in want of a regular supply of potable water, resolved upon the experiment of an Artesian well, encouraged thereto by certain local circumstances which appeared to favour such an undertaking. At Winchester, Hurley, Portsmouth and on Portsdown Hill, the tapping of the chalk had produced abundant supplies of excellent water, not to say that the geologists of Southampton were believed to be in many respects identical with that in which the celebrated Artesian well in Paris is constructed. A good deal of the water supply of the town being at the time obtained from surface drains and springs on the Common, an outlying tract of park like land, of four hundred acres, forming the roof of the tongue on which the town situated between the river Itchen and Test—stands, an experimental boring was made by a London engineer, who predicted that at a depth of four hundred and eighty feet, an unfailing and almost unlimited supply of water was to be obtained from the chalk—to reach which at this depth, eighty feet of

alluvial strata, overlying three hundred feet of London clay and a hundred feet of the plastic clay formation, were passed through.

Thus encouraged, the Water works Commissioners selected what was thought a more convenient site for securing the discharge of the water, and, at an estimated cost of seven thousand pounds, commenced the construction of a well to supply forty thousand cubic feet of water per day. A shaft fourteen feet in diameter was commenced, and sunk one hundred and sixty feet, at which depth it was originally proposed to commence boring, but this plan was altered, and the shaft, reduced to eleven feet six inches, was carried down to two hundred and fourteen feet, when it was further reduced to eight feet six inches, to a depth of three hundred and twelve feet. Here it was found necessary to substitute iron cylinders for the brickwork to three hundred and twenty-two feet, where the brickwork was resumed, the diameter being reduced to seven feet. The plastic clay being reached at three hundred and eighty feet, the brickwork was continued down to three feet below the chalk stratum, found at five hundred and twenty feet. Here the water was found flowing into the well at the rate of about three gallons a minute, and its temperature being taken, it was found to range from sixty-one to sixty-two degrees Fahrenheit, its temperature at the surface being fifty-four degrees, and the atmosphere of the well at fifty feet, fifty-four degrees, at one hundred and sixty feet, sixty degrees, and at five hundred and fifty-three feet, sixty-five degrees. Five hundred and sixty-two feet having been reached, and nothing like the supply expected having been obtained from the fourteen water-bearing deposits tapped (and stopped out), boring was commenced with a seven and a half inch auger, and was continued until thirteen hundred and seventy-three feet was reached, when some twenty thousand pounds having been spent on the experiment, the townspeople's patience became exhausted. Deputing the advice of the several who visited the town with the British Association in 1846, to 'go on,' Sir Roderick Murchison being among those who inspected the works and carefully kept diagram of the geological formation passed through, and who, speaking on the spot said, from his special experience of Hampshire, 'that there was a subterranean river flowing beneath them, there could be no doubt of it; and, in 1851 the well was closed.

The town not being content with its water supply, which practically comes from the Itchen river, after passing Winchester and several villages on its course to the Southampton Water, and the question coming before the corporation soon coincident with the recent visit of the British Association, advantage was taken of its presence once more to ventilate the subject. As the result, the corporation have resolved to spend a sum of one thousand pounds or more experimentally in continuing the boring, it being believed that it will be necessary to go no deeper than from two hundred and twenty to three hundred and twenty feet more in order to reach the lower greensand, the upper greensand, the geologists aving, being only from twenty to fifty feet below the bottom, and the upper greensand and the fault but from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet each in thickness.

The preliminary preparations for continuing the experiments have proved more favourable than even the most sanguine had hoped. When the well was opened, everything was found as it was left thirty-one years ago, the difference being that the water had risen somewhat higher, and had reached the stratum where the boring tools were fixed, forty feet from the surface. At the request of the Underground Temperature Committee of the British Association, two local gentlemen, on the well being opened, descended to this stratum, and, to their great delight, found the bore practically unobscured to within a hundred feet of the bottom, which in their opinion consists of a deposit of ooze. The Association had forwarded for the experiment a Negretti and Zamboni's mining thermometer, enclosed in a copper case, and especially tested and corrected. To protect this instrument, and also as a sinking weight to carry it through any possible obstructions in the bore-shaft, it was placed in an elongated perforated tubular case, studded to about fourteen pounds of metal, with a conical termination downwards. This being attached to one of Sir William Thomson's patent sounding wires, carrying three hundred fathoms of steel wire and registers, was placed in the mouth of the bore-shaft, and for upwards of fourteen minutes, with but several slight obstructions in the upper chalk, passed steadily down to twelve hundred and ten feet, where the chalk ooze being met with, it was thought advisable to take the thermometrical observations. The temperature of the air being forty-nine degrees Fahrenheit, and of the surface water in the well fifty-five degrees Fahrenheit, the temperature at the bottom, after thirty-five minutes stay, when the hauling up began, was registered as seventy-two degrees Fahrenheit, or twenty-three degrees above that of the outer air. The eventual result, with the interesting facts dependent on it, cannot now be long delayed, though the contractor for continuing the work, having cleared the bore apparently to its bottom, has come upon an obstruction which, for the moment, he seems unable to penetrate, and special professional advice is being sought in the matter.

## THE MONTH SCIENCE AND ARTS.

At the late general annual meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, Professor Huxley asserted that it and kindred Societies were growing a little dull. He did not state this with any feeling of reproach, but merely as a fact arising from the general progress of knowledge. With regard to geographical research, there is little doubt that few places remain where the explorer has not planted his foot. Greenland is at the present moment an exception, but as Baron Nordenskjöld has now started on his mission there, some particulars of which we gave last month, it will not long be regarded as terra incognita. Baron Nordenskjöld's expedition has been organized and equipped at the expense of a private individual, Mr. Oscar Dickson, whose name is well known as a liberal supporter of any scientific inquiry which needs the help of money. We hear much in this country of the outcry that government should

endow research, but would it be impossible to find one or two wealthy men who would, like Mr Oscar Dickson, quietly take the matter in hand? A paragraph went the round of the papers a short time ago, giving the numbers of men who had died within the last two or three years leaving, respectively, their millions, half millions, and quarter millions. The names of such are not remembered for any particular good they had done, except the final act, which they could not will avoid, of leaving their riches for others. The name of Oscar Dickson of Gottenburg will be of far more lasting memory, and his present town I must be great, in seeing the growing results of his good works. Surely there are men in Great Britain who would go and do likewise, if the need were pointed out to them.

The Grocers' Company has set a good example in offering prizes for original research. The first 'discovery prize' of the kind amounts to a thousand pounds, and the subject is as follows: 'A method by which the vaccine contagium may be cultivated apart from the animal body, in some medium or media not otherwise zymotic, the method to be such that the contagium may by means of it be multiplied to an indefinite extent in successive generations, and that the product after any number of such generations shall—so far as can within the time be tested—prove itself of identical potency with standard vaccine lymph.' In briefer terms, this prize is offered for an improved method of vaccination, by which the remote chance of blood poisoning—so much exaggerated by anti-vaccination agitators—is altogether avoided. Should this result not be actually attained, the experimental work which the endeavour will call forth, will in itself be most valuable.

Signor Pavesi is credited with the discovery of a new method of preserving meat from putrefaction, which, if as efficacious as stated, will be of immense value to society at large. The meat is simply immersed in a bath of water slightly acidulated with nitro-sulphuric acid. Thus treated, it will keep good for many months, and when required for use, must be dried at a temperature of sixty degrees Fahrenheit. A brown tint is given to the meat by the acid, but this is readily removed by soaking in plain water before the drying process.

At the Royal Scottish Society of Arts, a paper was recently read by Mr C. A. Stevenson, C.E., describing a new and very simple form of seismograph—an instrument, we may remind our readers, for automatically recording earth tremors. In the year 1872, a Committee of the British Association reported that 'some simple and cheap method of indicating earthquake movement is much to be desired, and that any apparatus for the purpose should occupy small space, be little liable to derangement, capable of being put up in an apartment not of special construction, and its indications such as any intelligent person could easily interpret and readily note.' Mr Stevenson's contrivance seems fully to answer all these requirements. It consists of two pieces of plate glass five inches square. One of these is carefully levelled, and upon it stand three little ivory balls, which in their turn support the other glass plate. To this latter is fastened a horizontal arm, with a vertical needle at its end. The point of this

needle rests upon a lamp blacked surface, so that the slightest movement of the upper glass plate, together with the direction in which it moves, is recorded by a scratch on the blackened surface.

Although the photographic camera has been aptly described as 'a retina which never forgets,' and although we know that the image it produces is true as to form, it is within the experience of everybody that photographic portraits are not always good likenesses. We are inclined to attribute this failing to the circumstance that by photography it has hitherto been found impossible to give colours their true *ideal value*, if we may invent a term to serve our purpose. What we mean is this: yellow to the eye is a brilliant light tint, but in a photograph it is reproduced almost black. Red, instead of giving the idea of fire and light, comes out black. Blue photographs perfectly white. Such changes of colour play sad havoc with complexions and contrasts of colour generally, and persons with hair and skin exhibiting exceptional brilliancy of colouring, are quite justified in remarking, 'I never make a good photograph.' According to a note brought before the Photographic Society of France the other day, this stigma upon photographic portraiture is not to remain. By the addition to the usual ingredients of the sensitive photographic surface of one per cent of cobalt, the difficulties which we have described can be altogether obviated.

We need hardly point out that this modification has nothing whatever to do with the realisation of that dream which many have pondered over, the production of photographs in natural colours. We are of opinion that this maximum at present, if not for ever, an impracticable ability. In the meantime, we must content ourselves with such artificial methods of colouring as are contrived from time to time. A modification of the fashionable crystallum process,—'In-Shouable, alas!' because it requires no artistic power, has been patented by Mr J. W. Hyman of New Jersey. The photograph printed in the usual manner on paper, is first of all immersed in a mixture of naphtha, paraffin, mastic drops, ether, and vinegar. This treatment makes it quite transparent, so that body colours in oil, if laid broadly in thin proper places on the back of the picture, show through with very good effect. By fixing the finished picture upon canvas with a mixture of glue and glycerine, a very close imitation of an oil painting can be produced.

The difficulty of protecting our costly iron-clad ships of war from the malicious attacks of the terrible torpedo, has called forth a vast number of contrivances for the protection of ships' hulls, which are as a rule far more ingenious than practicable. Sir Edward Reed, the designer of both ships and torpedo vessels, and who therefore well understands the relationship between the two, has attacked the problem from a new stand-point. He proposes to build iron-clad ships on such a principle that their outer hulls, divided into numerous water-tight compartments, will act as a protection to the real iron-clad hull within. These improvements are embodied in certain patent specifications, to which as yet 'provisional protection' only has been granted.

The torpedo, like certain infernal machines

of which we have constant alarming descriptions, does not appear to be so formidable a weapon as some suppose, at least, we may say so of that type of torpedo which, like the 'White head,' is no longer under control when it has left its mother ship. We are reminded of this by a strange accident that recently occurred to a gentleman's yacht which happened to be lying within half a mile of some dummy torpedo practice at Portsmouth. The crew of the yacht were below, when they felt a heavy collision. On reaching the dock, they saw a Whitehead torpedo with its tail in the air busily engaged in boring a hole through their planking two feet below the water line, causing the yacht to run a very narrow risk of sinking. Here we have one more instance to add to the many already known, of the erratic course indulged in by these new weapons, and one which would seem to indicate that the costly things, if they hit anything at all, are quite as likely to choose a friend as a foe.

In the Machinery department of the London Fisheries' Exhibition, one of the most striking novelties shown is the method of making butter, firkins, and kegs without the intervention of a skilled cooper. It would be impossible in the space at our disposal to even briefly describe the various machines involved in the process. They are six in number, and are patented by A. Bansom & Co., a firm well known in wood working machinery. The casks are turned out with wonderful celerity, and are put out in form. A set of machines costing only a hundred pounds, including the necessary engine, boiler, stuffing, &c., will, it is calculated, pay its own cost if kept continually at work for six months. Such a set will produce two thousand half hundred weight butter firkins per week, and can be worked by two men and eight bullocks, each machine made of iron costing for labour two pence halfpenny. The usual price paid to skilled coopers for making such firkins varies according to the locality and the state of trade—between sixpence and ninepence.

In the Life saving section of the same Exhibition is shown a simple little contrivance for stopping holes in ship, which has been before the public for one or two years, and has during that time been instrumental in saving more than one vessel from destruction. It is known as J. W. Wood's self-adjusting ratchet and lock stopper, and is applicable to ships, buoys, boilers, torpedo boats, &c. It consists of an iron disc covered with felt, which screws on to a rod at the end of which is a jointed T piece. Supposing that a shot hole in a ship's side has to be stopped, the T piece is thrust through the opening, and the jointed piece put crossways, so that it cannot be readily withdrawn. The felt disc is now slipped over the rod and screwed firmly as far as it will go, and the operation is complete. The discs, of various sizes and shapes, are supplied to the Admiralty, and are coming into extensive use in the merchant service. The importance and efficiency of this invention have been recognized by the Society of Arts by the grant of their Albert silver medal.

The rapid advance of the telephone in public favour has naturally, within the last few years, caused inventors to turn their attention to it, and many patents have been granted to improvements,

or supposed improvements, upon the original instrument. We fear that many of these later workers have met with disappointment; for the patents of Edison and others cover so much ground, that it is almost impossible to produce anything in the shape of a telephone that a court of law will not hold to represent an infringement. Mr J. Munro of West Crofton, a well known writer upon matters electrical, has, however, managed to produce an efficient telephone transmitter, which, although founded upon Professor Hughes' microphone, is so different in detail and material from anything previously brought forward, that the shrewdest lawyer would find it difficult to upset his title to originality. Unlike other transmitters, this one employs no tympan or diaphragm, and dispenses with that philosophical science of electricity, carbon. In its simplest form, it consists of two little squares of iron wire, one placed vertically, and the other leaning against it, the contact of the two being regulated by a spring. This simple device, in connection with a battery and telephone receiver, is quite sufficient to it as a faithful messenger between two distant speakers. Mr Munro has further carried out some experiments of a highly original and suggestive character, which may possibly lead up to important discoveries in electricity.

A very unusual amount of damage resulted from a thunder storm which passed over the city of New York in May last. At the works of the National Docks and Storage Company, in the south west of the city, so twenty-seven large tanks for the storage of petroleum. These tanks were made of brick, but were plated outside with iron. With a descending rain, one of the tanks was struck by the lightning. A sheet of flame one thousand feet high rose in the air, and the burning liquid was scattered in every direction, firing the remainder of the plant, including warehouse, dock buildings, and all kinds, and railway cars. Everything in one moment seemed to be involved in ruin, and we regret to say that six people lost their lives. This catastrophe will probably call attention to the possibility of devising some form of special protector for oil tanks. The usual form of conductor would seem to be insufficient for the purpose, especially as there is danger of the oil, and the inflammable gas above it, being fired through the iron pipes leading to the ground.

In Bavaria and Wurtemberg, thunder-storms and their attendant phenomena have for some time been carefully observed and recorded, and the means by which this has been done are so simple and effective, that they could be readily adopted in any country without difficulty or expense. People nowadays take such interest in weather predictions and meteorological observations generally, that there would be no difficulty in obtaining volunteers to help in the work. In Wurtemberg, a band of two hundred and eighty unpaid observers have undertaken to make notes of every storm occurring in their various districts, such as the exact time when the first lightning-flash is seen, its distance, intensity, and so on. For this purpose, they are furnished with post-cards, which have free delivery at headquarters. In this way, a vast amount of valuable information has been gained as to the gradual formation

of storms, and the manner in which their formation is influenced by local causes.

A writer in *Good Words* expresses a wish that school children should be taught something about the habits and food of our wild birds, more especially of our little feathered songsters, so that they might be induced to protect rather than persecute them. As instances of the amount of good these birds are capable of in carrying out their natural work of keeping in check many of the fumes' pests, he remarks that a thrush is so voracious that he will consume at one meal an enormous meal. A man endowed with corresponding appetites could eat a whole round of beef for his dinner. A redbreast to be kept in good condition requires every twenty-four hours an amount of animal food equal to fourteen feet of earth in. This would be equal to a man devouring a sausage nine inches in circumference and sixty-seven feet long. We quite agree with the writer that if such facts were properly brought before our little scholars, and certain children of larger growth as well, convincing them that the birds are such valuable aids to man, they would soon cease to regard them as things to be hunted and stoned.

Messrs. Noyes and Delate, of Lugo, have recently introduced a process for galvanizing iron, which is likely to prove useful in dealing with large castings which cannot be dipped in a bath of molten zinc in the usual manner. A kind of paint is made up, consisting of zinc in impalpable powder, linseed oil, and driers. With this mixture, applied with a paint brush, the metal is coated once or twice. This treatment gives it an iron grey tint, which can subsequently be bronzed, or painted any colour, as desired. Another method of treating metal has been invented by Dr. Gehring of Lunenburg, who coats iron with aluminium instead of zinc. The process is said to be simple and inexpensive, and to permit of making the metal highly ornamental. No details are as yet published concerning the process.

We are indebted to another American journal for a recipe for treating wood in contact with the ground, and which ought to be found useful for

operating for the ingenious trickster in the fact that some diamonds are far more valuable than others, and that if the yellow African diamond can be made to look like its relative of steel blue purity, it will at once rise to many times its original value. This result has been achieved in the most ingenious and scientific manner. The complementary colour to yellow is violet, and by a well-known optical law, two complementary colours produce white, so the ingenious but fraudulent trader drops his yellow gems for a few minutes into a solution of amine violet. The tinge which they retain of this colour counters to their sallowness, and to all appearance they have been transformed into gems of the purest white. Fortunately, the application of soap destroys the illusion and exposes the fraud.

Mr. HINS LAMMAN, who for many months has been endeavouring to find evidence as to the whereabouts of the rich lodes of tin spoken of by the old Spanish settlers in Mexico, has at last succeeded in his search. As a result, the first ton of Mexican tin has just found its way to the United States. It is said to be of good texture and colour, and to possess all the characteristics of the best metal. It came from the Durango district, near the mountains of the same name.

The gradual extermination of the sulphur and consequent scarcity of ivory which we have more than once deplored, has had the effect of stimulating inventors to find a substitute for this very useful and elegant material. The most perfect substitute hitherto prepared is the compound called celluloid, ball and bicycle balls made of celluloid now form a recognized industry, and a large factory for their production is established at Albany, New York. The celluloid is received at this factory in large sheets. It is cut into ball and cube, and is highly malleable into balls under a hydraulic pressure of two thousand pounds to the square inch, heat being applied during the process. These balls are afterwards in a perfectly round and a special form of ball. They can be produced at a fraction of the price paid for the ivory.

## OCCASIONAL NOTES

### WEIGHING MACHINES

ANY one not connected with the postal service will be surprised to find how many and various are the arrangements that must be made and perfected before such an undertaking as the parcel post can be brought into successful operation. One of the first requirements are weighing machines, and in each parcel office in the kingdom must have at least one, and the larger ones several. Some idea may be formed of the number needed for this purpose alone. Our daily business and private requirements necessitate the constant use of weighing apparatus of some sort.

We have lately had the opportunity, through the kindness of Messrs W & T Avery of Birmingham—of inspecting their extensive manufactory of weighing machines, a short account of which may be found of interest. This manufactory was established in 1730, and produces weighing-machines of every description, capable of weighing

(butanous or with water) to the consistency of putty. Put a coat of this over the timber, and there is not a man that will live to see it rot. We may note in this connection that the London and North-western Railway Company are laying down ten miles of permanent way with new sleepers made of steel. The cost is said to be not much in excess of creosoted wooden sleepers with their attachments to hold the rails in position. But many years must elapse before the economy of the new system is demonstrated.

Although the tricks of trade are various, and processes of adulteration often rise to the position of a fine art, there are yet many things upon this earth that would seem safe from sophistication. The sparkling diamond would at first sight seem to be one of these, for its properties are so well known, and tests, microscopic and otherwise, so easily applied, that to a skilled eye a spurious stone could not pass as genuine. But there is an

from one thousandth of a grain up to sixty or eighty tons.

Weighting apparatus may be classed as follows:  
1 *Beams*, consisting of a bar of metal suspended freely in the middle, and varying in length from four inches to eight or ten feet, carrying scales suspended from the extremities by chains. They have the advantage of extreme simplicity and sensitiveness, and for delicate weighments are unequalled by any other form of apparatus. For large weighments (from one to fifty hundred weights) they are rather inconvenient, taking up much space, having scale chains in the way, and requiring the handling of heavy weights for each weighment. The pin or pivot on which a beam turns is called a 'knife edge,' and generally rests on a bearing of hardened steel, but even the best tempered steel is cut in time by the action of the knife edge, and the accuracy and sensitiveness of the beam destroyed. To obviate this defect, the Messrs Avery make the use of highly polished agate, which takes the place of the steel bearing, and makes a wonderful difference in the sensitiveness and lasting quality of the beams to which the stone is applied. A large beam capable of weighing one hundred pounds turns with a single grain.

2 *Steelyards*.—These consist of a simple lever with unequal arms, a small weight on the long arm balancing a vastly greater one on the short arm. They are made for weighing from a few pounds to twelve tons. The smaller ones have one ounce divisions, and are much used by butchers. They seem to have been used in very ancient times. The writer was shown some specimens in the ruins of Naples which were discovered in the ruins of Pompeii.

3 *Counter machines*.—In these machines a double beam is carried on a central stand, above the beam, at each extremity, are the scales. No chains are in the way, and weighment can be made with great quickness and accuracy. This class of machine is intended to weigh from an ounce to one hundred and twelve pounds. For the parcels post the government have selected a counter machine nominally to weigh up to seven pounds, but from its strength, design, and workmanship, quite equal to weighing four times the nominal amount. So sensitive is this machine, that, balanced with seven pounds in each scale, a few grains added to either scale will depress it. The parcel scale is made of sheet copper turned over and wired at the edges, to increase its strength and rigidity. All the parts are made by machinery on the interchangeable principle. Messrs Avery are great believers in machinery, and though the actual cost of things so produced is in some cases not much less than by hand, the accuracy and power of production is vastly increased. They have machinery for forming, cutting, stamping, and punching every part of their different apparatus, and it is wonderful how quickly the different machines do their work, acting upon iron or brass as if it were soft wood. Division of labour seems to be carried to an extreme. The men engaged on one sort of weighing machine would be useless on another. About eleven hundred machines per week have been recently turned out for the postal services alone.

4 *Weight bridges* so termed, and used for weighing from two to eighty tons. These consist of

a combination of levers, supporting a platform on which the goods are weighed, and connected with a steelyard or beam on which a movable weight is placed. The steelyard for the larger weight-bridges—ten to eighty tons—is made in one-pound divisions.

5 The platform machine, generally used for all weighments from a few pounds to twenty hundred weights, consists of a combination of levers, much the same in principle to those used for the weight bridge, but much smaller, inclosed in an iron case, and often mounted on wheels for convenience of transport. The weight bridge and platform machine weigh quickly and accurately, they dispense with the use of heavy weights, a weight of one pound or so on the steelyard balancing several tons or hundred weights on the platform, according to the leverage employed. Messrs Avery have recently devised an apparatus by which a 'platform machine' or weight bridge is made to print on a ticket the weight of the article weighed, thus providing an admirable check on fraud or error.

INLAND PARCELS POST

With regard to the new system of parcel post, the Postmaster General has issued a notice stating that parcels will be accepted for transmission by the inland parcels post under the following general conditions as to weight, dimensions, and rates of postage, namely:

For an inland post parcel of a weight of not exceeding 1 lb, the rate of postage, to be prepaid in ordinary postage stamps, will be 3d  
Exceeding 1 lb and not exceeding 3 lb, 6d  
Exceeding 3 lb and not exceeding 5 lb, 9d  
Exceeding 5 lb and not exceeding 7 lb, 1s  
The dimensions allowed for an inland post parcel will be:

Maximum length, 3 feet 6 inches  
Maximum length and girth combined, 6 feet  
Examples.—A parcel measuring 3 feet 6 inches in its longest dimension may measure as much as 2 feet 6 inches in girth, that is, around its thickest part, or

A shorter parcel may be thicker—for example, if measuring no more than 3 feet in length, it may measure as much as 3 feet in girth, that is, around its thickest part.

The regulations under which certain articles are prohibited from transmission by the letter post will, with a few exceptions, apply equally to the parcels post. For instance, gunpowder, lucifer matches, anything liable to sudden combustion, liquids containing liquor, and live animals, will be excluded from the parcels post. But glass bottles, fish, game, meat, and all other articles not above mentioned, now excluded from the letter post, will be admitted to go by parcels post conditionally upon their being packed and guarded in so accurate a manner as to afford complete protection to the contents of the mails and to the officers of the Post office.

THE VALUE AND USES OF AMBER

In this *Journal* for April 1, 1892, we gave an article on the subject of Amber, and the following additional particulars from the *Duissa*, may be of interest:

'The commonest impure kinds of amber are



used to make varnish, and the demand for the more valuable kinds, which are employed for necklaces, pipe mouthpieces, and other purposes, is such as to make an amber mine a source of great wealth. The largest European amber deposits are found on the Baltic shores of North eastern Prussia. There, about eighty tons a year are at present dug up, and the supply appears practically inexhaustible. Since the beginning of the century, it is calculated that over sixteen hundred tons have been produced there, and if the production, as some contend, has been going on for three thousand years, the total quantity produced in that period cannot, it is calculated, have been less than sixty thousand tons. The amber is found in isolated pieces, varying from the smallest beads up to blocks of many pounds in weight. The largest piece ever discovered weighed thirteen and a half pounds, and is now in the Royal Mineral Cabinet in Berlin. Amber is the fossil resin produced by upwards of six kinds of coniferous trees in prehistoric times. Two of these trees, of which immense forests covered the regions now producing amber, have been proved to be nearly related to the existing Weymouth pine and the modern fir tree. While the wood of the trees rotted away, the resin which exuded from them has been preserved in the form of the fossil amber. The resin oozed out of the stem of the tree as well as out of the roots, and was deposited eventually in immense quantities in the soil. In some of the pieces of the amber, bits of the wood and bark of the trees are found imbedded, and though this looks accident, have been preserved from decay. On examining this wood with the microscope, it is at once apparent that the trees were, as mentioned above, closely related to our modern conifers, but were not absolutely identical with any of the existing species. Ages ago, the whole region now covered by the eastern part of the Baltic Sea was covered by these amber-producing trees. The industry of amber digging is one of very great importance for Prussia, and it is calculated that the amber district of that country still contains a quantity which, at an average value of five shillings per pound, is worth no less than two hundred and fifty million pounds sterling.

#### CONSUMPTION: THE SOOTHING INFLUENCE OF HOT WATER.

A Canadian correspondent writes: Noticing an extract from the *Herald of Science* in which a physician strongly recommends hot water, in place of tea or coffee, as a stimulant for the use of those requiring to study late at night, I would like to give my experience of it as a beneficial agent in consumption. Mrs H—, one of a family a number of whose members had died of consumption, was, after severe exposure to a snowstorm, seized with a serious cough and expectoration, accompanied with loss of flesh. Examination by a physician showed that one lung was seriously affected. She was wholly confined to her room, and everything that medical attendance and loving care could do to mitigate her suffering was done, but ineffectually. The depressing night sweats continued, together with loss of rest from repeated fits of coughing. Losing all faith in medicine, some six or eight months

ago, its use was wholly abandoned, and the use of nourishing diet only, continued.

About ten weeks ago, the patient's attention was directed to a newspaper paragraph recommending hot water as a remedy for consumption. Feeling that little harm could ensue from its use, she determined to test it. At the moment of retiring, a large tumbler of hot water, in which the juice of a lemon had been mixed to free it from nausea, was taken. In a few moments, a glow of warmth would pervade the lungs, chest, &c., quickly followed by the most refreshing sleep, which would be unbroken by any cough, and the patient would awake in the morning rested and strengthened.

A few days ago, she was seized with a fit of coughing, during which was coughed up into her mouth a small stone about the size of a pea—formed of sulphate of lime, I believe, and usually considered a symptom of the healing of a cavity in the lung.

Whether this marked improvement was due to the use of the hot water, I cannot venture to say, but its beneficial influence in securing sweet sleep and exemption from coughing at night was so marked, that I would like some of your readers to test it with their consumptive friends, and give, through your *Notes*, the results of their experience.

#### LOVE AND GAME

THE poet's soul that had the honey pressed  
From man and life,  
On eager wings had gone to seek her rest  
Far from cask and strick

Game said to Love 'The poet's soul is mine  
'Tis mine to bring,  
To my eternal fields the voice divine  
That thou couldst bring,

Love answered 'Though thy claim I now confess,  
'Tis I I did give  
His verse all the fire and gracefulness  
Whereby they live.

J. WILLIAMS

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Printed and Published by W & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 336 High Street, EDINBURGH.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OR

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fourth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

CONDUCTED BY R. CHAMBERS (SECRETARY)

No 1023—Vol. XX

SAURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1883

PRICE 1<sup>d</sup>

## ACCIDENTS BY SEA AND RAIL.

The simultaneous appearance of two bulky Blue books containing respectively the abstract of the Board of Trade Returns of sea casualties to British ships at home and abroad during the twelve months ending 30th June 1882, and the accidents and casualties as reported by the several railway companies in the United Kingdom during the year ending 31st December 1882, suggests that an instructive inquiry might be instituted concerning these two great causes of mortality. Nowadays, indeed, some travelling is the daily occupation of many, and the constant duty or amusement of by far the larger half of the civilized world, the number of deaths by accident which must be assigned to this cause forms a much larger proportion of the total death-rate than is generally supposed. Year by year, the victims of the rail, the river, and the sea, approach more nearly to the number of those who are struck down by disease, and since we are most of us frequently obliged to make use of the marvellous machinery of locomotion, it may not be uninteresting to consider some of the dangers of these two great highways—the rail is and the ocean.

So great a prominence is given to 'losses at sea,' that the popular dread of its dangers is certainly excessive. Few husbands, probably, ever venture on a voyage, of however short duration, without some misgivings. It is, for instance, very disquieting to hear the boom of the fog-whistle when one is a passenger on a steamer becalmed in a fog. On such an occasion, one naturally conjures up memories of some of those heartrending collisions which mark the Steam Age. Similarly, the summer tourist, tempted by sunshine and fine weather to trust himself to a small boat, often bitterly regrets his rashness, if the wind is shewn, and the sky become overcast, and eagerly measures with his eye the distance from the shore. Again, when we bid a painful farewell to friends going over the sea, the risks they run are never absent from our

thoughts. It occurs as though the perils of the sea were in very truth inexhaustible. Beside the winds and waves, the sailor has to contend with countless other sources of danger. Year by year, hundreds of well-found ships go down with all hands, none of whom live to tell the tale. At sea, by a strange irony of fate, the cry of 'fire!' has a terrible meaning, and yet sailors all the world over are most careless in running this risk. It is a constant practice with many sailors, and especially with fishermen, to 'turn in' with one of the shortest of short pipes between their lips, and the regulations must indeed be severely enforced which can prevent them doing so. Fires at sea so often cause the total destruction of the ship, that it is not surprising that so little information should be forthcoming as to their cause, but it is to be hoped that many of them are due to this or some other similar act of carelessness on the part of passengers or crew. Of late years, however, 'fire-drill' has become a regular part of the routine on board most large ships, and improvements have been introduced into the best class of vessels, so that an outbreak of fire can often be confined to one part, and thus rendered comparatively harmless to life below it is finally extinguished.

Strangely enough, too, the progress of commerce and science has added to rather than diminished sea-risks. Thus, the immense increase of shipping of late years, and especially of steam-ships, has more than doubled the chances of collision, and the 'rule of the road' has become one of the most obscure sciences. In future, more judicious mariners will have to be well versed in practical dynamics. So fruitful a cause of casualties at sea is collision, that it occupies a leading place in the Returns, and is forming an increasing source of peril. It is, however, to be hoped that the many new rules which have been gradually brought into use, with a special view to remedying this state of things, will do much to cancel the moment of danger due to the increase of shipping, if not to lessen the

risk altogether. With such a pitiful number of causes of accidents as we, it is certainly not to be wondered at that a multitude of minor accidents should be concealed for the risks run by sailors and passengers by water. The long annual list of foundering, strandings, and collisions, sufficiently justifies the popular apprehensions, and when we add to this the number of vessels reported 'missing,' or, as the naval record runs, 'not heard of' since they sailed, or were 'spoken' on a significantly remote date, it seems as though we can hardly exaggerate sea risks. Now is the character of disaster even then complete, for under the comprehensive reading, 'other causes,' are scheduled many ships lost or condemned through such various mishaps as burning, either by spontaneous combustion of cargo, explosion of gunpowder, or of gas in coal bunkers, or otherwise; starting planks or springing decks, contact with ice, loss of sails, rudder, or masts; swamping or capsizing, and although these, fortunately, only cause a small fraction of the total loss of life at sea—since they are chiefly diversions of such a nature as to give those on board time to escape—it is impossible to ignore them in this brief comparative view of accidents at sea.

If we turn to the other great source of accidental death—the railway—we find the record scarcely less startling, although it is very much the fashion to comment upon a railway accident as though it demonstrated the safety of railway travelling. If we strike the average of railway fatalities by comparing them with the total number of passengers carried, we, of course, arrive at a result which is very satisfactory to the Railway Companies. But it is scarcely logical to leave out the very much larger number who are only slightly injured in mind or body, but many of whom subsequently die in consequence of their injuries, after a sufficient interval to permit of their being omitted from the official list of fatalities. However satisfactory the calculations of statisticians as to any one's chances of not being killed on a railway journey, the real hazards of this method of travelling are not fully appreciated. If, for instance, the public were better informed of the actual number of minor mishaps which occur on railways, in many of which are practically hushed up through fear of alarming popular susceptibilities, they would probably exercise greater prudence in providing against possibilities. There is no nucleus of merit among the number of persons who insure themselves in case of death, or partial or total disablement through railway accidents, but it will probably not be disputed that, as compared with the total number of railway passengers, it is very small.

In this connection, it may be interesting to consider briefly the general character of railway accidents. Of these, collisions is the most frequent and most fatal. It is a necessary consequence of the fallibility of man, and however great may be the precautions taken against it, it is doubtful whether under any circumstances it can be wholly escaped. At the same time, since the cases in which collisions occur between two passenger trains are few as compared with those between passenger trains and goods trains,

it seems that much yet remains to be done to lessen this danger. (Each train, for example, should never pass through stations, experience proving that the shunting, which is chiefly carried out on the main line, is the commonest cause of collision. Among other of the perils of railway travelling, the following may be briefly enumerated: Trains leaving the rails, travelling in the wrong direction through points, running into stations at too high speed, bursting of boilers or tubes of engines, and failure of machinery, wheels, and especially of axles, the brake apparatus, and couplings. It will be noticed that these are all of them due to locomotion. But the dangers of the road itself are as really less serious. Thus, among constant causes of accidents may be included—cutting or other obstructions on line, gates at level crossings, failure of bridges or rails, and floods. The multitude of accidents to passing trains from causes other than collisions, rolling stock, and permanent way, is also instructive, since it clearly points to culpable carelessness on the part of the public. Thus, every year a large number of persons are killed or injured by falling between carriages and platforms, when attempting to alight from or get into trains in motion, passing over the line at stations or at level crossings, trespassing on railways, or falling out of carriages during the travelling of trains. The fatalities to servants in the employ of the railway Companies are very frequent, and the calling must possess peculiar fixations, since the risks incurred in it are so great. Most people are, for instance, familiar with the constant process of coupling or uncoupling wagons or passenger carriages, and many have probably often noticed that the carelessness of the men who perform this duty, which is a frequent cause of fatal and other accidents. Among fatalities during shunting are frequently common, and in spite of the remarkable care with which guards and other employees get on and off trains in motion, many are killed and injured through this practice. A large number of mishaps of another class occur on railway premises, but these can hardly be regarded as railway accidents, and are in many cases the fault of the victims. Thus, passengers fall down steps, or over boxes, &c., at railway stations, and wagons and others are frequently injured when loading or unloading wagons, or carrying goods, or by falling off stationary engines or vehicles, or from some other similar cause.

There can, however, be no doubt that greater attention has been paid by the various railway Companies to precautions of late years, and many very important improvements have been made, among other things, for instance, in the brake apparatus. The regulations imposed by the Board of Trade in these matters are, too, much more strict than they were, and have had an appreciable effect in diminishing the number of fatalities, although many of the railway Companies have not yet fully complied with them. We should, indeed, probably have much fewer accidents, but for the great competition between the Companies. This in some cases takes the very dangerous form of rivalry in speed, the public, with a suicidal rashness, almost invariably choosing the quickest route. In one notable instance that occurs to us, two of the leading railway Companies have long competed for the passenger

traffic by giving instructions to their drivers to accomplish a journey of nearly two hundred miles in as much less than four hours as possible, and the times of the more successful Company for some time accomplished the distance in five or ten minutes less than those of its rival. But eventually all their best engine drivers stanch, and refused to undertake the task, giving as their reason, that at one or two spots on the road the engine jumped at the facing points! We have reason to believe that the rate of speed demanded was reduced in consequence of this representation, but the circumstance illustrates one of the dangers of railway travelling.

The long hours which signalmen are required to work—in some cases as many as thirteen and sixteen at a stretch—no another source of danger, which will probably entail a further sacrifice of human life before it is removed. Overwork on a railway cannot be defended on any known principle. It is true that no perfection of mechanism can be so far mistakes made in consequence of the human agency which must eventually be employed, but the public safety, as well as humanity, demands that men who are entrusted with the lives of hundreds of their fellow beings should not have their powers of endurance strained until they fail.

Some of the figures given in the recent Returns fairly illustrate the foregoing remarks. The total number of accidental deaths reported to the Board of Trade by the several railway Companies during last year was eleven hundred and sixty three, while eight thousand nine hundred and sixty eight persons were injured. These totals comprise all the serious casualties on railways during the year. As we have already pointed out, the rate of mortality among railway employes is terribly high, no fewer than five hundred and fifty three having been killed, and two thousand five hundred and seventy six injured, in 1882. The number of passengers killed was one hundred and twenty seven, injured, seventeen hundred and thirty six, while three hundred and six trespassers—including sixty two cases of suicide—were killed, and one hundred and fifty five injured. Among others who perished as victims to their own carelessness, forty three persons were killed, and seven hundred and thirteen injured, when alighting from, or getting into, trains in motion, but it would be satisfactory to feel assured that the number of men in which trains are often stopped at stations, and then, when the break is slackened, allowed to jerk back again a few feet, in no way contribute to this class of accidents. Again, seventy two persons were killed, and forty injured, whilst passing over railways at level crossings—a fact which cannot be too widely made known. The number of cases reported which involved no personal injury, indicates the humberdash escapes which are being constantly met with. Thus, there were no fewer than eleven hundred and forty nine failures of trees, any one of which might have entailed serious results, but it is only right to add that of these, eight hundred and fifty two were on wagons belonging to owners other than the railway Companies. The number of axles which failed was four hundred and fifty one, of which two hundred and sixty four were engine axles. In addition to these statistics, we

notice that during the year, thirty four hundred and sixty three men in all, one hundred and sixty two ships, one steamer, and fifteen boats, were run over and killed, the number of trains concerned being one hundred and fifty four, while two passengers and four servants were injured from this cause. This list is indeed sufficiently lengthy to indicate very great carelessness on the part of the occupiers of land railways, the railway.

These figures sufficiently exemplify the risks of the railroad, and point the obvious need, that by no possible precautions can railway travelling be rendered sufficiently safe to justify any persons from neglecting to insure themselves against death or injury, and at the same time the record clearly shows that the railway Companies must adopt every possible precaution against disaster. It is not enough that they should justify themselves by statistics as to the number of passengers, &c., who are not killed or injured, although this is very much the position they assume. With us going into a ship or on a train, and without this ensuring the general excellence of the arrangements for the conduct of traffic, the number of accidents, fatal and otherwise, from preventable causes, is sufficiently great to justify a demand for increased vigilance on the part of the railway Companies, and, in some ways, the exercise of a less than usual economy in this direction.

The figures given in the Abstract of the Returns of sea casualties for the year 1881-82 are scarcely less instructive. Of the loss of life, on our own coasts, in the United Kingdom, thus, in that twelvemonth five hundred and fifty nine British vessels and five vessels were wrecked or damaged on a total of the coast of the United Kingdom, while the total of lives lost in them was three thousand nine hundred and seventy eight, of which three thousand six hundred and twelve were crew, and three hundred and sixty six passengers. These figures are the more ominous, since they show an alarming increase, the numbers for the year 1880-81 being five hundred and one vessels, and two thousand nine hundred and twenty three lives, including two hundred and three passengers. In the year 1881-82, twenty foreign vessels, and seventy six lives, were lost off our coasts. Against these figures we must set the number of four thousand and sixty six lives saved from shipwreck during the same period. The number of lives lost by sea casualties abroad and reported, during the year 1881-82, was five hundred and fifty nine in sixty six British vessels on the coasts of British possessions, and one hundred and seventy four in twenty six British vessels on foreign coasts, while no fewer than two thousand two hundred and sixty three were lost in two hundred and sixty British vessels in oceans and seas. These totals are lamentably high.

According to the wreck chart for the year it seems that the coast off Durham and Ireland was the most fatal, but all dangerous coast-line, numerous black spots appropriately mark the scenes of fatal wrecks. It is indeed difficult to derive much comfort from these statistics. In spite of improvements in our lightships, lifeboats, and lightships, and the march of the science of navigation, a greater number of lives are yearly lost at sea. Our own coasts, in

spite of our boasted advancement, and the character we claim to have earned for humanity, are terribly fatal, and yet little is done to remedy this state of things. Our markets suffer in immense amount of shipping, and it seems to be imperative upon us to do what we can, by concentrating harbours of refuge on all dangerous part of our coasts, to lessen their terrors.

It is difficult to avoid being struck with the comparative indifference with which the news of the loss of a ship if once exposed in unprovoked point is received, and the excitement caused by nearly every railway collision. The public seem to expend all their sympathy for the sailor, in advance, and while few people think of the risks of a railway journey, their fears and sympathies are proportionately heightened whenever anything untoward happens. Again, in the case of railways, the various Companies look after their own interests very keenly, and the public share the benefit to a certain extent. But the dangers of the deep are chiefly the concern of those who have to face them. There are no worldly shipping Companies building spacious harbours in order to insure the safety of vessels and crew. The precautions taken in the matter of boats and life-saving apparatus are merely those required by the regulations, and it is left for private munificence to do the rest. But for the National Lifeboat Institution, indeed, the death-roll would be enormously increased, but great and varied as its work is, it seems high time that our national obligations in this matter were recognised.

## ONE FALSE, BOTH FAIR, OR, A HARD KNOCK

BY J. R. J. L. S. W. D.

### CHAPTER XXXI.—THE DECLARATION OF WAR.

"MR. PONTIFF, My Lady?" Such was the smoothly spoken announcement of the soft speaking servant in chief whose name terms were confined to the state apartments of Leominster House. And then, with quick, brisk step, and bright eyes all attentive to the work in hand, the busy lawyer entered, coming like a blast of fresh wind, which we are into that invigorating atmosphere of a morning that is so rare in the great hall used London palace. It was easy to see, by the fision of the announcement, that the names of Pounce and Pontiff stood high in service estimation, and ranked the domestics of a great family entertained as it were for family solitaires, as if they were high priests of the Law of Law, and could, if they were angered, remove the veil—a veil, it may be, with all sorts of ugly secret and awkward disclosures behind it. Nothing, indeed, strikes more oddly than the degree of respect with which the learned professions are treated. I have seen county doctors trip into a house, confident of a successful greeting, as ever again found in Athens or Rome, when the plague was raging, and the streets crowded, and the altars heaped with votive gifts. And I have known Medicine, in country districts of Southern England, meekly hit in its hour's battle over a rusted nail, and slunk in at the back door,

to earn a half-crown fee and the profit on some pink dianthis for the surgery, by prescribing for a feverish child, so it is with attorneys. There are some of them who get but an unceremonious reception and an impatient hearing from clients not as yet too sorely pinched by the proverbial shoe that suits, as it is they plod along the unpeeled road to where Thomas stands waiting, with his blinded eyes and his sword and his scales.

Mr. Pontiff, of the widely known firm of Pounce and Pontiff, belonged to the cream of the profession, and was most deservedly treated with corresponding respect. It was not very often that he paid a professional visit. More commonly, his client went to him. His presence, then, at Leominster if we was of itself a compliment to that great historical House of the Lords Marches for which Pounce and Pontiff had buckled on legal armour so often. There was no question, then, of delay and of a smuggled interview in some library or distant study, but the lawyer was whisked direct into the great gloomy reception room, the Red Room, according to the sage housekeeper's etiquette—where his golden haired clerk, and dapper Lord Putney, and Benjamin Lily Barber, were together in conference.

"Your Ladyships were mentioned," said Mr. Pontiff, after the first salutations had been exchanged, and as he took the chair that was offered to him, "that you would almost surely be leaving London for Castel Vieux. And I at once, my engagements so as to be able to have a word or two with you, Lady Leinster, prior to your departure, on a matter of much moment."

Mr. Pontiff's manner was serious and business-like, but quite free from any trace of embarrassment. He was always at his ease with great folks, having found that Lord Viscounts, and Duchesses thought not fit, when serious about money and matrimony, the scruples of their sons and the settlements of their daughters, very much like the untithed and unknown.

"I should be in the way—I'd better go," said Lord Putney, gracefully rising and preparing to take his leave.

"I see no objection for that. Ladies, my lord, are always the better for the counsel of a gentleman," returned Lady Barbara, stiff, but smiling.

"Pray, step with us, Lord Putney," almost whispered the other lady, "pray, do not go. Nothing will concern us—concern me—should be kept a secret from you now," she added, so politely and with so sweet a droop of her heavily eyes, that the delightful old man could not refrain from kissing the tip of his long walled fingers and waving them towards the beautiful speaker, just as exquisite and dandies, his contemporaries, had done when Christy danced and Tony Land sang, and Lady Blessington and Count Drury venerated early fashion. From all which, and from the steady smile that Lady Barbara wore, just as a ship is dressed with gay coloured flags on festival occasions, it may be gathered that Lord Putney's betrothal to the mistress of Leominster House had been made public, and might now be announced by the discredit of newspapers. The secret had indeed been all kept. Lord Putney himself, where his own sanity was in question,

was a very nice, incapable of keeping back the information, which he imparted to a score or so of friends. And then the Society journals, bold and put as London sparrows, blithely published the news of marriage between the noble young widow and her clerical selector intimate, and it was thought that a confirmation rather than a contradiction of the rumour was desirable.

'I should be sorry to be the cause of blushing Lord Putney, I am sure,' said Mr Pontifex, with the faintest possible wrinkle in his eye, as he glanced at that nobleman, of whose peculiarities and worldly status he had heard a good deal. He was no client of his. It was on the shelves of Messrs Hawke and Huttonshaw that the papers of dead boxes, with the name of the Right Hon George Augustus Viscount Putney, reposed, but Mr Pontifex had the affairs of the House of Commons too thoroughly within his competence to anticipate that the profitable business of that noble family should be transferred to another firm. And Lord Putney had seventy thousand a year, at the lowest computation, not to say did not owe a shilling, bore a character as spotless as his own dirty shirt front, and was altogether a desirable worth.

'Then I'll stay, but nobly must expect advice from me with having,' said Lord Putney, with youthful playfulness. 'When it comes to matters of business I am as helpless as a child. John Doe and Richard Roe, as heroes of fiction, were always much admired by me, but I regret to learn that those amiable personages whom I used to dream of as a sort of Robin Hood and Little John, had in Lincoln Green, have been ruthlessly swept away, and with them, I am afraid the poetry of Law has departed. The rest of it, Lady Barbara, seems to me a mere jangle of repetitions about judgments and messages and parcels of land and sums of money, and terms of trial and remainder men I wonder,' added his lordship softly, 'what a remainder man looks like something very shabby and hungry, I should say. But this is more correct, and I am taking up this gentleman's valuable time.'

Mr Pontifex, who probably knew the value of his time remarkably well, smiled urbanely. 'I should not have been here to-day,' he remarked blandly, 'but that if the night it best, before Lady Leominster, and you, Lady Barbara, left London, to inform you precisely how we stand. Of course, for some time past it has been my duty to inform the Marchioness that a storm was brewing, an attack being prepared. Now, I am here to mention the fact, not alarming, but important, that the attack has really begun, and that the first shot has been fired by the enemy.'

The young lady became strangely agitated. She could not avoid it. She could not help the fact that her little white fingers clutched the arm of her chair, or that her fair young face grew anxious and alarmed.

Lady Barbara looked as a Montgomery might have looked when putting messengers came rushing to the stronghold on the steep to tell how the bare looted, white mantled Welsh were spreading havoc through the county, marching in force on Castell Vawr. She had a full share of the courage of her race, and would have been ready then, with mangonel and catapult and falconet on

the strong stone battlements, to receive the onset of the furious clans from the West. We fight now with the help of paid advocates, not of paid men at arms, and in costly law courts, not on fields of battle, over which hovers, with unmingled croaking, hawk, raven, and carrion crow. But Lady Barbara was quite ready, in person and person, for either contingency. She was the first to speak.

'You mean, Mr Pontifex——' she said.

Mr Pontifex, who was secretly proud of having used a neatly figurative expression, and who had forgotten that ladies seldom or never enjoy a metaphor, just ceased to explain. 'I mean,' he said, 'that Miss Carr-Crew and her legal adviser Mr Sterling have at last plucked up courage—if I may without offence employ so homely an expression—to commence formal proceedings in support of your Ladyship's sister's claim. Regarding the effect of action has been given, and the case, in the form of a plea for judgment, to be tried at the winter assize at Marlbury.'

'Why at Marlbury?' asked his youthful client, bending on, the lawyer.

'Because, answered the smiling lawyer, 'Castell Vawr. In the recovery of which, and of the rents for life, and annuities, from the estate, the action is brought. As within the compass of the circuit. We could get the *venue* changed, I daresay, in application to the judge who sits to try the case, but I sincerely see why we should not fight it out, as I may say, on our own ground.'

So thought Lady Barbara, and so she said. Her walkie in the day, ever loyal to the king, had ridden many a time into Marlbury with tramping horse and line in rest, after leading wild Welshmen or English rebels, and had possibly differed through those stony and picturesque streets, with Cornwall's pursuing a wild man chase, and the name of the ancient town was due to her. The present holder of Castell Vawr was quite ready to submit to the opinion of Lady Barbara and of Mr Pontifex. But Lord Putney writhed his delicately pencilled eyebrows into the pointed form, and peered through his addummed eyelashes somewhat anxiously at the lawyer. It had been that nobleman's intention to be a butterfly, except from the common cares and troubles of course worldliness, and scarcely deigning to sip his share of nectar from the golden goblets that mantle and froth for Olympus such as he. First, for all that, the Right Hon George Augustus had complete and affairs to attend to, a great London and Middlesex property, a large acreage of pasture and bark-woods in Hertfordshire, to drive in hand, so to speak, and had he not been a shrewd man of business than it pleased him to be thought, he would have been a far poorer lord than he was.

As a rule, when a man professes to be a perfect child about money, it is as well to beware of that man, as of a wolf in sheep's clothing. But Lord Putney meant no harm. All his forebears were self-contained, and his besting sin was vanity.

'Marchbury, then, let it be,' said Mr Pontifex, smiling, and indeed solicitors, like surgeons and dentists, have a trick of smiling, when the moment of action draws near. 'We have secured, as was our duty, very high professional assistance: the Attorney-General, Sir Richard—whose reputation, I am sure, Lady Barbara, is known to you.'

'Sir Richard Savage is very clever, and a fine speaker, in and out of parliament, I believe, and Lady Barbara, I suppose, is equally so.'

'And he will have a defence worthy of him,' cheerily rejoined Mr Pontifex, 'baristers less brilliant and renowned, but great in their own line—Mr Malton, Q.C., and Sir John Howard, always good for a jury, and that invaluable black letter man, Mr Grubb, to whose dictum as to precedents and points of law their lordships listen with respect. We shall be well repaid, I think, for our wait.'

'I know—' said Mr Pontifex, 'as if consulting his memory. You know best, Mr Pontifex, and I have only a hazy acquaintance with such topics, but is not that a kind gentleman's bit of a bluffon?'

'Quite so, my lord,' answered Mr Pontifex, unhesitatingly. 'But it generally answers, for cross-examination of nervous witnesses, to have a light comicalness amongst the heavier mind of the defence attorney. And it is a point to make the jury laugh at some stage of the proceedings. Yes, we shall be strong, very strong. The opposite side, however, will not be weak. There will be a contest of eloquence, and, what matters more, of learning and of skill.'

Lady Barbara, strongly marked features with an expression of deep disgust. 'I am surprised,' she said scornfully, 'that any but the dregs of the profession should be brought forward to come into open court and champion a claim so shameless, so meretricious, as this. I thought better of the Bar of England than to believe it possible.'

The younger lady grew perceptibly paler. Lord Putney said something, that was meant to be reassuring, to her in a low tone, and then picked up his case, as if eager to leave more. Mr Pontifex seemed to feel as though it were incumbent on him to extenuate the criminality of that naughty Diana, his esteemed client, Lady Barbara Montgomery, as, with the present barristers of England.

'It is a pity,' he said smoothly, and as though apologising for the delinquents, 'but professional etiquette does not allow a counsel to pick and choose. Sir Simon Skinner, my friend Mr Huddleston, Mr Bramish, and Mr Grouter, are against us. Sir Simon, a very eminent lawyer, I need hardly say, was Attorney-general of the late, as Sir Richard is of the present government, as I discuss Lord Putney will remember.'

Lord Putney, however, did not choose to remember. 'I know nothing of these subjects,' he said innocently. 'I was only once in my life in a court of law, and I was dreadfully bored, and I think I caught cold—indeed, I am sure I did—on account of a broken window. I trust they will be very particular as to draughts, if we are all to be personally present at the winter assize at Marchbury, which has a bleak, chilly sound of itself.'

After this, not much more was said relative to business, and Mr Pontifex shortly took his leave. He could not but notice that his pretty client was unusually silent, and that her eyes wore a dreamy look, as though her thoughts were far away.

'Your Lordship leaves town to-morrow?' asked the solicitor, as he rose to go.

'No, the day after to-morrow,' replied Lady Barbara. 'We shall see you, I hope, at Castel Vaux.'

### THE FRENCH CONVICT MARRIAGES

When an English criminal leaves a dock and a long sentence of penal servitude, it may be taken for granted that he has before him years during which, to use Lord Coleridge's expression, his condition will be that of a slave. He may earn some slight privileges by good conduct, and a ticket of leave after he has served three-fourths of his sentence, but his lot while he remains a prisoner will be a hard one.

In France the case with a criminal is very different. His crime may be of the blackest, it may have shocked the whole country, and have provoked millions to clamour for vengeance against the perpetrator, and yet it may be that before the public outcry against him has ceased, the French criminal, convicted and punished with a long sentence, will be leading a life of ease in a free farm with his wife and children in New Caledonia.

The new French system of transportation was inaugurated in 1872, when the fifteen thousand political prisoners sentenced for participation in the Commune had to be disposed of. At that date the old *bagne* (separate convict prisons) was abolished, and the government, actuated by a humane desire to undertake the moral reform of convicts, framed in 1873 a new penal code. The *bagne* had in its middle class, in which prisoners were treated like aged wild beasts, they were kept chained in couples, and there was no regular system of rewards by which well behaved men could hope to earn a mitigation of their punishment and conditional release. When the National Assembly decided that New Caledonia should be converted into a convict settlement, it was resolved that criminals should be offered every inducement to behave well. It seems to have been thought that as they were to be transported so far from the mother country, there could be no objection to letting them go free as soon as possible, provided they would labour industriously in their island home as husbandmen or mechanics. Philanthropists were not wanting who contended that crimes proceeded either from brain disease or from the cerebral degeneration caused by the adverse struggle for livelihood in an over-peopled community, and that most criminals would be cured of their madness or wickedness, as the case might be, if they were set to live under healthy conditions. M. Jules Simon, who was Minister of Public Instruction from 1870 to 1874, had in many years been numbered among the most energetic advocates of prison reform, and it was chiefly in accordance with his views that convicts were sent to New Caledonia, and became entitled to earn their way by good conduct tickets of leave, grants of land, and the right to marry, or if they were already married—the right to have their wives and families sent out from France at state expense to live with them.

An interesting report has lately been published by the French Minister of Justice, giving an account of the convict marriages—that is, of couples

who have been married in the colony, and of those who have merely been joined there. As to these last, the cases of some couples with children have been very pitiable. Government undertakes to transport the wives of convicts who have earned tickets of leave, and also their children, provided these are not more than eight years old. It has often happened, therefore, that a wife has had to choose between her husband and children, and the choice when once made in the husband's favour, cannot be retracted. The woman who goes out to her husband in New Caledonia does so with the full knowledge that she will never be allowed to leave the colony so long as her husband is alive, for he can only obtain a ticket of leave upon undertaking never to leave the colony. She is transported there as the mother of a child, but she still acts at home for her husband, and she is debilitated from taking out children older than eight, because they might thwart instead of assisting her in this design. It is obvious that children ought not to be introduced into a penal colony when they are of age to feel very strongly the dissipation of a convict parent's position. It is judged, moreover, that if all bad boys and girls in their teens came out to the colony in free immunity, they would look down upon children born in the convict settlement, and caste differences being thus multiplied, perpetual quarrels would result. On the other hand a humane order has been made that the grown-up children of a convict—daughters at least—can, sons if they are—might go out to the father if their own expense, either on a visit or to remain permanently.

It speaks well for widely devotion that a no inconsiderable number of women should have petitioned to be sent out to their husbands and unions, these voluntary exiles were persons of all classes. It is believed that a change will take place in this respect when M. Niquet's Divorce Bill becomes law, for a clause of it provides that the consent of a person sentenced to ten years' penal servitude—which in France entails transportation may obtain divorce as a matter of right by applying for it within one year of the sentence. However, it is more common here to petition to stay that applicants for divorce will be extensively made. So far, many cases of touching fidelity have come to light, for women who were only engaged, not married to convicts, have preferred to be transported, and have used every whit of influence they could set on motion to obtain this sad favour. It is generally refused, for besides convicts who get licensed to marry are required to choose their wives from among well behaved female convicts, nevertheless, a girl will be allowed to go out to New Caledonia to fulfil a matrimonial engagement, if she can furnish unquestionable references as to character and pay her own passage out. She must also procure permission from her parents, just as if she were going to be married in France.

It should be mentioned, that married women who voluntarily undergo transportation are bound, before leaving France, to appoint respectable guardians for the children whom they may leave behind, and it must be proved to the satisfaction of the authorities that these guardians are able as well as willing to provide the children interested to them with a good education.

The marriages in which the bride and bridegroom were both convicts have exceeded six hundred since 1873. They constitute no actual innovation in penal life, but are merely a return to the practice that prevailed before the great Revolution, when the French colonies used to be recruited with convicts, who had been released from the galleys on condition of their marrying women who had been inmates of jail. When the French were owners of Louisiana and Canada, a large number of married *forçats* were sent out yearly to settle in those dependencies, and not long before the beginning of the Seven Years War, the Duke de Choiseul, who was Premier and Minister of Marine, requested the High Chancellor to direct that judges would sentence able bodied young men to the galleys, rather than to simple imprisonment, whenever possible, 'in case His Majesty's Plantations had need of fresh settlers.' In consequence of this, during the next few years young men were transported for the most part soldiers, even for drunkenness and street rowling. It became a rule to give the recruiting sergeants the first pick of youngsters who got into trouble, and to ship off the others to America with no loss of time. Young women were transported with an equal want of discrimination, when they brought themselves in any way under reproach. In the *Abbe Prévost's* painful novel of *Manon Lescaut* we have a description of a convict of female prisoners, none of whom were criminal, being conveyed to New Orleans *en route for America*.

Nowadays, it is of course required of a convict bride that she should have been—judicially speaking, at least—a criminal, but a very bad kind, no female prisoner, in fact, capable of transportation unless she shall have been sentenced to seven years' penal servitude. Twice every year, a notice is posted up in the workshops of the female convict prisons—which that it (warns) is the punishment—that any woman under thirty years of age who has served two years of her sentence, may petition to be transported, provided that on arriving in New Caledonia she consent to marry a convict. Obviously, women who have been sentenced for seven years only, and who may by good conduct obtain a remission of two years at home, have not much interest in getting transported during the third year of their punishment, so it is not unusual to offer such women the option of transportation within six months after their sentence. As a rule, however, those who put down their names on the transport lists have been condemned to very long terms. It is not said that any favouritism is shown in the selection, the number of candidates fulfilling all the required conditions being too few to allow the authorities much range of choice, but it is certain that the humaneness of a woman's antecedents is never held to disqualify her so long as she is young and strong, and this would not seem hard to women who, owing to physical infirmities, or from being just over age, cannot claim the same indulgence as younger ones.

The *deportées* are treated with kindness on their passage out, they have new kits given to them; and they do not wear the regular convict garb, but a sort of peasant costume with a simple brown check and hood. On landing, at Noumea, they are conveyed to a house of detention for a month.



or two, and during that time their marriages are arranged for them through the offices of officials, through the chaplains of the female prison and the male penitentiary, and through the wardresses, who are nuns. Nothing is done in a hurry or with any brutal disregard of a woman's feelings, indeed, many ordinary marriages of free people in France are projected with less caution than these convict unions. The Marriage Board (*Bureau des Mariages*)—consisting of the governor of the colony, two magistrates, two priests, and the mistress of the female prison—make themselves acquainted with all the intentions of the parties who are to be married, and they try as far as possible to plan matches between individuals whose tempers fit them to live together. To the credit of the authorities, it must be said that they are particular as to the tempers of the men whom they select for marriage, and never choose a man who is notorious for having a savage, ruffianly disposition, or for being addicted to drink.

When it has been decided after due enquiry, that a couple—say A and B—may be united, it is sought to excite in each of the parties an interest in the other. A is told all about the past life of B, and *vice versa* they are also shown each others' photographs. Then, if the parties do not object to meet, an appointment is made, and they generally see each other in the prison of the female person in presence of the mistress. As to this, however, the manner of interviews varies, for the mistress and chaplains may arrange matters as they please, so that everything be done with propriety. The intended bridegroom is always in possession of a cottage and a plot of land, for he cannot marry until it is proved that he can maintain himself out of the produce of his holding, either by the wages he may receive as a labourer in public work. Naturally, he is not compelled to take the bride whom the authorities have designated for him. If she pleases him at first sight, he generally sees her two or three times more before his matrimonial engagement is made. She goes to visit his cottage in company with a nun, or some employment is given her out of doors in laundry or dairy, where she may be seen in comparative freedom. When at last the engagement is concluded, the intended bride goes and spends a few days at the convent of Our Lady of Mercy, held by the Augustinian nuns, and it is there that the marriage takes place with the smallest amount of publicity possible. If the parties cannot afford to buy a gold wedding ring, a silver one is provided for them. After their marriage, the convict couple become probationary free colonists under certain conditions: they must dress in brown, they must not enter any establishment where intoxicating liquors are sold, and they must not leave their cottage after nightfall without a written permit. These and other restrictions are gradually removed in reward for good conduct—till at last the *libéré conditionnel* becomes a free settler and proprietor of his piece of land.

It takes about five years to attain full freedom, dating from the time when the convict got his first ticket-of-leave, and once free, he may engage in industrial or commercial pursuits, open a shop or set up a factory if he have the means. But he must never leave the colony. The children born of convict marriages are to remain in New

Caladonia until they are twenty-one years of age, at which time an inducement will be offered to the sons to settle ultimately in the colony by exempting them from military service. But those who prefer to go to France will of course be allowed to do so, taking the chances common to all Frenchmen of being drafted by conscription for the army. At present, the oldest children of convict marriages in the colony are only in their eighth year.

It has happened more than once that female prisoners sent out to marry convicts have won the affections of minor colonial officials. The government Report states that within eight years more than twenty applications for leave to marry *dépotes* were made by warders, army sergeants, dockyard inspectors, &c. The first of these applications threw the authorities into great perplexity. They saw that to allow a convict woman to marry a free man was tantamount to restoring her to full liberty. On the other hand, it seemed undesirable to them to let a prisoner wed a man who, by and by, when the first ebullience of love had cooled, might turn her about opprobrious by-gones. However, the free man who fell in love with a convict and was so much in earnest about it that he entered his protest against an engagement to live subject to all the rules imposed upon tickets of leave men, in favour to leave the colony. Similar engagements have been dreamed since of all the men who wish to marry a *dépote*, and in every case they have been subverted to.

It is as yet too soon to predict anything as to the future of New Caledonia under its convict settlers, but this point may already be noted, that there is not a single recidivist of a convict leaving New Caledonia during the two years immediately following his marriage; that is, during the time when he is forbidden to enter public houses. All offences committed by married convicts—assaults, attempts at sedition, &c.—appear to have been perpetrated after their good conduct had earned them the right to re-enter the drink-shop.

## OUR GOVERNORS

### IN TWO CHAIRS (CHALFIE I)

"I wonder what she'll be like."

"I hope she won't be stouter than Miss Simmons."

"If she can't speak English, what fun it will be!"

These three remarks were the utterances of three pairs of children's lips upon the afternoon of the day fixed for the arrival of our new French governess. The three children were mine. I had kept the two girls from bounding school on principle, and Bobby, the boy, was too young as yet, so I had engaged a French governess in the place of a certain Miss Simmons, who, being pretty, had captivated our uncle, and had married him.

"If the children don't learn anything else," I had said to my wife, "they shall learn French, and from experience, I have found out that French can only be picked up at the townsh-head." No, after much advertising and bother, Mademoiselle René Dulong appeared to possess

the necessary qualifications, and she was to come to my residence, Acacia Lodge, Hampton, straight from Paris.

I don't suppose that my children were much worse than those of other people, but they required to be held firmly in hand, and the late Miss Simmones' time had been so taken up with billing and cooing, that she had suffered them to get a bit more unruly than I cared to see them, so I made it a *sine qua non* in my advertisements, that candidates should be disciplinarians. In this respect, as indeed in all others, Mademoiselle Dulang's testimonials were unimpeachable, and I shared the feelings of the children, and interdicted her arrival with no little impatience and curiosity.

Long before three o'clock when she was due, chubby fingers had been disturbing the symmetry of our Venetian blinds, and curious eyes had been peering through the apertures thus created, in the hopes of catching the earliest possible look at the new prospect, and precisely to the minute, when we drew up with a mild st. heap of foreign luggage in the town, the excellent culamite in a chorus of "Here she is!"

Mademoiselle Dulang alighted from the cab, and was ushered into the drawing-room. Of course, I had pictured her previously in my mind's eye, and equally of course, the real was unlike the ideal as could be. Instead of a young woman with a square jaw and a determined brow, we were in the presence of a slightly built, fair haired woman of twenty five, neatly yet exquisitely dressed in black, well girded and well booted, as usual with her countrymen of all classes. There was none of the diffidence and timidity about her for which one might ordinarily look in a young woman looking for the first time on in their soil. Without being in the smallest degree froward or bold she advanced smilingly and shook our proffered hands with a confidence which seemed to assure future friendliness between us, addressed a few words to us in excellent English, and seemed determined to start abonce by long at home.

As I got it referred to her, I saw that delicate as her face was it was full of determination. It was not a pretty face there was too much bloom, and the cheek bones were so prominent, yet her face and figure were of the kind that, with a little mechanism and in the way of good dressing might pass for distinguished, and by many people might be deemed attractive.

I was curious to see how she would meet the children, and was delighted when she kissed them and spoke a few familiar words to them in French. "For," she said, "I intend to enter upon my duties at once." Even Bobby, who had not anticipated her arrival with any very marked signs of pleasure, was smitten, and declared that she was worth a dozen Miss Simmoneses. By the time she had unpacked her things, and had settled down at Acacia Lodge as if she had been a member of the household for as many years as she had actually been hours.

The favourable impression that both my wife and I had formed of her at first was fully confirmed by better acquaintance. Not only did she prove herself an admirable ruler and teacher, but my wife being somewhat of an invalid, Mademoiselle, as we called her, assumed the

reins of household management. Even the servants learned to respect and like her, which fact, when the usual attitude assumed by the British Mary Jane towards governesses, especially foreign governesses, is taken into consideration, alone speaks volumes in her favour. The name of Mademoiselle became invested with all the influence hitherto associated with the name of Mistress. It was now "Mademoiselle says so," "Mademoiselle knows all about it," "A la Mademoiselle!" But it must not be inferred from this that she was gradually usurping the position of an artful schemer, for there was no undue assumption of authority, there was nothing overbearing in her demeanour. Everything was done quietly and most discreetly, and with the full consent of my wife, who was glad enough to deliver over a part of her duties into the hands of an efficient substitute. As for me, being a peevish old antiquary whose mind was wrapped up in the deciphering of inscriptions, in the tracing of Roman remains, in extracting and recording the records of that ancient empire, I was perfectly content meanwhile as I was no longer bothered and disturbed by having to meddle with domestic concerns.

At the same time, there was a mystery about her. Her correspondence was extensive, and so far as handwriting was any indication, it appeared to be entirely in the effort of style. She never alluded to friends or relations. We could find out nothing about her antecedents except from the testimonials she had forwarded me in answer to my advertisement. She never seemed dull, but settled down into some degree of life happily and contentedly. She had plenty of leisure, if she chose to make use of it, but I noted nothing cogitative in her behaviour with my neighbours, though some of them remarked upon the "pretty little Frenchman's" sitting with me. Nor did I suspect that she held perambulatory interviews with any number of the opposite sex, until one day circumstances happened which knocked the dust off my eyes a bit.

The first eye opener was on a fine, bright April morning. Isidor, my second girl, came tumbling into my study as I was busy upon a paper descriptive of a certain Roman Camp, her neat brown eyes opened to their fullest extent, and her face flushed with excitement.

"O papa!" she began, "what do you think? Mr. and Mrs. Wadley was out just now on the green, and who do you think we shall see talking to a gentleman under the trees in Mud of Honour Walk, but Mademoiselle?"

"Mademoiselle talking to a man!" I repeated. "Nonsense, child, you must be mistaken."

"O no, papa, I'm not," said the child emphatically, "for we could see them quite plain, although they didn't see us. And the man was tall, and had a big fair cloak on, and had black moustaches, and she gave him a lot of papers, and he seemed very pleased."

"Perhaps it was Monsieur César from the Grammar school," I suggested, but this was repudiated by Isidor, who knew Monsieur César perfectly well by sight.

"Well, never mind, I said, 'it's no business of ours, so run away and play, there's a good child, I'm very busy.'"

At the same time, I was as surprised as was

the child I tried to fix my attention upon my subject, but Mademoiselle and the stranger planted themselves in front of me at every line. Yet I don't know why I should have been so surprised. If Mademoiselle was young and striking-looking, if not absolutely a beauty, and young, striking-looking women do not condemn themselves to the life of a cloister unless they can help it.

However, she said nothing, more to me about it, and other events drew it out of my mind temporarily, until another curious circumstance occurred.

Old as I felt as I was in Hampton, and familiar as I was with every nook and corner of the old palace and its grounds, I never recurred to it, and one of my keenest enjoyments was to ply the put of needle to strangers. Often and often I would while away the sweet hours of summer mornings, until the trim terraces and flower beds planted by Dutch William, or under the shadow of old trees which, had they the gift of speech, could tell so many stories of old world paganism and courtship. On morning I took the children into the gardens for a holiday, leaving Mademoiselle, I thought, at home arranging domestic matters with my wife. We wandered about for a long time in the cool shade of the Williams, until we found ourselves in the Maze. I was a willing guide back to every other part of the palace, but I had neglected the Maze, as making too great a demand upon my otherwise occupied faculties, so that we were dodging and running, and must each other for a full twenty minutes, ere we struck the direct path to the entrance. Lilly was ahead, and just as we turned round the last piece of hedge, he stopped short, with his finger on his lips, and holding me by the coat of arms, pointed to the open space in the middle. There, on the seat, I saw Mademoiselle in earnest conversation with a man who answered exactly to the description given by Isiden some weeks previously, and they were so deeply absorbed, that they did not hear the sounds of our feet on the gravel. It certainly did not give me the idea of a love scene, for the man was talking excitedly, although in a low voice, gesticulating wildly, and Mademoiselle seemed to be trying to put in a word without success. Between them on the seat lay a bundle of papers, and from the way in which they were frequently tipped and pointed to, it was clear that they formed the topic of conversation.

Unwilling to lose the scene, unwilling to intrude upon other people's business, I stood undecided. My children were for bursting forward and surprising Mademoiselle, but I restrained them, and in spite of my natural antipathy to anything in the shape of espionage and eavesdropping, endeavoured to catch something of the conversation going on. All I could make out were the few following words spoken by Mademoiselle: 'Very well. You want ten thousand francs. You must have it. I must see what I can do, as it is urgent, but I can make no promises.' That was all I heard, so, fearful lest my curiosity should betray me, I hurried back out of the Maze as silently and quickly as possible. 'What on earth does it

mean?' I thought, as we turned homewards. 'Ten thousand francs, that's four hundred pounds! How is she going to get such a sum?'

Mademoiselle appeared at the table calm and collected as usual, without a token in her manner or appearance that anything out of the ordinary had taken place. I had a great mind to speak to her about what we had seen in the Maze at Hampton Court, but upon reconsideration, I was not sure that it was my business of mine, so I did not. As an antiquary, of course, my chief occupation and pleasure was the solution of mysteries, and here was one of my very doors. As I walked in the garden that evening with my pipe, according to custom, I pondered over the matter, and the more I pondered, the more believed I got. For what purpose was such a sum as ten thousand francs wanted, and who was the gentleman who so vehemently pressed for it? I think I had a right to know, after all, as Mademoiselle was for the time being a member of my household and under my protection. But she been separated from her husband, whose plan of revenge it was to follow and persecute her for money? I walked up and down the gravel path for more than an hour, endeavouring to solve the problem, but without success. I was on the point of turning for the last time towards the house, when I heard a rustling made the thicket of laurel which separated my garden from a back road. There had been numerous burglaries in the neighbourhood lately, so that my first thought naturally was that an attempt was to be made upon my premises. I found sharply round, and I felt the sound of a foot. But I could see nothing. I was not a coward, but I confess to a feeling of uneasiness at this mysterious sound within a few paces of me. I was unarmed, too, so that to rush into the thicket would have been rash self-exposure. I determined to go to the house and ring myself, and had taken two paces in that direction, when I heard a voice ask in a foreign accent, 'Does Mademoiselle Duking live here?'

I turned round and could make out a tall figure entirely cloaked, but it was too dark for me to see her face. 'Yes, she does. What do you want with her?' I replied, but ere I had finished my sentence, my mysterious visitor had disappeared.

I returned to the house more mystified than ever, and resolved to address Mademoiselle upon the subject the first thing next morning. Accordingly after breakfast, as she was going to the schoolroom as usual, I told her that I should like to speak to her alone in my study. She followed me thither. I began by asking what I had seen and heard in the Hampton Court Maze a little time before, and I noticed that as I proceeded, the colour on Mademoiselle's cheek deepened, and her manner became excitable and uneasy.

When I had finished, and was about to proceed to the extent of the previous night, she said, 'I am very glad indeed, sir, that you have spoken to me about this. I have been longing to tell you ever since, but have not dared to, but since you have broached the subject, I can speak openly and without reserve. You heard mention of ten

thousand francs. That man who was speaking to me has been a debtor to us for years. He alludes to an old debt owing to him by my father, but a colonel in the French army, and he persecuted me so far that I was obliged to come here. I don't know where I can get ten thousand francs or the quarter of it, and until I can satisfy him at least by a part payment, as he has found out that I live here, I can hope for no peace.

She spoke with so much earnestness, and I was so visibly pained by the confession, that I was moved.

'You see, sir,' she resumed, 'it will take me many years to give up ten thousand francs.'

'But, I said, 'is there no other number of your family capable of working for a living?'

'Not one, sir,' she replied, 'my father is bedridden, and my mother has to be with him night and day. One of them was killed at the war, and the other is in Algeria.'

'And this man requires immediate payment?'

'Well, sir, I shall tell the girl, if I can get the money, I can get it, but she must give me a receipt will you?'

I walked up and down the room for a few moments then went out and consulted my wife, desiring Mademoiselle to remain. When I returned, I said, 'Suppose I advance you this sum, will you guarantee me I have that it will be your own excuse my saying it, Mademoiselle, but I have a receipt for it—that it will be applied to the debt you mention? I should like, if you could, to have a receipt from this creditor in person.'

'You shall see him,' said the girl with enthusiasm, 'to-day, in an hour, when you will find how well I can thank you enough for this.' But I will repay you—you shall see how I will, and she threw her self at my feet, with such light in her eyes, and such gratitude on her face, that had I been a few years younger, and had my wife entered the room at the moment, I could have pardoned her for being jealous.

After dinner, when I was in my study Mademoiselle knocked and entered, bringing with her the man I had seen in the Maze at Hampton Court.

I certainly was not struck with his personal appearance when I came to be face to face with him, but, although he was well and even expensively dressed, his figure and features seemed to me better suited to a blouse and a dirty pipe than to broadcloth.

'You are the creditor of Mademoiselle, I said, 'for the sum of ten thousand francs?'

'I am, monsieur,' he replied, with a bow which struck me as being half insolent and half obsequious.

'And you intend to give her no price,' I continued, 'until you have wronged this large sum from her?'

Paulin, monseigneur, he said, 'I am a poor man the debt has been out-standing for ten years, and I have allowed both her and her father all the latitude a poor man can be reasonably expected to allow. This is the first time I have threatened Mademoiselle, and if I myself were not present, I should not do it now.'

'But surely,' I said, 'you can temper mercy with your acts. You know that Mademoiselle is a poor, hard working woman, and that it must necessarily be a long time before she can hope to pay so large a sum. Why not let her pay you in instalments?'

'Because, monsieur,' replied the man, 'I have immediate need of the money. I am secretary of a bank, and I have borrowed the bank's money, and unless I can replace it before the half yearly balance sheet is made up, I shall be dismissed and ruined.'

Thy seemed reasonable enough, somehow, I felt impelled to the transaction, so, after a little further conversation, I wrote him a cheque on my banker for four hundred pounds, taking his receipt in full.

One part of the mystery about Mademoiselle, however, still remained unsolved—the nocturnal visit in the garden. I asked her about him, but he knew nothing, saying that he was possibly an agent of her creditor, who had come to make sure of his place of residence. She seemed, however, a little uneasy over the matter, and was never so willing to go beyond the gates as she had been.

Summer drew to a close, and we had arranged to go for our usual outing, on the continent, Mademoiselle and the children upon this occasion to accompany us. She was occupied at the prospect and set to work at her preparations with alacrity.

About a week before our departure, my wife came in to me and complained of the continual presence of a man (entirely in the road, who seemed to be vastly interested in our house, and all that went on there. The next day we were gone, out to dine, and were passing through the park when my wife said, 'There he is, that man I mean, over the railing on King's Road.'

I saw a tall individual in a blue coat, and instinctively my night visitor of many weeks previous came into my mind. I do not know why, for I never saw the man's face, but there was something in the tall, heavily draped figure of the lounge before me which recalled him.

The next day he was a little further off. I gave information to the police the day before we started, and I heard afterwards that he disappeared. This new mystery now occupied me. I felt sure that Mademoiselle was in some way connected with it, and I went away full of it, and wondering what it would turn out to be.

## A PLEA FOR THE MOLE

BY ONE WHO HAS STUDIED ITS HABITS.

IN introducing this much persecuted and, I believe, undervalued little animal to the notice of your readers, I hope that my humble appeal in his behalf may have the effect of placing him and his family in a more favourable position than he has hitherto held in the estimation of the general public.

The mole is peculiar in its construction. Its body is thick and round, the fore part being thickest and very muscular, and its legs are so very short that the animal seems to lie flat, and as

it rests in this position, the four feet appear as if they immediately lay quivering from the body. The feet are furnished with five fingers, each surmounted by a strong nail or claw, and they are turned outwards and backwards, like the hands of a man when swimming. The shortness, breadth, and strength of the fore feet or hands, which are inclined outwards, answer the purposes of digging, serving to throw back the earth with great ease. The mole is furnished with what might be called an apology for a tail, so short, that we may quit him of any attempt it might be in wearing this ornament.

The snout of the mole is very sensitive, though his habits are not, and with the exception of one slight drawback, which militates against a desire for a close intimacy with him, he might be considered an eligible acquaintance. The little drawback is, that he has such a multiplicity of parasites upon his shoulders and back, that I think the most ardent entomologist would hardly care to examine, much less to count them. These are no doubt some of the ills that mole flesh is heir to. With a wish to inform myself of the nature of these parasites, I endeavoured to scrape some of them from the back of a friendly mole without injury to him, for examination, but did not succeed, as they maintained such a hold upon his hair, that upon further prosecution of my investigation, he objected, and so far, that although we had agreed right well together for more than half an hour, he endeavoured to bite me. In this exhibition of ill temper, he displayed a set of beautiful teeth, and being critical in my observance of them, I noticed particularly the strongly developed canine teeth in the upper jaw. Having frequently examined the jaws of dead moles, my belief in the mole being a voracious animal is very much strengthened.

It has long been believed that the mole is a worm-eating animal, and my own observations confirm this. One morning, in the month of April 1880, whilst walking over a small piece of grass land, I saw a mole upon the surface, and whether the strength of the roots of the turf whence he had emerged had prevented his making an entry, or whether he had an ambition to work pastures new, I do not know, but I captured him with little difficulty, gratefully to his discomposure, as I judged from the violent palpitation of his heart. I carried him for a short time in the hollow of my left hand, and endeavoured to allay his fears, by stroking his back with my right. My efforts to soothe his perturbation were successful, as by degrees the palpitation ceased, and the heart beat regularly. It occurred to me that a little refreshment might be acceptable to him, and a boy soon procured a quantity of good sized earthworms. I offered my velvety friend one of them, which he immediately seized with his paws, and as he showed an inclination to sit down, I placed him upon the grass

He sat down upon the turf as straight as a young boarding-school miss fresh from her back-board, in the presence of her schoolmistress. His tail, which was carefully arranged behind him, and reposed its short length upon the grass, gave him a most jaunty air. He ate seven large worms in quick succession, but metaphorically laid down his knife and fork when full through the eighth.

I have said that he sat perfectly erect during his meal, and in whatsoever way the worms were presented to him, he always most, tailfirst, or sideways, he always turned each worm headfirst towards him, and killed it before eating it. Thus he did by biting it in what might be called the neck, where, in most earthworms, a kind of ring or elevated fleshy belt near the head is to be seen. Though the worm has neither bones, brains, eyes, nor feet, it has a heart, which is situated near the head, in or near the tail before spoken of. I noticed carefully that he bit each worm once only, and death was instantaneous. A worm having been killed, he commenced eating it, beginning at the head, and passing it carefully through his hands, thereby all earth was cleared from it, before it entered his mouth. He would devour each worm with keen relish, treating each in the same manner, and I could distinctly hear a clear and crisp noise during his reception, similar, in a small way, to that which is made by a man eating celeriac.

A writer in a recent article upon the mole in a popular periodical, says, 'Earthworms form the dearest dainties of the hungry little fellow. But he is a bit of an epicure, objecting to eat the worms until they have been skinned.' He is fond to perform this operation for himself in the neatest manner. This is certainly not the case. This same writer further says, 'During these nightly rambles, the mole is sometimes snatched up by a hungry owl, in want of a supper for herself and ravinous family. The owl and owlets have probably little cause for rejoicing, a severe fit of indigestion must surely be their fate after swallowing the tough skin of the mole.' This writer must be unaware that owls, as well as other birds that live upon insects, mice, and such-like food, though they swallow them whole, afterwards always disgorge the skin and bones, rolled up in a pellet, as being indigestible.

The muscular strength of a mole is considerable, in comparison with his size and weight. A full grown male measures six and a half inches from the point of the snout to the tip of the tail, the tail itself being three quarters of an inch in length. His average weight is three and a quarter ounces, and his girth round the shoulders is five inches. The female is less. Moles feed twice a day—in the morning about eight o'clock, and in the afternoon about three, as long experience of their habits has shown.

The idea that the mole is blind is erroneous. He has a pair of brilliant black eyes, though very small, which, upon examination under a microscope, have shown all the parts of the eye

that are known in other mammals. Anatomists mention that the mole possesses an advantage in respect to his eyes, which greatly contributes to their security, namely, a certain muscle by which the animal can draw back the eye whenever it is necessary or in danger. It is by the action of this muscle that the eye seems considerably less after death, it being drawn back into the head, and appearing merely as a small black point.

The sense of hearing in the mole is very acute, as is also that of smelling. A mole upon being disturbed by any noise, it can be seen by the attitude of listening that it resumes, afterwards shifts in the direction from which the sound proceeds, as if to endeavour to judge by the aid of his sense of smell what may have been the object of alarm. Though the sense of hearing may seem more acute than that of smelling in the animal, the latter must be very strongly developed, as by it, in the midst of darkness, it seems to find its food.

The mole has few enemies that it cannot easily evade, except the human mole catcher. One of the greatest calamities that befall the mole is an occasional inundation of his dwellings, by which the young ones are frequently drowned. The old ones can save themselves by swimming, but at this a mole cannot be considered an adept, as an observer says it takes a mole nearly four minutes to swim six yards. A dry summer kills off many young moles, as the ground being very hard, they cannot work their way through it to obtain food, or find their way to the surface, and by his behaviour he marks changes of weather, as the temperature or dryness of the air governs his motions as to the depth at which he lives or - - - This is from the necessity of following his natural and ordinary food, the common earthworm, which always descends as the soil or drouth increases.

The mole is of much more use to the agricultural than is generally imagined, being a voracious or worm killer, top dresser, and digger. The little Shepherd made the following remarks on this subject more than forty years ago: "The most unnatural of all perceptions," he said, "that ever was used in a country, is that against the mole, that innocent and blessed pioneer who combats our pestilence annually with the first production, dug with great pains and labour from the furthest of the soil beneath. The advantages of this top dressing are so apparent, and so manifest to the eye of every unprejudiced person, that it is really amazing how our countrymen should have persisted, now nearly half a century, in the most unwise and violent endeavours to exterminate the moles from the face of the earth. I have myself frequently noticed mole burrows doing excellent service as drains, that is, where the mouths of the tunnels have emerged in a ditch. Where the earth is moist, there the worms abound, and there the little pioneer and drainer follows, destroying them, and in their pursuit he so thoroughly tunnels the land, that a kind of natural drainage ensues. As a rule, the mole works from or to a ditch, his instinct governing him to the extent of having an outlet for the exit of the water from the ground in which he is working, which if not allowed to escape might accumulate in his tunnels, and thereby endanger his life

Besides the drainage that consequent upon these operations, a thorougheration of the soil takes place with great beneficial effect.

Any careful reader of the late Dr Darwin's book upon *Beeches* will understand their habits and manner of feeding, and can then imagine the amount of damage that might be caused by them in a fall of young clover or wheat, as besides eating the leaves of these plants, they consume the roots also. I must allow that the moles' action in pursuit of his prey, in wheat or clover fields, is injurious to the crops,

the roots are disturbed by him, and also his tunnels' smother and thereby destroy young clover and corn plants, and in these days of cutting hay and corn crops by machinery, I am aware that the mole casts a very intricate with the use of the mowing machine. Nor is the presence of the little animal on lawns or cricket fields desirable. But on old pasture land, the advantages of the operations of the mole are very apparent, the results of the top dressing if the mole can be periodically spread by hand labour over the surface of the grass—and the rotation of the soil itself, together with the destruction of worms, show very markedly the benefit conferred by them upon the farmer. It is my strong belief, from a long study of moles and their habits, that the good which the farmer, in the three ways before mentioned, receives at their hands, is considerably outweighed by the little accidental damage he may sustain by them.

Many thousands of moles are killed annually in Great Britain. We know of one district, comprising, roughly speaking, eight thousand acres, and of which a great proportion is mountain land, not arable, and little of it alluvial soil, which forms the seat of a district mole catcher, who kills on an average about five hundred annually. In the course of sixteen years, as shown by the records he has kept, he has caught more than seventy thousand moles. In all this time he only once came across a family of light coloured specimens, and they were from him being white. It is said, however, that white moles are not uncommon in Poland. The skins are of most value in the months of December, January, and February, when they fetch a high price per dozen, delivered in London, after having been dyed on the leather side with slau and salt petre, and then slightly curled and dried. A skin in this curled state measures about five inches in length by four in breadth. They are used by furriers for the lining of ladies' cloaks and jackets.

After what has been advanced in the foregoing notes on the mole, it may be allowed us to suggest that this little creature deserves some thing better than the present and deadly persecution to which it has hitherto been subjected. With moles, as with other wild creatures, it is necessary that some limits should be set upon their propagation, and we admit also that a mole in a flower garden is anything, but an agreeable assistant to the gardener. Yet when all has been said and done, there is evidence to show that moles, if restricted in their habits to meadows and open grounds, serve various useful purposes, the chief of which is the turning up of fresh subsoil and its exposure to the atmosphere, along

with the kind of natural drama, which is effected by their tunnelled ways. It might be well, therefore, for those who have hitherto carried out unrelenting war against this little underground worker, to reconsider the matter, and set some bounds to their destructive tendencies.

### IRISH HUMOUR

LONDON itself can boast nothing of that sarcastic drollery and emphasis use of figurative speech, which it is impossible to walk in Dublin for half an hour without hearing for the Irishman's wit in his tongue, and himself an eloquent, an unassuming, and a humorous person. Even poverty appears no pitiable bar to his hilarity and good humour, although a vast amount of characteristic indifference and recklessness is but too often prevalent amongst the lower classes. It is noticeable, too, that however much they may be attached to their native soil, they form, perhaps, next to England, by far the greatest portion of the human family who enter largely into the emigration movement. The facilities, however, for carrying out this laudible design some years ago appear to have had certain drawbacks in the way of ship accommodation for we read that a jolly set of Irishmen, boon companions and sworn brothers, had made up their mind to leave the 'old sod' and wend their way to 'Amurky.' There were five in number—two Paddies, one Murphy, one Dennis, and one Teague. It so happened that the vessel they were to go in could only take four of them. At length honest Teague exclaimed, 'Arrah! I have it! We'll cast lots to see who shall remain.'

But one of the Paddies vowed that it was anything but 'jontel' to do that sort of thing. 'You know, 'jontel,' he said, 'that I am an arithmetician, and I can work it out by subtraction, which is a great deal better. But you must all agree to abide by the figure.'

All having pledged themselves to do so, Pat proceeded: 'Well, then, take Paddy from Paddy you can't, that's a very certain, but take Dennis from Murphy is easy enough, and you will find that Teague remains. By my faith, Teague, my jewel, and it's you that'll have to stay behind.'

Poor Teague was therefore bound to acquiesce in this remarkably novel decision.

When emigration has not been resorted to, we discover our enterprising neighbour equally anxious to take his place in filling up the ranks of the army, in fact, like young Norval, to follow to the field his warlike lord—with, however, this difference, if we may credit the following statement, to act differently on an emergency as the case might require, for we have it on record that an Irishman being about to join a company in the Confederate army during the late American war, was questioned by one of the officers: 'Well, sir, when you get into battle, will you fight or run?'—'An' faith,' replied the Hibernian, 'I'll be either done as the majority of ye does.' It must not be understood by this that Pat is deficient in military courage, he merely acts under orders; leave him to his own moral resources, and the result is entirely different.

Although boxing, an English mode of self-

defence, is not promoted as a science in Ireland, we have it upon the word authority that our Hibernian friend, out of pure love, will take an inward pleasure in occasionally knocking down his most intimate acquaintance by a different process, and even deem it an especial honour to be knocked down himself. Take the following: An Irish labourer who was in the employment of an English gentleman residing in Ireland, was on one occasion proceeding to a fair, held annually at a neighbouring village, when his master endeavoured to dissuade him from his design: 'You always,' said he, 'come back with a broken head, now, stay at home to-day, Darby, and I'll give you five shillings.'—'I'm for ever and all obliged to your Honour,' was the reply, 'but does it stand to reason,' he added, at the same time flourishing his shillings over his head—'does it stand to reason that I'd take five shillings, or even five and twenty, for the grate being I'll get to-day? Darby could not forego such an excellent chance of getting stricken.'

In reputation also, an Irishman is thoroughly equal to the occasion, the joy of retaliation being a moral feature so characteristic of the race. On one occasion, Judge Porter, a popular Irish magistrate, in pronouncing the sentence of the court, said to a notorious drunkard: 'You will be confined in jail for the longest period the law will allow, and I sincerely hope you will devote some portion of the time to cursing whisky.'—'By the powers, I will!' was the answer, 'and Porter too.'

At another time, a steamboat passenger not finding his bin like other readily, somewhat suspiciously inquired of an Irishman who stood beside him if he had stolen it, and manifested a charge of theft. But afterwards finding the said article in his hat, he began to apologise. 'Oh,' said Pat, 'don't be after saying another such like word it was a mere mistake and on both sides too. You took me for a thief, and I took you for a jantle man.'

On the other hand, the evidence sometimes given in a court of law, more often than not, fully corroborates the old familiar saying, 'Hear one side, and you will be in the dark, but hear to both parties, and all will be clear.' An example will perhaps illustrate this.

'Pray my good man,' said a judge to an Irish man, who was a witness on a trial, 'what did pass between you and the prisoner?'—'Oh then, please your lordship,' said Pat, 'sure I sees Phelim atop of the wall "Paddy!" says he. "What?" says I. "Here," says he. "Where?" says I. "Whisht!" says he. "Hush!" says I. And that's all, please your lordship.'

The following is an instance of that gallantry and politeness which is inherent in every true-born Irishman. It is pleasant, indeed, to record the fact that, so sensitive is his nature—often mistaken for pride—that he is said to feel every sensibility wounded, were those whom he had treated kindly to offer any remuneration beyond that of showing that they were grateful. A sudden gust of wind took a parasol from the hand of its owner, and before one had a chance to recollect whether it would be etiquette to catch such an article belonging to a lady to whom he had never been introduced, a lively Emerald dropped his hod of bricks,

caught the parachute in the midst of its evolutions, and presenting it to the fair lover with a low bow, and "Faith, madam, if you were as strong as you are handsome, it wouldn't have got away from you!"—"Which shall I thank you for first, the service or the compliment?" asked the lady, smilingly—"Faith, madam," said Pat, touching the brim of his hat, "that look of your beautiful eye thanked me for both."

Again, when Pat undoubtedly sees his mistake, he is said to be one of the first to make an ample apology, as was evidenced by an Irish lawyer in a neighbouring county, who, having addressed the court as 'gentlemen,' instead of 'your honours,' after he had concluded, a brother of the bar reminded him of his error. He immediately rose in apology thus: "May it please the court, in the heat of debate I called your honours 'gentlemen.' I made a mistake, your honours." The speaker then sat down, and we hope the court was satisfied.

Another instance may be quoted, in which a warm-hearted but rather irritable Irishman remarked that he had seen anchovies growing up in the hills in the West Indies. An Englishman present said that was a truly impossible

"By the powers, but it is perfectly true, sir," said he. "But as you doubt my word, it is necessary that you should do me the honour of burning a little powder with me."

They accordingly met with pistols, and the Englishman was wounded mortally, and as he lay dying on the ground, his adversary calmly lent over his pistols to him, and whispered "Pray the blessed St. Patrick, sir, and you were very right, and I am quite wrong for I recollect now they were not anchovies, but eels."

Occasionally, however, when Pat will not admit being in the wrong, he speaks his mind in a language of consequences. A story is told of an occasion at a public theatre in Ireland where Murray was presenting *Vergil*. In preparing for the scene in which the body of Dantes is brought on the stage, the manager called to the Irish attendant—his property man—for the lion. Pat responded to the call at once, and soon appeared with a full foaming pot of ale—but was received with a string of anathemas for his confidential stupidity. "The lion, you blockhead!" thundered the manager. "And sure, isn't it here?" exclaimed Pat, presenting the highly polished quart canister.—"Not that, you stupid fellow!" I mean the burrow for Dantes!" "Then why don't you call things by their right name?" said Pat. "Who would imagine for a moment you meant the burrow, when you called for beer?"

We might perhaps go to a considerable length with regard to travelling by car or otherwise, as public conveyances generally, no matter where, afford an extensive field for observation and amusement, but a ride on an Irish car carries the lot for boisterous fun. If we expect that gravity of deportment which so particularly distinguishes our own drivers, we shall possibly be deceived before we have accomplished the first half mile of our journey; added to which, may be the probability that we are so tickled with the native humour of the driver himself, as he turns round on his seat to address us, that we may occasionally be shot lightly out by the roadside before reaching our proper destination.

"I engaged," said a bullock-wagon, "a chaise at Galway to conduct me some few miles into the country, and had proceeded some distance, when it came to a sudden stop! Still at the beginning of a rather steep incline, and the chaise man leaping to the ground, came to the door and I opened it—"What are you at, man? This is not where I ordered you to stop. His the animal jobbidli!"—"Whisht, your honour, whisht!" said Paddy in an undertone. "I'm only deaving the styletate. I'll just bang the door, and the critter could create will think he's intirely got rid of your honour's splendid form, and he'll be at the top of the hill in no time."

These men, it is almost needless to say, seem to possess the blessing of an active mind and a marvellous range of faculties, which are invariably employed in giving, without any enjoyment to others. On one occasion, a gentleman requested the driver of a jaunting-car to drive quicker. "That's just what I'll be either driving at once, sir, for we are going through a rather lively neighbourhood, and if a few bricks and stones should fly about, or any scoundrel takes place, you might drop down quick behind me."—"I certainly shall, but I devoutly hope that no such amusing pleisantry will take place, as I am on my way to private business."—"Och!" said, then, and it can be nothing but a love affair, and may you soon see the beautiful creature smile on you like the streaks of a summer morning!"

It is related that in the days of sedan chairs a very fat colonial colonel, one night out of a theatre, beckoned at once to two fellows, who immediately brought their chair to him, but while he was endeavouring to squeeze into it, a friend, who was just stepping into his carriage, called out "Colonel, I'll be your door, and will set you down." He gave one of the chairmen a shilling, and was going, when the other, scratching his head, said he hoped his honour would give them more. "For what, you scoundrel, when I never get into your chair?"—"But," replied Pat, evening him from head to foot, "consider the fright your honour put us in—consider the fright!"

Even for the pedestrian there is no escape, witty sayings, droll remarks, and sarcastic replies constantly hover around him. A modest fellow accompanied a traveller in Wicklow for upwards of a mile, and on bidding him good bye, asked for a shilling. "For what?" inquired the gentleman. "What have you done for me?"—"Ah, thin! sure haven't I been keeping your honour in discourse?"

We will conclude these slight sketches by introducing an amusing, slender or two, proverbially termed 'bull's'

On the edge of a small river in the county of Antrim, in Ireland, there is—or used to be—a stone with the following inscription cut upon it, no doubt intended for the information of stragglers travelling that way: "N.B.—When this stone is out of sight, it is not safe to ford the river."

But before we laugh at our neighbours, we may remember that even the above is almost if not quite surpassed by the famous post erected a few years since by the surveyors of the Kent roads, in England. "This is the bridle path to Fat Graham. If you can't read this, you had better keep to the main road." We are also reminded of a debate which took place in the Irish House of Commons



in 1795, on the Leather Tax, in which the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir John Plunkett, observed, with great emphasis 'That in the prosecution of the present war, every man ought to give his last guinea to protect the remainder.' Mr Vandeleur said 'However that might be, the tax on leather would be severely felt by the barefooted peasantry of Ireland. To which Sir B. Keeble replied that 'this could be easily remedied by making the undrileathers of wool'.

We take for another example the little portion of an extremely affectionate poetical epistle, addressed to an Irish mannikin

I'm yours to command, both in weeping and laughter,  
I'd awake all the night that of you I may dream,  
I'd hang now if now if you'd marry me after  
And though I may change, I'll be ever the same

Then, again, a Dublin advertisement informs us that an Irish doctor has taken a house in Liffey Street, where the deaf may hear of him at all hours, but as his blind patients see him every day from ten till four, they must come at some other time.—And the following bill was once presented by a furrier to a tradesman in the town 'For intirely curing your black pony that died, immediate payment is requested of one guinea.'

The gullant humorist, Lord Howe, amongst other matters makes mention of one of his crew, in Irishman 'The fellow, he says, was particularly brave, and a little too fond of a can of grog, yet never omitted to repeat the prayer every night before retiring to rest "I never murdered my man, and no man ever murdered me, so God bless all mankind," and Pat tumbled into his hammock, and no doubt slept none the worse for having the benefit of a clear conscience.'

An anecdote is also related of a Professor, whose pupils making too much noise, felt called upon to remind them of the fact, and said 'Gentlemen, if every one of you will do me the favour of remaining perfectly silent for a few minutes, we shall be better able to distinguish who the individual is that is making the row,' which is quite equal to a medical report which begins thus 'There exists at the present time a great number of influential families in Dublin who have all died of the cholera.'

Even in the making of a will, these little peculiarities will occasionally present themselves. 'I give and bequeath to my beloved wife Bridget the whole of my property without reserve, and to my eldest son, Patrick, one half of the remainder, and to Dennis, my youngest son, the rest. If anything is left, it may go, together with the old cat without wheels, to my sincere and affectionate friend Terence M.Carthy, in sweet Ireland.'

It is without the shadow of a doubt that all the charms of the native is in his pure simplicity. Honest Murphy was going to his work early one morning, and was met by a friend, who knew that Murphy's married sister, with whom he lodged, was hourly expected to add another unit to the already overcrowded population. 'Well, is there any news of your sister this mornin'?' 'Oh, thin,' was the answer, 'indeed there is, I'm glad to tell you, and all's nicely over, thanks be for that same, anyhow.'—'And is it a boy or a girl?' was the eager inquiry. 'Oh!' by the

living powers, now,' said Pat, 'if I haven't forgotten to ask whether I am an uncle or an aunt!'

Another illustration is afforded by the reply of a young candidate for the office of teacher. Archbishop Whately was endeavouring to elicit the candidate's idea on the market value of labour with reference to demand and supply, but being baffled, the prelate put a question in this simple form 'If there are in your village two shoemakers with just sufficient employment to enable them to live comfortably, or say tolerably, and no more, what would follow if a third shoemaker set up in the same village?'—'What would follow, sir?' said the candidate. 'Why, a fight to be sure.'—which was likely enough, but it was not the reply the reverend prelate looked for.

THE LOST CHILD

The barnie by the rotting door  
Hil all the mornin' (lye)  
The sun shone bright as down the lane  
The wee bit barnie stayed

He'll go and catch the pretty birds  
That sing so clear an sweet  
So low the line an' d'rough the fields  
Wander the little feet

An' when the sun an' s' in the west,  
The hill is fu' frae him  
An' the l'ard are the little feet—  
'O mummy, mummy, come!

The pretty birds have gone to sleep  
All an' the rest  
Ah! how this weary wind ring bid  
Longs for his cosy nest

The barnie over the Night keep watch,  
An' angel's howl  
His weary bed oh, weary head,  
Its pillow is the ground!

The angels spread their snowy wings,  
And an' the sun is  
Thy bear him to his father a home—  
He wakes in Paradise

For two long days the mother seeks  
Her boy in m'urk w'ld,  
Three miles away from the cottage door,  
A stranger finds the child

Oh! mother dry thy weeping eyes,  
Hly barnie is safe at home,  
An' thou shalt see thy boy again—  
'O mummy, mummy, come!

R. 1888.

Printed and Published by W & E CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

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CONDUCTED BY R. CHAMBERS (SECUNDUS)

No 1024—Vol. XX.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1883

Price 1½d

### A DAY IN A QUIET STREET

It was very provoking, but there was no help for it. I had some special work on hand involving rather intricate calculations, which it was needful should be completed by a specified time. I had only got half way through the task in question, when one afternoon it was intimated to me that next day my office would be taken possession of by certain whitewashers and paper hangers, and that, consequently, my room would be preferable to my company. The arrangement had been of my own making, but I had forgotten all about it for the time being. What was to be done? I could neither put the workmen off till a future time, nor leave my own task unfinished. I might go to my friend Brown and ask him to find me office room for the day, but Brown's office was a noisy place, with a perpetual swinging of doors and a ceaseless tramping of people either coming in or going out, while absolute quiet was essential for what I had to do. Suddenly, a happy thought struck me. Why not take my papers home and shut myself up for the day in my own little sanctum? I should be quiet enough there, in all conscience. It was an inspiration.

Like many thousands of Londoners who travel daily to and from the City, I reside in one of those new but not unpleasant suburbs which the spread of local railways has tended so much to develop of late years, which still impinge upon outlying green fields—but, unfortunately, will not long continue to do so—and have still some faint flavour of rurality about them. Our own particular street professes to be quiet and genteel. There are no shops in it, nor any public houses. We who reside in it are steady going, respectable, middle class people. Five out of six of us are apparently 'something in the City,' leaving home with the regularity of clockwork in the morning, and coming home almost, but not quite perhaps, with the regularity of clockwork in the evening. We all keep one, if not two servants, we are daily waited upon each morning by our various

tradespeople, and some of us have visitors who occasionally call upon us in their own carriages.

I awake next morning with a sense upon me of something unusual. Then I recollect that for once I need not hurry to catch my train—that for once I can discard the black frock and chimney pot hat of business respectability—that if I am so minded, I can sit all day in my slippers and garden jacket. There is a spice of Bohemianism about the affair that takes my fancy, I whistle softly to myself as I strop my razor.

Presently, I hear a voice in the distance, which gradually comes nearer, and then I recognise it as that of a milkman—of the milkman, in fact, from whom we obtain our daily lacteal supply. He announces his approach by a long drawn dispiriting cry of 'O oo, Ooo, as though he were in a chronic state of low spirits. But scarcely has he turned the corner into our street, when from the opposite direction there advances a second milkman, whose cry differs from that of the first by one letter only and by being pitched in a slightly higher key. The cry of this second man is 'Coo o'. But as if this were not enough, a few minutes later there enters on the scene milkman number three, who, in order probably that he may be distinguished from his confrères, announces his presence by a loud unearthly yell of 'Me auk, me auk,' that can be heard a quarter of a mile away. 'Surely this must be the last of the tribe,' I mutter to myself. But I am mistaken. As I look out of the window a few minutes later, I see number four coming along. He has evidently a cold in his head this morning, and his cry is something between a wheeze and a whine.

I am down stairs by this time, staring at my garments out of the front-window, and waiting for the call to breakfast, when, from the opposite end of the street, two newboys make their appearance. Each has his own distinct cry, with which he makes the street resound, but both are perfectly unintelligible. They gibe at each other, after the fashion of ingenious youth,

as they pass on different sides of the street, then their cries gradually die away in the distance, and I see them no more.

I am just sitting down to breakfast, when a long drawn doleful cry of 'Weep, Weep,' breaks the silence. Two minutes later, as usual, comes in opposition cry from the other end of the street. 'Sweep' cries the second man distinctly and sharply, as though he had no time to waste. Well, well, we housekeepers cannot do without the services of 'the harmless necessary' sweep now and then, still, it is a pity that they have not found out a more civilized mode of making their presence known.

I hurry over my breakfast, for the morning is creeping on. I have just opened my desk, and am about to sit down to my work with a quiet sense of enjoyment, when the street is invaded by greengrocer number one, accompanied by his horse and cart, but he is such a mild featured little man, and cries his wares in such a subdued voice, as though he had come down in the world, and were somewhat ashamed of his occupation, that it is impossible to be angry with him. Presently, so far as I am concerned, he and his horse and cart vanish into dim distance.

I choose a fresh nib, and spread out my papers. 'Now for a start,' I say to myself. But hark! what noise is that which so rudely shatters the startled silence? I can make nothing of it at first, so I lay down my pen and wait till it shall come nearer. And nearer it does come, till at length I am compelled to stuff my fingers into my ears and groan in sheer desperation. Presently, I discover that the cry is a dual one, and that it proceeds from two leather lunged fiends, who slouch along one on each side of the street, each one doing his 'level best' at intervals of a few seconds to outyell the other. Between them paces a horse, dragging a van laden with twenty or thirty small sacks of coal, which it is the business of the men to dispose of by retail. But their cry! It is the most ear splitting, nerve maddening, brain softening, unearthly yell that it was ever my ill fortune to be compelled to listen to. It may be Welsh, it may be Dutch, it may be Zulu, for aught I know, but no combination of vowels and consonants with which I am acquainted would enable the reader to form any idea of its demonic character. And then the men to our street, to imagine that any of us would demean ourselves by having our coals in by a hundredweight at a time! I can set down the presence of these men as nothing but a piece of fiendish malignity.

A precious quarter of an hour utterly wasted, and my nerves still all a flutter. Surely peace will be mine at last. Once more I dip my pen in the inkstand. But I have not written more than a dozen lines, I have not completed more than two of my calculations, when the fun begins to set in fast and furious. For the second time the street is taken possession of by the lacteal brotherhood, who now come round to collect the empty cans which they left full a couple of hours ago. Presumably they are the same men who favoured us with their company before breakfast, but if such be the case, each of them has learned a fresh cry in the interim. The first one who pays us a return visit makes the street musical with 'Oh ow' in a shrill falsetto frequently

repeated. The next one cries 'O hoc hoc,' also in high shrill tones. The cry of the third is 'Bo ow,' or something very like it. This is a sort of thing that may reflect credit on the inventive faculties of these worthy people, but is certainly no consolation to me.

It is now half past ten, and my day's work is still all before me, and all before me it seems likely to remain. Ten thirty five brings a fish monger with his horse and cart, who does not fail to let every one in the street know that he is in existence. Ten forty five brings an organ on wheels in charge of two brigades with carriages, who look as if they had not seen soap and water for months. They have evidently been here before, and I know the houses at which they are expected. They make two stoppages in the street, and go through the whole of their repertoire at each house. I don't like to speak ill of my neighbours, but— All I can do is to lay down my pen in mild despair and light my pipe and wait. I presume there are some strangely constituted beings who call this sort of thing music, and derive pleasure therefrom.

Eleven o'clock brings a greengrocer with a wild cry of 'He up, as though he were a bare backed rider in a circus. Eleven ten, 'Old clo', old clo' Melancholy, funereal even, as though he were begging for the garments of the dead, but not unmusical. Eleven twenty, another milkman, whom I have not seen before, in a smock frock and leggings, as though he wished you to believe that he had walked in direct from the country. He carries eggs and milk. He is evidently an artful individual, who contrives to put in an appearance just about the time the discovery is made that the remains of the cold joint will require to be eked out with a light pudding for the children. His cry is 'Co oo, co co.' It is not an aggressive cry by any means, in fact there is something coaxing about it, as though he were driving his cows gently homeward through the fields. Eleven forty five, two more coal fiends, who might be twin brothers to those who went before. Their yells are enough to drive a man mad for a month. I flee to an inner room and shut myself in till their voices are a mere echo in the distance.

After this terrible experience, the cats meet man with his short quick cry of 'Me at, me at,' makes quite a playful little interlude. Twelve ten brings a greengrocer and a fishmonger, who enter the street at opposite ends at the same time. There is an insupportable rivalry between them as to which shall outyell the other. Pleasant for the listeners! I fancy the fishmonger wins the day. Twelve twenty, man with paraffin and other oils. 'I'll' Twelve thirty, another cats meet man. 'Buy your meat meat-meat' Twelve thirty five, fellow with hand-organ and monkey. Meet lugubrious. Organ very wheezy, evidently with chronic cold on its chest. One o'clock, two men and a cart. 'Dust o, dust o' Nothing to complain of, so far as they are concerned.

Now comes luncheon, and a blessed interval of comparative quiet. The first to put in an appearance after I go back to my 'cognac of vantage' is a man with a chair over his shoulder. His cry is 'Chaybankatome end!' a cry only rendered intelligible by the burden that he

carries. Two o'clock brings a couple of demons with a donkey-cart; they are crying 'Onions, twopence a bundle;' and next to the coal-fleets, they are the worst infliction of the day. It is quite a relief, a little later on, to listen to the sad long-drawn cry of 'Water-creases.' Presently, the three merry milkmen appear once more on the scene and go through a repetition of their morning performance, each with his own particular cry, copyright it may be, and entered at Stationers' Hall. Scarcely have they cleared out, when up come a couple of Italian pifferari, who sing and dance—save the mark!—and drone on their pipes, and are in every way an intolerable nuisance. I cannot quite make out whether they are more picturesquely dirty or dirtily picturesque. In any case, this is the last straw. I snatch up my hat and flee. An hour in the open air may perhaps do something towards restoring my shattered nerves.

As I am turning the street corner, I nearly run against the muffin-man with his green-baize-covered tray balanced deftly on his head. If there is one cry more unobjectionable to me than another it is that of the muffin-man supplemented by the gentle ting-ting of his bell. It is not loud enough to be offensive, and there is a long-winded sadness in its tone that is suggestive of falling leaves, and misty, dim-eyed afternoons, and close-drawn curtains, and the first cosy fires of winter, and the pleasant hissing of the fragrant urn.

I return at the end of an hour, vitalised by the fresh air, and eager for work—I return to find the street in possession of a blaring German band—six stalwart fellows in blue, each of them blowing forth discord to the winds with all his might and main. Incontinently, I turn on my heel; I retrace my steps; I hurry to the nearest station, and there book recklessly for the wilds of Hampstead. The breezy heath claims me as its own till darkness begins to brood over the big city. Then I make my way home, light my lamp, and sit down to my long-neglected task. What though there be a piano to right of me and another to left of me each playing a different air; their notes reach me muffled by the intervening walls, and years of suffering from a similar cause have dulled the edge of pain. I stick manfully to my task, and finish it, fairly beat, at two A.M.

## ONE FALSE, BOTH FAIR;

OR, A HARD KNOC.

### CHAPTER XXXII.—THE PROPOSAL.

It was the day following that on which Sir Pagan had paid his sister the rare compliment of dining at home, that 'Mr Talbot, My Lady' was announced. The visits of friends of either sex were very rare in that Bruton Street house, scarce, almost, as the proverbial visits of angels. Sir Pagan's friends knew where to find him, at the club that was his real domicile, and did not waste trouble in idle pilgrimages to Bruton Street. His unpaid tradesmen had grown tired of giving their imperative single knocks at the door of a gentleman who was never at home, and confined themselves to peremptory postal intercourse.

Very seldom did Sir Thomas Jenks, and excellent country gentlemen of his grade in society, trouble the groom-footman of their brother baronet as to whether or no his master was at home. And therefore the groom-footman was just then, in a striped waistcoat of yellow and black, like the body of an exaggerated wasp, hissing at the horses as he rubbed them down, in the mews adjacent; while it fell to the lot of a mere housemaid, in cap and apron, to usher in Arthur Talbot.

Very, very loyal were the Devonians of that impoverished household. The maid who showed Mr Talbot, in domestic parlance, in, would sooner have forfeited the fifteen pounds odd shillings arrears of wages of which she stood in stippled need, than not have said 'My Lady' to her whom coarse outsiders spoke of as Miss Carew. Loyalty is a tough plant, and hard to eradicate.

Arthur Talbot wore a thoughtful, and perhaps a slightly embarrassed air. He had been thinking, long and painfully, and the result of his meditations was that it behoved him no longer to play the part of a mere watcher of events, a waiter upon Providence, as it was called when Oliver Cromwell ruled as Lord Protector over us, but frankly to offer to Clara the injured, Clara the wronged, his hand, and his name, and the shelter of his roof, down in leafy Hampshire. So far as our experience goes of disinterested wooers, four out of five lay no deliberate plans for a campaign matrimonial, but blunder, according to the chapter of accidents, into the position of engaged men. The fifth, we will say, of such honest swains, hides his time, and makes up his mind, and comes to tell his tale of love, more or less awkwardly.

'I thought I should perhaps find you at home,' said Arthur, with proper insular conventionality of diction.

'I am always here—if that is being at home,' answered Sir Pagan's sister, with a sad, patient smile.

'Then let me offer you a better and a happier home, at least, than this,' exclaimed the young man eagerly. 'Clara, dear, darling Clara, forgive me if I am abrupt and rough; but it half maddens me to think of you pining here, like a caged bird, alone, in this sad house. Yes; I have loved you, darling, long—but it was not till we were both in England again, and till Egypt, and the memory of our old intercourse there, seemed like a dream of the past, that I— But I am a sad egotist. I did not mean to distress you.'

She was weeping now, her face hidden in her slender hands, the beautiful golden head bowed low. It was not without a struggle that she presently, in a broken voice, made answer: 'You are very kind, Mr Talbot, and very generous. But I have no right to ask such a sacrifice from your friendship; I have no right to link your prosperous young life to such a one as mine.'

Very dejected was her attitude, very hopeless her tone, and yet, somehow, Arthur's heart leaped at the sound of her words, as that of any chivalrous suitor would have done. 'Friendship is one thing, and love is another,' he said, earnestly, rising to his feet. 'The more alone you seem, dear Clara, the blacker is the prospect before you, the more do I long to offer you the solace of a husband's love. Had you returned

to England in tranquil enjoyment of your own, the rich and courted young Marchioness of Leominster, I doubt if Arthur Talbot, either at Castel Vawr or Loominster House, would ever have found his tongue. You would have been wealthy, Clare, and I a mere petty Squire, and I should have felt ashamed of appearing to presume on former intimacy, and so, like a coward, I darsay, have dropped into the background. But I should not have forgotten you.

'You—you believe in me, then!' she asked suddenly, almost wildly, as she raised her tear-stained face and bent her eyes, timidly, upon him.

'As I believe in the heaven above us!' answered Arthur, flushing crimson. 'It is Clare whom I love—the widow of my dead friend—and it is Clare, robbed, wronged, and desolate, whom I long to take to my heart, and to call my wife, and to do what I can to shield from the hard injustice of the world.'

The girl looked at him for a moment trustfully, and then sadly shook her head. 'Mr Talbot,' she said, sorrowfully, 'you must not let yourself be led away by a noble impulse to do what your own relations, your own friends, would blame and regret. I have thought, often, as I sat solitary here, in this melancholy place, that I was as one of those who of old lay under the bun of the Church, to whom fire and water, food and shelter, the touch of a friendly hand, the sound of a friendly voice, were shudderingly denied, or came only by stealth, because men and women were more merciful than the cruel sway to which all had to submit. My own brother—and yet poor dear Pagan is kinder, itself—will not listen to me. No one, except Mr Stealing the lawyer, and these poor servants here, and that terrible woman, Madame de Lalouve, seem to believe that I am myself—that Clare is Clare,' she added, pressing her white hands upon her throbbing temples. 'There are times, indeed there are, when I feel as if I doubted my own identity.'

'But I do not doubt,' returned Talbot gently.

'Do you not know,' she said, 'that, in a few short weeks or months, at the winter assize at Marchbury, my claim is to be urged—perhaps in vain. My adversary—ah, that I should have to speak of her by such a name—has all the advantages on her side—possession, wealth, friends, and allies, and the dull reluctance of the world to believe in a story of wrong such as mine. I can see that even Mr Stirling, has his fears for the result. Should the verdict go against me—what shall I be reckoned, throughout the length and breadth of England, but a disgraced impostor, a miserable counterfeit. And the gates of Castel Vawr will be for ever shut against me.'

'Let the door of Oakdene open, then, dearest, before that day comes, to receive its new mistress,' answered Talbot, as he succeeded in possessing himself of the little hand, that lay, cold and passive, in his grasp. 'Mine is a humble home, compared with yonder castle, or the London palace; but I will answer for it that those of my own blood, and all who are my friends, will take my view of the case, and greet my dear young wife with respect and honour, however lawyers may preta, or juryman

decide. Come, come, dear Clare, is it you I love—not Castel Vawr, not your title, not your fortune—let them go, if needs must. There will still be enough for us two, and I should urge my suit, if I were poorer than I am, sooner than leave you to fret and fade in Bruton Street. But perhaps I am a vain fool,' he added, more dubiously, as she returned him no answer—'perhaps you care nothing for me—save as a passing acquaintance, and'—

'Arthur!' That was all she said, in a tone of shy reproach, and she looked up at him with her glorious eyes, glittering through the tears that clung to them. It was one of those moments when heart speaks to heart, and soul to soul, with a dumb eloquence that dwarfs all our oratory. Those two understood one another at last. And Arthur's arm was round Clare's waist, now—we may call her, for the moment, by the name that so true a lover used—and he drew her to his breast, and her fair head and blushing face rested coyly on his shoulder, yet with a delicious sense of protection found and a haven of security reached at last, such as only a loving woman, long lonely and unfriended, can feel. And for a time those two were very silent and very happy. But when they began to converse again, on one point Sir Pagan's sister proved firm, and no expostulations of Arthur's could shake her purpose. There must be no marriage, perhaps, indeed, it would be better, so she said, that there should be no public engagement, until after the trial at Marchbury.

'But I must speak to your brother,' urged Talbot, and the girl consented that 'dear old Pagan' should be informed of his sister's betrothal to the Squire of Oakdene. As for the rest, they must both be content to wait until after the winter assize, and the trial at Marchbury.

'Should I win,' said Clare, with a quivering lip; 'there will be no disgrace to follow me to my husband's home. But, should it be otherwise—if I am held up to shame before all England as a baffled cheat, then, Arthur, if you still wish'—

He kissed her, and bade her believe that, though all England were against her, his faith would be unshaken.

#### PLANT INSTINCT

As biological science advances, the observer is led to note that he can obtain glimpses of fields of thought the mere existence of which was practically undreamt of even a few years ago. Improved means of interrogating Nature, and wider views of the functions of living beings, have together proved the means of enriching our stores of culture. In no department of science has the advance in question been more plainly seen, perhaps, than in the field which the botanist claims as his own. The modern student of plant-life no longer regards the objects of his study as so many things which merely demand classification and arrangement, and whose history is exhausted as soon as a couple of Latin or Greek names have been appended to each specimen. On the contrary, the modern botanist seeks to unravel the mysteries which hedge about the living actions of even the humblest plant that decks a wall, or tints the stones with its delicate incrustation.

For him, the plant is no longer a kind of half-manimate being, but stands revealed as an organism exhibiting sensitiveness, often showing likes and dislikes, possessing its own way of life, and governed apparently by instincts which, in their degree, are certainly as well defined as are the analogous traits in the existence of the animal.

As illustrative of the development of what we may legitimately term 'instinct' in plants, the phenomena witnessed in the 'climbing' movements of certain forms may be selected. That plants possessing weak stems may climb and support themselves in different ways, is a common place observation. We have only to think of the hop climbing by twisting or twining its stem around the pole placed for its support—of the ivy climbing irregularly over a wall or tree by means of its little 'roots' thrown out from the stem as it grows—and of the pea and vine climbing by means of tendrils—to become cognizant of the fact that the name 'climber' applied to a plant is at the most a term of very generalised nature. Again, a very slight acquaintance with elementary botany would show that whilst certain twining plants appear to climb in one fashion, others exhibit an opposite method of attaining the same end. For example, it has been ascertained that of plants which twist their stems around fixed objects, by far the greater number twine from left to right, or contrary to the direction of the sun. *Convolvulus*, French bean, and many other plants wind in this way, and thus resemble a 'left handed' screw. On the other hand, the hop and honeysuckle follow the sun in their course, and imitate the hands of a watch in their movement, twining thus from right to left. More rarely, we may find plants belonging to one of the same group twining in opposite directions, and Mr Darwin has shown us the still rarer case of plants, each of which twines for so much of its length from right to left, and in another epoch of its growth twines from left to right. In these preliminary observations, we seem already to have discovered the evidence of instincts in plants. 'Instinct,' if defined as blind habit, or as automatically carried out action, in which consciousness plays little or no part, would certainly appear to be the term most applicable to the causes which lie at the root and bottom of these curious plant movements.

Mr Darwin, in one of those researches which must remain for ever classic in its nature, describes in detail the features exhibited during the growth of a young hop plant. When the young shoot appears above ground, the first joints of the stem grow straight, and remain stationary. As soon as the next joints are developed, however, they may be seen not merely to bend in a curious fashion to one side, but they also move round from right to left, as already noted. The average rate of this circular movement of the young hop shoots is stated by Mr Darwin at two hours and eight minutes for each revolution in warm weather and in the presence of light. Furthermore, this revolving movement is continuous during the whole period of growth of the plant. These parts of the stem which have ceased to grow become stationary, whilst the revolution is continued by the young shoots which represent the extending growth of the plant. Now, it can be shown that

an essentially similar process is observable in all twining plants. As has been aptly remarked, the process of revolution resembles in its nature the coiling of a rope, which, after being swung round and round one's head, has been allowed to come in contact with a pole. The rope twists round the pole, just as the young and growing shoot of the climbing plant twines around the fixed support to which it has attached itself.

The peculiarities of twining plants are, however, by no means exhausted when the peculiarity just alluded to has been discussed. The explanation of these peculiar movements of revolution is a matter which naturally claims and demands the attention of the botanist. To comprehend the causes of these movements is an easy matter, if we attempt a very elementary study of certain features connected with plant growth, in the first place. When a plant grows, its developing parts are seen to exhibit decided variations both in their increase longwise and in circumference as well. Thus, it is found that leaves grow far more rapidly below than above in their earlier stages of development, and as a result, the young leaf curves over and becomes concave. Later on, it is the upper side of the leaf that grows more rapidly, and as the leaf thus increases, the bud unfolds. The curves or changes in shape which thus result in plants from the processes of growth, are named 'nutations,' and in the case of the growing leaf we have just cited, it seems clear that the causes of the movements are due to internal conditions connected with the laws and processes of growth. Doubtless these laws themselves have been determined and mutated by external conditions, but as we see them illustrated before our eyes to day, they would appear to originate from deep seated causes, which, in truth, form part and parcel of the plant constitution. But there are other 'nutations' to be witnessed in plant life, which are more obviously dependent upon outside causes than the curvings of the young leaf. The movements of tendrils, for example, as we shall presently discover, fall under the latter category, and the remarkable movements of leaves, which are seen in certain plants—for example, the sensitive plant—may also be ranked in this second list of causes.

Now, if we turn from the simple case of a leaf, which, through unequal growth, curves first inwards and then outwards, to the case of a growing shoot, we may discover the cause of twining in plants. The end of the young shoot through attractions in its growth, comes to describe a circle. The 'nutations' becomes one of revolution, and as the youthful shoot is ever rising higher, owing to the increase of the part immediately below, the revolution, unlike the coiling of the rope around the pole, assumes the form of a spiral. The successive and repeated growth of all parts of the young shoot of the climbing plant, produces exactly those mechanical changes in its substance which result in the spiral twining of the stem around its support. The stem itself exhibits a twisted structure on its own account or, in other words, shows the condition which the botanist terms 'torsion,' and as a rule the torsion of the stem follows the direction of the spiral in which the stem clasps the fixed object.

The explanation which modern botany gives

of the fashion in which twining plants climb, deal, it may be said, rather with the superficial aspect of their acrobatic life than with the deeper causation of their habits. But if, at present, we can give no certain or absolutely satisfactory reply to the questions, Why do certain plants climb and not others? and, Why do some plants climb by twining their stems around fixed objects, whilst others climb by aid of tendrils? we may nevertheless arrive at a definite enough conclusion regarding these curious phases of plant life, by the aid of analogy. The consideration that plant life does not lie outside the influence of those determined causes which we collectively term 'habit,' is at once a reasonable idea, and it is one, moreover, which each fresh discovery in the physiology of plants tends to support. Inherited and perpetuated instinct becomes, through repetition, the 'habit' of animals and plants. These instincts which in the past life of a species have proved to be most effective in preserving the race, and in giving the species a cogn of vantage in the universal struggle for existence, must unquestionably have survived in the vital competition.

We may readily enough assure ourselves that it is to the effects of perpetuated habits that our twiners—our hop and bryony, our honeysuckles and beans, our convolvuli and aristolochias—have attained to the fullness of development which they exhibit in these latter days. If we throw overboard the theory of the existence and operation of an instinct in plants, as natural as that which leads the spider to fashion its web, or the sea worm to form the sand tube in which it lies encoiled on the beach we leave unexplained not merely the question, 'Why do plants climb?' but well nigh every other query which philosophical botany is continually suggesting to the earnest mind. While twining is thus known to be the result of a revolving rotation, of a continual succession of rapid growth changes in a young stem, we cannot as yet proceed further and solve the problem of the differences which distinguish vivinot. Except on the idea of variations in habit, induced by causes at present beyond our ken, we may not even attempt the solution of the question why one plant follows the sun in its coils, whilst another turns the reverse way, or a third shows a combination of both spirals.

One observation which we owe to the patient industry of Mr Darwin, serves to show that the explanation of the variations in habit which twining plants exhibit, may be found to exist in the circumstances—not always appreciable—under which the life of the species is or has been carried on. In other words, there must be a good reason for the particular fashion in which a given species climbs, and that reason is as likely as not to be found in the external features of the plants' life. The case in point is that of a plant known as *Hibbertia dentata*. Mr Darwin speaks of the perplexity with which the study of this plant at first inverted him. Its long, lithic shoots were seen 'to make a whole, a half, a quarter circle in one direction, and then in an opposite direction, consequently when I placed the shoots near thin or thick sticks,' says Mr Darwin, 'or perpendicularly stretched string, they seemed as if constantly trying to ascend, but always failed. I then surrounded the plant

with a mass of branched twigs, the shoots ascended and passed through them, but several came out laterally, and their depending extremities seldom twined upwards as is usual with twining plants. Finally, I surrounded a second plant with many thin and upright sticks, and placed it near the first one with twigs, and now both had got what they liked, for they twined up the parallel sticks, sometimes winding round one and sometimes round several, and the shoots travelled laterally from one to the other pot, but as the plants grew older, some of the shoots twined regularly up thin upright sticks. Though the revolving movement was sometimes in one direction and sometimes in the other, the twining was invariably from left to right' (here a footnote details the fact that in a nearly allied plant the stem twines indifferently from left to right or from right to left), 'so that the more potent or persistent movement of revolution must have been in opposition to the course of the sun. It would appear,' concludes Mr Darwin, 'that this *Hibbertia* is adapted both to ascend by twining, and to ramble laterally through the thick Australian scrub.

The latter sentence contains the gist of the explanation of the peculiarities of *Hibbertia*. Without a knowledge of its exact movements and predilections in the way of support, and without knowing its habits as it grows in its native country, the peculiarities of this plant would have presented an inexplicable mystery to the botanist. Conversely, we see how, with information respecting its life at hand, its habits receive due explanation, and the idea that, after all, the instincts of a plant are correlated with its life and ways, is seen to present itself as a rational theory of these features of plant existence.

Very curious details await the reader who dips into the history of the habits and instincts of climbing plants. He will learn that the shaking of a plant by its removal from one place to another as it grows in its pot, will cause its twining impulses to be suspended for a time. Lopped off its parent stem, and placed in water, a young shoot still revolves, it is true, but its movements are delayed and its revolutions seem to lack vigour and strength. He will observe that the 'twiners' climb thin supports as a rule, but whilst such a climber as the 'ivy green' will attach itself by its false roots to a thick stem, the hop, honeysuckle, and all true 'twiners,' affect supports of delicate calibre. Mr Darwin tells us that 'it would be injurious to the twining plants which die down every year, if they were enabled to twine round trunks of trees, for they could not grow tall enough in a single season,' he adds, 'to reach the summit and gain the light.' They would spend their strength uselessly. Here, again, the idea of an innate and internal instinct may, without straining any hypothesis, be believed to operate in the regulation of the life of these twiners.

Those plants which climb otherwise than by twining, as a rule grow upwards by aid of 'tendrils,' which, as every one knows, are usually altered and modified leaves or leaf parts. The 'tendrils' has too long afforded a poetic simile for the affections of humanity, to escape plain understanding as a part or organ devoted to aid-

ing a plants fixation and growth. We know of simple leaves which act as hooks, and which serve to support a weak stem in its upward march. Such an arrangement is seen in *Oenothera strictella*. Here the leaf curls round the object it touches, and again we behold unequal growth of the leaf subserving the function of grasping, and adapting the leaf to the work of a holdfast. As the tentacles of a sea anemone instinctively close upon the unwary crab that has stumbled against them, so the leaf surface, instinctively, and by 'use and wont,' clings the support. Wherever we find 'tendrils,' we meet with highly sensitive parts of plants, which, according to Mr Darwin, may be shown to possess selective properties and powers, in virtue of which they will prefer some objects and recoil from others. Only one side or surface—namely, the under or hinder one—is typically sensitive in the tendril. It is this surface which becomes arched or concave, and so coils round the fixed object in the fashion familiar to all. The tendril, moreover, is distinguished from the twining stem by its irritability or sensitiveness to touch or pressure, but they do not develop this property until they have grown to about three-fourths of their entire length. This latter fact would seem to indicate to us that the functions of tendrils were developed late in plant-history, and as a secondary attainment and modification in plant habits.

The sensitiveness of tendrils varies greatly in different plants. In one of the passion flowers, Mr Darwin relates that a bit of platinum wire one-fiftieth of a grain in weight, gently placed on the concave end of the tendril, caused the organ to become hooked or curved, and this result also followed a similar experiment with a loop of cotton weighing  $\frac{1}{2}$  of a grain. In twenty-five seconds after being touched, the tendril in this passion flower began to move. Occasionally, tendrils may be sensitive on all sides, and not on the under or concave side only. In the work of the tendril, we again meet with the 'revolving nutation,' through which the extremity of the twiner's shoot attains its end. Inherited instinct seems rooted in the tendrils, as in the stems. How, otherwise, may we explain why the tendrils in a species of *bignonia* bend away from the light to the dark, as unerringly as the needle in a telegraph instrument answers the movements of the operator's hand? How, otherwise, can we explain why in the pea the tendrils seem absolutely indifferent to light or darkness?

Finally, from this brief consideration of the functions of twiners and climbers in plant life, we may be led to still deeper questions of the philosophy of organic nature. Is there any evidence at hand of the order in which these habits in plants become developed? Were the twiners antecedent in time to the tendril climbers, or are the latter the more primitive of the two types? Such questions deal with the origin of the habits we have discussed, and the answers to these queries are naturally important, as bearing on the fundamental problem which underlies all biology—the origin and development of the varied forms of life that people our globe. A graduated succession of types may be shown to exist in the habits of these plants. The plant which, taking advantage of the effects of light and growth, learned to utilize its growing powers as a means of twining,

its stem around a fixed support, presents us with the simplest modification of habit we can find in the series. If the desire for light started the plant on its mission of twining, it is obvious that to utilize a weak, limbe stem, would prove a less complex act than to develop highly modified leaves or branches to form tendrils. After the pure stem twiner, came the usage of leaves as aids in climbing, and after the unaltered leaves, came the modified leaves and branches forming the tendrils of to day. The habit of revolving growth began the process, which deepening in intensity, has left its mark on very diverse plants in the shape of a fixed instinct or habit. Co-existent with the usage of leaves as holdfasts, must have been the development of that sensitiveness we see reaching its height in the tendril. Around us to day, there are plants which, possessing all the necessary features of growth, may evolve new species of climbers and appear as the twiners of the future. At any rate, there need be no halo of mystery existent around the nature of the climbing habit in plants. In this, as in so many other scientific pathways, the thoughtful journey which begins with a leaf, is found to expand at its close into a vista which involves and includes the whole scheme of animated nature.

## OUR GOVERNESS.

### IN TWO CHAPTERS—CHAPTER II.

WE arrived in Paris in due course, and were comfortably settled at our hotel in the Rue de Rivoli. Although I had known Paris for many years, and could have shown a stranger over it as thoroughly as over Hampton Court, I always liked the gay old city, and no excuse was too trivial in my eyes for a visit to it, but its gaiety was not so great an attraction to me as was the mine of curious antiquarian wealth which lay hid amidst its dusky, out of the way streets, and the odd nooks and corners known only to curious hunters. So, whilst I allowed my wife and children and Mademoiselle to enjoy themselves to their hearts' content amongst the shops and gardens and palaces, I spent the most of my time in the odd world which breathes in the Quarter Latin, and amongst the strange wildernesses about Cluhy and the Rue Saint Denis.

Mademoiselle invariably accompanied the children upon their expeditions, and, indeed, often took entire charge of them when my wife was indisposed. She had quite regained the spirits which seemed to have deserted her latterly, and talked with an enthusiasm and animation upon matters political which in an Englishwoman would have appeared remarkable.

I was returning one afternoon from a raid upon the book stalls of the Quai Voltaire, and was just turning into the courtyard of our hotel, when I came into somewhat violent collision with an individual who seemed to be coming out of it. Instantly, I raised my hat to apologise, our eyes met, and I recognised the mysterious watcher of our premises at Hampton. His keen gaze rested on me for a minute, I turned with the intention of speaking to him, but before I could do so, he was lost in the crowd of pedestrians. Mademoiselle took the children to the Cirque that evening,



so that I had an opportunity for talking to my wife about what I had seen. She agreed with me that from the evident fact of his being a Frenchman, he was waiting Mademoiselle, and not us, and he had some potent reason for so doing from the fact of his following us over from England.

'I cannot believe that there is anything wrong about her,' said my wife, 'although there is a mystery. Depend upon it, it has something to do with the debt.'

'Or perhaps,' I suggested, 'there is a romance connected with her, and he is a rejected suitor.'

'But granting that,' said my wife, 'he must have known of this debt; and if he had been a real lover, he would have attempted to gain her favour by offering to pay it off.'

'Yes,' I said, 'but perhaps he couldn't, and from what I know of Mademoiselle, I don't imagine her to be the sort of woman whose love can be bought, so to speak. No, I don't think it's anything like that, it is something more unusual.'

'And something that will surprise us when we know it,' added my wife.

Another little circumstance deepened the mystery. The children had been out one morning for a walk with Mademoiselle, and came bursting into the room as usual full of the wonders they had seen.

'But such a funny thing took place,' said Isalen. 'I don't know where we went, it wasn't a very nice street—somewhere on a hill ever so far away, but we were walking along, Mademoiselle and I, and Awdrey and Bobby, when a lot of men and women came out of a shop where they sell wine, and when they saw Mademoiselle, they ran up to her, and laughed and talked and shook her hands, and said they were so glad to see her, and made such a noise about her that I thought we should never get away.'

'And did Mademoiselle seem pleased to see them?' I asked.

'Well, not exactly,' answered the child, 'for she pointed to us, and asked them to be quiet, and tried to get away, only they wouldn't let her.'

'And were they respectable sort of people?' I asked.

'Well, papa,' replied the child, 'they were clean enough, and all that; but they were common people, I think, because they all had those white or blue blouses on, and the women had no bonnets on.'

'And of course you couldn't understand what they said?' I asked.

'No; but I know they didn't call her Mademoiselle as we do,' replied Isalen, 'it was something else, I can't remember.'

This was very extraordinary, and the only way in which I could account for it was, that Mademoiselle had met some of her old friends, and I knew how foreigners vent their feelings by huggings and kissings even after ever so brief an absence. Yet her father was a colonel in the army, and her relations would not probably be of the blouse class, unless he had raised himself from the ranks.

A day or two afterwards, Mademoiselle asked leave for the afternoon, to see her father who lived at Pamy, she said; so, of course, I assented,

merely stipulating that she should be home by nine o'clock.

After dinner, I strolled up with my cigar to the boulevard de Cluchy, to cheapen a Montaigne, for which I had been bidding during some days. I was so absorbed in my errand that I did not notice the pace at which time was flying, and it was eight o'clock when I fancied it could not have been more than seven. I turned into a small café restaurant to rest. There was nobody in the outer room abutting on the boulevard but the usual thin lipped, gorgeously arrayed, knitting *dame du comptoir*, and the waiter, who was engaged with a newspaper, but behind a folding glass door which divided the place into two parts, there seemed to be a social gathering of some sort or another going on, from the sounds of laughter and cheering which penetrated to where I was sitting. I remained for some minutes reading my newly acquired treatise and sipping my glass of wine, when I was startled by the sounds of a very familiar voice speaking clearly and distinctly amidst a dead silence. At the same moment, the mysterious individual in the long cloak slowly passed the door. His glance at the café was of the most careless and disinterested nature, but it seemed to take in everything. If he is not a police agent, I thought to myself, I'm very much mistaken. However, I rose, and peeped through the blind over the glass compartment, and to my unspeakable surprise, I beheld Mademoiselle standing and speaking earnestly with much gesticulation, her eyes flashing with enthusiasm and excitement, her arms agitated wildly, her foot stamping occasionally, her lips moving with the characteristic rapidity of an eloquent Frenchwoman. The glass partition prevented me from hearing what she said, but it was evidently upon a topic which completely absorbed the attention of her audience—an assembly of perhaps thirty respectably dressed men and women. At intervals she was interrupted by applause and cries of 'Toussien!'

I went to the *dame du comptoir* and asked her for what purpose the meeting was being held.

'Assuredly, Monsieur,' she answered, 'it is but a meeting of good citizens to welcome the Citoyenne Grelleur back after a long absence.'

'And which is the Citoyenne Grelleur?' I asked.

'She who is speaking now,' answered the woman.

'But,' I began, 'I have the honour to know the lady whom you call the Citoyenne.'—

At that moment, the door of the restaurant was violently opened from without, and a mass of policemen precipitated themselves into the room. As quick as thought, the counter lady rushed into the inner room, the lights were put out, and there was a wild stampede from the inner room towards the door, followed by a tremendous struggle in the middle. Chairs and sticks were freely used, the anathemas and execrations were horrible, missiles flew about in all directions, and, as usual, I, the innocent visitor, came in for a goodly share of knocks and buffings and pushes, and vainly endeavoured to make my escape from the scene. Then I

felt a stinging blow at the back of the head. When I recovered I found myself in a long, dimly lighted room, surrounded by men in various attitudes of sleep. I sat up, and looked around, as if I had just awakened from a dream. What was the meaning of it? I looked at my watch. It was past midnight. Why was I not snugly ensconced in bed at Room No 365, *Hôtel du Louvre*? Then my eyes caught the gleam of a bayonet in the darkness at the other end of the room, and slowly, as the events of the evening dawned upon me, I realised that I was some sort of a prisoner. But upon what charge, I was completely ignorant. I must have received an ugly knock on the head, for my shoulder and waistcoat were covered with blood. I went up to the sentry, a stumpy, black haired little *cifant de Paris*, who, although his nose was many *saiz* too big for him, brought it to the charge, as I approached. I asked him why I had been brought here, and who were my companions.

His answer was concise but not reassuring. 'Pig of a Socialist! You'll know to-morrow at ten o'clock. Go back, and sleep.'

Here was a pretty position for a respectable middle aged British citizen of mild and inoffensive tastes to be in!

I looked about for Mademoiselle, but as there were no women amongst our crew, it was evident that a distinction had been made. I thought of my poor wife and the children who would be waiting for me in agony at the hotel. I must let them know of my position somehow. I thought I would try my friend the sentry again. So I scrawled a note upon a leaf of my pocket-book, and asked him how it could be sent to the *Hôtel du Louvre*.

The man did not even condescend to take it from my hand. 'Bah?' he said, 'if that note was to be taken, this place would be blown up with dynamite by some of your brutal agents. Wait till to-morrow, and then you can say more than you can write.' So saying, he turned away, and left me miserable and confounded.

What was to be done? The report of the raid upon the Socialist house would be spread abroad, the account of the struggle would be exaggerated, I should be described either as a monster of iniquity, or as seriously wounded, and the effect of either would be disastrous upon my wife. Still, unless Republican justice in France was more feeble than I believed it to be, I should certainly get off. The very Socialists themselves would speak in my favour, as would, of course, Mademoiselle. But the interval before such evidence could be given was terrible to bear, and seemed interminable.

I shall not soon forget that night. The heat, the vile odours, the company, were bad enough, but the thought of the anguish I was causing, and of the painful uncertainty into which those who loved me must be plunged, was worse. So I walked up and down amongst the heads and arms and legs of the prostrate sleepers, the eye of the sentry being fixed upon me all the while, as if, instead of being the most innocent of the gang, I was the most terrible and dangerous, and somehow the night passed, and gray dawn struggled through the barred windows.

At an early hour, a corporal's guard filed in,

the sleepers were rudely awakened with kicks and applications of chaiseport butt ends, and we were marched off to an open yard, wherein was drawn up a squad of women. Amongst them I soon perceived our governess. She wore a defiant jaunty air, which was so different from her usual manner, that any one not so intimately acquainted with her as I was, might have been pardoned for not recognising in her the same person. Directly she saw me, she sprang from the rank, and seizing the arm of an official who was taking down the names and occupations of the prisoners, said in a voice that every one might hear, whilst she pointed to me: 'That gentleman has no right to be here! He is an Englishman, and'—

What further she might have said was cut short by the official, who thrust her back into her place, at the same time telling her to hold her tongue. However, she nodded and smiled significantly at me, as much as to say 'All right—never fear!'

When the man came round to me, I could not refrain from speaking. 'Monneur, I said, 'I am here by mistake'—

He silenced me with a wave of his hand. 'Of course you are. So are all this rabble of pigs. If they could have avoided it they would not have been here.'

'But,' I continued, 'I am an Englishman'— 'Yes,' he replied, 'and you have subscribed ten thousand francs to the funds of these braves.'

I started as if struck. The four hundred pounds I had paid Mademoiselle had been nothing more or less than a subscription for the propagation of Socialism. My position was indeed a serious one, unless any one who knew me should step forward and establish my identity.

'At Noutee,' continued the official, 'you can explain as much as you like.'

How I did regret the days when I engaged my new governess, lent her four hundred pounds, and came to Paris! But regrets, however bitter, were of no avail, and all I could do was to trust to the chapter of accidents.

When the inspection was completed, we were linked two and two, and marched off to a den similar to that in which we had passed the night, where some filthy coffee and black bread were served out to us. Most of the prisoners clutched at the untempting fare with avidity, but I, fresh from the good living of the Louvre, pushed it from me. In an hour's time, we were again marched off, now to a large room closely guarded by troops with fixed bayonets, and half full of people, amongst whom I vainly looked for my wife. As we entered, there was a loud murmur of execration, which was hushed with difficulty. The accusation against us was read, and we were evidently to be put upon our trial.

A tedious length of formality was gone through, the various police officers who had taken part in the raid gave their evidence, and the prisoners were asked separately what they had to say. One and all repeated the same formula—that they gloried in their principles, and that if they were free again, they would redouble their efforts to develop them practically. When René Dubois, alias Citoyenne Grullier, rose, there was an audible sensation. Our governess was evidently a person

of some notoriety. She spoke as follows, in a loud, clear, unwavering voice: 'What my fellow-prisoners have said, I say, but I should like to add something. There is a stranger amongst us who is implicated with us, and who will have to share our punishment unless some one defends him by speaking the truth. I can testify to having received the greatest kindness from him, for I lived in his house in England as governess for a year. I obtained the four hundred pounds from him under false pretences. He gave it to me out of his kindness of heart, he was not at our assembly, and I believe he came to the restaurant just as you, Monsieur le President, or any one else might have come, for refreshment. He has a wife and three children now in Paris, at the *Hôtel du Louvre*.

'That sounds very well,' said the President, 'but how do we know that he is not one of your vile society? There are English Socialists as well as French Socialists, and it seems a very extraordinary thing that a man should pay a large sum like ten thousand francs to a woman about whom he knows very little, simply because she comes to him with a sorrowful tale. No, I must have further proof, and very convincing proof, before I can grant his discharge.'

At these words, my heart fell, for even while I did not doubt of ultimate escape from my unhappy position yet it might be a matter of weeks or perhaps months before this was effected, during which I would have to suffer all the horrors of a vile imprisonment, and the base suspicion of being one of a band of criminals. Just as I so thought, there was a slight movement amongst the group of police officials standing near the dock, and a tall man in the uniform of an inspector of police came forward. Instantly, I recognised my mysterious friend who had haunted our gates at Hampton, against whom I had run at the entrance to the hotel, and whom I had seen passing before the restaurant a few minutes before the raid was made on the previous evening.

'Ah, Commissaire Julien!' exclaimed the President. 'Well?'

'That gentleman is quite innocent, Monsieur le President,' he began. 'I received instructions some months since that the woman Grealier had gone over to England, and I discovered her address through the post. So I followed her, and kept watch, travelled incognito with the man who had received the money from her, heard all about the approaching expedition to Paris, kept my eye on all their movements, especially upon those of the woman Grealier, and caused them to be apprehended.'

'That is sufficient,' said the President to me. 'You may go, sir, and I hope the loss of your ten thousand francs will be a lesson to you in the future.'

'He won't lose it by us,' said a voice from the dock; and the man whose receipt I held, gave into the hands of an official the sum untouched.

I was surprised when I arrived at the hotel to find my wife and children waiting for me with cheerful, unclouded faces, but they explained it by telling me that at nine o'clock on the previous evening, Commissaire Julien had called at the hotel, and had told them where

I was, assuring them that my release was but a matter of a few hours.

We missed Mademoiselle terribly at home for some time after this, but the next lady I engaged for their education was an Englishwoman.

## PAPUA, THE DARK ISLAND

ALTHOUGH the subject of so much agitation and discussion of late in our Australasian colonies, it is doubtful if many people in this country know as much of Papua or New Guinea as to be able even to describe accurately its geographical position, much less to tell anything of its natural features and its inhabitants. The island has two names, by either of which it is spoken of indifferently. It was named by the Portuguese, Papua, a word said by some to mean 'black,' and by others to mean 'curled hair,' either interpretation being appropriate. It was named New Guinea by a Spanish explorer in 1646, because of some fanciful resemblance between its coasts and the Guinea Coast of Western Africa. A later Portuguese explorer called it 'Isla del Oro,' a name strangely suggestive of the recent golden dreams of our Australian friends.

Papua is one of the least known islands in the world. It is found by recent estimates to be considerably larger than Borneo, its greatest length being fifteen hundred miles, and its greatest width four hundred and ten miles. Omitting the peninsulas forming its two extremities, its bulk measures seven hundred miles long, with an average width of three hundred and twenty miles. It is situated close to the equator, to the north of Australia, and is separated only by the breadth of Torres Strait—less than one hundred miles—from our colony of Queensland. Although the existence of this irregularly shaped and remarkable island has been known so long, an impenetrable veil of mystery has hung over it for ages. Many expeditions have visited its shores, but few have penetrated far inland, and none is authentically known to have crossed it. The published accounts of it have been scattered and meagre.

The Dutch were the first to attempt any trading with Papua, and their vessels are known to have frequently visited it in the seventeenth century. In 1828 they sent an expedition in the ship *Triton*, under the command of Captain Stuenkel, to form a settlement. He took possession in the name of the Dutch government of all the territory from one hundred and forty-one degrees east longitude to the sea, and he built a fort at a place which he named Triton Bay, on the north-west coast. But although the scenery was beautiful, the district was unhealthy, and the settlement had to be abandoned in 1836. Since that time until quite recent years, very little has been done either to explore the shores or to penetrate to the interior of Papua, and what little was known was confined to the southern shore from west to east.

The first to penetrate to any distance from the coast line was Signor D'Albertis, an Italian naturalist, who ascended the Fly River almost

to the centre of the island, a distance of some five hundred miles. In ascending and descending the Fly River he met with some hostile demonstrations, but no serious encounters ever resulted. The adventurous Italian had thus the glorious privilege of dwelling where the foot of white man had never trod before him, and of beholding what eye of white man had never before seen, the brilliant 'bird of paradise' living in its native haunts. Hitherto, these birds had been known only to the traders as 'dead birds, for they were never seen alive. The natives brought them down from the interior in a mutilated condition, and always with the feet cut off, so that the story arose, to which Linnæus gave credence, that the 'birds of paradise' lived always on the wing. Ignoré D'Albuisson was prevented by the malicious conduct of his crew from doing all he intended, but he acquired stores of information about the mammalia and ornithology of the island. With regard to the former, it may be said to correspond almost exactly with Australia, thus affording probability to the theory that the two lands were at one time connected. The only kinds of animal which Papua possesses, besides the pig, are of the marsupial tribe, but there are some varieties unknown on the Australian continent, among them being a remarkable anomaly, a tree-climbing kangaroo. The birds of New Guinea are very numerous, and comprise those of the most brilliant plumage in the world besides the 'bird of paradise, parrots and cockatoos of gorgeous appearance abound in all parts so that it has been sometimes called 'the Land of Cockatoos'. The cassowary is also to be found, as also some large species of hornbill.

We owe a good deal to missionary enterprise for our knowledge, small as it is, of Papua and its people. There have been for some time past mission stations in various parts of the south coast, and the habits of some of the more savage portions of the inhabitants have been considerably improved by their influence. The principal missionary settlement is at Port Moresby, and there are visiting stations at Manumaru and Redscar Head, both unhealthy spots, at Fairfax Harbour, where there are three large villages, at Boera, a large village on the coast, at Sumoa, a healthy and beautiful spot, with a scattered population, and at various other points. The missionaries, however, have not been more fortunate than the explorers in penetrating inland, and their labours have been confined to a narrow margin of the shores. At the head of the London Missionary Society's station at Port Moresby is the Rev. W. G. Lewis, who three years ago visited the previously unknown village of Kola, which he was surprised to find laid out in streets and squares of the most scrupulous cleanliness. There were, surrounding the town, fine groves of cocoa nut and betel palm, and flourishing plantations of bananas and sugar cane. 'We are all amazed,' he wrote, 'at the cleanliness, order, and industry which everywhere declared themselves in this model New Guinea village. The men are physically very fine, and the women good looking.'

In the same year Mr. Macfarlane, in the missionary steamer *Edgewood*, visited the coast at the various points between Port Moresby and the China Straits, in search of anchorages, and to look out suitable localities for native pioneer

missionaries. He found all the coast natives healthy, and both the climate and the people more desirable than further to the north-west. He also found two splendid harbours, and plenty of good anchorage all round the coast.

Captain Moresby, R.N., has, however, done more than any other single individual in exploring the shores of Papua. In a series of expeditions in H.M.S. *Beothick*, he has completed the circumnavigation of the island, and surveyed and mapped out, if not in detail at least approximately, the previously unknown north coast of the eastern peninsula. The results of his expeditions he communicated to the Royal Geographical Society in 1873 and 1876, and his name will ever be associated with the island, as it has been bestowed upon its principal missionary station, now called Port Moresby. In the *Beothick*, Captain Moresby in his later expedition opened up an archipelago of about sixty islands near the eastern extremity of Papua, all of them rich in fruit and timber-bearing trees, covered with luxuriant vegetation, and inhabited by peaceful and industrious natives so friendly were these natives, that they not only supplied the explorers with food and shelter, but showed them over their farms, assisted them in traversing the country, and even took care of their clothes while they bathed. Captain Moresby gives us here and there, little sketches which recall our old dreams of the islands of the South Pacific, where it is always one long, sunshiny afternoon, and where 'the Earl and the Doctor' enjoyed those experiences which they have so delightfully chronicled. 'I would I had the power to tell you any,' the Captain, 'of the glorious panoramas which I greeted us from the top of Glenon Island, the summit of which we had cleared with immense labour from its giant forest trees, that the tiny theodolite might sweep an horizon never before gazed on by our race. Six hundred feet below us, almost as the plumb drops, the light waves curled on a snowy coral beach. To the west, the wooded peaks of Moresby Island closed the view, but on every other side, island after island floated on the bosom of an intense blue sea, some volcanic, lofty, and rugged, others coralline, low, white, and covered with graceful trees, with every variety of form and tint of light and shadow in the nearest ones, whilst those beyond faded out as they distanced into dim shapes, faint clouds—very dreams of islands—giving one a sense of the profusion of creative power that was almost overwhelming.'

The *Beothick* succeeded in finding many fine harbours, principally on the west and north coast, and her last work was a running survey of the unknown coast of north-east Papua, during which much interesting and valuable information was gathered. Skirting this coast, and taking bearings, observations, and soundings, up to Astrolabe Bay, she proceeded to Mason Island, and then on to the Dutch spice island of Ambon, thus successfully completing the survey of 'the last unknown coast of the habitable world'. The natives of this newly discovered portion of Papua are described by Captain Moresby as Malayan, as quite a distinct race from the Papuans of the south, the Araks of the mountainous portions of the north-west, and the pure Malays who



have settled on the north-west shore. This 'new race,' Moresby found to be everywhere friendly, intelligent, cleanly, and although without any apparent religious feeling, of considerable integrity. Their chief evil propensity seems to be an inclination for theft. The gallant narrator gives a number of interesting incidents illustrative of these characteristics. Their domestic relations appear to be good, the wives, although doing all the heavy labour, mix freely with the men, the children are affectionately treated, and immorality is unknown. They have no idols; and their only custom of putting of the character of a rite is to dash out the brains of a village dog, in the presence of strangers, after which ceremony they invariably show perfect friendliness. They are successful cultivators, are plentifully supplied with food, and have several kinds of canoes, spears, clubs, swords, &c.—their weapons and tools being of wood and stone.

Mr Octavius C Stone communicated in 1876, to the Royal Geographical Society, an account of an expedition which he made some distance into the interior from Port Moresby. He found a greater variety of native character than Captain Moresby, on the north east coast, but on the whole, he found the natives intelligent and friendly. Mr Stone describes the country as broken up into hills, mountains, detached chains, and valleys—the chains usually running parallel with the coast. For the first twenty miles inland, the valleys are fairly fertile, the mountain slopes less so; but further into the interior, the land becomes more fertile, and is cut up in various directions by mountain-streams and water-courses. After the twentieth mile inland, the character of the country totally changes, the gum tree and the open country give way to dense forests of tropical vegetation, tall trees and undergrowth, which completely cover the hills with one impenetrable mass of foliage. The bird of paradise is then first seen. Cultivation is extensively practised by the natives. Each village owns the country surrounding it for several miles, and each family possesses a clearly defined plot of ground, as near as possible to its own home. Bananas form the principal item of cultivation, then yams and yarot. The bread fruit tree, betel, mango, and sago palm, are indigenous, also sugarcane and sweet-potatoes, which latter attain an immense size. Tobacco, chillies, cucumbers, water-melons, vegetable marrow, and small purple grapes, Mr Stone found to be cultivated in the interior; while wild oranges grow in the vicinity of Yule Island, and the nutmeg tree near the Fly River. There are eight indigenous varieties of the sugar-cane, and in the open land a cotton-tree is not uncommon. The natives of Hood Point make annual trading voyages from October to January to Anupata (Port-Moresby), bringing cocoa-nuts from the south and sago from the north, which they exchange for earthenware pottery.

That indefatigable naturalist and observing traveller, Mr Alfred R. Wallace, rounded for some months in 1868 with only four Malay servants, at Dorey in Papua. He has given to the world an account of his observations and experiences, in his own graphic and interesting style, in *The Malay Archipelago*, and also more recently in an article

in the *Contemporary Review*. In one respect, he differs from Captain Moresby and other explorers, and that is with regard to the origin of the races inhabiting the south eastern portion of the island. He disputes the Malayan theory, and holds that 'the great mass of the inhabitants of New Guinea form one well-marked race—the Papuan—varying within comparatively narrow limits, and everywhere presenting distinctive features which separate it from all other races of mankind.' This opens up an ethnological question of great interest.

All the explorers we have mentioned, as well as others of different nationalities, agree in giving a favourable account of the character of the natives. They differ somewhat in localities, but in the main are of the peaceable industrious character which has been described. The accounts as to the nature of the climate differ somewhat; but in general it seems to be not very well suited to Europeans on the coast. Inland, however, it is more salubrious, if the valleys, which are excessively humid, are avoided. The climate is pretty equable, the variation at Anupata, found by Mr Stone, being more than about seven degrees between the maximum temperature of any month, and about three degrees between the minimum of same period.

Papua is a splendid field for our clothing manufactures, as it present the only clothing worn is a waistcloth by the men, and a short grass petticoat by the women. Both sexes tattoo their bodies more or less grotesquely, and considerable proficiency in decorative art is sometimes displayed. A Papuan swell must be a pretty sight. He has very small feet, and he ornaments his ankles with strings of shells. He braces in his waist tightly with black cord plaited with gold coloured straw; he worns his hair with bright red flowers and berries; and he surrounds his neck with a red shell necklace, from which depends a boar's tusk. His face is painted red on one side, and black and white on the other, while from the ligatures and bracelets on his arms, the graceful pandanus leaf, curiously embroidered, flows far behind. The women are said to be well formed and often pretty when young, they mix freely and on equal terms with the men, except that they have to do the bulk of the heavy work. Their dwellings are of peculiar construction, are invariably built on piles, and a number of them are connected together by a continuous platform of poles and bamboos.

The Australians have at different periods, during the last fifteen or sixteen years, mooted projects for the annexation of Papua; but these always fell through, for want of encouragement from the home government. Nevertheless, they sent various expeditions to spy out the land, such as that of Mr William Mackay and of Mr Goldie, both of whom went several times from Sydney. In 1878, it having been reported that gold had been found in the island, quite a number of expeditions were sent from Queensland, from New South Wales, and Victoria, and an active rivalry set in among the colonists as to who should have the honour of appropriating the land. Some of these expeditions have ended very disastrously, while most of them have been unsuccessful. The Queensland government also sent an agent to Port-Moresby, to report on the

country and to look after the Queensland prospects. He reported very favourably, but, unfortunately, he was murdered in some dispute with the natives.

Sir Arthur Gordon, our High Commissioner for Polynesia, sent Mr Chester in July 1878 to represent him among the native chiefs. Mr Chester traversed a large section of the island, was well received, and was favourably impressed with all he saw. He mentions many instances of kindness shown by the natives to the distressed gold hunters. Mr Chester urged the appointment of a Government Resident Commissioner, to adjudicate in disputes with the natives. In 1879, Mr Gibbs paid another visit to the island, and examined a long line of coast, and in 1880, Mr Neville Chester, a son of the Mr Chester above referred to, also sailed for some three months along the coasts, and made an excursion inland for about two hundred and fifty miles. The published accounts of these expeditions are meagre, but the general character of the reports is not different from those given by preceding expeditions.

From the foregoing, which summarises all that is known of this remarkable and interesting country, it will be seen that, with many disadvantages, there are also many attractions for settlers. Mr. D. Albeitus thinks it will be a difficult country to colonise, but by adopting the right means at the beginning, he predicts splendid results. The right means, in his opinion, are amicable association with the natives and a well organised system of agricultural education, as without either labour the riches of the country must be withheld from the white man. The way has been prepared by the missionaries, who here as in Fiji have done such excellent work in the cause of Christianity and civilisation.

### OUTWITTING A BULL

A few summers ago, I was on a visit to an old school companion in Featherston, named John Grant, who was factor to a gentleman in the country. He had lately married a cousin of mine, and resided in a cottage picturesquely situated near the river Tay. He was a good natured, kind hearted fellow, and a great favourite with all who knew him.

I was, and still am engaged in business in Glasgow, but on receipt of my cousin's invitation—I usually called John, 'cousin'—I hurried away from its sunny parlours, and was soon installed under his hospitable roof. We were both fond of fishing, and the proximity of the Tay afforded every facility for its indulgence. Some days after my arrival, I accompanied my cousin to see a recent purchase, a magnificent bull, brought home. All the people about the place had turned out to see the arrival. It was a large powerful animal of a brownish red colour, with a pair of splendid horns. Two men led it with ropes, as it had already earned a reputation for fierceness. It was lost loose in a field near the river, the fences of which were deemed sufficiently trustworthy.

One day not long after, my cousin had occasion to visit a neighbouring market town, promising to be back early in the afternoon, and having seen him enter off on his favourite chestnut mare,

I repaired to the river side with my rod, intending to kill time at all events, whether I managed to kill anything else or not. Sauntering down the footpath which skirted the field in which the bull had been quartered, I saw the animal quietly browsing at some distance. Having heard or read somewhere that bulls have an antipathy to the colour red, I determined to probe by experiment whether it was true. Standing on a projecting stone of the fence, on the west side of which I stood, I unfurled my red silk pocket handkerchief, and waved it in the breeze. It was some time before his bovine majesty noticed it, but after a little, he raised his head and looked at the fluttering rag. Presently, curiosity impelled him to take a closer view, and on he came at a smart walk, finally breaking into a run. When about fifty yards distant, he paused to reconnoitre, then, having apparently made up his mind, he bellowed loudly and charged at full speed. Not waiting the actual onslaught, I put the dangerous piece of silk into my pocket, and continued my walk. The bull followed me as far as the limits of the field would allow, and when interrupted by a fence, stood gazing at me as I retreated.

A short saunter brought me to the river, where I was soon engaged watching for indications of a nibble. At that point, the river was about fifty yards wide and quite deep enough to drown one, while the rapidity with which leaves and bits of stick floated past, indicated a considerable current. About two hundred yards from where I stood was a boathouse, in which were usually kept a few skiffs for fishing or crossing to the other side. I whipped the water as I slowly sauntered in that direction, but with small success. Fighting a tug, I was about to make myself comfortable in a grassy nook of the bank, when a noise caused me to look round. To my surprise and dismay I saw that the bull had somehow or other broken out of the field, and was moving towards me. Fortunately, he was yet about four hundred yards distant, and only walking, but evidently highly excited. I thought at first he did not see me, owing to the wall of the bank, but before I could conceal myself, a loud bellow warned me that I was recognised. Not wishing to excite the brute by a precipitate retreat, I began to walk slowly in the direction of the boat house. My dreadful pursuer followed slowly at first, but gradually augmenting his pace, broke into a run. I saw at once that unless I ran also, my chance of reaching the boathouse first, was small. I therefore set it at full speed, thinking in such circumstances discretion was the bitter part of valour. I was, however, well aware that my hasty flight was certain to draw the enraged beast after me with even greater vigour than before, but I calculated on reaching my goal first, and jumping into the boat which usually lay there, push off, and thus escape being impaled on his cruel horns. Glancing over my shoulder, I found, to my dismay, that the brute was rapidly gaining on me, with couched head and elevated tail, as he came like a whirlwind lunging away my rod, I but all my powers to the attainment of speed. Not daring to look round again, I heard the rapid thud of his hoofs gradually getting louder. Eighty yards from the boathouse. I antic with apprehen-

mon, I strained every nerve fifty, twenty yards, and the enraged demon is close at my heels! I reach the boathouse panting and breathless. The door is shut—locked! There is no welcome boat lying at the side, in which I might have escaped. Having no choice and no time for deliberation, I plunged into the river. I waded in till it reached my neck, then turned, and looked at the bull. To my great relief, he had not entered the water, but stood glaring at what was visible of me, apparently astonished at the sudden diminution of my bulk. After giving vent to his disappointment by pawing the ground and bellowing fiercely, he stood eyeing me, evidently conscious that I was in a fix.

Thus we stood looking at one another for some time, the conviction growing stronger, as I felt the water chill me, that I could not remain long where I was. I trusted that some one might discover the escape of the brute, and, giving the alarm, come to my rescue. But minutes passed slowly without help appearing, and I was getting desperately cold. Once or twice, I fancied the brute was about to enter the water and attack me, but he always paused abruptly on the brink, apparently unwilling to trust himself farther. If I had been a swimmer, I might have crossed to the other side, and thus have escaped, but never having learned that useful accomplishment, I dared not venture beyond my depth. I was getting deadly cold, when a bright idea occurred. I would let my hat float down the river, perhaps the bull would follow it! Drawing a deep breath, I bent down till the water reached the rim of my hat, which was a felt one. Keeping it on with my hands, I moved slowly down the stream a little, then bending still lower, let the current float it gently away. I remained under till I felt acute agony from the want of breath. Not venturing yet to raise my head, I bent backwards so as to bring my profile on a level with the surface, in order that I might breathe without being seen. After what I fancied a long time, I raised my head cautiously, and looked to see where my terrible enemy was. My ruse had succeeded, he was following the hat at a considerable distance down stream. Faintly yet to venture out, I waded till he disappeared round a bend of the river, when, with feelings of thankfulness I cannot express, I waded ashore. I was deadly cold, my teeth were clenched, and I shivered violently. I could scarcely walk, owing to the benumbed state of my limbs, but pulling myself together, I moved in the direction of the cottage. On the way, I met a number of men looking for the truant bull. They were surprised to find me without my hat and dripping with wet. Having acquainted them shortly with my adventure, they continued their pursuit. I heard afterwards that considerable difficulty was experienced in capturing the brute.

My unusual appearance naturally caused Mrs Grant some surprise, and when I explained the cause of it, she was thankful I had escaped a horrible death. After having changed my clothes, I felt little the worse for my long immersion, and was able to welcome my cousin home in the afternoon. As the penalty of his escapade, the bull was consigned to "duress vile" for some time, with the view of improving his manners in

the future, but perhaps my manner of outwitting an adversary so dangerous as a thoroughly roused bull, may be of service to others on a similar emergency.

### THE CATACOMBS OF PARIS

As the mention of the word catacombs, our thoughts fly back to those early ages of the Church when the first followers of the doctrines of Christ hid themselves from the fury of the Roman emperors in caves and dungeons of the earth, since then known as catacombs, and of which many specimens are found in Rome. But the Catacombs of Paris mean nothing of this kind. It is comparatively of recent date—namely, under the Empire—that the removal of the bones from the over-crowded cemeteries and convent burial places to these subterranean passages, earned for them the name of Catacombs.

These so-called Catacombs form but a small portion of the immense excavations or stone quarries which undermine a great part of Paris. These vast quarries, of ancient date, from the white stone of which rose the beautiful city of Paris, have been from time to time the rendezvous of thieves and rascals, who marauded the capital, retreating to their dangerous hiding places, where none dared attack them. A highly interesting novel styled *Les Catacombes de Paris*, written some years since, which, though somewhat coloured with the sensational excitement necessary to attract the interest of the public, graphically describes these gloomy vaults as having been for some days the prison of a young and beautiful girl, who was seized and conveyed thither on leaving the celebrated convent of Val de Grace, under which these *carrières* extend. The lady is sought for in vain, and at length the distracted lover penetrates into these dark caverns, where he discovers his *fiancée* among a gang of counterfeit coiners, who for years have been the occupants of these gloomy dungeons.

During the period of the first French Revolution, numbers of people fled for safety to these vaults, to seek refuge as it were in the bowels of the earth from the political strife and crime at that time so fiercely contending in the gay capital. We see in the Catacombs the remains of the chapel and high altar erected by these refugees, white, with sorrowing hearts, they attended duly the service of the mass. A little later, an alarm is given, the beautiful Palace of the Luxembourg, under which these quarries extend, has been seen to totter, and in order that the loved palace of the Medici may not be engulfed in the abyss upon which it has been discovered to stand, steps are taken to form a complete staff of workmen, whose sole duty consists in inspecting these ancient cavities and keeping them in thorough repair. Permission is not easily obtained to visit the whole extent of these *carrières*. Those only who have private interests can penetrate into these dark abysses, which for the most part are considered unsafe for the public. The portion, however, known as the Catacombs is visited largely on the first and third Saturday of every month by numbers of foreigners, who, attracted by the novelty of such sight-seeing, go in crowds to await their turn of admission. Application having been made, either by letter or in person,

to the *Ministre des Carrieres*, a card of admission is forwarded, requesting the visitor to be at the place of rendezvous—generally near the *Barriere d'Enfer*—precisely at 1 15 P.M.

On arriving at his destination, the visitor finds himself in a courtyard, facing the entrance, and one of a crowd of several hundreds of persons. Each awaits his turn of admittance within the little barred door, near which stand the ticket collector, the officer employed to count each individual who descends and duly register the total in his ledger, and the bright-eyed little Frenchwoman who provides each visitor, for a small gratuity, with the necessary *bougie* (candle), without which no one is permitted to enter, and though somewhat roughly fixed at the end of a long wooden handle, it helps to cast a ray of light into the darkness within the silent walls. There is a babel of voices all around, and it is some time before the crowd of visitors, with the guide at the head, holding aloft his flaming torch, are furly launched into the Catacombs. After descending fifty or more stone steps, worn and slippery with decay, we pass through long narrow passages, apparently hewn out of the stone. We dare not linger, but must follow rapidly the long line of figures wending their way through these dark vaults. Here and there in the long corridors are passages barred off, and known as dangerous. At certain corners and corners, a sentinel, with torch uplifted, stands to call out in deep sonorous voice 'A droite toujours (Keep to the right) and we all, hurrying on to we hardly know what, find ourselves in a square vault of considerable height, along each side of which are stacked the bones of those long since departed. A weird sight! High born descendants of noble houses may be here, yonder skull may once have worn the regal crown of France, for, often and unknown, beside whose remains may rest those of the poor beggar boy, who came to beg his bread at the convent door, and died there, tended by the Sisters' care.

The taste displayed in the arrangement of the bones is truly wonderful. There is nothing to offend the eye. In perfect order, not one out of its appointed place, the dreary spectacle of human rottingness is there presented, and as we pass from one spot to another along the almost interminable passages, the eye ceases to be shocked by the ghastly picture. Upon each side, from time to time, a tablet may be seen, describing the locality from which the bones were taken, and date. Others bear no inscription as to time and place.

After having wandered among these dreary vaults of death for two hours or more, we find ourselves at the point from which we started, and ascending the narrow staircase, rejoice once more in fresh air and genial sunshine.

## EARLY SCOTTISH INDUSTRIES AND BANKS.

One of the banking corporations whose 'promises to pay' are well known in Scotland is the British Linen Company; and its name and history are associated with an important branch of Scottish industry. From the days of King David I till the decease of Alexander III, there were in Scotland industrial occupations, such as the making

of corn into meal, and malt into ale, and also the manufacture of salt. During the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, however, no progress was made. The wools of Scotland were 'draped'—that is, manufactured into cloth—in Flanders, from the Low Countries came 'mercerie' and 'haberdasherie,' and among other imported articles were cart-wheels and barrows. Till after 1688, there was no change for the better. Dr Robert Chambers in his *Domestic Annals of Scotland* mentions that Nicolas Dupin, acting for a linen company in England, arranged in 1694 for the formation of a linen company in Scotland, with a capital of six thousand five pound shares, one half of which were to be held by Englishmen, the rest by Scotchmen. This linen manufacture was established in 1696, and in 1698, bleaching was going on at Corstorphane, a village a few miles to the west of Edinburgh. Dupin about the same time established a factory for making paper, which went on prosperously under a joint stock company, producing good 'white paper.'

In 1695, the Bank of Scotland was established in Edinburgh with a nominal capital of one hundred thousand pounds, with a real capital of twenty thousand pounds sterling. Notes of one hundred, fifty, twenty, ten, and five pounds were issued, but there were no one pound notes till 1699. Paper money was little received, however, and of gold there was hardly any, the circulating medium being chiefly silver money, pennies, and barbees, with a proportion of farthings and bodices. After the Union with England in 1707, there was a re-coinage of the Scottish specie, when it was found that the metallic currency in Scotland was under six hundred thousand pounds.

The Society of Improvers in Agriculture, formed in 1723, gave attention, among other matters, to the cultivation of lint and hemp. Their desire was, 'that all hands might be at work, no drones in the hive, and that none should have the least excuse for eating the bread of idleness.' A book was published concerning the preparation of land for flax and hemp, together with directions for the dressing of linen. From Ireland, information was obtained concerning the manufacture of linen, and in conjunction with the Convention of Burghs, the Society of Improvers secured the passing of an Act, in the thirteenth year of George I, regulating the whole process under heavy penalties. A letter from Holland appears in the Transactions, the writer of which begins by admitting that Lady Saltoun had made linen equal to that of Holland, only it was not so well bleached. Her Ladyship had gone to Haarlem, and having contrived to get into a bleacher's house, would have learned the secret, had she not been discovered, and forced to retreat under fear of being mobbed.

The Dutchman, however, claims little credit for his countrymen, except for perseverance and diligence. They bleached the linen carefully for two months, whereas, he says, 'I am told your laziness and impatience persuade you that your cloth must rot if it bleaches longer than six weeks, and yet the Dutch have taken lead out all the night to partake of the dew, which



contributes to its whitening. This cannot be practised by your folks, where every one bleaches his own web, where a lazy lassy may more properly be said to attend to a solitary piece of linen all the day, than she could be said to bleach it, and for want of work enough to strike her fancy or rouse her spirits, does not take care of the little intrusted to her, but slumbers away her time in that lonely corner, in a melancholy posture, at the side of some murmuring brook, which serves more to indulge her heaviness than to bleach cloth, and where she contracts a habit of idleness which must influence her in every other work. Instead of such a system, he suggests that public bleachfields, sufficient for half a county, be provided by the burgh, where two or three lusty fellows could do the work, and the maidens could be left free to spin or do other useful work.

In the course of time, public bleachfields were provided. In 1720, the imports of white linen from Scotland into England were valued at one hundred thousand pounds, the imports of brown linen were about the same, the good qualities of the Scotch flax causing it to be preferred to that of Ireland and Germany. A Board of Trustees had been established at Edinburgh in 1727, with a small fund, under parliamentary encouragement, to promote the manufactures and fisheries of Scotland. Previous to that, on the 9th of December 1726, the Society of Improvers had adopted a motion by the Duke of Hamilton, 'that the Society for the Encouragement of Manufactures would resolve that they by themselves, wives, and children, should buy no linen, stamped or unstamped, for shirting, wearing clothes, bed linen, or any other household furniture, except such as were of the manufacture of Great Britain, and that they shall propagate as much as in them lies the wearing of home made linen for all uses by all under their influence.'

On the 3d of October 1728, the Trustees advertised in the *Courant* newspaper for persons who would undertake to erect bleachfields, and on the 4th of June 1729, Mr John Lund arrived from Holland with some Dutch bleachers, to be employed by him in a bleachery newly erected at Gorgie, near Edinburgh. On the 17th of the same month, notice was given that the bleachers who had come from Haarlem were pleased with the water at Gorgie, and that Mr Lund had begun to bleach in the manner of Holland. Notice was also given that linens were printed and stamped all colours at Gorgie, the first notice of printing and stamping linen in Scotland. On the 15th July 1729, the first lint mill established in Scotland was finished by Mr Spalden on the Water of Leith, and ample preparations were made for beating and switching flax. In 1728 and 1729, premiums for the cultivation of flax were given by the Board of Trustees, and on the 12th of September in the latter year, a competition took place in the borough room of Edinburgh. The largest number of looms known to be employed in Edinburgh in the linen branch was about fifteen hundred, the number in 1780 was about eight hundred. Bleachfields were established at Lasswade, Gilmerton, in Northwick parish, and other places, and mainly through the exertions of the Board of Trustees, the manufacture of linen in Scotland was in a few years raised from two millions to more than twenty-five millions of yards. In Mid Lothian alone, the yearly value

rose from one hundred and ninety nine to thirty-five thousand eight hundred and eighty three pounds.

One great difficulty in the way of progress in manufactures was the scarcity of money. A Royal Bank had been established in opposition to the Bank of Scotland, but the competition was mischievous, instead of being beneficial. In 1728, the Trustees informed the king that they had made little progress, owing principally to the scarcity of money and lowness of credit, occasioned by the disputes between the banks. In these circumstances, the British Linen Company's Bank was organised, and started in 1746, with a nominal stock of one hundred thousand pounds. By the introduction of more capital into the commercial world, the Company supported the work and improved the strength. Thus the increment of the Society of Improvers, followed by the Society of Arts, the associations of the Board of Trustees, and the efforts of the British Linen Company, all tended to prepare the people of Scotland for more extensive commercial activity, which became rapidly developed after the middle of last century.

ODE TO THE SWALLOW

Thou welcome cuckoo comes with spring,  
 Enshrines in many a poet's lay  
 I'll thither come for thee I sing  
 Swallow, that comest with the May

Thou comest Swallow o'er the sea  
 When leafy woe is with song and gay,  
 And dukes in gill let's grieve,  
 All nature holdeth holiday

I'll of the ceaseless wing and free  
 The summer follows in thy train,  
 Thou bringest earth its joys  
 And fill'st my heart with longings vain

When morning breaks in breezes cool,  
 I hear thee twitter in the eaves  
 I see thee skim the dusky pool  
 When evening stirs the drowsy leaves

Thy twitter Swallow brings me dreams  
 Of furar lands beyond my ken,  
 Thy restless flight for ever seems  
 Begot to seek those lands again,

O'er halcyon seas where olives grow,  
 Or where the palm tree stately towers  
 Oh who would bid thee such forgo  
 For dull uncertain skies like ours!

Sweet bird of passage—I ere or there,  
 I will not grudge thy happy lot  
 Then take with thee my parting prayer  
 Thine still to find the sunniest spot

A bird of passage too am I,  
 I ut must to cross a darker sea,  
 Oh may I find where hence I fly,  
 Eternal summer waiting me

Printed and Published by W & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 439 High Street, EDINBURGH.

# CHAMBERS'S

## POPULAR LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fourth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

(CONDUCTED BY H. CHAMBERS, (SECUNDUS))

No 1025—Vol. XX.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1883

Price 1½d

### UNCLAIMED MONEY

THE 'agony column' of our leading papers is invariably a source of considerable amusement to many people, by the extraordinary and generally romantic character of the notices to be found there, amongst which may be mentioned the curiosities of next of kin, and one and all naturally and justly arrive at the proper conclusion, that there is unquestionably a vast amount of property lying at the present time unclaimed in England. Perhaps it is less difficult to find here, now that communication with the colonies is so rapid and constant, but for all that, the number of advertisements for next of kin proves that a difficulty still exists, and, in fact, few people are really aware how much unclaimed cash is still lying dormant, and how much has been appropriated by government.

In novels, people are often made to pick up fortunes out of a chance newspaper, and the incident is dismissed by the reader as entirely growing out of the author's imagination. What ought to surprise us is, not that fortunes are sometimes thus obtained, but that millions of pounds stalling should be going about begging for an owner, and advertising themselves to an unredulous and indifferent public, who scarcely ever take the trouble to inquire about the large sums locked up in Chancery, not to speak of unclaimed dividends, &c., still awaiting their proper owners. There are scores of people at present, belonging to a circle below that of the 'Upper Ten,' who have really fair grounds for expecting a change of fortune in the right direction some day, but they lack the necessary clue on which all their hopes turn. Others there are, both at home and abroad, who fancy they will in time come into something handsome. Meanwhile, they trust to chance, without searching for themselves.

While it is not the writer's intention to weary the reader's patience with an array of dry statistical accounts, the mention of a few monetary items may have the effect of spurring on to greater activity those fortune hunters and

expectant legatees who are somewhat indifferent to their own immediate interests and future welfare. The heirs of persons in all stations of life are occasionally sought through the medium of what is known as a next of kin advertisement, and such announcements as the following are not uncommon: 'Charcoal Dick is wanted' 'A good fortune awaits a certain cab driver' 'A son of a Lancashire draper will hear of "something beneficial"' 'A gentleman who left England a quarter of a century ago, is asked to come forward and claim a residuary estate' 'It would be greatly to the advantage of a travelling herbalist to write to his wife' And to J. B. the joyful intelligence is conveyed 'that he has been adjudicated bankrupt, and may return home without fear of molestation'

Then, again, there are many persons who seem to have died without relatives. The amount of money thus reverting to the Crown is rarely made public, but it certainly oozed out in the notable case of Mrs. Helen Blake, of Kensington, that the sum was not less than a hundred and forty thousand pounds, personally. These 'Crown windfall' cases are pretty numerous. The amount in dispute is not stated in the advertisement, nor are the next of kin informed, in the usual phraseology of such notices, that 'something to their advantage' awaits them. Unless these inquiries state concisely what the next of kin are wanted for, they have rather a discouraging tendency than otherwise, for instances are not unknown where a creditor of a deceased person has advertised for the successor, in order to get his little account settled.

A very considerable portion of the unclaimed army prize money will doubtless remain in the hands of the government for ever, owing to the impossibility of the next of kin of many deceased soldiers being able to substantiate their claims from lack of the necessary documentary evidence. The reason is not far to seek. It was a more common practice in days gone by than now for persons to enlist as soldiers under assumed names, in the majority of cases, the assumed

names would be unknown to the relatives, and consequently all prize money carried to such accounts would in the case of the soldier's death lapse to the Crown. This is shown by the 'Soldiers Unclaimed Balance,' in which some of the amounts are considerable. In a recent number of the *Gazette*, a 'windfall' of this kind was announced, a corporal in the 1st battalion Worcester Regiment being the lucky person, and the sum five hundred and eighteen pounds eight shillings and fourpence. These announcements, however, ought to be made in newspapers likely to be seen by persons interested. Another reason is possibly to be found in the fact that great delay usually takes place in its distribution, so that many soldiers entitled to share in some goodly prize, die before the distribution takes place.

Many persons, too, are interested in 'unclaimed naval prize money.' It was more common a century ago than it is now for the army and navy to act in concert, and in some cases the prize money was considerable. Take, for example, the capture of Havana in 1762. The money, valuable merchandise, with the military and naval stores found in the town and arsenal, were valued at three million pounds sterling, and great discontent followed the distribution of this prize money, the subordinate officers and the seamen receiving a very unequal reward for their services. The Admiral was awarded one hundred and twenty two thousand six hundred and ninety seven pounds ten shillings and six pence, and the Commodore, twenty four thousand five hundred and thirty nine pounds ten shillings and a penny, other officers, much smaller payments, but the smallest of all to brave hearted Jack and poor Joe the marine, who had doled out to them the magnificent sum of three pounds fourteen shillings and ninepence each, scarcely tempting enough for the deceased seaman's next of kin to incur trouble and expense to recover. A like sum was paid to the army.

Among other things not generally known is the fact that there annually lapses to the government of this country a very large sum from unclaimed dividends. A recent Parliamentary Paper shows that on 4th January 1882, the government dividends due, and not demanded, amounted to eight hundred and eighteen thousand nine hundred and nine pounds twelve shillings and six pence, of which sum, there was advanced to the government seven hundred and fifty six thousand seven hundred and thirty nine pounds and nine pence. The sums thus advanced are applied pursuant to the provisions of certain Acts of Parliament towards the reduction of the national debt. A remarkable case came before the late Vice-chancellor Malins, in which it appeared that a lady died at Marseilles at the great age of ninety eight, who, though entitled to fifty six thousand pounds in the funds, and to more than twenty thousand pounds accumulated dividends, was constantly borrowing money from her relatives; from which fact, it may be inferred that

this large deposit had escaped the aged lady's memory.

In addition to unclaimed dividends, the Bank of England, doubtless, has large sums in the shape of unclaimed deposits. In fact, most Companies of long standing have on their books large sums in the shape of unclaimed dividends. For instance, the Royal Exchange Assurance Company some years ago had upwards of thirty thousand pounds thus awaiting claimants, and were a Parliamentary Return of the unclaimed residues of estates in the hands of trustees to be ordered, people would be startled at the totals it would reveal.

Then, again, the right or partial right of the Crown to treasure trove is deemed by many persons to be a somewhat arbitrary one, and finders of these long hidden treasures now and then try to dispose of them on the sly. Concealment of this kind in the 'good old times' was death, it is now fine or imprisonment. The right assumed by a lord of the manor to treasure-trove found on his estate may be exemplified by the following amusing anecdote. A West end jeweller endeavoured to palm off upon a rich old gentleman an old fashioned silver drinking-cup, by declaring that it had been found in a particular field near a certain town.—'Will you certify that in writing?'—The tradesman was only too ready to do so. Whereupon the gentleman, pocketing the certificate, and taking up the sagon at the same time, remarked: 'Thank you, very much, I am the lord of that manor, and I am glad to receive my proper dues.'

The mention of conscience money, too, invariably provokes a smile, but perhaps some of us are ignorant of the fact that this last item alone has been estimated to swell the Chancellor of the Exchequer's budget by about fifteen thousand pounds a year, and sometimes more.

It is rarely that one reads of a person refusing to claim a legacy, but it has been known. An old lady was entitled to considerable property, and her advisers wanted her to go some distance and sign a paper, offering to take her in a post chaise and pay all expenses, but being of an obstinate temper, she refused to stir, and persuasion being useless, the property disappeared, and has never been traced.

There are some persons who make it the rule of their lives to 'gather gear by every wile,' and amongst this class of monomaniacs may be classed misers. A prolific source of litigation often arises from their eccentric mode of disposing of their hoards. What has become of the many bags of gold often discovered hidden up a chimney, or planted behind the back of a grate, secreted in a cupboard or sewn up in mattresses, deposited amongst the lath and plaster of a ceiling, placed behind the shutters of a room, or even buried in the coal cellar? One instance may suffice. In 1766, at a lodging house in Deptford (London), an English lady died at the age of ninety six. Her name was Luthorne. For nearly half a century she had lived in the most penurious manner, frequently, indeed, had begged on the high roads, when she went on business to the City. After her death, there were found securities in the Bank, South Sea, East India, and other stocks to the amount of forty thousand pounds and

upwards, besides jewels, plate, china, rich clothing, great quantities of the finest silks, linen, velvet, &c., of very great value, together with a large sum of money. To whom all this treasure reverted, does not appear.

It may have been a bold question, but evidently the gentleman who asked for 'a list of the funds paid out of Chancery during the last fifty years,' had but a faint idea of the magnitude of the transactions of the Chancery paymaster. Without entering into very minute details, one is fairly astonished to read of the dormant funds in Chancery. From the annual budget of the Paymaster general, it appears that the receipts for the year ending 31st August 1880, added to the securities then in court, made up a grand total of ninety five million five hundred and four thousand four hundred and eighty seven pounds nine shillings and fivepence.

Though not generally known, it is perfectly true that very considerable sums of unclaimed money have from time to time thus accumulated, and, in fact, the Royal Courts of Justice have been built almost entirely with the surplus interest of the suitors' money, large sums of which have been borrowed, to enable the Chancellor of the Exchequer to carry through his financial operations, thus, in 1881, Mr Gladstone borrowed no less than forty million pounds for national debt purposes. It would appear by this that these unclaimed funds have been utilised to lighten the burden of taxation, it being impossible to divide the surplus interest among the suitors. By a Return made to the House of Commons in July 1854, the total amount of suitors' stock then in court amounted to forty six million pounds. In the following year, a list containing the titles of such accounts, but not stating the amounts, was printed and exhibited in the Chancery offices, with the following highly satisfactory results, that many persons came forward and preferred their claims, and about one half of the stock supposed to be unclaimed was transferred out of court to successful claimants.

At intervals, lists of these unclaimed funds are indeed published, but they are said to be lists which any man of business would be ashamed of, and until something more intelligible is published, many persons will continue to have fanciful claims on these dormant funds. And if we were to take the catalogue of spurious claimants, we should no doubt find it to be a long one, and perhaps it is not altogether to be wondered at, as they have rarely any difficulty in finding people ready to believe, not only in the genuineness of their claims, but also to find the money to assist in substantiating them.

On the other hand, it is every year really just claims to arise, as the following paragraph will show. At a meeting of the Historic Society, held in Liverpool some years ago, the President referring to an interesting seal belonging to the family of Mooly, stated that the last owner of the property had a disolute son, who collected the rents of the estate to meet his extravagances. His father, vowing revenge, set out to find him, but whether he succeeded in doing so is not known, as, to this day, neither father nor son has ever been heard of, and the whole of the estate is now in the hands of the tenants, and would be claimable should an heir be found.

A passing reference might also be made concerning lotteries—by which the state has benefited to a great extent, their abolition having, it is said, deprived the government of a revenue amounting to nearly three hundred thousand pounds a year—if merely to show that not only lucky legates, but others, do not always utilise their windfalls properly. Some one has written, and with much truth, that it is just as well that Fortune is blind, for if she could only see some of the ugly, stupid, worthless persons on whom she occasionally showers her most precious gifts, she might would annoy her so much that she would immediately scratch her eyes out. An anecdote is related of a poor man who by a lottery ticket became the proprietor of several thousand pounds. He at once drove out in his carriage and began purchasing odd things, hats and kilt. Amongst other commodities, he packed into the interior a barrel of stout and some slices of bacon, but to crown all, he bought an Alderney cow, and drove home with the animal hitched to the back of the vehicle. His relatives not unnaturally regarded all this with feelings akin to downright horror, and quickly commenced proceedings to have this lucky but amusingly eccentric individual judged insane. In this they succeeded.

Without a doubt, immense sums of money were raised by these state lotteries, and a great quantity of it remains unclaimed. The following entry occurs in an account published by the Bank of England and presented to parliament: 'Amount of balances of sums issued for payment of dividends due and not demanded, and for the payment of lottery prizes and benefits which had not been claimed, &c.'

Much litigation, too, ensues respecting whimsical wills and ambiguous bequests. It is recorded of a rich old farmer that, in giving instructions for his will, he directed a legacy of one hundred pounds to be given to his wife. Being informed that some distinction was usually made in case the widow married again, he at once doubled the sum, and when told that this was altogether contrary to custom, he said, with heartfelt sympathy for his possible successor, 'Ay, but look you here—him as gets her'll honestly deserve it.'

Some years ago, an English gentleman bequeathed to his two daughters their weight in one pound bank notes. It is said a finer pair of paper weights has never yet been heard of, for the eldest got fifty one thousand two hundred pounds, and the younger and heavier of the two, fifty-seven thousand three hundred and forty four pounds.—A gentleman left two legacies to lying-in hospitals which appear to have had no existence, claimants were sought, but we never heard of any having been found. A general invitation to such institutions is sometimes given, as in the following advertisement: 'Divine charitable institutions are invited to claim a share of a benevolent testator's residuary estate—including the temporary Home for Lost and Starving Dogs. Write at once to Mr Elmore, Salt Lake City, Utah.'

And the mention of a will recalls the onerous duty of the executor, that is to say, the person intrusted to perform the will of the testator, and who rarely comes in for anything save worry

and anxiety. We give an exception, however, which deserves a passing notice. In 1878, an old lady died at Brighton worth eleven thousand pounds. She left legacies to the amount of two thousand four hundred pounds, but no directions as to the disposal of the residue. The executors were her doctor and solicitor. On her death, it turned out that she was illegitimate, and there being no next of kin, a question arose between the Crown and the executors as to the disposal of the residue—some eight thousand pounds. It was decided that the executors were entitled to it.

## ONE FALSE, BOTH FAIR,

OR, A HARD KNOT

CHAPTER XXXIII.—AT SIR TIMOTHY BRIGGS'S

SIR TIMOTHY BRIGGS was emphatically the right man in the right place. As there must be, in the natural fitness of things, auriferous sponges to suck up, if not actually to make, gold and silver, so, surely, there must be shower baths or rain clouds to redistribute it. Now, Sir Timothy was both a gold absorbing sponge and a gold distributing shower bath. What his great starch manufactory at Lambeth brought in—and it was very much, for all of us need a stiff smooth shirt front and the name of Briggs, of the Royal Starch Works, Prince Albert Street, carried weight with the retail trade—he was spending, with a most liberal hand. Yet Sir Timothy was no spendthrift. His annual expenditure, large and almost lavish, was well warranted by his means. Two generations of the Briggs were before him had dealt in starch. He printed by the harvest of their toil, and of his own, for Sir Timothy if not quite equal to his father Samuel, and his grandfather Ephraim, was a shrewd man of business. He had plenty of consols, plenty of railway debentures and preference stock, and could afford to please himself.

Sir Timothy had pleased himself in three ways: he had become a landed gentleman, he had got into parliament; and he had married a noble wife. His knighthood had come to him as a consequence of the first two of these advantages. He had bought, within six miles of Castel Yawr, a tidy little property, that brought him in, perhaps, four thousand a year, gross receipts, and cost him not, in model cottages, pattern premises, roads, bridges, drains, farm buildings, and general satisfaction, perhaps six. But he was quite content. He had never been ambitious enough to hope for a profit from his freehold, and then, had he not for consolation the remembrance of the many wagon loads of starch that rumbled through the echoing gates of the Royal Starch Works—Briggs supplied Royalty as well as humbler customers—daily. What Sir Timothy wanted was popularity. He got it, of a sort. It is pleasant to see smiling faces around one, and, what with dolls and alms, fancy wages for those who could work, and reduced rents for those who could pay, there were smiling faces enough around Sir Timothy.

The name of Sir Timothy's house was New Hat. It was not a new house, being in date Elizabethan, and therefore, though he wished

that the old red brick manor house, built about the time of Raleigh's glorious buccannering, had borne any other name, he was too sensible to alter it. But he added to it, in doubtful taste, but at vast cost, and so as to secure the maximum of comfort, space, and splendour. Two Palladian wings, joined to the body of a gabled Elizabethan mansion, with a renovated front in the Queen Anne style, and plate glass windows flashing back the sun, might set a scientific architect's teeth on edge, but as we live within our houses, not outside them, the result might be, as in this case it was, a congeries of luxuriously furnished apartments, with conservatories, aviary, aquarium, all that could be wished for. The gardens were a blaze of waxes, roses, rhododendrons, the lawns were velvet, the park was overstocked with tame deer, the jealously watched preserves with tame pheasants, crying, so to speak, in their lazy way, 'Come, shoot me, for I am weary of my life, suffering, as I do, under a plethora of indolence, mashes, chivas, and barley.' Sir Timothy was wont to boast that every bird there still him in a guinea and a half, yet he was unswerving when a butts was planned.

So much for the knight's local habitation. Now for his legislative status and his matrimonial felicity. Sir Timothy was M.P. for Tipton-on-Silvern, which said borough, picturesquely perched on the bank of the pellucid Silvern, was reputed as the paradise of freemen, and the town where no poor voter, with an election pending or probable, need ever be without half a crown in his pocket and beer in his mug—and he bought his seat, through two parliaments, as effectually though more discreetly than he had purchased his estate. He had bought his wife, too. Lady Juliana, certainly, was only the daughter of an Irish earl (Killine) but she was a splendid woman, as Sir Timothy, who was a dumpy little man, twelve years her senior, often remarked in confidence to his inferiors. She was a very showy, ornamental wife to him, and, withal, sweet tempered, patient, and conscientious, as those large, starchy women often are. She had been, at first, very unwilling to marry Sir Timothy Briggs. She felt that a De Clancy—Lord Kilkenna's family were De Clancy—might look better than Starch, nor had Sir Timothy the personal graces that find favour with the fair sex. But the out-at-elbows Earl of Kilkenna had come up to London, at an expense that, with his encumbered estate and nonpaying tenants, he could ill afford, expressly to marry off his daughter, and of the five big, dark-eyed, hand-some, dull-witted girls, the Lady Juliana was the largest and the least talkative. So, when Sir Timothy offered splendid settlements, the earl stamped, threatening to convey his recalcitrant child back to Ballythunder, the prospect of the Bog of Allen, and hopeless celibacy, unless she accepted Sir Timothy.

Lady Juliana did accept Sir Timothy. They were married, and, as the dear old story books say, were happy ever after. Or, if not, why not? At any rate, they were blessed with at all events a reasonable share of felicity. Sir Timothy had an excellent digestion, and was a kindly husband. Lady Juliana was a pattern wife for such a lord. She really was a good creature, though lazy, and in her dull way tried to please her spouse, and

was superb at the head of his table, a quality which Sir Timothy valued above all virtues. He had energy enough for both. His great aim was to shine in society. To this end had he bought New Hatch, and converted it into a rural palace. To this end had he bought and smirched himself into the House of Commons. To this end had he espoused Lady Juliana De Clancy. There were no children in the New Hatch nursery, and therefore the well assorted couple had nothing to do but to devote themselves to the cultivation of Society. Sir Timothy, in London, at his fine house in Devonshire Square, gave sumptuous dinners, and his wife entertained half London at a rout or two, and the master of New Hatch was indeed a proud man when guests crowded his hospitable mansion in the Marches. There it was that he concentrated his efforts to entertain in princely style. His stables were on a great scale. There was no mistake about his pheasants. The Hunt was ill to give five days' sport, instead of three, owing to the more than liberal subsidy that came from New Hatch. The New Hatch cellars were gorged with wines of portentous vintages, and as for the French cook in chief, M. Achille (obscurely, that overrated Gascon artist had been lured away from the employment of the Queen, and was now employed to bear away in the New Hatch kitchen.

Sir Timothy was no fool. He knew the value of dry champagne and ortolans and battue shooting, of mounts, with the hounds and claret of Comté year vintage. He was, then, particular about the quality of his guests. "I want fine folks for my money!" was his frequent remark, sometimes to his wife, but more often to some humbler confidant, house steward, butler, or the like. He got fine folks, or at least respectable ones, to some extent, and such pretenders as Mr. Deunah or Ned Lattil had no more chance of covering themselves into an invitation to New Hatch than into getting asked to Birmingham or Chatsworth. But, as a rule, he only accused the company of those who, though they might bear titles, were near the 10<sup>th</sup>, rather than the rose itself. Very great people, with dry champagne and overed pheasants of their own, and jaunts and grouse in 1014 too, did not care to come to New Hatch. Stars of the second magnitude preferred other billets. The lions of the season chose to roar elsewhere.

It was a real treat to Sir Timothy when some body told him in confidence that Lord Putney was dying to be asked to New Hatch—Lord Putney, who, notoriously, was now to be married to the young mistress of Castel Vavr, Sir Timothy's grandest neighbour. There was an acquaintance between the magnates of New Hatch and Castel Vavr, and Lady Barbara was always gracious to Lady Juliana, but there was not exactly an intimacy. Such a friendship would soon ripen, were the elderly expectant bridegroom once a guest at New Hatch. Five miles—in the country—signify nothing. Now Sir Timothy had a very slight knowledge of Lord Putney, but he knew Sir John Heavilands, a baronet with an involved estate, who lived nearer to March bury, and at whose house the jaunty Viscount was just then staying. So he and Lady Juliana drove over, with the best liveries and the gray horses, to Heavilands, to visit their dear friends

Sir John and Lady Heavilands in their tumble-down old manor house among rook haunted elms, and came back well satisfied for not only had Lord Putney proved most obligingly ready to join the company at New Hatch, but His Lordship had craved an invitation for his almost inseparable friend and kinsman, the Honourable Alarion March, a tall young Guardsman, with more muscular than cerebral development who liked his cousin Putney, and was grateful for money lent and creditors pacified, and who was to be 'best man' of his senior when the wedding should come off.

A word about the company at New Hatch, which Lord Putney and his relative speedily joined. Seldom, outside of a chapter of the most noble order of the Garter, has there been such a titled company. Sir Timothy never said to his wife, and perhaps not even to himself, that he would invite no one without a hand to his or her name. But that was the virtual principle on which he acted. He was the patron saint of impetuous Lord Alfreds and of needy Sir Hairys. One Lord George had brought his Lady George with him. But there was only one woman there who had been a peeress, and this was the Dowager Countess of Middleborough, who had been only too glad to bring her good looking daughter, Lady Flora Vigors, and Lady Clara Vigors, from her narrow and gloomy little Crown Street house to roomy and splendid New Hatch. Poor old Lady Middleborough was as unhappy a chaperon as any in London, since her daughters were growing desperate in their hopes and testy in their tempers, after six seasons of useless hawking after their shy bird, the eligible and marrying young man of high degree. The girls themselves were well enough to look upon, but they must have had bad luck, or something in their manners that counteracted the effect of pretty features, since their contemporaries had been wedded and they left unasked. Lady Middleborough herself had much to endure, what with her nerves, and her tendency to rheumatism, the late hours, the dunning tradesmen, the narrow income that was to provide carriages and ball dresses. The late earl had been the poorest of patricians, glial of a gamester for his attendance at the Boards of City concerns, where a titled dinner was worth his price. But Lady Flora and Lady Clara had dressed their faces in smiles, for they knew the advantage of being in a country house where hours to estate more or less worth the having were no scarcity.

Lord Putney and Alarion March came, accordingly, and as Sir Timothy had shrewdly and accurately conjectured would be the case, there was soon a constant interchange of visits and of hospitalities between New Hatch and Castel Vavr. There was even a project, which, somehow, got postponed as to the execution of it until later in the season, as to a grand picnic in the midst of the finest and wildest scenery of the adjoining mountains, on the Welsh side of the border. But, in the meantime, the opportunities for intimacy, in the fine autumn weather, were very frequent, and Sir Timothy congratulated himself on the diplomatic foresight which had caused him to get the future husband of the Marchioness, and the future Master of Castel Vavr, lodged beneath his own roof. Lord Putney did his best, with practised skill, to make himself agreeable. It was

for him an easy task, where his host and hostess, and indeed all, were predetermined to be pleased with him. And the fact was that an odd sort of respect, in spite of the smiles that his fables evoked, did attend Lord Putney. He was known to be the soul of honour, and had done many a kind act, without ostentation and without effort. His affections were of a patent and notable kind, but, once forgot them, and it was difficult not to feel a sort of liking for the Viscount. His branch man, the Honourable Algernon, really felt uncertain some times whether his jaunty patron and cousin was a young man like himself, or a shabby veteran giving himself the airs of adolescence.

That Lord Putney should be engaged to marry the young Lady of Castel Vawr was a wonder to some of those assembled at New Hatch, and the more so when they thought of the great trial to take place at the winter assizes, at Marchbury, and of the ugly doubts that rested, in some few minds, as to the lady's identity. But the very fact that Lord Putney was so staunch to his troth plight appeared an indirect proof of the strength of her cause. Certainly, it was not for her money that he had sought her. Large as her rent roll was, his own income was larger still. A suitor so rich was clearly above all mercenary motives.

'Put doesn't want her money, not a sixpence of it,' said the Honourable Algernon, in the hour of confidential cigar smoking at Sir Timothy's, 'but I think he does care a bit for Castel Vawr. It is grand, isn't it, and Enderling is such a burst of a place, don't you know?'

Enderling, indeed, on the Middlesex bank of the Thames, chief country residence of Viscount Putney, damp, ugly, and dismal, was in truth a very undesirable abode as compared with majestic Castel Vawr.

#### QUEEN ESTHER FEA BLYTH AND THE YETHOLM GYPSIES

Four years ago, I made my last visit to Kirk Yetholm, the headquarters of the Border gypsies, which nestle sweetly among the pastoral hills near the head of Bowmont Water, and almost under the shadow of the Cheviots. I had frequently been at this place before, but on the occasion of which I write, I went specially for the purpose of introducing a friend to Esther FEA Blyth, the Queen of the gypsies. Driving from Jedburgh—where in bygone days not a few of the swartly wanderers paid the extreme penalty of the law—we passed through a district full of historical associations.

The appearance of the village of Yetholm has been often described, but the description by Queen Esther herself is more graphic, and perhaps more truthful than any of the others. 'Yetholm,' she used to say, 'is aae mangle mangle that aye might think it was either built on a dark night or sown on a windy aye!' Once seen, it can never be forgotten. Formerly, there was a picturesque street of old thatched houses known as Tinkler Row, but most of it has been taken down. One of the houses that

still remains is the Old Palace, now the abode of Princess Helen. But the royal residence occupied by the Queen was a detached whitewashed cottage of more improved construction, with ivy clinging to the walls, and flower plot in front. Into this comfortable looking though humble cottage we entered, and were immediately in presence of the veritable Queen Esther, or Ettae as she was familiarly called. While my friend was being formally introduced to her, she seemed to scan him from head to foot. This over, we were at once seated beside Her Majesty, and had a friendly chat about the weather and the crops, poaching, and similar subjects that never failed to interest her. Then we touched on the many changes that had taken place affecting her 'subjects,' the camping at St Boswells and St James's Fairs in former years, reminiscences of the old Roman Road, and the stringency of the Police Acts. She was, she said, a strict observer of the laws of the realm herself, and she wished all her people to be the same, but it was difficult for them to give up habits acquired in childhood.

The Queen had aged considerably since I had last seen her. Though she was over eighty years of age, her bright eyes had lost none of their lustre, but her step had become less firm, and the silvery whiteness of her hair was suggestive of the snow of winter. The dress which she wore was scrupulously neat, and her antique linen cap added in its own peculiar way a charm to her aspect as ever did a diadem to any other crowned head. When seen in her palace, she assumed a dignity which was naturally wanting, during her peregrinations in the country. But her countenance never left her. The cottage contained several things of interest, which the Queen was kind enough to show my friend. I had seen them before. The chief of these—the regalia—consisted of the crown, made of tin by George Gladstone, blacksmith, Yetholm, the sword of state, which had been taken from an execution by the smugglers in a skirmish near Yetholm, and a sword found on Flodden Field. She also showed him a number of valuable gold rings that had been presented to her by noble ladies. These were greatly prized by her.

Thousands, including many persons of high rank, have made pilgrimages to see the Queen in her royal dwelling, but these will now be at an end. The old story must be told—the Queen is dead. She breathed her last on the 12th of July in a house known as 'The Castle,' in the town of Kelso. On the Sunday following, she was buried in Yetholm churchyard, where some of her kindred had found a resting place. In keeping with the character of the deceased, the funeral obsequies were of the most unostentatious kind, but a large number of persons belonging to the district attended to do the last honours to the departed Queen. An appropriate wreath of flowers, sent by Lady John Scott of

Spothawood, was placed upon the bier, and the plate on the coffin lid bore the following inscription 'ESTHER FEA BLYTH, Queen of the Gypsies, died July 12, 1863. The scarlet cloak which the deceased wore on state occasions was thrown over the coffin as it was borne shoulder high to the grave.

It would appear that the gypsies first obtained a permanent settlement in Yetholm during the seventeenth century. Tradition says that at one of the sieges of Namur, in that century, Bennet of Grubit and Marshall, who was also Laird of Kirk Yetholm, was struck to the ground, and would have been killed but for the gallant conduct of one of his followers, a gypsy named Young, and that, as a mark of gratitude, Bennet granted his deliverer a settlement in Kirk Yetholm, the love of his feuing for a period of nineteen times nineteen years. Another tradition is that Will Fua, 'the most genial of their long line of kings,' obtained a similar grant from Sir William Bennet, a friend of the poet Thomson, for recovering for him a horse which had been stolen by the Jacobite army in 1715. Will died in Coldingham in 1784 at a great age, and was buried in Yetholm. In the funeral train there were, as it is told, no fewer than three hundred asses—surely no unfit procession for any eastern king. He was succeeded by his eldest son, 'Canny Will Fua,' a noted athlete in his day and a man of a jovial disposition. He died in 1847, aged ninety five years. Will being the last in the direct male line of the Feas, was succeeded by his nephew, Charles Blyth, who died on 19th August 1861, and he in turn should have been succeeded by his son David, but this Prince not having any desire for kingly honours, waived his right in favour of Princess Helen, his youngest sister. The eldest sister Esther, who had never admitted her father's right to the crown, on the ground that he was not a Fea, now asserted a claim, and caused the following proclamation to be issued: 'I, Esther Fea Blyth, hereby notify and make known, that in consequence of the lamented death of my father, lately reigning King of the Gypsies, and in consequence of a pretender to the vacant crown having arisen in the person of my youngest sister, the question in dispute will be settled at Yetholm, on Tuesday, the 12th day of November instant, and I do hereby summon and command all the members of the various tribes to appear there on the day named, and at the same time invite all the inhabitants of these villages and neighbourhood favourable to my cause to come forward and record their votes in my favour, by doing which they will insure the promotion to royal honours and authority of the candidate possessing the rightful claim, bearing, as I do, the royal name of Fea, and being the eldest daughter of his late Majesty, King Charles, and earn the endearing gratitude of my royal heart.

ESTHER FEA BLYTH

Given under my hand and seal this first day of November, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and sixty one years'

This prompt appeal had the desired effect. Esther's claim was undisputed, and her coronation took place forthwith, and with befitting ceremony. A large number of the various tribes had assembled. The Queen was attended by Princess and Princesses of the 'blood royal. An account written at the time says 'Her brother, Prince Charles, and nephew of the same name and title, and two of the Princesses, acted as squires to Her Majesty, some of Her Majesty's grandchildren also being present. The Queen, mounted upon her palfrey, proceeded to the cross, where the ceremony was performed, the crown bearer and crownet following. The procession having halted, the crownet stepped forward and placed the coronet upon her head, a Scotch thistle being a very prominent ornament upon it. The crownet, from a roll of parchment, proclaimed "Queen Esther Fea Blyth, challenge who dare."

The Queen thanked her subjects for placing her upon the throne of her ancestors, and hoped that they would live at peace with all men. Her Majesty afterwards held a levee. Thus ended the ceremony in connection with the coronation of the last of the gypsy sovereigns.

Esther Fea Blyth (in civil life) married one John Rutherford, belonging to Jedburgh, but he predeceased her by many years. There were twelve children of the marriage, eight of whom still survive—five sons and three daughters. The deceased Queen refused to name a successor, and it is unlikely that any of her family will aspire to the crown. She was in many respects a remarkable woman with a deep knowledge of human character, and could with the utmost ease accommodate herself to her numerous visitors, whether high or low. A frequent remark of hers was, that she required to have 'a face for a minister, a face for a gentleman, a face for a blackguard, and a face for an honest man.'

It was seldom that she formed a wrong estimate of the character of her visitors, and she could suit her conversation to all. If, however, any one was tempted to make merry at her expense, her sarcasm was keen and of telling effect. Unlike many of her 'subjects,' she did not claim to have the gift of fortune telling, though occasionally she indulged in it as a piece of good humour. In this connection a story is told of an amorous clergyman who was about to approach the hymeneal altar for the third time. Shortly before the happy event took place, he visited Yetholm with his lady love, and while refreshing themselves at the village inn, he was somewhat communicative on this subject, and added, that they were about to go to the Palace to see if the Queen could 'read the future.' A gentleman who was present took it upon himself secretly to inform Queen Esther of the intended visit and its object, so that when the happy couple called, she was able to acquit herself in the most satisfactory manner. Neither of them had ever seen Her Majesty before, but this interview impressed them so very favourably, that they were ready to admit that she was 'a most wonderful person,' and the way she discoursed about the approaching union, left no doubt on their minds that she possessed the art of divination in no small degree.

She occasionally made what she called a



'voyage' to the houses of the nobility and gentry of the district, and was invariably treated with marks of respect, sometimes receiving presents of a substantial kind. Once, when visiting the Marchioness of Waterford, at Ford Castle, Queen Esther took part in a dance, and as the tunes played were not according to her fancy, she is said to have called to the musician to 'give them *Tullochgorum, Cuddie the Butler*, or some other tune that folk could understand!' Besides having quite a fund of stories connected with her tribe, she knew many of the old Border ballads, and to have heard her hit *The Gypsy Laddie*, was something to be enjoyed and long to be remembered.

### POISONOUS LEAVES

BREYER as children and the ignorant are, says *Land and Water*, by dangers which they cannot measure, and can hardly be blamed for falling into, it is a wonder rather that they so seldom incur fatal consequences, than that they should sometimes eat leaves of an injurious character. The only safe rule for children to observe is, never to eat anything that they have not been positively assured is wholesome by their parents.

No doubt it is an excellent thing that children should be so well nourished as to remove to a large extent the temptation to eat wild leaves. Moreover, modern gardening has brought into perfection so many table vegetables, that we are enabled to enlist a natural dislike to the juices of uncultivated plants on the side of caution, as compared with the pleasantness of the wholesome green meat of home. But children sometimes will stray on a ramble, and become hungry when at a distance from 'shops' or home, and thus it cannot be useless to know what are the more dangerous kinds of leaves which must be avoided by all who wish to preserve their lives. The strongest barriers of prohibition we can erect should be placed to protect the young from their own heedlessness, which at times leads them to do all forbidden things, and to test all maxims and commandments, disobedience to which is supposed to entail divers pains and penalties.

Some of our most admired flowers, which we should least willingly banish from cultivation, are associated with green leaves of a very poisonous character. The narrow long leaves of the daffodil act as an irritant poison, the delicate compound leaves of *Liburnum* have a narcotic and acid juice which causes purging, vomiting, and has not unfrequently led to death. The narrow leaves of the meadow saffron or autumn crocus give rise to the utmost irritation of the throat, thirst, dilated pupils, with vomiting and purging. The dangerous character of acornite or monkshood leaves is doubtless well known, but each generation of children requires instruction to avoid above all things these large palm-shaped leaves, dark green on the upper surface. The utmost depression, often blindness, tingling all over the body, parching and burning of the throat and stomach, are some of the horrible symptoms which are preludes to death from this most deadly of

vegetable poisons. Almost equally desirable is it to avoid the large ovate leaves of the foxglove. The heart has been known to be depressed so exceedingly by the action of these leaves as to beat only seventeen times a minute, with the pupils of the eyes widely dilated. In a case of this kind, it cannot be too forcibly recollected that the sufferer should be kept strictly lying down, to save the strength of the heart as much as possible. The leaves of the pasque flower (*Anemone pulsatilla*) and of various species of ranunculus (crowfoots) are to be named as being injurious, and belonging to attractive flowers.

Leaves of coarse weeds, however, provide an abundant quota of danger, but frequently their strong scent and bitter or nauseous taste give timely warning against their being consumed. Of all our British orders of plants, perhaps the Umbelliferous order contributes the richest and most widespread elements of danger. The tall hemlock is everywhere known to be poisonous, and it is one of the most abundant occupants of the hedge. A peculiar 'mousy' odour can generally be recognised on squeezing the leaves, which are deep green in colour and triply compound, the small lobes being lanceolate and deeply cut. It is said that the mousy smell can be detected in water containing not more than a fifty thousandth part of the juice. Hemlock is both an irritant to any sore places and a general narcotic poison, producing headache, imperfect vision, loss of power to swallow, and extreme drowsiness, with complete paralysis of voluntary muscles and muscles of respiration. The water dropwort, too, a flourishing ditch plant like the water hemlock (*Sium*), fools parsley (*Aethusa cynapium*), must be ranked among our most dangerous poisonous plants belonging to the Umbelliferous order. The fool's parsley leaves are sometimes mistaken for genuine parsley, but their nauseous odour and darker leaves should prevent this. The Nightshade order is another with dangerous and often extremely poisonous leaves. Indeed, no nightshade can be regarded as safe, while the devil's nightshade, with its oval uncut leaves, soft, smooth, and stalked, is in the highest degree to be avoided. Henbane and thorn apple again, with their large and much indented leaves, are conspicuous members of the 'dangerous classes'. Holly leaves contain a juice which is both narcotic and acrid, causing vomiting, pain, and purging. Even elder leaves and privet leaves may produce active and injurious irritation when eaten.

The leaves of the run or cuckoo pint, large, arrow-shaped, and glossy, have often caused death. Two are sufficient to produce great pain, vomiting, &c. One of the very disagreeable symptoms is a great swelling up of the tongue from the amount of irritation, children's tongues especially may become so swollen that the swallowing of remedies or of emetics is very difficult. In such a case, the administration of melted fresh butter freely has proved beneficial, and after vomiting has taken place freely, strong coffee should be given. Savin and yew leaves are both most poisonous, yew being narcotic as well as acrid, although it is vulgarly supposed that the fresh leaves are not injurious—a mistake from which some have suffered. With regard to treatment in cases of poisoning by leaves, if no doctor is at hand, produce vomiting till all offending matter is

expelled, and when considerable sleepiness or drowsiness has come on, give strong tea or coffee, and again bring on vomiting, then stimulate and rouse the brain in every possible way.

Finally, we would say, do not too readily regard life as hopeless because you may know or hear of cases in which no injury has resulted from eating them. From the eating of almost every kind of loaf we have mentioned, repeated deaths have been occasioned, and none of them can be taken with impunity.

## BY THE INN FIRE

It was a wild night on the southern coast. The wind in its hurricane strength lashed the waters into billows, that piled themselves one upon another in their eagerness to wreak destruction upon something. They poured over the rocks in volumes of snow-white foam, and dashed themselves madly against the cliffs, only to be hurled back, a broken, seething mass of waters, or they rolled majestically into the bay, and broke with a noise of thunder upon the beach of Wickmouth.

The coast spot to be found for miles round the coast that night, was the bar of the *Anchor and Binnacle*—the only inn which the village of Wickmouth possessed. It was a snug little bar, with warm red curtains to the windows, inviting one to enter. Once inside, it required no little moral courage to go out again, especially with those portly little burials of ale looking at you from behind the counter, and the rows of bright bottles on the shelves above. On this wild night, the bar was filled with the smoke of many pipes, the murmur of many voices, and a clinking of spoons and glasses, and as one's eyes became gradually accustomed to the atmosphere, several strangely habitable forms appeared. In truth, the best part of the male population of Wickmouth was gathered there—most of the fishermen, and a great many of the coast-guard. Nearly all had heavy waterproof boots drawn on over their trousers, and reaching up to the knees, oiled skin coats, more or less shabby, over their jerseys, and sea-wester hats coming well down over their backs.

The wind swept round the *Anchor and Binnacle* as though it would wrench it from its foundations and carry it bodily away, dashing the rain furiously against the rattling window panes, and moaning and booming mournfully in the chimneys.

'How it is blown', to be sure,' said one of the coast-guard, as a heavier gust than any which had preceded it, made the old house tremble.

'You're right there, mate!' answered a fisherman. 'It's blown big game to night.'

'I thort sum'at of the kind were comin',' chimed in another, 'there's bin a heavy swell rollin' in for these two days past, and the gulls has bin a keepin' wonderful close in shore too. Them's pretty sure signs as it's a blown' outside.'

'There an't bin such a gale as this near upon

nine year, I reckon,' says a third—'not since the time when the *Glenason* went ashore off the Lizard, and all hands was lost.'

'That was the same winter as the emigrant ship got into the West Bay, and were lost on the Chisel, weren't it?' inquired the coast-guard who had previously spoken.

'Ay, ay, the very same night,' was the reply.

'Ah, that was a wreck! Went to pieces ten minutes arter she took the ground. We managed to save three of those aboard her with the iron ketline, but all the rest—nigh upon four hundred—was lost.'

Just then, the door was opened, and another man entered, or, to speak literally, was blown into the bar, for the wind rushed in behind him, scattering the smoky cloud before it, cooling the fire, and making the gaslights hiss and flicker. The newcomer was evidently a fisherman. He was something better. Ever since his boyhood, he had been knocking about at sea, and had only returned to settle down in his native village a few months before.

'Will waltin' to night, mates,' said he, as he wiped the moisture from his face, and shook the water from his dripping sea-wester. 'I pitted them as is beatin' down Channel to night.'

'We was just sayin' as how they hadn't bin such a gale as this near upon nine year since,' said one of the men.

'No, I don't suppose there has,' he replied. 'I lastsays, not on this coast as I can remember. The worst gale as ever I was in was off the Scotch coast, and it was the only time as ever I was near upon been wrecked.'

'I let's have the gun, mate,' said a coast-guard. 'But before you make sail, fill your pipe, an' let's have some more rum.'

The fresh supply having been obtained, and duly tasted and approved, and a golly cloud rising to the future, the sailor commenced

It is somewhere about five year ago, I should think I'd bin home some six weeks from Calcutta, and havin' got through all my cash knockin' about Liverpool, I ships as bosen aboard a fine iron ship, at a two thousand tons, called the *Tweedy*. She were lyin' at the mouth o' the Mersey in ballast, waitin' for fair weather. She were then to be towed to Glasgow, where a cargo was waitin' for her, and from there she were bound for San Francisco. The cap'n, he were part owner of her, and as he'd bin a layin' there two or three days, he were gettin' impatient. It had bin thick, duty weather for a week or more, the wind veerin' from sou to sou west, and there were a nasty lump of a sea outside the bar. Howsumever, as I says, the cap'n he were a gettin' impatient, and the day as I joins, he an' the pilot and the cap'n o' the tug as was to take us round, was havin' a palaver as to sailin'. Of course, I didn't know then what they was a talkin' about, but I heard till arterwards as how the pilot and the cap'n of the tug were verily strong upon goin' out. Not but what it weren't no business o' theirs, if the cap'n chere to make the passage. And choose he did, for soon arterwards the order came for'ard to leave about. About five in the afternoon, the tug called the *Gladiator* come alongside. We passed a good stout hawser out to her, heaved anchor, and cleared the river

The *Tucoway* was precious high out o' the water, and so light, that she were just like a cork atop o' the waves.

There was only a moderate breeze blowin' when we got outside, but there were a nasty lookin' lot o' cloud away to the sou' west, the sun were gone long afore his time. When the pilot dropped over the side, he took all the fine weather with him. That night, the breeze freshened, and fore mornin' it were blowin' hard with a heavy sea. The tug kep' ahead well. Every now and agen, she were half buried in the great green seas as broke over her, then she'd come up atop o' em like a duck, with the water pourin' through her paddle boxes, and her paddles flyin' round like mad things every roll she give. We was makin' pretty heavy weather o' it our selves, though, bein' so high out o' the water, the seas didn't break aboard much at first. But we was half drowned with the spray comin' over in clouds, and she'd dip her nose into it right up to the fore deck. All that day, the tug held on, and the gale got worse till it were blowin' much as bad as 'tis now. The even began to work he'd kep' sun in port. Every minute we expected the towrope to part, or to get a signal from the tug that she was shippin' too much water, and must cast us off. But nothin' happened till about the middle o' the first watch that night, when a heavy sea struck us just for'ad o' the forecast, charrin' everythin' off the deck, and makin' the ship stop and shiver fit in stem to stern, and when we recover'd, we found the towrope had gone—ay, lads, broke like a pipe-stem. Well, we burnt light, to let the tug know our whereabouts, but when she answered, we found we were fast driftin' to leeward. It weren't a comfortable berth, mates, I can tell ye, blowin' half a hurricane, with a sea runnin' as high as the mainyard and comin' aboard every minute, the tug gone, and we driftin' just where the sea choose to take us. But there was nothin' to be done. There was hardly a stitch o' canvas aloft, so we could only hope the tug would try and pick us up again. When daylight come, we looked every where for her, but she weren't to be seen—nothin' but the drivin' scud aloft, and a fierce sea surgin' all round us. All that day, we strained our eyes to get a sight o' some vessel, but not one did we see. We seed nothin' that day but the lan', and we sighted that away on our lee about dusk. We thought the tug must ha' sprung a leak, and gone down in the night.

I think to bear off the land a bit, the cap'en give orders to loose a jib and top-sail. It were risky work up aloft with the vessel high drippin' her yards as at every roll, and some o' the hands wouldna venture. Howsoever, we got 'em loosed at last, but bless ye, they hadn't bin sheeted home ten minutes, when the jib were nothin' but ribbons, and the top-sail were blown clean out o' the bolt ropes. Just as we was a comin' down from the top-sail yard, some one sang out "Light on the weather beam." At first, we couldn't see nothin', and didn't believe it, but soon she come up on a big sea, and then we made out what looked like a star low down on the horizon. We didn't believe as how it could be the tug. But after burnin' lights for some time, we seed somethin' go up right away from

where we'd seen the light. Then we knew it must be she, but even then, it seemed a poor chance for us.

At the rate the *Tucoway* was driftin', a matter o' two hours more would ha' seen us on the rocks, and none would have escaped to tell the yarn. There was still a last chance, and the cap'en made up his mind to try it, so the order soon come to clear away both anchors and stand by to let go. Another hour passed, and still the masthead light o' the tug seemed as far off as ever. Would she ever get to us? we thought. The land were lyin' close away on our lee, when the order come to let go both anchors, and the chain flew out o' the hawse holes. One parted almost directly, the other dragged, then held for a bit, and then parted, and we were carried on helplessly towards shore. I never wants to go through such another time, mates, as long as I lives. When them anchors went, we gave ourselves up for lost. Some o' the men went clean mad, ravin' and cussin', and then mornin' down and blubberin' like great children. Some lashed 'emselves to the riggin', and some, wi' eyes near out o' their heads, laughed and grinned and pined to the stretch o' black covet we was drivin' on. It weren't more nor a mile and a half away, and we begun to fancy we could hear the breakers above the roar o' the gale. And we clean forgot all about the tug, when suddenly, down she come close upon us to windward, out o' the darkness. We could see the cap'en o' her standin' on the bridge, and hangin' on to the rail. We seed a man for'ad on the forecast, under the lee o' the capstan, with a coil o' rope in his hand. But how to get that rope were the next thing. Every moment was precious, and one mistake would ha' bin enough. With a sea runnin' like that, it were a nasty job. Now the tug would be down below us, in between two great rulin' hills, next minute, she'd be as far above us. But there weren't no time for thinkin' much, so every man followed her wi' his eyes, and stood ready to get that rope, or go to Davy Jones in the attempt.

The cap'en o' the tug brought her round under our stern, and come up to haul us on us. He then passed ahead, as near alongside us he dare—might be the length o' this bar off—and then he wated for a lull in the gale. We was all gathered on the forecast and in the fore riggin and chains, and we seed the man on the forecast o' the tug come from under the lee o' the capstan and seize the weather rail. There he stood until the lull come, which it did at last—such a lull as we could hear the beatin' o' the paddles, and the swish o' the seas as they tumbled one over the other. Runnin' in a bit closer, the cap'en o' the tug signalled the man on the forecast to heave. We hardly dar'd breathe, as the line flew from his hand, but a rugin' cheer went up as it lodged in our fore riggin and were secured. Then the tug forged ahead agen, while we hauled in that line, lads, as never a line were hauled afore. We soon had the stout steel hawser made fast, and then come another wate, near as bad as the one afore. The wind seemed to ha' got double strength after the lull, and seemed as though it were wild at our havin' got the line, for it roared and shrieked through the riggin like a thousand devils. It was a fight, now, between

the tide and the tug, and for a bit we thought it were all up with both o' us. The tug buried herself so deep in the seas that we thought she'd be swamped, but she struggled in vain. We never moved. The shore went that close that we could see the foam fly'n' up the cliffs, and see the rocks upon which both o' us seemed to be driftin'. But at last, after what seemed to us to be hours and hours, the ships head turned seawards. The *Gladiator* had won, and when daylight broke, we were well out at sea again, and the same day saw us moored in the Clyde.

At the conclusion of the narration, the sailor took a long pull at his tankard. The others had sat quietly listening throughout, only now and then interrupting by an exclamation of astonishment or assent. Now one of them asked 'How came the tug to find you agen, mate?'

'Why, you see the capen of her knew pretty well the set o' the currents in them parts, and findin' he were not far off a port, he put in for a new towline, and then come arter us as fast as his paddles would bring him. He'd near given us up, though, when he seed our light.'

As he ceased speaking, a sound was heard about the roaring of the wind without, which caused the men to put down their glasses and glance inquiringly towards one another. One of them stepped to the door and opened it a little way. Scarcely had he done so, when the sound was repeated—the sound of a gun at sea. Instantly the bar was deserted, the men fighting their way down to the beach in spite of the fury of the gale, and regardless of the pitiless rain that beat upon their faces. They were soon joined by anxious and half-terrified women, with their hair blowing behind them, and their thin garments flapping in the fierce wind. The men of the coastguard went straight to their station and brought out the rocket cart, while the fishermen ran along the beach, trying to pierce the blackness of the night. Again the gun boomed forth. It came from the western side of the cliff. There was no lack of willing hands to push the rocket cart to the summit. Once there, it was with the utmost difficulty that the men could keep their feet, and they could not see themselves heard even by shouting in each other's ears. There was, however, very little need of speech. Each man knew exactly what to do beneath them, about a quarter of a mile from shore, they could see a large black object rolling about amongst the rocks. Every moment it was covered with foam, as sea after sea struck it. Soon one rocket was on its way, but the raging wind sweeps it to leeward far out of reach. Another follows. This time, a faint light appears in response, and the line begins to pay out. Suddenly it ceases. A huge sea comes roaring and tumbling shorewards, gathering strength at every yard, its white crest rising higher and higher. With tremendous crash, it pours bodily over the ill-fated vessel, completely hiding it from sight, and when it has passed, nothing can be seen but a vast sheet of seething breakers.

The day following broke clear and fine. Only the long somnolent roll of the waves breaking upon the beach, and the rapid smiting of the fleecy clouds across the sky, betokened that there had been such a gale overnight. But the coast around Wale-mouth was strewn with wreckage, and as the tide

came in, the waves cast up many lifeless forms. Kind hearts and sympathetic hands tended these, washed the salt spray from the faces, and disentangled the matted hair. In the course of the day, a piece of lumber came ashore, evidently the bow plank of some boat, and upon it they found the word *Tasmany*.

## THE DANELAND OF ESSEX

FROM the mouth of the Thames at Shoeburyness, for a distance of eight miles in a straight line as far as Foulness Point, the coast is like the many coloured pattern of a carpet, in which patches and uneven shaped stretches of bright green fields and yellow cornland are woven with 'gores' and rocks, fuds and patches of water, glancing brightly blue or dull and muddy as they are far from or near the shelving loam shore. The shallow depth of these stretches of water leaves more or less extensive tracts of 'saltings' (uncovered land) beyond the sea walls of these islands at low water, which form fruitful spots or oyster breeding grounds, the waters themselves yield an abundance of many kinds of fish, while land and water are the home and haunt of untold wild birds. In this maze of diminutive continents and islands, oceans and rivers, only the skill of man has availed, by means of artificial sea walls—beyond which the land lies two feet below high water mark—to win a bit of arable soil and a dwellingstead from the maw of the ever grasping sea. The six islands which exist within this area range from two and a half miles to thirteen miles in circumference, and are called respectively—Rushy Island, Pottou Island, Havenore Island, New England Island, Willis Ey, and Foulness Island.

From the mouth of the river Crouch and Foulness Point to Sales Point, the features of the land are unlike the foregoing, the coast running in a straight line, but beyond and from Sales Point and the mouth of the Blackwater River, right away northward, the natural characteristics offer the same mingled outlook of water and land—long creeks and groves giving ready access inland, while two features distinguish all the eastern coast—namely, the extreme shallowness of the water, and the distances to which the tides roode. The eastern coast of England, indeed, gradually shallows away towards the Dutch coast, the greatest depth of water in mud coast being no more than one hundred and eighty feet. 'Broods' is the appropriate designation which the extensive tracts of comparatively shallow water bear when the tide is in, while the vast expanses of sand or mud left bare by the outgoing tide are called 'flats,' through which run many clear water farways, called 'swatch'-ways, by means of which the hardy fisher folk wend a speedy course from point to point or from town to town, but woe betide him who is caught in them, unaware of their special danger! When the tide is out, the landlocks on foot, and horses and carts, go from one part of the coast to another on the dry bed of the ocean, one such high road, starting from Great Wakering and ending at Foulness Island, bearing to the modern Englishman the puzzling name of Great Wakering Stairs (from Anglo-Saxon *stager*, a stair, used in the sense of a 'footway')

As one advances overland into this region, he unconsciously begins to feel that he is entering a strange district. Words occur here and there, in town names and folk speech, which at once arrest the student of word lore. In the name Wallas By he recognises the Anglo-Saxon for 'island of the stream, or foragers' 'Waking (Great and Little) lies directly before him. What is the meaning of 'Waking?' Surely the possession of the Waker or Vikings' and the mind instantly recalls the name of Hereward the Wake, or, as the Norman French manuscript gives it, 'Herward le Wake' Wake, Wiking, and Viking are thus synonymous terms, and this is the description of the strangers indicated by the name of Wallas By—namely, Vikings, or Danes.

Here, then, were settlements of the Vikings, and on the mainland too. One looks for traces of a fortification. There are none, the towns are plain, undefended and indefensible hamlets on a flat shore, their only protection the sea and a tidal river on two sides. Could this be the outpost of an invading force in a hostile country? No, it is not an outpost, it is a settlement, pure and simple. But traces of Danish forts are not wanting. Are there not away to the left at Shoeburyness the remains of a Danish intrenchment? and the Saxon Chronicle speaks of another, further on in the same direction, at Bamsfleet, between Southend and Leigh, while, still higher up the Thames, the remnant of Cnut's peculiar dike forts survives in the name of Gravesend (*Din gaw, to dig*). To the right of us there is an intrenchment just beyond the church at Canewdon. Two miles further to the west there is Ashington (*Ase-tan*)—where Cnut overthrew Edmund Ironside—and Battle Bridge, and Beacon Hill, where traditions of intrenchments and battles are handed down to us, while ten miles from Canewdon, across the Roach, and twenty miles from the coast, beyond the Roman town of Maldon and within four miles of Chelmsford, there is Danbury—the 'burgh' or strong hold of the Danes, situated on one of the highest hills of Essex, not to speak of the many fastnesses along the coast northwards, such as the dike fort at Dungeness, or Canewdon itself—the 'tun of Cnut' (*Cnut's domus*)—where the leader himself for some length of time held his court, and whence he directed the operations of his forces until he finally succeeded in ousting his Saxon rival and seizing the throne. Here, then, we are truly in Daneland!

Standing on the sea wall of one of these islands—say Havengore Island—the eye instantly takes in the whole advantage of this mingled land and water 'biel' for such warfare as that of the Danes. This long 'gore' of water—Havengore—thrusting its wedge-like shape through these low lands, at this moment full with the main tide, yielded a ready haven to the long ships of the Vikings, creeping shorewards from out the misty night shades of the eastern sea, the land of the Angles still glinting with the beams of the westerling sun. The irregular banks of these islands—now uniformly wurt by an artificial sea wall, then, impetuous. We still—shaded them from all outside fog. But afar and, while among their hills here, we need something might be safely hidden, there at their leisure their plans of

attack on the peaceful unsuspecting dwellers on the near mainland, or more distant expeditions inland up the Crouch or the Roach, as far as Rolford or Battle Bridge, or even beyond.

With the main is as so convenient a base, the Vikings were able to ripen something more than mere schemes of plunder, and thus we see they gradually spread inland, securing themselves with a 'bury,' 'bury,' or fort, here and there, commanding, or overlooking some town or district, such as Danbury, midway between Chelmsford and Maldon, or guarding their communication near waterways, as at Tollebury, Canewdon, Ashington, and Beacon Hill. The systematic and thorough nature of their conquests is evinced by their thickly strewn chain of forts, as also by the fact that Danish settlements and towns were able to grow up in the rear of these forts, their dwellers in some cases significantly distinguished by their appellations, as Great and Little Waking (before mentioned), and Great and Little Wicksrough, Wickham near Pullich, and Wickham beyond the Blackwater, and Waldingham farther on along the coast. Others are only obliquely indicated as distinctively Danish, as, for example, Snotcham, Ulling, and Asheldham. But a large mingling of Danish blood must have taken place in all the towns taken by them, as well as, more or less, over all the between lying open land, traces of which may even now still be seen in the strong survival of Danish names.

In the single long street which forms Canewdon, very little is seen to attest its former importance. 'It was, but is not,' is the fitting description of the town now, its greatest attraction being its church, the stone shields with royal leopards and the fleur-de-lis adorning its chief front speaking to its former chieftain. It is formerly a haven of some trade, but the reclamation of land from the river has left it high and dry, and its trade has gone elsewhere.—to Maldon or London, perhaps. Within the church, the bells of the year 1600, the fragment of a carved altar with back stowed away in a corner, and the records of liberal bequests of charitable persons painted on the walls—most of them now, alas! devoted to alien uses or persons—tell the tale of former wealth and thrift, while a stony mullioned window in cottage and farmhouse here and there outside, affirms again the same tale. Few traces, if any, of the intrenchment beyond the church are to be found, the plough having passed over it, as well as over the strads where stood the rest of the former houses of the township. A tombstone catches the eye with the name of 'Swayne,' and from the tower and roof of the church, a fine view can be obtained of the country around. Ashington can be easily seen, not two miles distant—the stand where a bloody and decisive battle was fought between Cnut and Edmund Ironside, and the church of Hockley, just seen to the left, was erected by the former in commemoration of his victory.

As one nears Ashington between seven and eight o'clock on an autumn morning, on the way to Great Famburgh, the 'tun' stands up and out of the plain a steep truncated sugar-loaf, resplendent in rich emerald and gold, and darkly waving lestage of trees, with which it is overgrown. It is the highest ground for miles around, and not five minutes' walk in a straight line from

the Crouch River, which even at low water presents an expanse as broad as the Thames at London Bridge.

We have followed the steps of the first conquests of the Danes, from an occasional visit to havens for harbourage in bad weather or in search of plunder, to their grasping of the inlets and islands, to their winning of a foothold on the fastland, to their steady advance towards their one prominent goal—the head town of the land. At the beginning, their first lonely visits and settlements were overlooked or despised by the Saxons, and their early advances only irregularly and weakly withstood, but their persistent advance, strengthened by ever renewed reinforcements from the great Teutonic continent behind them, and partly helped by much in common in their Saxon kinsmen, at length ripening into a general attack, became irresistible, the outcome being the Danish conquest of England, which has moulded the national habits, tendencies, and speech more deeply than is commonly thought.

Born in the Roman colonies and other neighbourhoods, the landfolks in the length and breadth of the Essex seaboard speak the pure Teutonic type—sturdy, well set, fur-haired men and women, with fine profiles, Roman noses, clear blue eyes, and with an open and frank look ready speaking and cheery. Here also may be seen the antithesis of the fair men—the descendants of the primitive Celts, or more probably of the Romano Celtic *Mildes*, short, dark haired, small built, heavy men, some abnormally fat, in conversation dry and terse, a hasty and excitable race, bearing all the marks of their Celtic blood. This type is in a minority here among the islands and along this coast, but at the Roman stations of Chelmsford and Colchester they form nine tenths of the population, and one, without much stretch of the imagination, can fancy himself in a continental town. But even in those, as we may learn their high seats of the Celtic race, such characteristic Teutonic names as Harold, Seax, Kite, Sibald, Baldwin, Bond, Nevard (recalling Nelard of the prose *Edda*), Liverd, Harvard, and Raul, point to the overlordship of the fair haired man, while the occurrence of such diminutives as *ise, el, et*—Pamplin, Willt, Collin, &c—emphasises a bodily characteristics of the dark and subjugated race.

The peculiarities of dialect marked here betray, in the cases of individual words, as also in the particular utterance of common Teutonic words, a Danish influence. Thus, the Danish suppression of the initial *w* is shown in such phrases as—'I ont (I want), 'I mont yourn' (I want your-), &c, while the Finnish adverb and adjective 'onsit, 'twelbit' (once, twice) are represented in the phrase, 'It was hanging here onctit.'

Seated at a common deal table in an inn not far from the Crouch River, in company, in true primitive wise, with the landlord and landlady and their customers—the one at one end discussing their ale and bread and cheese, and the other at the other end their cold fowl and the usual accessories of a plain breakfast—the talk of the farm labourers with the landlord and among themselves, once commonly spoken all over this tract, if not—with modifications—over most part of England, sounds like a strange

tongue, until the ear becomes accustomed to it, it is not unmusical, though rough. 'He want t' kna w'et'r he gan oar' (He wants to know whether he has gone over), alluding to the ferry and an abstruse, and, 'He got pedd' oos he didn't prick the ground (He got paid off because he didn't prick the ground that is, work hard enough). The question as to whether one would take some further refreshments called forth 'Yant agn'n' t' ba any mo (I ain't agoin' to have any more). A friendly offer was declined with 'I nout yourn, and 'You stop here, oud chap'. Presently entering into the talk, by asking the meaning of some half understood words used, the landlord becoming the go-between, and by dint of heedfully shunning words of Latin origin, and helping myself with an occasional Norse or German translation, I presently earned the unexpected meed of praise from one of them. 'You speak our speech wunnerful good, sur' which sounded to my ears more grateful than the praise of a Professor, and led me to repeat the question I have so often put to myself—Why should there be a gulf between the expressive Teutonic speech of our forefathers and modern speech, every day widening more and more?

Of individual words many are sufficiently striking. 'My cabin is rather dingy, was the apology of the oyster drogger as he ushered me into his yawl in Shalford Creek, and the coincidence of Dunge Flats at once darted to my mind as correctly describing the *dingy* nature of the lumpy shore at low tide, which is furthermore indicated in a second name given to it, namely, the Black grounds. *Rey Sands* and *Key Gut* recall the Danish 'reut,' a shrimp which is the exact description of the speckled *ycill* (of that part of the coast, and not, as might be supposed, the ray fish, genus *raia*). 'Gore' is a narrow triangular stretch of water or narrow landpass.

Certain narrow far-ways which seam the sands at low tide, and by means of which long round about distances are saved, are called on the south side of the Rouch 'swatch' ways, but beyond the Crouch 'swash' ways. The name is also applied to any sudden collection of water after rain, and undoubtedly answers to a Scandinavian word which is still represented in the provincial Norse *saska*, and provincial Swedish *saska*, both signifying to make a splash, noise as when one walks through water or mud. In the sound of 'chipping' [market, akin to 'to chop' (barter), 'cheap,' a muck, 'Cheapside,' &c], so often found in Essex, we have the softened form of the hard *k* still left in the Danish *kybe*, to buy, and in the native name of Copenhagen—Kjøbenhavn, which Professor Stephens, in the English books which he publishes at that place, delights to print on his title pages as 'Cheapsinghaven.'

'Went' or 'wont' in the south of England, as is well known, is equivalent to 'turning,' and is from 'wend,' 'to go,' which originally meant 'to turn'. It is less often met with in Essex. Another word takes its stand. On asking my way of a wayfarer, just before entering Maldon on foot, I got the following answer 'Ye ga along here ye coom to fowel lant. T' one gets t' town, t' other t' Tandring Hundred, t' other——' I forgot where. The word 'lant' at once struck

me, and recalled the beginning lines of Snorre Sturleson's Saga of Olaf Trygvesson 'Jomvik mgar heldu lithi sunu til Lamfjarðar og siglðu tháttan at a húst ok hófðu sættag skipa ok komu utan at Oghnum' [Jomvikings held their last (course) until Lamefirth, and sailed thence out in

may be certain the latter would have the preference.

A pleasing feature of these old gossiping notices is, that none of them contain any slanderous or malicious statements, although there was every danger of their doing so, and in no case, so far as our examination has gone, have the editors ever been under the necessity of apologising, or retracting a statement. In a few cases, the announcement of the death of some great personage is admitted to have been premature, but such mistakes occur even nowadays. Some times, no doubt, the publication of some of the facts may not have been very palatable to the persons interested, but being in all probability true, could not honestly be contradicted. No doubt, these marriage gossips were highly relished by the young ladies of the period, although not perhaps in every case for the reason given in a poem on the newspaper, which appeared in the *Edinburgh Courant* of January 16, 1826

'I want some marriage news,' says Mr. S.,  
'It is not till my last day  
To hear of weddings plenty,  
For in a time of general ruin,  
None suffer from a death, his plan,  
At least not one in twenty

All the extracts that follow are from the *Scots Magazine*, and we may state that we have selected some notices on account of the curious information they contain, and others as specimens of a quaint style of announcement no longer to be met with in this country.

Mrs Grundy has declared that May shall not wed December without incurring her severe displeasure. When such a marriage took place it was usually recorded in some such way as this: '23 August [1782] At Perth, Capt Hamilton, aged thirty, to Miss Wenson, a lady of rank and fortune, aged eighty five.' There could scarcely be a greater distance between the ages of a married couple than eighty years, so we may copy the record that in February 1769 there was married 'Robert Judge, Esq., of Cockburn, Inland, aged ninety-five, to Miss Anne Nugent, aged fifteen. He served in King William's wars, and received a ball in his nose.' Particulars of height, as well also as of age, stature, and length of courtship, were often given 'Dec [1775] At York, Mr Thomas, a grenadier in the Yorkshire Militia, six feet two inches high, to Miss Hannah Trench of Clearlam, three feet two inches high, with a fortune of five thousand pounds.'

'5 April [1785] At Ropley Church, Mr Robert Long, to Miss H Reynard.' There is an equal disparity of age and size in this couple, the bridegroom being thirty-seven years of age, and more than six feet high, the bride twenty years old, and little more than three feet high.

The paragraph regarding the marriage, in 1779, of a couple aged respectively eighty and eighty-five, conveys thus: 'And what is still more remarkable, there has been a courtship carried on between them for more than sixty years.'

What Mrs Grundy said and did upon particular occasions, may be learned from the following: '22 Sept [1783] John Harrison, of Cowick, Yorkshire, aged one hundred and one, to Ann Hephonstall, aged ninety-eight, the bride's maid was seventy-four, and the bridegroom's man eighty-three. They were attended by the greatest

perhaps in 'kett court' (perambulating court or circuit), and in a different dialect shape in Lochstar, Lochstone, Lode (a course or vein of ore), Cracklade, Lechlade, &c. All these forms are directly from the A.S. *lād*, 'a way,' 'a path,' which is cognate with the Scandinavian *lād*, of the same meaning, and with which our English verb 'to lead' is closely connected. The Icelandic 'húst'—the 'haw'—mentioned in the foregoing quotation, is also present in Essex in the name of the town of Harwich—answering to Danish *Hafsvig*, and Swedish *Hafsvik* ('sea by'), and may be said to yield another link binding Iceland in the far north, England, and the Scandinavian continent, in one link of kinship.

That old 'weirs' the hind has been often said. But off Potten Island I lighted upon a small boat of unusual shape, the stem and stern posts ending in posts a foot or more above the gunwales. Such boats are still to be seen in use on the fjords and sounds of Norway, and representations of similar ones are depicted in the Bayeux Tapestry as made use of alike by the fleets of Harold and William. This particular boat may have been built only yesterday, or it may have seen hundreds of years of 'eld,' but its special shape indicated its origin, and pointed the finger over the eastern sea to that great Northland whence, eight hundred years or more ago, the fathers of these island folk saw the island of Britain.

Such scattered and individually trifling notions as these, picked up at random from speech, and customs, and circumstances, looked at independently, may be deemed of small or no worth, but gathered together link with link, form a chain of evidence enabling us to read the deeds and trace the footsteps of our Danish forefathers, even though smothered from us by the flight of nearly a thousand years of time.

#### CURIOUS MARRIAGE ANNOUNCEMENTS

Why might the newly married bride in the days of the *Scots Magazine*, is she cut up the last number, ask, in the words of Juliet 'What says he of our marriage, what of that?' Would she be designated 'a charming young lady?' or would the amount of her dowry alone be stated? thus insinuating that she had no personal charms. Would her age and that of her husband be given, displaying their disparity? Would there be any reference to her former lovers or husbands? Or generally, what observations would be made about the ceremony, or criticisms offered of herself or husband? Such might have been the thoughts of a bride in the eighteenth century, as she scanned the List of Marriages, curious to see what account her friends had sent for publication. In many cases, no doubt, the brief paragraph sent by the bridegroom himself would be printed, but if any other account were sent containing some good natured gossip about the event, we

concourse of people to and from the church that ever was known upon such an occasion. The lady he has now taken to be his bride is the fourth wife within the space of two years and a few months.—6 Dec [1784] At St Bees, Cumberland, Mr Jeremiah Ruls, aged nineteen, to Miss Hannah Hodgson, widow, aged sixty one, being the fourth time she has honoured the marriage register book with her name. In the evening, several of the relations by her former husbands went to the apartments of the new married couple to pay their respects to their young grandfather, a great number of the neighbours also attended on the occasion to congratulate him on the prudent choice he had made, loudly applauding that philosophic disposition which would prefer the ripened charms of threescore—which cannot possibly suffer by change—to the blooming beauties of youth, which are known to be as fading as any flowers in the wild field of nature.

Sometimes a wedding has a more painful conclusion. 'Lanholm, Jan 28 [1776] On Friday last were married at Billholmburn, near this place, William Duncan and Elizabeth Graham. There was present upon the occasion a very considerable company. The afternoon was spent in decent mirth, with the usual ceremonies on such an occasion. On the morning following, the friends came to visit them, and found them in perfect health and good spirits. But alas! how uncertain is every earthly enjoyment! The bride was seized with a colic about eleven o'clock, which carried her off about ten this morning. I dare not attempt to describe the bridegroom's situation, but shall leave that to readers of feeling!

Compared with the tone of the above, there is a callous look about the conduct of 'an eminent farmer' and Miss Micklethwaite, who when at church getting married, 'at the same time ordered the sexton to make a grave for the interment of the lady's father, then dead.'

In our next example, it would appear that the extensive connubial experience of his neighbours is made the excuse for the reverend gentlemen's 'fourth venture,' as the elder Mr Waller would have said.—3 Aug [1751] The Rev Mr John Pugh, of Cardiganshire, married to his fourth wife. His next door neighbours on each side are married, the one to his fifth wife, and the other to his third. A different reason was given by one William Iven, who in 1778 is said to have died at the age of one hundred and fifteen. 'He was remarkably cheerful, and frequently heard singing. He married four wives, the last when in his one hundred and fifth year.'

Here is about an old man who could not remember a deceased wife's name. To him it was probably like the name of Sonthey's Russian general.

A name which you may know by sight very well,  
But which no one can speak and no one can tell.

3 Nov [1775] At Dalkith, David Wilson, journeyman gardener, to Catharine Cray, aged forty, his fifth wife. He is seventy one years of age. His first wife was a Dutchwoman, whose name he has forgot, the others were Scots women.

Gretna Green marriages, or those with a tinge of romance about them, have always been of

great interest to the public. Here are several accounts of such matches.—22 Oct [1784] Charles Aplin Powey Esq of Grosvenor Street, to Miss English of Worcester. The match was occasioned by a highwayman stopping a stagecoach in which the gentleman and lady happened to be passengers, and the gallant behaviour of the former won the heart of the latter.

Sept [1781] At Oaten, Capt Roche, aged forty, to the eldest daughter of the late Sir George Wombwell, Bt, aged sixteen, just from a boarding school, with an independent fortune of twelve thousand pounds in possession, and as much more in reversion on the death of her mother. The next paragraph in the magazine records the marriage of a widow of thirty eight to a youth of seventeen, who was heir to a fortune of one hundred thousand pounds. The ceremony took place at Gretna Green.

On Saturday, October 28 [1775], arrived at Newcastle from a matrimonial journey to Gretna Green, Edward Gould, Esq, of Woolham-Mansfield, Nottinghamshire, an officer in the 4th Regiment of Foot, and July Barbara Felverton, only daughter of the Earl of Sussex, aged sixteen, with a fortune of forty thousand pounds. The next morning, the new married couple set forward for the south.

A novelist in want of a plot may get a few hints from the following condensed romance.—20 July [1775] John Kerder, a labouring and married man, was impressed as a soldier in the year 1741, he became a French prisoner, but made his escape, and settled in Germany, where he married and buried two wives. After thirty three years' absence, he came to England, and found his first wife by mere accident last week selling fruit in Oxford Road. She had buried two husbands in the time, and being both disengaged, they willingly renewed their former connection.

The lady mentioned in our next quotation gave practical proof that she was perfectly free from scepticismism.—Feb [1766] At Newcastle, Mr Silverton, to Mrs Pearson. This is the third time this lady has been before the altar in the character of a bride, and there has been something remarkable in each of her three connubial engagements. Her first husband was a Quaker, her second, a Roman Catholic, and her third, a Protestant of the Established Church. Every husband was twice her age, at sixteen, she married a gentleman of thirty two, at thirty, she took one of sixty, and now, at forty two, she is united to a gentleman of eighty four.

In April 1782, there were married at Great Milton, Oxfordshire, 'two blacks, natives of India, and servants to C Jones, Esq. The manner in which the wedding was conducted carried with it the air of Eastern grandeur, both arriving at the church in a very elegant carriage, and attended by a black servant, and what added not a little to the novelty of the scene, the bride, who was magnificently attired, was given away by one of her own countrymen, named Hyder Ally.'

In 1787, we are told, 'a rich Jew's wedding' took place in London. 'It was kept in state for seven days, during which time the bride and bridegroom, seated under a rich canopy, received the compliments of their friends for each day,



all which are to be retained in due form. The room at night was splendidly illuminated, and the bride sparkled in diamonds. The street was lined with coaches from noon till night. In the account of another Jewish wedding, it is stated that there was a ball in the evening, 'and perhaps a more beautiful assembly of the female part of the tribe of Abraham was never seen on such an occasion.'

Marriage announcements like the following are happily rare. '13 July [1772] At Boston, Lincolnshire, Mr William Blaines. He was so extremely ill, that it was obliged to be carried to the church in a sedan chair. He died on the 16th, was buried on the 17th, and his widow was married again on the 30th.'

### SNAKE HANDLING

An Anglo-Indian who sends us the following notes on snake handling says:

Apocops of Dr Strallings's interesting Snake Anecdotes in your *Journal* (Nos 966 and 969), I send you a note illustrative of the danger of handling certain kinds of snakes. Out here, in individuals of one sect of fakirs—religious men in India—are frequently met with, wearing young and tame pythons as necklaces. One such animal took the fancy of an officer, and for a few rupees was transferred from the fakir's neck to his, and for some time both were on very good terms. One day our friend sat down to breakfast with the python round his neck, a thing he had never before done, the tail of the animal came across the arm of the chair, and instinctively coiled round it. The leverage thus obtained seemed to revive its memories of victim squashing, and in a moment the officer was in the pangs of strangulation, bound fast to his chair, and the awful coil of the python round his neck. But in that supreme moment of horror appalling, he retained his nerve, with his left hand he seized the reptile's head, and with his right grasped a talc-knife, and was just able to inflict a gash behind its head, and then the suffocating coils fell slack. The officer was afterwards found prostrate on the floor in a dead faint, from which he only recovered to be seized with brain fever, the delirium of which was entirely occupied with encounters with monstrous serpents. In course of time he recovered, but no one could recognize in that pallid, gray-headed, and careworn shadow of a man, the once stalwart, hearty, and enthusiastic sportsman.

Another note to illustrate the extreme danger of handling even dead snakes. Major Denny, a police officer in the Central Provinces, was recently out shooting, and killed a large cobra. His companion asked to see its poison fangs, and Major Denny, seizing the head with one hand, opened its jaws with the other to exhibit the fangs, which, in the approaching rapidity of death, closed on his finger. Aware of his awful risk, he sucked his finger, and hastened home. But all assistance was unavailing, he died in three hours.

I once kept and freely handled a snake declared to be innocuous, it escaped, and after much searching, could not be found. Presently my boy ran up with tears in his eyes, declaring that his three pet rabbits were all dead, and true enough, they were so, and quite dead. Coiled

up in the hutch was the missing snake which my boy and I had so frequently handled!

The handling of snakes is often unaccountably forced upon us by the extraordinary, and often times incomprehensible positions in which snakes are frequently encountered. We are apt to fancy that snakes are essentially *growing* creatures, for getting that their ventral scales give them admirable facilities for climbing. Unless you recognize this fact, it is difficult to understand how snakes get into the roofs of up country huts, bungalows, which are supported by smooth and whitewashed walls and pillars, how you meet them on the upper shelves of your bookcases, or in other apparently inaccessible situations.

But when you meet snakes in the act of ascending trees, and apparently with nothing to hold on by, you are reminded to your taste, and are prepared for sanguine encounters anywhere and everywhere. If you are a lady, you must not be surprised—as my wife was—at a deadly snake dropping out of the sleeve of your velvet jacket, which your ayah was helping you on with that jacket having previously hung from a wall peg, leaving it there or four feet from the ground. Nor, if you are going out calling, must you be astonished if a cobra looks in upon you from the double roof of your brougham. How did the one snake ascend the smooth wall and get into the jacket? how did the other pass up the smooth and glass-like sides or wheels of the brougham and get into its double roof?

I might adduce illustrations by the score of these strange encounters, and they show us how we must always be on our guard against snakes. Yet it is marvellous that, among Europeans, we very rarely hear of deaths from snakes, while the bare feet and legs of natives have them frequently and fatally open to attack.

### AN AUTUMN HOUR

More than the glow of June was in the branch  
Whereon the low sun burned, yet here and there  
Lambly the brown leaf swayed in air and fell,  
And I for sweet songs of summer met a sound  
Was heard above whispers of the wandering wind  
An hour too bright for sorrow, yet too sad  
For exultation where two Seasons met  
Autumn, her basket full of golden fruit  
At distance hailed by Winter's frozen bear,  
Like perfect life which sees the end not far

Yet was the hour a joy, and what would be  
Dimmed not the present nor destroyed the joy  
That filled all nature. When the high hill top  
I climbed, all fair and wide the landscape showed  
And the fresh wind chased darkness thoughts away  
Up in the sky, snow mountains of the clouds  
A mightier gale drove swiftly, while below  
Alternate fields were brightened and grew dim,  
And all the vales and gentle hills appeared  
Soft undulations of a heaving sea,  
Whereof some gay crests only caught the sun,  
The rest were swayed in shadow and green gloom

Down from the summits and the wooded slopes,  
Through the rich forest, by the misty fields,  
I took my homeward way with heart that praised  
The sweetness of the peaceful autumn time,  
Which, after labour ended, breathes of Rest

TATWEE

Printed and Published by W & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 319 High Street, EDINBURGH.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fourth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

CONDUCTED BY R. CHAMBERS (GLASCOW)

No 1026—VOL XX

SAURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1883

## FAMALI THE LION TAMER

THE subject of the great career has always been one of the ambitions of man, as the last proof of his dominion over the brute creation. Not is the modern lion tamer without a royal prototype in his perilous career, if we may trust the story that Ferdinandus on one occasion asserted his authority over the monarch of the desert as successfully as over his human subjects. The best tamers of classical antiquity were generally Africans, but the first to rise to eminence in more recent times was a Dutchman of the name of Martin, an ex-soldier, a man of small stature, but firmly knit, who made a sensation in Paris in a piece called *The Lion of Mysore*. The great interest of these dramas is the narrowness of the line dividing the factitious from the real tragedy, and the ever present possibility of a terrible *désastre*, occasionally realized. Such a catastrophe was enacted in presence of a London audience, when Van Amburg's daughter, the unfortunate Lion Queen, was torn to pieces by an animal with which she was performing at the Alhambra. The Hippodrome of Paris witnessed a similar spectacle in the death of the Spinard Lucia, who had the rashness to go into the lions' cage when excited by drink, and expired his imprudence with his life. A lad of eighteen ventured into the enclosure and brought out his mangled remains, he was decorated by the Emperor, but lost his reason from the mental strain of the moment. Charles the Lion tamer, on the other hand, commonly reported as a victim of his art, died peacefully of consumption, the disease to which, strange to say, the greater number of those who follow this profession succumb.

It is a way of life which, despite its terrors, has a strange fascination for those endowed by nature with the exceptional organisation required for it, while it seems to have a great fascination for the thousands who frequent 'wild beast shows' for the purpose of witnessing the animals 'put through their performances.' The

adventures are narrated in an amusing little volume by Signor Paolo Mantovani, who professes to have heard them from his own lips.

I am told that the young tamer of nine children, and was born at Gropello, a village in the province of Piacenza, on August 2, 1826, of honest peasant folk. At a very early age he developed a passion for travel and adventure, which made the monotony of rural life intolerable. Some sense of duty, some feeling of filial attachment, struggled for a while with the restive spirit within him, and he plodded on through the same round of daily tasks, bound by the same ties, until the attraction of the vague possibilities that lay beyond became irresistible to his childish imagination. He was but nine years old when the dream world of the strange unknown drew him out of his real life to seek it somehow, and with six francs in his pocket, he left his home, and presented himself, a small wayfarer, to the syndic of Gropello to demand a passport for France. The syndic treated the request as a joke, and playfully threatened to send the applicant to the galley, whereupon the boy replied that thieves were sent to the galley, but that he was an honest fellow, and wanted a passport. When the syndic still refused to consider the matter seriously, Famali declared that he would make a passport for himself, and with this defiance started on his travels.

He took the way of Piedmont, passing through Bobbio to Alessandria, and so, by the long defiles of the Val d'Aosta, up to the everlasting snows of the Great St Bernard, then down the Alpine steps to the valley of the Rhone, and across Switzerland to Basle. Travelling always on foot, sleeping in barns, under trees, or beside haystacks, his six francs, little by little, were spent in buying bread alone, and that out when possible by chance jobs for travellers. From Basle he followed the course of the Rhine to the French frontier, and here, for the first time, the want of a passport created a difficulty. But a pious tale of a father who had gone on with a caravan of wagons, leaving the child engaged to follow as best

he could, softened the hearts of the gendarmes, and they relaxed their official vigilance for once in favour of so small a transgressor. His goal was reached, he was in France, and Colman his first halting place in that mysterious land of promise, happened to be at the time in high carnival. The crowded market place was lined with booths and tents, outside of which, gaudy placards in many colours represented the wonders to be seen within. Wayworn, lean, and ragged, the little pilgrim hulked near the circus pavilion of the great circus, hearing from inside, sounds of music, and occasional bursts of applause from the audience.

The boy's resolution was taken, he asked to see M. Didier, the proprietor of the circus, and offered him his services as stable boy or in any other capacity. The circus master scrutinised him narrowly, saw something of promise, despite rags and starvation, in his sinewy frame and bold bright eyes, and accepted him as a member of his troupe. Faumeli's rise was rapid, for, having been promoted at the end of two months from a drudge to a performer, he distinguished himself by his agility in throwing somersaults on bare-backed horses, and during five years, in which he travelled through Austria, Poland, Germany, and France, his salary was gradually increased from zero to five hundred francs a month. He was fifteen when he surprised his employer, M. Didier, with a proposal to introduce a new artist into his company, whose unrivalled feats, he declared, would double the receipts of the establishment, but whose name and identity he refused to reveal until he appeared before the audience. The curiosity of the public was stimulated by extensive advertisements of the anonymous performer, but the mystery was cleared up when a Newfoundland dog, ridden by an ape, advanced into the arena. These animals the boy had secretly trained by night to personate a circus steed and his rider, which they did with such success as to encourage their owner to set up as a showman on his own account.

He parted from M. Didier, and received considerable salaries for the performance of his four foal riders at the principal theatres of Paris, Warsaw, and Copenhagen. But the public favour shown to the little troupe drew down on them the Nemesis of overmuch prosperity, and Faumeli's trained monkey died of poison, administered by an envious rival of his master's fame. But with the produce of his exhibitions, he was able to supply himself with a fresh stock of performers, and to purchase in Hamburg, for three thousand francs, two wolves, two hyenas, and fourteen monkeys. For this extensive collection, some mode of transport was required, so, with a pair of old wheels and a few loose planks, the indefatigable proprietor constructed a rickety van, purchasing for a small sum a broken-down ass, to draw the vehicle. The wretched animal, however, proving unequal to the task, our hero did not

dismount to go in double harness with it, and bayed and quadruped divided the labour between them. After travelling thus through some country towns and villages, earning enough to pay for the food of the troupe, they were nearing Bremen, in their usual fashion, when a gentleman passing in his carriage, pulled up at sight of this singular team, and hailed the human half of it. He cross-examined Faumeli as to his motives for leading such a life, warned him that he would kill himself if he persevered, recommended him to sell half his four-footed comrades in preference, and when the sturdy vigorous declared his determination not to part with one of them, finally wrote an order on a merchant in the town, which, on being presented, produced a strong draught horse.

Faumeli was now well started in his career, and the proceeds of his performances in Bremen enabled him to gratify a fresh ambition. For the sum of three thousand francs, he became the happy possessor of a brace of puthers, and though ignorant of the way of dealing with his new acquisitions, he boldly entered their cage, and required immediate ascendancy over them by his undaunted spirit. A lion and a horse were the next additions to his company, and proved at first equally tractable, but during a performance at Rotterdam, the horses, suddenly taking umbrage at the noise and lights of the theatre, turned upon him, and fastened on the calf of his leg. Without betraying the mischance by the movement of a muscle, he quietly retired for a few moments, to change his damaged garments, and returned to continue the performance before the audience were conscious of any unusual interruption. It was Faumeli's promise never to leave a rebellious animal finally victorious, however dearly he might have to earn his triumph over it.

In Brussels, he came into collision with a rival artist, a German of the name of Schmitt, and emulation urged each to redouble his efforts to monopolise public favour. Faumeli was determined to come off victor in the contest, and announced that he would enter the cage of an old lion which had never been tamed, and was kept in his menagerie only for the sake of its shaggy mane and lordly proportions. In presence of an overflowing audience, he climbed to the top of the feat, he presented himself in the creature's den, having taken only the precaution of having it chained up previously. No sooner, however, did the lion note the appearance of an intruder on its premises, than it snatched the chain and rushed on him in fury. Horror seized the spectators, some of whom fled terror-stricken from the sight of the impending catastrophe, while others shouted, 'Enough! enough!' thinking the showman had given sufficient proof of his daring. But it was no such easy matter for him to leave the cage, as the lion intercepted his passage to the door, and it was only by the use of the heavy whip, and the exercise of his own catlike agility of movement, that he was able to elude the clutches of the beast and retreat unharmed. Thunders of applause ensued, but he was far from satisfied with the part he had played, and was determined to conquer or die. Having had the lion secured with a fresh chain, he again entered the cage, and not only confronted it, but leaped astride

on its back, and subdued its resistance by the iron grip of his knees. The nervous strain of this contest produced, however, a curious physical effect—the loss of his hair, which had before been particularly thick and abundant. The result as regarded his rival was conclusive, he not only left Brussels immediately, but fled to Fajmal whenever he appeared on his track.

The next noteworthy adventure of our hero was a lion hunting expedition to Africa, to replace some of his animals carried off by an epidemic. He was about six or seven and twenty when he started on this enterprise, making Algeria his base of operations, and securing from the French authorities the services of a gang of thirty desperadoes and outlaws, for the moderate payment of twenty five centimes a day per head. In his wanderings in the Sahara, he was captured by a tribe of nomad Arabs and taken before their chief. In the course of Fajmal's cross examination by the latter, it transpired that he had been in Verdun, and the Arab immediately questioned him as to a certain white haired man who kept a tavern in the market place at that town. When it appeared that Fajmal was on intimate terms with this worthy, and had often lodged in his house, the verdant Arab threw himself into his arms, declaring himself the son of the Verdun victor, being, in point of fact, nothing more or less than a French deserter. He proved a valuable friend in the desert, not only giving his captive hospitable entertainment and a present of a pair of lions, but also furnishing him with a passport to secure the unity of the tribe.

Fajmal, in a seven months' campaign, captured twenty six lions, which were taken in pitfalls covered with loose boards, and baited with a live goat or gazelle. One night, in all lion was seen to fall in, but after a full hour, there succeeded a deaf silence, bewildering to the hunters, who thought their prisoner must have escaped. On reconnoitring carefully, however, he was found stone dead in the trap, having doubtless received some fatal injury in the fall, but the Arabs explained the occurrence as a voluntary suicide, declaring that in grief and shame at being captured, he had dashed his head against the walls. Two of the native hunters were killed—one by incautiously crowing the line of fire of his employer's gun, the other, by approaching and striking his foot on a lion which had apparently succumbed to its wounds, but which had vitality enough left to rise and carry him off to the thicket, where no trace of either could be discovered.

Fajmal on his return to Europe turned his desert experiences to account, by representing a piece in which, with appropriate scenery of palm trees and yellow sands, he played the part of an Arab hunter giving chase to a couple of panthers. After the mimic death of one, he finished by rolling and flinging her apparently dead carcase about the stage, but on one occasion, slightly miscalculating the distance, he threw the beast upon one of his subordinate, and had a sharp tussle before, by the expedient of enveloping the animal in a blanket, he was able to detach it from the panic-stricken assistant.

But the most terrible of all his battles was fought on the 7th April 1863, when playing with a tiger at Bethune. One of the audience had the

imprudence to fling a piece of meat into the cage, and though the performer dexterously pushed it aside with his foot, it was too late, as the brute had smelt it and became unmanageable. Flinging itself on him with a savage growl, it tore off part of his scalp in the first onset, and though he wrestled with it, and succeeded in throwing it back, it came on again more furiously than ever. A desperate alternative suggested itself to him—to present his left arm to its fangs, which with all his force he dealt it such a blow with the heavy whip in his right hand, as partially to stupefy and compel it to loose its hold. With wonderful presence of mind he escaped from the cage, and endured a thirty five days illness before the wounds healed. Yet, before he was recovered, still disabled, and with his arm in a sling, Fajmal entered the tiger's cage again, and stood gaunt, with its withered arms, as it prepared to spring on him. 'Here I am,' he said, 'devour me, if you like.' But his demeanour cowed the savage creature, and instead of attacking him, it crouched at his feet. In Amsterdam, shortly after, at the request of the king, he entered the cages of all the beasts at the Zoological Gardens, and appeared as much at home with them as with those of his own collection, receiving two thousand francs for this exhibition of his powers. A tragical circumstance occurred here, which caused him much self reproach. A young man of eighteen, the son of the Director of the Zoological Gardens, importuned him so earnestly to let him enter the tiger's cage by himself, that he consented, first taking the precaution of experimenting on his nerves by accompanying him in a preliminary visit, and feeling his pulse when he came out. But the unhappy lad paid dearly for his ambition, for on venturing alone into the tiger's lair during the evening performance, and being greeted with a sullen growl by its inmate, he dropped instantaneously, and was taken out lifeless. The sudden shock having proved too much for his nervous system.

During his travels in his native country, Fajmal was seen and admired by Victor Emmanuel, who presented him with several animals, and among others, with three lions, on condition of his promising never to enter her cage. Fajmal gave his word, but broke it immediately, unable to resist the temptation of taming by kindness a creature whose disposition he believed to have been soured by harsh treatment. Knowing the king to have left Florence, and unaware that he had only gone to San Rocco, he adverted a performance, in which he would appear with this unmanageable beast, but what was his dismay to see the royal party in plain clothes among the audience! He vainly remained in hiding behind the scenes after the exhibition was over, for the king sent him word he would not leave without seeing him, and craftless and guilty, he had to appear. Victor Emmanuel was seriously displeased, reproaching him with having broken his word, but eventually forgave him when Fajmal explained that beasts, like men, were spoiled by over severity, and the interview ended in the king's declaring him prince of lion tamers.

It would be tedious to narrate all the hairbreadth escapes and perilous encounters of this modern gladiator, who bears the scars of battle all over his body. Having married, in 1872, a

fellow countrywoman Signora Albertina Parenti, her persuasions induced him to retire into private life at the end of two years. He settled on a farm he had purchased at Pontenure, near Piacenza, when Signor Manteguzzi published his book in 1879—though not without some yearnings after the perils and vicissitudes of his former career.

Jurnal declares that there is no empirical scope for beast-taming, and that the great secret is, to fear nothing. No doubt, it is to a great extent a matter of nervous organisation, but the animals are probably also subdued by deprivation of sleep, not food, and by the administration of lowering drugs. And herein, in our opinion, constitutes the difference between the sportsman who boldly faces his carnivorous opponent in its native haunts, and him who seeks to further subjugate an already half-broken in animal. It seems that the hyena is the least intelligent and most untrustworthy of all the carnivora, the leopard, the most affectionate and tractable, while the Cape lion is in this respect superior to his congeners of the Sahara and Senegal. In individuals of the same species, however, show great differences in disposition. The lion is most easily tamed between three and four years old, while his character is, so to speak, in process of development. The young lion retains his infantine obstinateness, enjoyment, a game of raps or a roll on the floor up to six years old; but after that age becomes serious and stubborn.

Care is to ventilation and cleanliness is much required for the health of the animals, which are unable to suffer from heat than from cold. The lion refuses mutton, but its flesh, cut in small pieces, will eat beef, but will accept fish, rabbit, and horse. The black wolf, and hyena are less fastidious, and the last prefers its meat 'hot'. The black bear eats bread, meat, and fruit, and can fast for a week without its sustenance. All the great carnivora have a passion for milk.

Though the wild animals will breed pretty freely in captivity, Fernald's experience was that the young are never vigorous or healthy, and of course the lion whelps born in his menagerie, we are surprised to learn that not one survived its third or fourth year. In most of the feline tribe, the maternal instinct requires to be assisted by a cunning pretention—the total exclusion of light from the mother and her cubs during the first nine or ten days of their existence, otherwise these fierce mammals would reverse the order of nature, by devouring instead of nourishing their offspring.

According to the authority quoted, an adult tiger is the most expensive of the carnivora, costing six thousand francs, but as much, or more, may be given for a chimpanzee. The lion costs an equal sum, but the honesty may be had for from twelve hundred to fifteen hundred francs. The price of jaguars varies from one thousand to two thousand francs, that of Java panthers, from two thousand to three thousand, and of lynxes, from six hundred to eight hundred, while leopards are sold for twelve hundred francs the pair. Wolves may be had at a very much cheaper rate, and hyenas from sixty to one hundred francs, but in Africa, the latter may sometimes be purchased as low as a franc

Thus it seems that even the wild beasts of the forest are subject to the laws of regular commerce, and have their tariff—subject of course to fluctuations—with other objects of luxury, in the markets of the civilized world.

ONE FALSE, BOTH FAIR,

OR, A HARD KNOT

CHAPTER XXIV.—SILAS IS RAFFLED

AGAIN at *Judger's Hall*, in the stony retirement of steep and narrow Jane's-bowmure Street, Strand, hard by the leaden-coloured Thames. Chinese Jack, jaunty in his short, jaunty clothes, is become the thriving, merchant skipper, for a while out of employ, but with savings enough to justify a prolonged holiday, which he lavishly and wastefully spends and chumbers up, still firmly believing that his hard-earned captain to be, sits in his private parlour on the first floor, smoking the new-fangled cigarette. He is not alone. On the opposite side of the steadily burning fire, for it is a lamp and a row and a row, on that autumn day in that wide-spread neighbourhood, sits Silas Mitchell and his head of the Private Inquiry Office of which his foreign partner is the nominal chief. The American has an uneasy look, and sits restlessly in his chair, as if there were something wrong with his nervous temperament in the staid atmosphere of Chinese Jack, and in the sickly glow of his opium-flavoured cigarettes.

'And so,' said the tenant of Mrs. Budger's, 'but you wanted the oracle, Silas, and found it wouldn't work.'

The American winced as a vein shined for a moment under a sharp and unexpected cut of the whip. 'No man can command success, or insure it, he said pensively.

Why, no, answered the former associate of the man in a way with provoking calmness, as he watched the thin blue spiral of smoke that curled upward from between his lips. 'An old country poet of the last century put the same sentiment rather neatly, into verse. You forget, though, old horse, that you have, as yet, been talking riddles to me.'

'The whole affair,' returned Silas earnestly, 'has been a riddle to me. You remember, Jack, how sanguine I was, and how interested, and it is my mere question of a dollar, in the case, most unusual to me, who, naturally, get used to regard all such transactions according to the debit and credit sides of the ledger. But, out in Massachusetts, where I was raised, we have got a feeling still, that right is white, and wrong is black, we have, I kinder reckon.'

'Soon rubs off, that sort of feeling, like the thin crust of silver from a cheap spoon, don't it, comrade?' said Chinese Jack, as he lit another of his cigarettes. 'But you were always, in the Far West, of a high faluting turn, yet as sharp as any chicken killing skunk that hangs about a settlement, where there was a red cent to be earned. Put let us get at the truth of the thing. You were sure of getting good, reliable evidence, such as can be used in a court of justice, against the Bruton Street gail, and now you find that it won't wash.'

'I wish you were lynched, Jack, with your

smears" broke out the American angrily. "Here we are, in a hole. Money spent, time lost. You're not a Croesus, I guess, and time, to quote our Anglo-Saxon proverb, is cash to you, and yet that you sit and puff at your stercoraceous cigars, as if you were one of those Pawnee, Sioux, or Kiowa, whose rascally company you liked better than I did."

"More finished gentlemen than my Red Indian acquaintances I should scarcely care to be likened to," was the good-humoured answer of Chinese Jack, "and I have known those calumets of thine to be quietly smoked at the death stake. Well, well, Silas, how fared you? If you, with your sharp wit, were fouled, the puzzle must have been past solving."

"Of course," said the Private Inquirer, "my first and best reliance, the trump card in the game we were to play, was Madame de Laloue—Catherine, as she calls herself—and at the Russian, Au train, Italian Embassies, they know her by that name," added Silas, more respectfully to the absent foreign lady.

"Nothing like you republicans for valuing a title, even if continental," remarked Chinese Jack. "What did you scrow out of the Countess?"

"Nothing," was the short answer, as the New Englander's head dropped despondently upon his breast. He lifted it again, and stroked, with one lean, plant-hair, his long chin, while his quick, restless, black eyes scanned the imperceptible face of Chinese Jack. "Do you know, mate, he said, in a changed voice, "that it has often struck me that you know more of that foreign woman than you cared to tell."

"Then you were wrong," was the indignant answer of the English adventurer, "for I am as ready to tell you what I know of Louise de Laloue as of any woman I ever studied. She is as deep as a well, and as treacherous as a quick-sand. That she has a right to her title, I believe. That she knows some influential people, I am sure. Of course, she is in the thick of this plot. Of course, she wants to futher her nest pretty warmly out of the pickings of the Leominster case. So do poor outsiders like you and me. Well, you find her?"

"Yes, I did," answered Silas Melville. "But it seemed to me, Jack, as if the woman merely treated me as a cat does, that is ready to bring the dagger pointed claws out of the velvet sheath whenever caprice dictates. She heard all I had to say for myself as politely as though I had just been introduced to her at Havana, and— Well, then, there was an end of it."

"If you expected her to work for nothing"—said Chinese Jack, languidly.

"But it was nothing of the sort," interrupted the American. "I took it on myself to make offers—important in amount—on account of Lady Leominster. I knew, of course, through my scouts, that the Countess had been in communication, more or less, with Her Ladyship, though I am certain, since I have early intelligence, that she never once passed the gates of Leominster House. But, in spite of all I could urge threaten, promise, she was as impenetrable as if she had been of stone, instead of flesh and blood."

"They called her the Sphinx yonder—haven't you heard of her Egyptian nickname? You must

brave a Sphinx, or bully one," dreamily rejoined Chinese Jack.

"If you smoke that poison as you do, you'll lose the number of your mess some day, Jack," snapped out Silas Melville.—"Well, to cut a long story short, I could make nothing of that odious woman, who, I am sure, holds the threads of the conspiracy in her hands. I suppose she has gone over to the other side, and if so, be certain that perjury will be rampant when the trial takes place at Marchbury. Well, I went down to Wales, and hid snug to Castel Yawr, to the servants' hall and small room at least, for weeks, and—I must say, mate, that your British help do whip the world for solid, out-and-out agitation."

Chinese Jack tossed away his half-finished cigarette. "I should have betted on you, Silas," he said gently, "in such a trial of wits as that. Grant that minds are pert, and gigantic footmen supercilious, with a stranger who asks questions. You know the world too well not to appreciate the virtue of a good key for unlocking the tongue."

"I tried silver, and I tried lead, and the American refused, and best which my experience points out as the most magnetic of all—iron, pulled the lips among walking folks—thus effete old country. But at last it dawned upon me that the pump wouldn't work, not because the mechanism wanted oiling, but for want of water. Even among the stable servants, Welsh to a man—and I hid down a fellow of ours from London, formerly a servant, and who had fled from Lilong Hen to worm information out of them—no thing could be learned."

"Servants, as a rule, we must and hear more than masters and mistresses bargain for," was Chinese Jack's comment.

"I tell you, these did not irritate Silas vehemently, as he clenched his supple hands and scowled. "If I failed with the Frenchwoman, it was because she saw her way to a better market. But as for those luckless Italian women at Castel Yawr, the truth of the circumstance is, that they had nothing to tell. The young Marquis, after his marriage, and before the dectress sent him off to Egypt, had done there, because his girl wife to the castle for just a few days, but even then her sister was with her. The servants declared, with every appearance of sincerity, that, except when the two were dressed differently, they never could be certain, so wonderful was the likeness, not only in face and figure, but in manner and posture. Then, too, the young ladies had a pride, as twin sisters often have, in discussing alike, and the Marchioness, I was told, was aware to wear, jewels because Miss Casew had but cheap trinkets for her ornaments, so that even in that short time mistakes were often made—and laughed at, behind scenes. There was a confidential sort of maid, a steady, well-spoken young person, one Mary Ann Pinnett, who went with Lady Leominster to Egypt—"

"And what it said Miss Pinnett? Her testimony might have been better worth having than that of the rest," interrupted Chinese Jack.

"No doubt it might, but there, again, there was a vexatious disappointment awaiting me," said the Private Inquirer, with a crestfallen air. "Ah! that her former fellow-servants could tell me was

that Pinnett, who was rather a favourite with her mistress, had suddenly quitted Lady Leominster's service, in London, just before the Marchioness and Lady Barbara went down to Wales, and that nobody knew what had become of her.

'Umph!' muttered Chinese Jack. 'Rats run from a falling house, but I never heard that maid servants were gifted with so prophetic an instinct. Quere for an official in receipt of good wages and perquisites to throw down the apron of office, and scuttle from a capital place, unless, indeed, some pair of diamond earrings, some unconsidered trifle of a ruby brooch had got lost, as tirosome brooches and earrings sometimes.'—

'No, no, not a bit of it,' broke in Silas. 'The young woman bore an excellent character to the last, and My Lady was sorry to part with her—something about a father dying, in Lowestoft or Yarmouth, was, I believe, the excuse for her sudden departure, but, though I tried the Norfolk pipers and the local superintendent of police, Mary Ann Pinnett could not be traced, and did not come forward, in response to my advances. And with her, my last hope for the moment seems to be gone.'

A curious light came into Chinese Jack's glittering eyes. 'Still hold to your opinion, old hove, he asked, after a pause, 'that the true gold is at Castel View, the countess's in Bruton Street?'

'I do, most positively,' was the dogged reply of the American, as he rose from his chair. 'I cannot prove it, as I had hoped, but it is for the enemy, at any rate, to establish his claim. As for us two.'—

'Why,' said Chinese Jack, as he and his former partner shook hands, 'we had better, at all events, suspend operations for the present. Well, good bye.' And so they parted.

(To be continued)

### SOME ODD INVENTIONS

A few inventors achieve wealth for themselves, more than a few make other people's fortunes, and many die disappointed men, having wasted their time and their money upon wonderful things in which nobody else will believe or invest. They are, as a rule, a sanguine race, and rarely succumb to the heart sickness that springs from hope deferred. One of them was so sanguine as to patent a device for preventing railway accidents from proving fatal, under the delusive idea that directors would pay liberally for its use, whereas they were as deaf to his charming as one government after another were to that of an ill-used genius who advertised—'To be sold, the invention of a Machine that will divide the Sewage from the Water, without poison, the latter to run away clean.' This invention was offered to Sir George Grey, in 1865, for twelve thousand pounds. Answer: 'The government had no funds at their disposal that could be applied to the purchase of any invention for the pollution of town & water.'

Horses driven across an open country on a hot summer day suffer terribly from the heat, and if surprised by sudden rain, their tender skin is wetted through in a moment, and an instantaneous chill ensues, the occasional forerunner of fatal disease. Knowing this, Herr Buhlmann, of Frauenfeld, has invented a substi-

tute for the ordinary horsecloth, in his *Pfide-parapluie*, serving at once as a protection against sunshine or showers. The horse umbrella is provided with different sized handles, to fit different vehicles, and extends a grateful shade over the animal's head and body, opening and closing at the driver's will by means of a simple spring. All, then, that would be required to make the horse thoroughly comfortable would be a horse-refresher—that is, a hollow lat perforated with holes, and connected by a flexible tube with a reservoir in the vehicle, enabling the driver to give his horse a drink whenever he thinks one would do him good.

Consideration rather than man than beast impelled the invention of the Shade Attach ment for Ploughs, an umbrella for shading the plodding ploughman from the sun's scorching rays—it was to benefit man, too, that M. Martin, of the Jardin d'Acclimation, contrived his poultry fattening machine—a revolving cage with a number of cells, in which the unhappy birds are immured. At feeding time, the fattener sits down before the coop, seizes the bird nearest him with his left hand, and injects a certain quantity of patent food into its throat by means of an india rubber hose worked by a pump. In this way, some hundreds of ducks or fowls may be crammed in an hour, and made fit for the cook in eighteen days.

Poultry raising in the States ought to be a very easy matter, if those engaged in that interesting industry only availed themselves of the ingenious devices intended to satisfy their special requirements, beginning with a false bottomed nest, by which the credulous hen is made to believe her own senses, and, under the impression she has not had an egg, persevere in her endeavours to increase the numbers of her kind, until convinced she is the victim of a fraud, or compelled to give up from sheer exhaustion, and ending with an artificial incubator, giving forth such a natural 'Cluck, cluck,' that the chickens hatched by it never miss the presence of a living mother, and consequently thrive just as well as those favoured with proper maternal care. For the benefit of those who combine business keeping with poultry rearing, an inventive genius has contrived a patent hen-roost, so constructed that the action of the hens opens the doors of the beehives in the morning, and closes them at night, safe against the intrusion of the bee moth and other unwelcome visitors.

The *Scientific American*, a journal not given to joking, tells us that, pigs not being of an accommodating disposition, when it comes to getting a car load to move along a narrow gangway, the first to start are apt to decline moving on, and so block the way for the rest. The cattle yard men at West Albany, New York, have overcome the difficulty by inventing the Hog bouncer made by bringing one end of the gangway plank to a firm support, and placing under the other end two double car springs, connected with a powerful lever and a spring catch. Before the car door is opened, the platform is carried down so as to compress the springs by the lever, and the catch is hooked. The hogs are then allowed to pass along the platform, and as soon as a block occurs, the catch is sprung, one end of the platform flies three feet upward,

and a shower of living porkers shoots over the heads and upon the bodies of the drove. They are seldom injured, but vastly astonished, and the block-ade is at once at an end.

Among a number of patents noted in an American newspaper, we had one that would have commended itself hugely to the author of *The Cattons*, although sextons and custodians of burying-grounds would scarcely approve of its adoption. We presume, too, that it is meant for a vault rather than for a common grave. It is a simple affair enough—merely an open tube containing a rope ladder, and furnished with a bell and cord. One end of the tube is inserted in an opening in the coffin lid immediately above the face of the defunct, the other protruding above ground. Should the tenant of the coffin happen to have been buried unnecessarily, when he wakes from his trance, he can choose between rousing the neighbourhood with the clangour of the bell, and making his way back to the world by help of the ladder. If he does neither one nor the other within a reasonable time, then, by pulling up the tube, a glass plate is released and drawn over the opening in the coffin lid. For those whose only fear is that they may not be permitted to rest undisturbed, another inventor provides a 'torpedo grave,' which, if meddled with, explodes instantly, and scatters the meddlers to the winds.

Not of such a inglorious nature is the Courtship Clock, of Chicago origin, described by its inventor as a patent compensating accelerating clock, for use in families where they keep unmarried daughters in stock. If the young man is of an eligible sort, the retarding attachment is turned on, and the clock compounds with old Time at eighty minutes to the hour, so that at one A.M. it only indicates 11.5 P.M., and the young woman is justified in staying, the young man, when he reaches for his hat, with, 'Oh, don't go, it's early yet!' If the visitor should be of the undesirable order, the indicator is pushed up, and by half past nine, the clock's hands mark two in the morning, and the prudent damsel has fair excuse for giving him his dismissal. Certainly, where the American manner of courting is in vogue, such a time-keeper must be of inestimable value, and no family should be without one, unless, indeed, the head of it keeps early hours, then, doubtless, he would give the preference to the *Lovers Alarm Clock*, which, as it strikes ten, throws open two little doors, presenting to view a little man, clad in dressing gown and slippers, and holding in his hand a card inscribed 'Good night, a hint to the oblivious pair that it is time to cease billing and cooing for that occasion.

Maybe the set would better appreciate the hair cramping pin, invented by one of themselves, capable of serving also as a dress supporter, shawl fastener, bouquet holder, paper cutter, and book marker, a combination reminding us of the machine presented to Lady Luxborough, of which *Edmunds* wrote 'It goes into a coat pocket, yet inserts the end of jack for boots, a reading desk, a cribbage board, a pair of snuffers, a ruler, an eighteen inch ruler, three pair of nutcrackers, a lemon squeezer, two candlesticks, and a piquet board. Can you form an idea of it? If you can, do you not think it must give me pain to reflect, that I myself am useful for no sort of purpose,

when a paltry bit of wool can answer so many? But, indeed, whilst it pretends to those exploits, it performs nothing well, and there I agree with it.'

A caterer for those among the lords of creation who have no idea of donning the blue ribbon, has produced a combined flask and whisk—the body of the brush being hollowed out, and a short handle joining the neck of the flask so that the happy owner may take a nip while brushing his coat in the hall, and his wife be never the wiser, provided he can manage to be absent-minded enough to omit the customary kiss. Perhaps it would be as well for those who patronize 'the most innocent device yet invented by bibulous mortals for the surreptitious consumption of fluids, to don the luminous hat of another benefactor of his species, 'which will preserve the wearer from being run over at night, and to some extent enable a saving to be effected in the lighting of streets.'

Housewives plagued with black beetles that refuse to be exterminated will be glad to hear they may rid themselves of their tormentors by using the *Deadly Beetle Buster*, an instrument constructed on scientific principles, and worked by an air pump. All they have to do is to stop up every aperture in a room but one, and then fit the *Deadly Beetle Buster* upon exhausting the air in the receiver, a current of air will be produced, driving all the vermin out of their hiding places and through the air pump into the hopper, where they may be dealt with as they deserve. Something similar in construction must have been that machine for increasing the draught of a chimney, which Mr Lowell's neighbour put in operation with such signal success. He put the machine on the fire of the breakfast room, and himself outside the door, peeping through a crack in it to see the result. The first object he beheld was his revered mother-in-law, and then his beloved wife, mounting the fire like witches on a broomstick, and then he saw the family cat drawn backwards across the carpet, vainly clinging with her four paws, and disputing every inch of ground. This was enough for the wretched, he turned and fled. How he explained matters to the ladies afterwards, the American Minister did not inform his amused, and of course, believing hearers.

## A YANKEE OUTWITTED,

OR THE STRATAGEM OF THE GOODWIFE OF HERSTON

It was during the American War of Independence, when the battle of Bunker's Hill was quite an old story, and the Colonials were beginning to think themselves in a position to dictate terms of peace to the mother country, that, one fine autumn day, a group of fishermen mending their nets on the beach in the island of Burry in the Orkneys, were somewhat startled by the appearance of a suspicious looking craft bearing down upon them. She was schooner rigged, about five hundred tons burden, with a black hull and dark-coloured sails, and, considering her size, displayed a goodly number of cannonades. The fishermen were puzzled what to make of her, for she showed



no colour, and except the steersman, not a soul was to be seen on deck. Suddenly the boat swam's whistle was heard, and immediately there after the crew of the schooner swarmed on deck. They seemed an odd mixture, and the Burray men wondered more than ever what the nationality of this strange vessel might be. By this time, however, she had been brought to anchor. A boat was lowered and manned, and a personage, evidently occupying the position of commander, took his place in the stern. The sailors gave way with a will, and before the fishermen could make up their minds how to act, the boat was beached, the crew jumped ashore, and their captain approaching the islanders, asked, in an authoritative tone, who was the wealthiest man in the place, and in what direction his house lay.

The men stared curiously at their interrogator, declining, mentally that his appearance was as suspicious as that of the schooner. They might well think so, for the faint ensemble of lightning, Abe, as his men called him, was the nucleus of prepossessing. He was tall and lean, with hair of sanguine hue, and worn in a pigtail. To add to his charms, his eyes squinted both ways, nor did an enormous nose of a Bulgarian hue lessen in any respect the repulsive character of his face. His dress consisted of a battered cocked hat, dark blue swallow tailed coat, ornamented with brass buttons, dirty white satin waistcoat, leather breeches, black silk stockings and buckled shoes. He carried a sword in his hand, while a pair of huge horse pistols were stuck in a crimson sash encircling his waist. Altogether, the presence and deportment of the stranger warranted the doubts entertained by the fishermen regarding his honesty.

Receiving no answer to his query, he repeated it with an impetuous, when one of the men, plucking up spirit, said, before answering the question, his companions and he thought it necessary to ascertain the name and business of their interrogator. Hereupon the enraged captain of the schooner cut the bold fisherman over the head with his sword, and turning to his comrades, declared they should be served in the same manner if he did not instantly receive a satisfactory answer to his question. An indignant murmur burst from the men, as they glanced pityingly at their wounded friend lying groaning on the beach. The eldest of them, however, stepped forward and gave the brutal captain the information he demanded, adding, there was but little wealth in the island, and he trusted the stranger would be merciful and not deprive them of that little. This appeal was greeted by a burst of rude laughter on the part of the sailors, and their commander squinting more horribly than ever, gave his petitioner to understand that he and his friends might consider themselves lucky if they escaped with their lives. They did not seem to be aware of the man they had to deal with, but he made no doubt they had heard of the fame of Captain Abraham Wildgoose, the New Englander, who had cleared the seas of the cowardly Britishers. He was that Captain Abe, and on board his schooner were letters of marque signed by General Washington, empowering him to attack and destroy the merchant ships

of the English. Now they knew who he was, and bestowing a parting kick on the prostrate form of his victim, the captain of the privateer put himself at the head of his men, and marched off to the farmhouse indicated by the old fisherman.

In answer to the thundering knock of the Yankee captain, the door was cautiously opened by a servant girl, quite scared by the appearance of so many armed men. Pushing her aside, lightning Abe strode into the kitchen, closely followed by the sailors. The apartment was untenanted, save for an old man seated in a straw backed chair, staring into the fire with lock lustre eyes. Shaking him roughly by the shoulder, the captain of the privateer bawled in his ear 'Hallo, Methusalem! You'd better look alive, and tell me where you keep your gold.'

'Gold,' repeated the occupant of the chair gazing vacantly into the intruder's face. 'Ay, there was gold in the bright locks of bonnie Princes Chulic. It seems but yesterday since I fought for him at Prestonpans, when we made the redoubt run. But there's no gold in your hair, my man.' Uttering the last words with some degree of scorn, the old man resumed his occupation of staring into the fire.

'The old dotard!' muttered Captain Abe, and turning on his heel, passed into the next room, where he found the farmer's wife in bed, her two days old baby in her arms.

Questioned about her husband, the poor woman answered tearfully that he was from home, and not expected to return for a week. 'What did she keep her money?' In the drawer of the table beside her bed, she replied. With trembling hands, she gave the key to the intruder, who rummaged the drawer, pocketed the little store of silver coins, and calling his men from the kitchen, ordered them to pick up everything of value the apartment contained.

The farmyard was next visited, and a cart containing poultry and pigs despatched to the schooner under charge of a sailor. Another cart, loaded with furniture, &c., followed in its wake, also driven by one of the rascally crew, and Captain Abe and the rest of his following set off to the next farmhouse.

It is needless to relate particulars of the outrages committed by the captain of the privateer, suffice it to say that nearly every house in the island was visited and looted under contribution.

Towards evening, when the Americans were returning to the schooner laden with the spoils of the last house they had looted, they encountered a little girl herding a few cows by the roadside. To appropriate the fattest of the heifer was but the work of a few minutes, after which Captain Abe proceeded to question the little lass about her parents, sowing at the same time that he would roast her father and mother alive if she did not instantly tell him of a house worth robbing. He required money and plate, and money and plate he meant to have.

It was some moments before the girl could speak, then she told her tormentor that her Aunt Nancy—commonly called the Goodwife of Herston—who lived in the neighbouring island of South Ronaldshay, had great store of silver plate and trinkets, besides a stocking full

of gold and silver coins. Captain Abe smiled grimly, remarking sternly, she had saved her parents this time; but the chances were, he might return some day to put his threat into execution. Leaving the poor little girl half fainting with renewed terror, he took himself off with his men.

When the child reached home and related her story, the indignation of her father and mother knew no bounds. This American must indeed be a ruffian to take pleasure in frightening a little child. But something ought to be done to put Aunt Nancy on her guard. It was improbable that the privateer would weigh anchor before the morning, and much might be effected ere then. They talked the matter over; and that very night the father of the little girl crossed the ferry to South Ronaldshay, charged with a warning to the people to prepare for the coming of the privateer. Among those specially warned was the Laird of Hoxa, whose well-furnished house and herds of cattle might prove a tempting bait for Captain Abe. The Laird, a stalwart and courageous man, thanked his informer, remarking, that if the Yankee set foot on his property, he should rue the day he did so. The messenger then crossed over to Herston, which is an arm of the sea named the Bay of Widewall.

When Aunt Nancy understood the danger she ran of losing her goods and chattels, she wrung her hands and bemoaned herself. But she was a stout-hearted woman, and soon laid aside her sorrow in order to devise a plan for bilking the American captain of his expected plunder.

We must now return to Fighting Abe. Darkness fell before the stolen goods were shipped and stowed away on board the privateer, which first determined her captain to defer his visit to the Goodwife of Herston till the morrow. Next morning, the schooner left her moorings, and set sail for South Ronaldshay. Having learnt from a passing boat the exact locality of Herston, Captain Abraham Wildgoose steered his vessel round Hoxa Head, taking care to give that bold headland a wide berth, and presently cast anchor in Widewall Bay.

When the commander of the privateer landed at Herston with a score of his crew, he found all the cottages of the fishermen deserted—not a soul was to be seen. Pushing inland, he very soon reached the most pretentious-looking house in the place, which he rightly concluded was the residence of Aunt Nancy. The door stood open; and without the ceremony of knocking, the Yankee captain walked into the kitchen, where a singular spectacle presented itself.

The apartment was completely dismantled, there being nothing in it except an enormous heap of feathers, and beside the heap, what appeared to be a very old woman, rocking herself to and fro, and crooning a weird song, which made the intruder feel anything but comfortable. The plate and money, however, occurred to his memory, and he spoke sharply to the old crone, asking where her mistress the Goodwife of Herston was.

'I'm all that's for her,' answered the dame; adding, 'What's your will, sir?'

'My will is, that you look spy, good mother, and hand over your well-lined stocking, likewise

the silver platters and trenchers. I'm in a hurry, and I tell you plainly it's dangerous to keep Captain Abraham Wildgoose waiting.'

'Waiting!' repeated the woman. 'If you value your life, Captain Wildgander, you had better spread your wings and flee awa'. I tell you, man, there's plague and pestilence in these feathers. And she stirred the feathers up till the room was thick with them, which mightily troubled the Yankee captain; for the idea of plague and pestilence was wholly repugnant to his sense of the fitness of things. Determined to bring matters to a speedy crisis, he commanded her to stop fooling and hand over her treasures, or he would put a bullet through her head.

'Fooling, foivool!' retorted the dame scornfully. 'Had you seen what I've seen, you wad hold your whist about fooling. Seven as fine lads as ever you saw on a long summer's day, lay on these feathers, and died one after the other o' the black plague. And yet ye talk o' fooling, when the sickness hasn't left a living soul in Herston except Old Nancy! As for the killer, I sent it across the bay to my friend the Laird o' Hoxa. It's little o' this world's gear I need now, Captain Wildgander, for the plague is on me, as it will be on you ere the sun sets! And again she applied herself to stirring up the feathers, causing Fighting Abe to retreat to the yard, where he found his men looking scared and crestfallen.

There was a ban on the house, they declared, and rather than enter it again, they would blow their brains out. Even now, the dreadful plague might be upon them, and each man eyed his neighbour apprehensively, as though fearful of beholding plague spots appearing on his face.

Their captain was as apprehensive as they, but strove to hide his alarm by anathematizing the old woman, and declaring she ought to be burnt with her feather. He did not, however, offer to perform this humane action, and after consultation with his followers, it was agreed that the residence of the Laird of Hoxa should be visited and sacked. After this, the Americans made haste to return to and embark in their boat. Could they but have seen buxom Dame Nancy, now completely divested of her disguise, regarding them frowningly from her window as they rowed hastily away, and heard her valedictory address ('Gang your ways, Captain Wildgander, ye ruffie it bravely w' your sword and cocked hat, but the Laird o' Hoxa and the Herston lads will clip your wings for you!')

Had the Americans, we say, seen and heard Dame Nancy, she might have run the risk of being burnt with her feathers, as their commander had threatened, but all unconscious of the trick which had been played them, they pulled across the bay, hauling their comrades as they passed the schooner, and in answer to inquiries concerning the plunder, said they were going to fetch it.

A quarter of an hour's hard pulling brought the boat to the landing-place. Leaving it in charge of a couple of men, Captain Abe and the others started off to the residence of the Laird of Hoxa. A few yards from the house, they met that gentleman, who asked what they wanted. They wanted everything, replied Captain Abe—money, plate, and provisions, including the treasure of

the Goodwife of Herston. At this the Laird called out 'Thieves' robbers!' and from behind the barn, rushed sixty or seventy stout fellows, armed with flails, spades, and swords. 'Down with the Yankees!' shouted the Laird, and drawing his sword, led the attack against the enemy. Nor was his men slow to follow. Hopalong 'Down with the Yankees!' they threw themselves on the intruders with hearty good will, cutting and slashing right and left. In less than five minutes the privy-tyrants were in full flight. Then captain was the first to fly, closely pursued by the Laird. But terror lent wings to the fugitive, for he used the boat with eight of his followers, as swift of foot as himself, and pushed off before his pursuer reached the beach.

The boat hung about till she had picked up the stragglers, most of whom had thrown themselves into the sea, in order to escape the vengeance of the Ronaldshay men. But many of the fugitives had received ugly wounds, and it is handed down that more than one was mortally wounded.

Fighting Abe was completely cowed. As soon as he had collected his followers and boarded the schooner, he weighed anchor, and without even firing a gun, the discomfited Americans sailed away, with shouts of 'Hurrah for King George!' and 'Down with the Yankees!' ringing in their ears. Captain Abraham Wildgoose was seen no more in the north, and Dame Nancy's stratagem proved a complete success. Forewarned of the impending danger, she had resorted to the artifice of emptying the beds of their feathers, and under them she had secreted her valuables, and as Nancy used to say when telling the story, 'What could you expect from a Wildgander and his flock but that they should fly away directly they heard mention of plumes and peckiness.'

#### THE STORY OF A WEST INDIAN DOVE

THE story of the Aberdeenshire wood pigeon, which was published in this *Journal* on the 28th of April, has evoked much interest. Many inquiries have been made concerning the little creature, which our correspondent in Old Meldrum regretfully informs us has betaken itself to the woods, doubtless 'on amorous thoughts intent, and has not yet returned to the keeper's cottage. The following story comes to us from Montserrat, in the West Indies, and shows that the almost human instincts of the dove tribe are widely distributed. Our correspondent says:

The Story of a Remarkable Wood pigeon, which recently appeared in your *Journal*, has been so fully corroborated by my experience of a little West Indian dove, that I am constrained to send you some notes regarding it, in the hope that you will give them a place, as confirming and supplementing that very interesting story.

We live in the island of Montserrat, and our house is situated in the midst of a lime tree plantation, where, at certain seasons of the year, we are delighted with the sweet cooings of flocks of little brownish red doves, which come down from the higher lands to build their nests. At such seasons, young pigeons are easily obtained. It was in this

way that our pet came to us, about this time last year, and for the next eight months it amused and interested us with its wonderfully quaint and curious ways. At first it was very shy and timid, but a few days' careful handling set it quite at its ease amongst us, and its delight at our approach would be manifested by the flapping wings and winning cry, so familiar to all keepers of pigeons. There was nothing about it, however, at this time to mark it out from the many tame doves of this neighbourhood, and it was not until it had assumed its full plumage, that it began to manifest those peculiarities which afterwards so strongly marked its character, and made it the especial favourite of all who knew it.

From the beginning, we accustomed it to its freedom, and as soon as it could fly, we used to take it out with us and leave it among the branches of some neighbouring tree, to test its attachment to us, and although it was surrounded by scores of its tribe, and could not fully avoid seeing and hearing them on every hand, yet day after day it returned to our house, to be petted, fed, and cooed.

Once or twice it brought home a wild pigeon with it, and our hopes of a family of doves in our orange tree ran high, but either its refined tastes, or its companion's disapproval of civilised surroundings, quashed our hopes in this direction. Like the Aberdeenshire wood pigeon, it would follow us into the garden, and whilst we were busied with our plants, it would amuse itself in pecking and grubbing at our feet, and would seem so earnestly engaged in its work as not to miss us when we moved off to another bed. In a minute or two, however, it would discover our absence, and quickly follow, either on foot or wing—according to the distance—and having found us again, would give a delighted and triumphant coo of recognition.

Regularly fed at our meal times, it came to look for its food as anxiously as any growing boy, and if by accident shut out from the dining room, it would make its way round to the glass windows, and there coo and flutter until one of us rose to let it in, when it would at once fly upon the table, and having made a selection of its food, would coolly settle down to its repast, and resolutely beat off with wings and beak all who dared to interfere with its dish. But the thing that puzzled us most at such times was, how it managed to know the time we were about to sit down to meals, for in numerous instances the table would be set, the family seated, and the meal commenced, without any sign of the bird, when all at once, a flutter in the balcony, a coo at the dining room door—which opens upon the balcony—and in walks Mr. Dove, as sedate and collected as though he had not been a minute before engaged in a wild flirtation with some country cousin in the adjacent trees!

Two or three times whilst it was with us, different members of our family were confined to their rooms by sickness for two or three days at a stretch, and in each case, the first visitor to the sick room was the pigeon. On such occasions it would fly on to the bed and settle as close to its sick friend as possible. Nor was this a passing impulse with it, for in every case of sickness, it did precisely the same thing, and no matter how long the invalid remained in bed, the dove

resolutely abandoned its open air life for the same time, and lovingly shared the quiet and solitude of the sick chamber, thus giving us a wonderful proof of its attachment to at least three members of our family.

Strong, however, as its attachments were, its antipathies equalled them. A well polished boot on the foot of any of us would drive it frantic with rage. No matter where it was, the sight of a 'shiny boot would bring it down upon the offender in a towering passion and nothing but the removal of the boot or the banishment of the bird could restore harmony. It positively would not stay in the room with a well polished boot! A strange voice or step, too would drive it into a state of terror, and if the way were clear, it would fly away into the plantation until the stranger had left. But if its egress were barred, it would dash about the room in the most reckless manner, until one of us took it up and put it in our pocket or bosom until the danger had passed, when it would come out and perk our eyelashes or hair as bravely as though it had never shown the tip of its tail to anybody.

It was this antipathy to strangers which was the cause of its leaving us at last, for when, at Christmas tide, we went away to another part of the island for a change, and left our house in charge of a stranger, terror of the person overcame its attachment to the place, and after hanging about for two or three days, in the hope of our return, it at last flew away altogether, and is now doubtless the happy parent of some of those young pigeons which are trying their wings yonder, whilst we are consoling ourselves with a pair of young sparrow hawks, which bid fair to excel our pet in daring, if not in loving.

The story of this West Indian dove and that of the Scotch wood pigeon form a very interesting chapter in bird life, and prove very conclusively the power of kindness to overcome the natural timidity and develop the sweet and gentle dispositions of these very beautiful and affectionate birds, and I cannot but hope that many of your readers will be induced to make pets of some members of the pigeon tribe, and thus enjoy for themselves the many little peculiarities which these birds are capable of exhibiting, under favourable circumstances.

#### THE MONTH SCIENCE AND ARTS

THE intrepid band of astronomers who, starting from different countries, undertook the journey to a remote island in the Pacific to study the late eclipse of the sun, were rewarded for their pains by experiencing conditions favourable to observation. Telescope, spectroscope, and photographic camera were all at work for the few precious minutes during which the impressive phenomenon lasted. Much valuable knowledge is reported to have been gleaned, and there seems to be some probability of previous theories as to the nature of the coronal light suffering some modification. The search for the hypothetical planet which was supposed to have its orbit near to the sun than that of Mercury, was carefully conducted, and now we learn from New York that M. Tisserand, the French observer of the eclipse, has consulted with Professor Swirt of the Warner

Observatory regarding the identity of the strange red star which the former of these two astronomers and his assistant saw three degrees to the north-west of the sun. The result is the establishment with approximate certainty of the position of the hitherto supposed planet, whose existence has been suggested to account for certain movements of Mercury.

An interesting meeting took place at the Royal Institution, London, to hear from M. Naville an account of his recent explorations and discoveries in Egypt. It was stated that the Society formed to establish a fund for these explorations, under whose auspices M. Naville has been acting, has succeeded, at a trifling outlay, in discovering the remains of the historic city of Pathos, the true route of the exodus, and had placed beyond doubt that the Pharaoh of that time was Rameses II. Two of the monuments dismantled by M. Naville have been presented to the Society by the Egyptian government. These interesting relics will eventually find a home in the British Museum.

According to recent intelligence from South Africa, the gold fields now being opened up in the Transvaal will rival those of California in importance. In the neighbourhood of Lydenburg, it is said there are quantities of gold lying ready to be worked. There is no hard quartz to break, for, by the action of the weather, the 'reef' has become rotten, or disintegrated. Nuggets weigh in, from twenty to thirty ounces each have been picked up in the 'rubbish,' and the precious metal is so plentiful, that diggers will throw away any quartz in which it is seen sparkling, if it gives them extra trouble to get at it. When proper machinery is erected, of course the output will be far greater than can be possible without it, and no doubt we shall soon see advertised innumerable schemes for growing quickly rich through the medium of Transvaal gold. We are led to this conclusion from the circumstance that the facts stated, savour very strongly of the inevitable prospectus.

The dangerous uncertainty attending balloons and their voyages has just received fresh corroboration from the adventure of two aeronauts who have, without intending to do so, accomplished that which so many have tried to do, and failed. These two gentlemen ascended from Courtrais in Belgium, with the intention of travelling perhaps as far as Lige. But they reckoned without their host the wind, which carried them over the Channel, and eventually landed them at Bromley, within a few miles of London. Their journey was by no means without risks, for at one time their position was extremely perilous.

In a sketch, lately published, giving some account of the strange work done by the French Post office during the siege of Paris—from the pen of M. Steenackers—we learn a great deal about balloons and the useful work done by them at that period. In a space of four months there left the city sixty five balloons, carrying one hundred and sixty four passengers, three hundred and eighty one pigeons, five dogs and ten tons of letters and newspapers. Seven of these balloons fell into the hands of the Germans, two were utterly lost, and never heard of again, the rest escaped with their cargoes. Both the pigeons

and the dogs were taken up for the purpose of finding their way back again burdened with letters for the besieged city. The pigeons proved better postmen than the dogs, for while three hundred and twenty of the former found their way home, not one of the latter returned to the city. These animals were well trained sheep dogs, with hollow collars constructed to carry a number of despatches. The author of these interesting mementoes of the Paris siege incidentally mentions the many unsuccessful attempts made to steer the balloons on their course.

A voyage involving even greater risks than those faced by balloonists, has just been brought to a successful termination by William Johnson, a native of Christiansund, who succeeded in making an ocean voyage of a thousand miles in an open boat only twenty four feet in length. This little cockle shell of a vessel, of the whale boat type, is named the *Neptune*. It started from Drontheim, in Norway, on the first of June, and after coasting along the land for a little over a fortnight, set sail for the English coast. Eventually, Captain Johnson arrived on the third of July at London Bridge, much to the astonishment of all beholders. For two days he experienced a heavy gale in the North Sea, and on very few occasions was he able to sleep. However, he is now the wiser for his trip, and his little boat, which seems far more seaworthy than her owner, is shown at the Fisheries Exhibition in company with Grace Darling's boat, the *Esra*, and other small craft of great renown.

Another boat of a different kind has also recently made some sensation on the Thames. This is the new electric launch, the second of its kind, which owes its propelling power to a Siemens dynamo machine, driven by storage batteries. The boat is built by Messrs. Yarrow & Co of Poplar, is forty feet in length, and is made of galvanised steel. There is room in it for forty persons, for the whole of the machinery is under the flooring, and does not, as in an ordinary steamboat, occupy the best place in the centre of the vessel. The absence of smoke, dirt, and noise seemed remarkable to those used to ordinary boats, and there were many inquiries from onlookers as to where the funnel was kept! Such a boat seems to be perfection itself, until we remember the necessity for recharging the batteries from a stationary dynamo machine, at intervals of six hours or thereabouts. Some maintain that the system would be invaluable in warfare, where a noiseless boat is often of such importance. Such boats carried by men of war could receive their periodical battery charge from the dynamo which are now almost invariably carried by such vessels to feed search lights.

At Portsmouth, there have lately been carried out a most interesting series of torpedo experiments, having for their object the settlement of debatable points relative to the resistance of various breadths of water, the lateral effect caused by the explosion of submarine mines, &c. To one of these experiments we will call attention, for it shows how the effects of torpedo explosion are extremely local, and resemble in this respect the behaviour of dynamite in air. A mine consisting of two hundred and fifty pounds of gun-cotton was submerged at a depth of thirty feet

moored at a distance of fifty feet horizontally from it was a steam launch, in complete trim and with steam up. The mine was fired in the usual way by electricity, and a huge dome of water rising over the spot where it was placed, signalled the fact. But the whole energy of the explosion seems to have been expended in this upward direction, for the steam launch close by was uninjured, and indeed hardly shaken. The experiments will be continued, and the distance between launch and torpedo will be gradually lessened, until the former is disabled. In another experiment, twelve pounds of gun-cotton were exploded two feet below the surface, and under a whale boat with a dummy crew. The boat rose piecemeal in the air, and fell to the water in a rain of fragments.

The Naval Exhibition which was so successful last year at the Agricultural Hall, London, was organised by Mr. Simonson Barnett, a well known engineer. In the same huge building there has just been held an Engineering and Metal Trades Exhibition, which owed its being to the same promoter. Previous to the opening of this Exhibition, Mr. Barnett, in a paper read before the Society of Engineers, gave some figures which quite justified this undertaking, for he showed what immense strides have been made in the various industries covered by the word engineering, since the inauguration of the pioneer Exhibition of 1851. The patents taken out since that year have increased fivefold, and taken last year as exemplifying the enormous amount of work done in this country, we have the following figures. The coal raised amounted to more than one hundred and fifty million tons, representing a value of sixty five and a half millions sterling. The amount of iron produced nearly equalled the output of all the other iron producing countries put together. The iron and steel exports amounted in value to forty three million pounds. The author of the paper further pointed out that a sum of eight hundred million pounds was invested in railways in the United Kingdom. With these figures before him, Mr. Barnett considered that an Engineering Exhibition was a scheme which was justified by the large interests involved, and we trust that it has been as financially successful as it certainly was in every other respect.

The power of coolly collecting one's thoughts in the moment of danger, so as to be able quickly to decide what is the best thing to be done, is a very rare faculty, but it was exercised in a most remarkable manner the other day by the railway signalman at Llandudno Junction. He received a message from the signalman at Conway to the effect that an engine was travelling along the line. As the Irish mail was nearly due, he determined to shunt this engine, and with that view put his signals against it. To his surprise, the engine came thundering on, and utterly disregarded his signals. The truth suddenly flashed upon him—the man on that engine must have fallen asleep. In a moment he wired to the next station 'Engine coming, driver asleep, put fog signals on line.' The disastors were laid on the rails just in time, the sleepers were awakened, their engine quickly stopped, and the terrible risk to the Irish mail obviated. How many terrible mistakes in the world's history might have been

avoided, it those in responsible positions had possessed the forethought and decision owned by this humble agriculturist.

During a hurricane in the neighbourhood of Lougha the other day, a black cloud was seen apparently settling upon the wooded sides of the adjacent hills. Bursting not long afterwards, it shed a countless number of leaves and tiny twigs, which the fury of the wind had torn off the trees. In addition to this strange burden, the wind had also carried up a quantity of small toads, which fell a living run, from the sky.

It is difficult to estimate the good work done by Lord Powerscourt in Ireland, who has for some years been doing his best to re-forest that county. The system followed has been much the same as that by which, on a far larger scale, unproductive land in Scotland has been utilized. A certain portion of the hillside is first of all inclosed by a rough wall, and in the district covered by the operations in Ireland, granite for the purpose happens to be plentiful. When this has been done, the natural streams are widened and deepened so as to secure good drainage, and where their course is obstructed by the wall, openings are provided, furnished with herring-bone bridges, through which pieces of rock washed down from above can pass without hindrance. The little plants which are sown in rows in the light when put into the soil, but which, as they are not fully rooted in a nursery, where they are exposed to much the same vicissitudes which they afterwards experience on the hillside. They are planted in a very simple method by the netting spade, and consist chiefly of Scotch fir, larch, spruce, &c.

The total cost per acre of inclosing and planting is between four and five pounds, and the plantations, owing to it is thought, to the vigour of soil, grow at the most rapid rate. Unless any unforeseen difficulty occurs, they will in about forty years' time require a value of fifty pounds per acre, but long before this, they will begin to make a return for the capital employed. Lord Powerscourt, who has published in account of his progress in this great and useful work, surpasses everything himself, and evidently makes it the study of his life.

A wonderful pedestrian achievement has been accomplished by Mr Ernest Moffat, who, alone and unarmed, has walked across the continent of Austria from north to south. His starting place was the Gulf of Carpentaria, and Melbourne, two thousand miles away, was his goal. Caught by heavy rains, he had for many miles to wade and swim almost as much as he walked. Moreover, the heavy floods to which the interior of the country is subject leave behind them a vast black mud, which, however fastidious the pedestrian had for the pedestrian. The journey was concluded in one hundred and twenty days, and it is to be hoped that the fatigues and privations undergone by the plucky traveller will not have any untoward effect upon his constitution.

A perfect substitute for gutta serena, which claims to be far cheaper than this useful material, has been patented by a German chemist. The process of manufacture may be briefly described as follows. Powdered gun-copel and sulphur are mixed with about double their bulk of oil of turpentine, or petroleum, and are well heated

and thoroughly stirred. After being allowed to cool to a certain temperature, the mixture has added to it casesin in weak ammonia. Once more it is heated to its former temperature and is then boiled with a solution of nut-gall or casein. After some hours' boiling, the product is cooled, washed in cold water, kneaded in hot water, rolled out, and finally dried. If, as stated, the manufactured article cannot be detected from real gutta serena, and will answer the same purposes, it will have wide application, not only for the insulation of electric wires and cables, and for the making of golf balls.

It seems rather hard that we should sometimes have to pay such an exorbitant price for water, which is so abundantly provided for us by nature. The dispensers of this first-necessary of life have had paltrifarious views concerning it upon them which enable them to charge, not according to the amount actually consumed in any particular building, but upon the value of the building itself. In some metropolitan districts, the value of property has increased so enormously, that the companies supplying water to them have grown very rich in the land, each share in one particular Company actually representing a considerable fortune to its possessor. How long this state of things is to last, it is impossible to say, for the public is long-suffering, and contents itself with many a grumble as to the way in which it is fleeced.

In the meantime, such an invention as the improved water meter patented by Mr McCusker, is interesting in showing, that it is quite as easy to automatically measure several gallons of water, as it is to weigh a pound of butter. The merits of this particular meter are many. It is cheaper than other water meters, and will do what several of them will not, that is to say, it will measure the liquid when the supply is a mere dribble, quite as effectually as when a large head of water flows through the apparatus.

We have also an improvement to record in gas-making. Our readers are aware that when gas first issues from the retorts it is loaded with impurities, in fact, it is much in the same condition as those little whistling streams of smoke that issue from the coals in our grates, and which fitfully break into flame. By passing this raw gas through lime, in so-called purifiers, the bulk of the foreign matters is intercepted, while, of course, in the form of tar, other matters are deposited. Mr Walker of Leeds, who is a practical gas engineer, has patented a gas purifying material, which consists merely of lime mixed with an equal quantity of breeze, or fire-brick ash. It would seem that the action of the breeze is purely mechanical, separating the particles of lime from one another, so that each does a greater amount of work than it clogged together. The system has already been tried at more than one gas-works with good results. The lime is consumed, and the almost useless breeze is undisturbed serviceable.

Colonel Fosberry, in a lecture lately delivered at the Royal United Service Institution, described and exhibited a rifle which had been constructed at Lidge on a new principle. It is fired by an electric current from a small accumulator or secondary battery, which can either be contained in the stock of the gun, or can be carried inde-

pendently in the pocket of the rifleman. The battery is said to last for two thousand rounds. We fail, however, to see the advantage of an accumulator for such a purpose, as many of the older forms of battery cell could easily be adapted to the work.

A steam launch made of paper three eighths of an inch thick, which is said to be proof against a revolver bullet even if fired close to it, is perhaps the last novelty in ship building. However, the material must be very different from what is commonly understood by 'paper,' for although it was exposed to the action of water for a space of eight months, and was quite unprotected by paint or any other shield, it remained without the slightest sign of disintegration. The boat is twenty-four feet long by five feet broad, and is to be fitted with a Westinghouse engine of six horse power.

### BOOK GOSSIP

THE sonnet has long been regarded, for various reasons, as one of the forms of English verse in which it is most difficult to excel. It is so far an artificial product. It is under limitations as to space and rhythm and rhyme, which may almost be regarded as purely mechanical. It must contain fourteen lines, neither more nor less; it must be in the heroic measure—that is, ten syllables, or five iambic feet, to each line, and its rhymes generally follow, with more or less variation in the last six lines, a certain recognised order of sequence. The sonnets of Spenser and Shakespeare are, in form, an exception to the general rule. The highest expression of English verse in this form has been attained by Milton and Wordsworth, while Coleridge, Keats, and almost all succeeding English poets, have attempted the measure, and not a few of them with remarkable success. Whether Mr Swinburne's recent book of *Rondels* will render this latter form of elegant trifling fashionable, remains to be seen, but it is not at all probable that the rondel will ever take the place of the sonnet in the estimation of writers of verse.

These remarks serve to introduce to our readers a little collection of *sonnets*, by the Earl of Roslyn (Blackwood & Sons), the production of which would seem, from the dates attached to them, to have been a labour of love with his lordship for the last thirty years. 'There is a pleasure in poetic puns, which poets only know,' and the appearance of these sonnets, or of any verse in print, must not be regarded as the culminating pleasure of the writer. The delight of the true artist is in his work, rather than in his reward. These sonnets bear throughout the marks of spontaneous thought, called forth by the particular subject of each, and thus carry in them traces of the original fire and feeling which animated the author's mind in their conception. If they do not rise to the highest standard of sonnet-writing, they never fall to the region of commonplace. They bear the impress of the writer's individuality, and are not mere rearrangements of conventional forms of verse. We shall quote one of the sonnets, not as a specimen of the best in the volume, but as one which strikes us as embodying a beautiful picture of family life, set in words graceful in

their simplicity, and having a certain roundness and completeness of thought which specially becomes this form of verse. It is entitled

#### SONNET

'Tis bedtime say your hymn and bed ' Good night,  
God bless Mamma, Papa, and dear ones all '  
' Our half shut eyes beneath your eyelids fall,  
Another minute you will shut them quite  
Yes I will carry you put out the light  
And tuck you up although you are so tall '  
What will you give me honey one and call  
My wages, if I settle you all right '  
I laid the golden curls upon my arm,  
I drew her little feet within my hand,  
Her rosy palms were joined in trustful clasp  
Her heart next mine beat gently soft and warm  
She smiled to me, and by Love's command  
Paid me my precious wages— Baby's kiss

Those readers who take up *Alderside, A Border Story of Seventy Years Ago*, by Miss Annie S. Swan (Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson, and Lutterer), may be inclined to lay it down any time during the first third of the story, but if they do, and fail to resume the narrative, they will do an injustice to the book, and an injustice to themselves. The opening is doubtless somewhat bald and juvenile, but the story gathers strength as it proceeds, and before long the reader becomes quite interested in the fortunes of the two Miss Nisbets, their friends, and their neighbours. Perilous the one great drawback to the story is the kind of diction which Miss Swan has unfortunately chosen to put into the mouths of her interlocutors. The Misses Nisbet talk broader Scotch than any modern milkmaid, and a laconic Sir Walter Riddell, in a form of expression which few Border shepherds could parallel in rusticity. Compared with these speakers, Dandie Dinmont was a thorough aristocrat in the matter of speech. Besides, while the scene is laid in the Scottish Borders, and the characters are pure Border nuns, they none of them speak the Scotch of the Borders, but the Scotch of Linc and the Lothians. Those who are familiar with the peculiar locutions and grammatical inflections of Border speech, will fail to find any of them here. This blemish, in so far as it destroys the verisimilitude of the story, will be fatal to its permanency, though it otherwise possesses merit of a high kind. The descriptions of natural scenery are finely phrased, and while there is no humour in the book, there are here and there pathetic passages in which readers may find their eyesight becomes suddenly obscured with a tender suffusion. The chief character in the story is Miss Nisbet, who represents a power of self denial and self sacrifice not so common in life as is sometimes supposed. She is not on this account the most skilfully drawn character, the David of Ravilaw is, in our opinion, the most successful portraiture in the book. His native selfishness and disregard of others is by natural processes rendered repugnant even to himself, and his later repentance, his appreciation of the character of the woman whom he had once made love to and slighted, his self imposed journey to Paris and return with the orphan baby, and his vindication of Miss Nisbet's character as against the detractions uttered by his own unlovable wife, all render him an object of our sympathy and interest, and better

than anything else in the book demonstrate Miss Swan's power of artistic analysis and depiction of character. The story has many of the faults peculiar to young writers, but few young writers are able to lay claim to so many beauties both of thought and expression.

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The very successful Fisheries Exhibitions which have of late been held in Norwich, Edinburgh, London, and

with the other children of the place, their fathers having gone down in the winter on the occasion of a storm overtaking the fishing fleet and wrecking some of the boats. There is much that is heroic in these communities, and deeds of charity have many a time been done, which had they been blazoned by the press, would have excited the unbounded admiration of the people.

This testimony to the virtues of our humble fisher folks is intensely gratifying, and to those who wish to know more of their habits and customs, their methods of working and ways of doing business, their contracts and bargainings, with the advantages and drawbacks of their lives and pursuits, we can heartily recommend Mr Bertram's little work as full of valuable and well digested information.

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, & ARTS

FOURTH

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM  
CONDUCTED BY RICHARD



No 1027—Vol. XX. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1887

OCCASIONAL NOTES

CROWN WINDFALLS

DEFERRED PAY

The principle of deferred payment is one which in many forms is familiar to us all. With the military command, the soldier receives a certain sum deducted from the daily pay of men in the rank, to be repaid at the end of a term of service. In another sense, an annuity, or other periodical payment, is said to be 'deferred' when it falls due only after the expiry of a certain number of years—the former perhaps a prudent provision for old age—or it may be only receivable after the decease of a relative, or conditional on the occurrence of some future event. These are instances, upon which we need not here enlarge, of some of the ordinary uses of deferred payments, and, generally speaking, the phrase has meant the same signification when otherwise employed usually denoting a postponement to some future period, often at present sacrifice, of some existing resource, in order to secure a corresponding benefit afterwards. It is, in fact, the abstract principle of self-denial and self-restraint reduced to a concrete form, and applied to the conduct of individuals in their communities, and so preserve these traditions of labour and the observance of those social customs which have become stereotyped among this order of people.

This intermingling among themselves is a marked feature of their customs, and 'no fisherman would think of bringing home a "stranger woman" to be jeered at by his friends and companions.' 'The fisher folk,' Mr Bertram says—and we have no doubt that he speaks from full knowledge—'taking them all over, will compare most favourably with other classes in regards the labours of the men and the virtue of the women, their humble homes, as a rule, are clean and tidily arranged, and in some villages a profane word is scarcely ever heard. The hospitality of the fisher folk is proverbial, and their charity at times when a boat is wrecked, and the luckless winner of a family is drowned, is active and unbounded. In not a few of our fishing villages there may be seen in the houses of different families little boarders who have found a home

A PARLIAMENTARY Return just issued shows that during the year 1882 no less than one hundred and forty one thousand and seventy seven pounds ten shillings and eightpence was received by the Crown's nominees in respect of the estates of persons dying intestate, or in other words, those who have died and left no Will, and without known next of kin. At the beginning of the year, the balance in hand was one hundred and seventy seven thousand three hundred and eighty four pounds five shillings and tenpence. After divers payments for debts, costs, grants to persons having claims on the bounty of the Crown, &c., there remained in hand two hundred and sixty six thousand seven hundred and thirty nine pounds twelve shillings and tenpence. The printed Return costs one halfpenny, and in its present form is of little value to the public. It might, however, be made to subserve a useful purpose by giving in an appendix (1) The names, addresses, and descriptions of the intestates, (2) the amount of such estates, (3) particulars of estates finally disposed of, and (4) a list of estates awaiting distribution. Information of the kind indicated is already accessible to the public with regard to Indian intestates, so it would be difficult to assign a valid reason for withholding like information as to the estates administered by the British Treasury.

Since the passing of the Treasury Solicitor Act (1876), the receipts have been as follows:

	L.	s.	d.
1877	127,876	19	11
1878	139,769	9	3
1879	140,874	3	6
1880	80,448	13	11
1881	64,827	5	10
1882	141,077	10	8

Many persons would doubtless be personally interested in these funds, hence the necessity for the proposed Appendix to the Parliamentary Return. The Appendix should also be published annually in the leading newspaper.

Further reference to this subject will be found in an article on 'Unclaimed Money' (p 513); but it cannot be too widely known that these estates are held by the Crown only till legitimate claimants appear. In 'Miss Maugham Brown's Case'—finally adjudicated on by the House of



the death of the intestate in 1871—succeeded in establishing their claim to two hundred thousand pounds.

The evidence of the late Queen's Proctor as to how these estates are ordinarily dealt with, is very interesting, and instructive. The following is the essence of it: 'I take out letters of administration, and get in all the money for the government in connection with the estates of intestate bastards and *bona vacantis*. I recommend the Lords of the Treasury as to the disposition of the balance of the effects. The Solicitor of the Treasury is appointed administrator. I am known all over the world, and I correspond with solicitors and the people interested. I ascertain what the effects are, either at the Bank of England or with various public bodies. Mr Stephenson acts in the effects. Sometimes there are large and heavy pedigree cases. In a heavy case, a short time ago, I found it was either a fraudulent case on the part of the party who set up the claim, or the facts together, and took (in my opinion) I went on and won the case, and a large sum was recovered. I have a lot of administrations going on shortly, and among them is one estate worth thirty-five thousand pounds. Occasionally I have much heavier amounts even than that. All these estates are vested in the Crown, they belong to His Majesty in right of her Majesty's prerogative. When bastards die, there are always plenty of people only too ready to seize hold of their property and get wills made. In one case, there was a Commission to America. It was an estate worth seventy thousand pounds, I think. In ordinary cases, the procedure is thus: I receive a letter stating that A B is dead, that he had such and such property, that he was a bastard, or has left none but illegitimate children. I then ascertain the facts, and find out who the next of kin are, or the persons to whom the Crown should make grants, and I recommend accordingly. As regards personal estates, the difficulty is to find out who are the next of kin. I take out from forty to fifty administrations in a year. Some are large amounts—one hundred and twenty thousand pounds, and sums of that sort.'

#### THE RAILWAY DOG OF ENGLAND

We have frequently had occasion to publish instances of remarkable intelligence on the part of man's most faithful friend, the dog, but it is seldom that we are enabled to record instances of the animal crossing the seas on an errand of charity. From the *Times* we learn that the Scottish collie 'Help,' which collects funds in almost every part of the kingdom for the orphan fund of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants, returned duly in August to its headquarters at the chief office of the Society, City Road, from a trip to France, where he had been getting money for the orphans of railway men. Introduced by Mr Raper, the chief officer of the steamship *Britany*, to the vice consul at Dieppe, the 'Railway Dog of England' received in a short time one hundred and thirty-eight francs; on his journey back to England, 'Help' got seventeen shillings and ninepence and twenty-five francs; while at Newhaven and on board the steamer he collected three pounds one shilling

and ninepence. The general secretary of the society, Mr E. Harford, has now on hand numerous invitations to the animal, distributed over the leading railway systems. 'Help,' trained by Mr John Climpson, guard of the night boat train on the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, is expected to be the medium of collecting some hundreds of pounds for the orphan fund during the present year.

My wages, if I settle you all right?  
I laid the golden coin upon my arm,  
I drew her little foot within my hand,  
Her rosy palms were joined in trustful bliss,  
Her heart no more but gently soft and warm,  
She nestled to me, and by Love's command,  
Paid me my precious wages—'Baby's kiss!'

\* \* \*

Those readers who take up *Aldersyde, A Border Story of Twenty Years Ago*, by Miss Annie S. Swan (Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson, and Fernie), may be inclined to lay it down any time during the first third of the story, but if they do, and fail to resume the narrative, they will do an injustice to the book, and an injustice to themselves. The opening is doubtless somewhat bald and juvenile, but the story gathers strength as it proceeds, and before long the reader becomes quite interested in the fortunes of the two Miss Nabets, their friends, and their neighbours. Perhaps the one great drawback to the story is the kind of dialect which Miss Swan has unfortunately chosen to put into the mouths of her characters. The Misses Nabet talk broader Scotch than any modern milkmaid, and a baronet, Walter Riddell, has a form of expression which few Border shepherds could parallel in reality. Compared with these speakers, Dundee would not be a thorough aristocrat in the matter of speech. Besides, while the scene is laid in Scottish Borders, and the characters have their names, they none of them speak the Scotch of Borders, but the Scotch of Fife and the north. Those who are familiar with the local locutions and grammatical inflections of any speech, will fail to find any of them here blended in so far as it destroys the verisimilitude of the story, will be fatigued to its perusal, though it otherwise possesses much of a

#### ERRATUM

The name of the translator of His Majesty the King of Sweden's narrative 'My First Journey' which appeared in last month's *Journal*, was accidentally spelt Carl Swamra instead of Carl Swarwa.

The Conductor of CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL begs to direct the attention of CONTRIBUTORS to the following notice:

- 1st All communications should be addressed to the Editor, 389 High Street, Edinburgh.
  - 2d For its return in case of unacceptability, postage stamps should accompany every manuscript.
  - 3d MANUSCRIPTS should bear the author's full Christian name, surname and address, legibly written and should be written on white (not blue) paper, and on one side of the leaf only.
  - 4th Offerings of Verse should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.
- If the above rules are complied with, the Editor will do his best to insure the safe return of unacceptable papers.

Printed and Published by W & R CHAMBERS, 47 Patent Office Row, London, and 389 High Street, Edinburgh.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OR  
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fourth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

CONDUCTED BY R. CHAMBERS (SECUNDUS)

No 1037—VOL. XX. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1893

PRICE 1<sup>d</sup>

## DEFERRED PAY

The principle of deferred payment is one which in many forms is familiar to us all. With the military (con must, the phrase denotes a varying amount deducted from the daily pay of men in the ranks, to be repaid at the end of a term of service. In another sense, an annuity, or other periodical payment, is said to be 'deferred' when it falls due only after the expiry of a certain number of years—thus forming perhaps a prudent provision for old age—or it may be only receivable after the decease of a relative, or conditional on the occurrence of some future event. These are instances, upon which we need not here enlarge, of some of the ordinary uses of deferred payments, and, generally speaking, the phrase has much the same significance when otherwise employed, usually denoting a postponement to some future period, often at present sacrifice, of some existing resource, in order to secure a corresponding benefit afterwards. It is, in fact, the abstract principles of self-denial and frugality reduced to a concrete form, and applied to the ordinary transactions of life.

There are many persons, however, apparently unconcerned with deferred payment in the ordinary use of the term, who are unquestionably entitled to them, although the consideration they hope to receive may not in every instance take the shape of money. Indeed, apart from the classing of all education as, properly speaking, a provision for future returns, the higher training and early career of many of our best and most gifted men is little else than prudent forethought in this direction. The principle, in fact, may be traced deeper still, and may be found to underlie all our national industry and enterprise. It is an element as the civilization of which it is one of the distinguishing marks—this system of present endurance, the suffering and endurance, perhaps, of toil and hardship, the working time of life with its sparse opportunities for leisure or recreation—in short, the training undergone for

the sake of the future recompense which forms the deferred payment.

The expenditure involved in some individual cases, either of actual toil or of its equivalent in patient waiting, is often greater in proportion to the reward obtained, than in others. In the race of life, some men are heavily handicapped by hindrances in social position, or lack of opportunities for training, for, although there is no royal road to learning, the approach to it are often blocked by what, after all, are but adventitious circumstances. The ambitious student born and bred in the humbler ranks, coming to the university city to train for professional pursuits, makes large payment in kind, to carry out his cherished dream. He has been arduous preparatory study at home, perhaps under great disadvantages. The contest for the much coveted bursary has been a hard one. Even with it secured to him, the struggle in town life to make ends meet, in order to maintain a respectable exterior, the scanty meal, and the prolonged study—all these form his provision for the deferred payment of the college Diploma which shall enable him to enter on his professional career. Nor can it be said that his reward is gained even then. The self-denial, spirit has to be carried forward far into his future life. Such a one may fairly be said to have more than earned his deferred payment. And yet it is only one instance out of many of the same kind of self-denying discipline for a certain end, and that perhaps without promise of the highest rewards. The prospect aimed at throughout may be only that of middle class distinction, with a social position and emoluments of a very ordinary kind, and yet such may be the *summum bonum* of the aspirant's hopes.

These are, however, loftier ambitions cherished by the few who will not be satisfied with mediocrity in attainment, even though it should be accompanied with affluence. We have at this moment in our recollection the instance, amongst many others, of a barber's boy—'not a barber, as he himself said, 'but only a barber's boy'—

whose aspirations were not satisfied until his name was inscribed on the roll of England's peers. The instances we could easily adduce are of men who started with little or nothing in their favour, and succeeded, others, whose heats were perhaps as high, and who had better opportunities, failed, or not attaining the highest honours, were at least fain to be content with what lay within their reach. But in this our moral lies—that these must necessarily have been, even in examples of the most brilliant and unqualified success, no small amount of careful provision, of payments into the Bank of Futurity. Many of the pleasant and humble enjoyments which he around us all, and which moderate means and station might have secured, and the easier attained success which would have satisfied others—all these must have been foregone and sacrificed, in looking to the larger prize ahead. It was a strife, doubtless, in each case against a cold and unsympathising world—against rivalry, competition, and professional jealousies, but it was also a victory over a self-satisfied contentment with the lesser, so long as the greater prize remained in view, and so long, therefore, it was a self-denial for the present. Then all the obstacles proved surmountable, and the present enjoyments capable of being resisted, and the looked-for payment, long deferred, came at last.

Even in those exceptional instances when so called Fortune proved propitious, and where favourable opportunities may be said to have gained half the battle, there has doubtless been throughout much postponement of contentment and ease to future years. There may have been, perhaps, much to endure in a cruel and uncongenial lot, before the golden opportunity presented itself, and ere the future career was made plain, for although 'the labour we delight in, physics pain,' the burden of a thoroughly distasteful occupation, to an ambitious mind, is an uncaring and galling yoke, hard to bear.

Then there is the dark side of the picture—the payment, hardly earned, which, if it comes at all, comes not in expected measure, or too late, to be a solace only at the very ending of life, or to hang its laurels upon the tomb. The deferred payments of posthumous fame, the too long delayed tribute to merit and genius, form some of the saddest pages in history.

All we have said, however, concerns instances where deferred payments previously provided for were actually due, at some time or other. But, in addition to the warning, that opportunities neglected seldom or never return, we can add this one, drawn from our subject—that if there be no timely provision, there will certainly be no store for after-drawing upon. If there be no self-denial, labour, there will be no future recompense. 'Does he work?' inquired Rukey, when told of the great abilities of a contemporary, and we may be sure the question was asked with a view to estimate the success the individual would probably achieve. If there is no work, there is no reward.

For if our virtues go not forth of us  
I were all alike as though we had them not.

It is quite possible, even in this busy world, for a man so to shirk and shun work within his

range, or to content himself with the measure of it which may suffice for daily necessities, as, practically, to make no provision for coming days. He will be entitled to no deferred pay. His later years may indeed be secured from want; perhaps, through no efforts of his own, he may even have an abundance, but the rapture of achievement, the satisfaction arising from a task well done, will not be his to possess.

All perseverance of patient effort for the highest ends, all the 'taking of infinite pains'—which we are told is the best definition of genius—is but the deferred payment system adopted in daily life, being the storing up of present available resources, including those of patience and endurance, for the securing of future benefit. And when the end is once accomplished, the efforts expended will not be grudged or mourned over—will scarcely be remembered!

ONE FALSE, BOTH FAIR;

OR, A HARD KNOCK.

BY JOHN B. HARWOOD.

CHAPTER XXV.—MAN AND WIFE.

LOWNDERS PLACE, Eaton Square, is a very respectable, and indeed fashionable place of residence; but, as regards its outlook and general surroundings, it is a little dull. The square of which it is an adjunct is so far off that ingenious country cousins wonder, sometimes, what can be the connection between the two. The very houses have a stolid look, as if the streets were damp and raw, and organ-grinders, firm sellers, and noisy vendors of herbicidones and Bath bricks, working cutlers, and ballad-singers, not there unbecked by the police. Yet the rents and the prices in Lownders Place, Eaton Square, are believed to be high, and the houses are tenanted by occupants of a very superior description—retired Indian generals, junior partners in West End banks, fundholders, and married Civil Servants of Her Majesty's government. Only at No 6 could furnished apartments be found, and at the door of No 6, with the knocker raised in his right hand, yet hesitating to knock, stood tall, lithe, and sun-bronzed Chinese Jack.

It was very rare for Chinese Jack to hesitate. He did so now, and there was something significant in his attitude as he thus stood, keeping the knocker poised between his stiff, strong fingers, though it were a blazing limstock, one ton in weight, which would fire a train of forty gunpowder and blow up the magazine. Standing so near the door that he was himself scarcely from observation on the part of any person who might be peering from the windows, the lately returned exile took a comprehensive survey of the aspect of Lownders Place. 'About the last sort of nook,' he muttered to himself under the shelter of his thick moustache, 'in which one would expect to find a foreign domicil.' And therefore, as things always do turn out contrary to what one expects, here she lives! But Louise was always an emigrant, even to me—even to me,' he added softly, and with a curious sort of smile on his flexible lip.

It may be remembered that when Chinese Jack, or Captain Rollington, as it pleased him to be

called, paid his first visit to the Private Inquiry Office and intrusted Miss Melville with the task of discovering the whereabouts of Countess Louise de Lalouve, and, by proxy of one of his satellites, dogging her footsteps through London, he had spoken of the first part of the enterprise as in every one. Madame de Lalouve had not just then any especial motive for concealing her address, while she was pretty certain to be heard of at the Russian Embassy. That she lived in Lowndes Place had been ascertained long ago. But this was the first time that Chinese Jack had decided it expedient or prudent to present himself in person on her doorstep. After a brief pause, he knocked. The door was opened by a stout man, dressed in black, wearing a white cravat, and with 'butler' written as plainly on his broad face as if it had been tattooed there in human characters. He had man servants who man the housekeeper, and do not set up in a public house, are pretty sure to let to let, and to ply henceforth at hand, the attached family retainers of the birds of passage who roost beneath their roof. 'Madam,' said the landlord of No. 6, 'is at home, I think—What name, sir, shall I say?'

'You had better say a gentleman from abroad,' returned the visitor, speaking with a slightly foreign accent. 'Or, say, he is a friend, as he saw a shade come over the ex-butler's brow, it is nothing so much arouses suspicion in a Londoner's breast, especially if a servant, as any invitation as to giving a name, 'say—you had better announce me, at once, as the Chevalier Bullington. Madame knows me de longue main, and my appearance will be a pleasant surprise.'

The ex-butler made a butler's bow, and preceded the visitor up stairs. Chinese Jack was careful to follow quickly on his heels. What he had schemed for was to obtain the interview he sought without purley and delay, or possible stubbornness on the part of his hostess. Once he got in he could trust to his own well-practised skill to become master of the situation. And now he should get in, and what was more, his entrance would really be as sudden as though, like a fiend on the stage, he could have risen through a trap, unperceived by a dull glow of red or blue fire. He knew perfectly well that the landlord could never pronounce the name of the Chevalier Bullington, mouthed as it had been with ultra Gallic delicacy of diction, and would content himself with uttering some conventional parody on the mysterious sounds. So it proved. Madame de Lalouve was writing at a writing-table. She lifted her head as the landlord opened the door and murmured something, unintelligible. A moment more, and the door was closed, and Chinese Jack stood, bowing, with grave politeness, in the middle of the room.

Madame de Lalouve was surely well used to the reception of visitors, even if unexpected visitors. Nor had Countess Louise any excuse to plead on the score of deficient toilet. The Russian French woman was always dressed for the occasion. If her tightly fitting costume of chrysomel velvet and olive leaf coloured gray silk, did not come from the ateliers of M. Worth, it was at least cut on Worth's lines, and by some pupil of that illustrious man milliner. Her heavy black braids of hair were draped in stately fashion around her grandly shaped head. She wore few orna-

ments, but all were rich and solid. Altogether, she was a superb specimen of a woman of rank, of sense, of the world, and as such had made a profound impression on the minds of the latter landlord, and the housekeeper in addition, of No. 6 Lowndes Place, Eaton Square.

'Demon—wretch—fiend what fiery pit have you come, hateful man, to vex me! I am the Countess in quietest medley of Lowndes Place, as the words have been set down here, but with a vehement intermingling of French, Italian, German, which tended to the confusion of the speaker's wife. The Sultan, in Egypt, Naples, Monaco, Paris, had been renowned for her strong nerves. They were shaken now. Chinese Jack grimly scored the first advantage to his own side in the struggle. But he knew the world better than the cleverest woman can know it, and he knew her.

'My dear,' he said, quite affably, 'here am I—come back to you. After so many trials and suffering, so much of the ups and downs of life, but we are again reunited, never to be separated more.' Chinese Jack spoke in French, and his accent was so Parisian, and his grammar so faultless and his manner so declaratory, that Parisians themselves would have taken him for an actor at a minor theatre, such as the Odéon, perhaps—'A husband to a husband,' he added, after a pause.

Madame de Lalouve gathered herself up, like a serpent about to strike. 'Wretch, monster, traitor, demon she hissed out, showing her white teeth like a she-punther, while her right hand, like that of Lady Macbeth, clutched an airy dagger.

Chinese Jack surveyed her with unruffled composure. With her, of course, it was a bout of nerves, such as these sensitive Frenchwomen always have when a disagreeable thing occurs. Had she been a man, we should have called her a woman, of course she would have sunk shrieking into a chair, and kicked with her high-heeled shoes at the floor, for ten minutes or so. As it was, she looked as though she wanted to bite, and as though she would like to stab him. Chinese Jack had had experience of those who really tried both methods, but he had wasted the dagger away in one case, and avoided the teeth in the other. Here was a civilized foe, to be managed otherwise. 'My poor Louise,' he said gently.

The adventurer was very well dressed. He was no longer the merchant captain whom Miss Budgets of Jane Seymour Street was proud to lodge. His clothes were as well made as any Bond Street tailor could make them for a customer. Gloves, hat, necktie, cane, and trinkets were such as might suit a man of fashion and of taste. Chinese Jack knew women too well to neglect anything which a fair outside and the semblance of prosperity might insure. Madame de Lalouve seemed to have eyes for nothing but his face, yet he was painfully convinced that she had criticised the cut of his coat and the style of his turban, his lined scarf, and his present. He spoke, with a kind of sob, but more solemnly. 'How, how,' she asked, 'had he dared to present himself before her, after his base, vile, dishonest, and perfidious conduct. Did he not know that she hated him?'

'I know nothing of the sort, my dear Louise.'

answered Chinese Jack, with unflinching urbanity. 'You are an ill-used angel, of course—so are all of your charming sex—and I am a monster. Yet I am your husband, my love, and husband and wife should pull together, especially when there is so big a fish to haul where as the fortune to be made out of this Leominster business. Now, never open those fine eyes, my dear, as if I had astonished even you. When there is so much to get, of course there are many fingers in the pie. But you and I, between us, might secure the faintest and most toothsome morsel. Yes, I, too, as well as yourself, have a hankering for the flesh pots of Egypt, or at least for the harvest to be reaped by those who work on board the good ship *Cypria*, homeward bound, when Countess Louise and her interesting young friends were passengers.'

'You were not on board of her, and the Countess discovered.'

'Wasn't I?' retorted Chinese Jack, with his peculiar smile, and with a flash of those glittering eyes of his, at sight of which even Madame de Lalouvé winced. 'That remains to be proved when I give evidence at Marchbury assays. Yes, I was there. Come, Countess, I know what I know, and you know what you have done, and very clever of you too. I also am mixed up in the affair, and I begin to feel as though, hitherto, I had made a mistake in taking the side I did. The gold mine, I suspect, is in Bruton Street, not at Leominster House, or you, Louise, would not have espoused what seemed at first a beaten cause.'

'I am for truth—and the right,' sentimentally answered Madame de Lalouvé, opening her eyes very wide.

'Still the same Louise as ever,' said Chinese Jack, with a light laugh. 'Come, come, my dear, you and I are people of the world, and need not, when alone together, declaim to the gallery, as French actors say. Injured innocents is all very well when there is a fortune to be made by befriending it, and inquiry is hateful when niggard of blackmail *Allons!* it must be peace or war between us two, and, for both our sakes, it had better be a strict alliance, offensive and defensive. Let us sit down, and talk coolly.'

A wicked man has this much advantage over a wicked woman, that he usually sees, as it were, not merely through but round her, and surveys her position from a loftier standpoint. He is benefited, too, by the masculine habit of speaking out, instead of suppressing a portion of what he would fain say, as custom and timidity induce women to do. And then Madame de Lalouvé, fearless in general, had always been a trifle afraid of her husband, the only man who seemed to read her like a book. So, somewhat to her own surprise, she obeyed, and rewarded herself, while Chinese Jack drew up his chair, and soon this strange couple were chatting on friendly terms.

The conversation of Chinese Jack and of Madame de Lalouvé turned almost exclusively on business matters, and had reference to the Leominster case and the disputed identity of the two sisters. After a little while, during which the Countess devoted herself to ascertaining that her long lost husband really did know something, beyond what mere rumour might have told him, of the affair in hand, the talk of the lately

reunited pair became confidential, and almost cordial.

'Mistaken, who would have dreamed that you, of all the men in the world, should have been behind the best, when Mulmorselle Cypri and I discussed our little projects, so guilelessly, on the wet deck of the *Cypria*, on the morning after the storm?' Had I but caught a glimpse of you on board, rely on it, I should have redoubled my precautions,' said Madame, with playful reproach.

'My bare feet make no noise, and my tailcoat and my comb constituted a disguise that few, with eyes less piercing than yours, my Louise, could have penetrated. You are sure about the proof that you have hunted at to me, and which I too, as you are aware, can confirm by evidence within the reach of none but myself now living.'

'Yes, I am quite sure, said Madame de Lalouvé, 'and, in addition to this, I have—here under this roof, here in this very house, the lady's maid who accompanied Miladi and her sister to Egypt, and returned with them to England.'

'A lively maid, especially a discharged one'—became Chinese Jack, shaking his head in disparagement.

'She was not discharged—she voluntarily, at my persuasion, gave up service at Leominster House, and came to me,' said the Countess, a little nettled. 'Five hundred pounds, which I have promised, are as a dream of untold riches to her, who waits to marry some one she knows, and set up a shop. Rely on it, she can be very useful at the hour of need.'

'And you really believe the tenth of a million, or anything like that enormous sum, will be forth coming, in the event of success?' asked Chinese Jack half carelessly.

Of that, Madame was quite convinced. 'My Father's sister in Bruton Street was splendidly generous by nature. And she will keep her word.'

'With such a sum as that, my own Louise, and your knowledge and mine, of finance, Jewish and Christian, and of the world, *cri!* how you and I could play on the Bourse of Paris, and the Stock Exchange of London, as on the keys of a piano, and this model husband in, as he kissed his wife, and took his leave. 'Here is my card, he said, as he put it into her hand, '*Leopold's Hotel* is but a nice place, and, as you observe, I am the Captain, and not the Chamberlain. Wellington, as I told you, *cher!* when I was a bachelor, was my mother's name and I bear it now. My true name, which is yours, Countess, we will keep dark, if you please, till the bird comes on, or the money is earned. And so, my sweet, *au revoir!*'

## WORKMEN'S HOMES AND PUBLIC HOUSES

BY A LONDON ARTISAN

WHEN such busy organisations as the United Kingdom Alliance and the Order of Good Templars go on working with unflagging energy year after year, and still run palaces there, principally on the patronage of the workmen classes, the student of social problems may well ask himself the question: Are the enthusiastic advocates of Permissive Bills and total abstinence working in the right direction? They deplore

the evils that exist, and their united intelligence has suggested the simple process of abstinence. Unfortunately, simple remedies are not always capable of conquering violent diseases. To the drunkard, to the man or woman who perhaps has been driven to find forgetfulness in drink by trouble and sorrow such as few of those who talk of temperance in comfortable armchairs have ever known, to the man or woman who has drunk to excess for many years, until the craving for drink has become as uncontrollable as the ambition of a Napoleon or the patriotic frenzy of a Louis Michel—to such as these, the temperance advocate offers his process of total abstinence. To the working man who is not an habitual drunkard, but who spends too much time and money in the public house, the apostle of temperance appeals with the same cry: 'Give up the drink.'

To any unprejudiced observer with an intimate knowledge of the inner life of our working classes, such advice savours of etherealness, even if it does not betray a want of heart. Men who are penned up in close workshops from morning until night are—to their credit, be it said—not devoid of social feeling. They love to mix with their fellows when the day's work is over, to exchange ideas, to relate experiences, to give a certain amount of publicity to the ills that appear to them of value. This yearning for social intercourse exists among all classes, but in the facilities for satisfying it, some are more favoured than others. The rich man is able to enjoy the pleasures of conversation in his own house, at his club, or at the houses and clubs of his associates. The poorer classes of our great cities are not so fortunate. To most of them, home is far too uncomfortable a place for a friendly chat with a mate in the workshop. Home often means one small room in an evil-smelling house, scantily furnished, minus comfort, plus baby's cries. The one being who alone could make even such an abode a sunny and shady place as these light and happy, may happen, through lack of education and moral training, to be totally incapable of properly fulfilling the offices of wife and mother.

This is no unjust, sweeping condemnation of the wives of the working classes. Many of them possess qualities of devotion, courage, and perseverance which, if they were only properly trained 'when the heart is young,' would make the workday world much happier than it is at present. But the majority of them are slaves to their scrubbing brush and needle, they clean and mend in prison and out of prison, they are always complaining that their work is never done. And that is just where the mischief comes in. The woman never knows when to change her role of housewife for that of the loving friend and companion of her husband. She is capable, perhaps, of sewing on shirt buttons with dexterity, and can handle her own agone most of her sex in the manufacture of steak puddings, but she would as readily think of attempting to square the circle as to intelligently discuss with her husband the practical political or social problem that to him is of vital interest. He may leave off work at night feeling that nothing would be more enjoyable than a chat with some congenial spirit over the latest phase of some political question, and knowing that his wife is the most unlikely

individual in the world to take an interest in any such matters, who can wonder at his turning into the public house frequent if by his fellows? The people who may be shocked at any attempt to excuse such an act, have perhaps never tried the experiment of working hard nine hours per day in an unenviable workshop, and living with wife and family in one or two small rooms.

The large class of philanthropists, with fit cheque books and benevolent hearts, who flatter themselves that they thoroughly understand the working classes, have long since come to the conclusion—as mischievous as it is erroneous—that all the workmen in our great cities who spend too much time in public houses are led to do so simply from a demoralising craving for drink. While those who have it in their power to help their poorer brethren are content to labour with such a hypothesis constantly before them, they will find it impossible to do much good. A chain is no stronger than its weakest link. A few thousands of men, women, and children may be induced to eschew pills, curly, don pieces of blue ribbon, and abstain from all intoxicating drinks, and tobacco too, but these examples of sobriety will prove in vain before their fellows while the key-stone of industrial life, the workman's home, retains its present unattractive character. The home and the family circle should be the fountain from which all life's happiness and joy should flow. All pleasant associations should be connected therewith, it should be the centre of each man's little universe, however humble his position in life may be. How can it ever be so, while it consists of one or two dismal, uncomfortable rooms in a too thickly populated street, court, or alley? So long as the workman's home is what it is at present, so long will public houses find plenty of customers.

The ranks of the Temperance party are filled with earnest, well-meaning men and women, capable of doing good work for their fellows. Let them cast aside their Putnamian notions of placid cards and blue ribbons with which they now start to sweep back in ocean of misery, let them wade out into the deep, and build up breakwaters that shall defy the beating of every social storm. One well-appointed coffee palace, and one block of pleasant, convenient, soundly-built dwellings, are worth ten thousand platform speeches and a million testimonials to the evil influences of alcohol. If the energy now used in condemning 'beer and bicys' were turned in the direction of training young girls to become thrifty, prudent, intelligent wives, the millennium of a sober nation would be the nearer at hand, and we might live to see the wives of working men the unassuming masters of their little homes, and not merely household drudges.

The members of the Temperance party frequently confound causes with effects. They tell us the fact that so many young men, and even boys, spend great part of their leisure in public houses, and to remedy the evil, they cry 'Down with the licensed victuallers!' But the cause of young men and boys drinking more than is good for them is not to be found in the public house, but in their homes. If home was an attractive place, where an apprentice might invite his fellow to spend an evening with him, where the mother and father would be kind and willing to do all in

their power to entertain the visitor, the young man would certainly not prefer to stand in a noisy, uncomfortable bar, and imbibe beer and spirits at the expense of the little pocket money his parents can afford to give him. Unfortunately, the father entertains his friends in the tavern because of the uncongenial atmosphere of home, and the sons follow his example. Would the closing of public houses put an end to this sad state of affairs? Every practical man whose judgment on the subject is unbiased, knows that worse evils would arise. The demand for drink would still exist, and not all the vigilance possible on the part of officials would prevent a dozen sly drinking saloons springing up in the place of every public house. The people who pin their faith on what is termed permissive legislation have yet to learn that it is one thing to put difficulties in the way of obtaining drink, and another thing altogether to teach a nation habits of sobriety—to destroy the social ulcers that drive men and women to obtain drink at any inconvenience to themselves.

Many clergymen of all denominations are doing practical temperance work in providing the people in their respective districts with a good musical entertainment at least one night every week. They might, however, do much more. There are few churches and chapels that are without a decent sized room, disengaged on week evenings. Or, there are the school houses. Why are such not thrown open in opposition to the uncomfortable gin palaces and public houses? A good fire in the winter, and a supply of newspapers and magazines, would not break the purses of the community. A cup of coffee, fit to drink—the decoration and at most of the London coffee palaces is unfit for man or beast—might be supplied for the price of half a pint of beer, and many a man who only wastes his hard earned money at a public house because he has to go there if he wishes to have an hour's gossip with a friend, would hail with delight such a loophole for escape from habits which have long since become distasteful. Of course, such a suggestion will meet with nothing but contempt from the large class of philanthropists who firmly believe that working men frequent public houses simply for drinking's sake, but it is to be hoped that a few who are not quite convinced that the working classes are hopelessly depraved, will attempt the experiment.

But what about habitual drinkers? Is it too much to hope for, that when these find their more moderate companions visiting the public house less frequently, they, too, would wind their way to such little social halls as might be thrown open in every parish and village in the kingdom? And after all, it must not be forgotten that habitual drinkers are but a small minority of the population, and useful reforms need not be set aside merely because they do not meet the case of this small but unfortunate class.

If the clergy and the Temperance party, who have it in their power to do real good, would only recognize the fact that the drinking habits of the masses are mainly an effect and not a cause, the redemption of the thriffler, the thoughtless, and the demoralized, might be effected even in our own time. The energy now devoted to abating the liquor traffic and inducing men, women, and even children, to sign pledge cards should be turned

into a more practical channel. If the advocates of temperance wish to see the people leading moral, sober, thoughtful, useful lives, they must bring all their zeal, earnestness, and enthusiasm to bear in the direction of providing every family with a shelter less like a dungeon, and more like a sweet, lovable home than the majority have to 'ing it' in at present. Above all, let them take the young women of our great towns in hand, and teach them the duties of wife and mother, strive to imbue their minds with loftier ideas of marriage than they now possess, instruct them in the arts of making home a place of happiness and comfort, however humble it may be. Leave the idle curbing of strong drink to those who are capable of no higher task, but let each noble soul who has the welfare of his fellow men and women at heart devote himself to some practical temperance work, for until the home life of our workman is improved, the liquor traffic will flourish.

## POOR LITTLE LIFE.

### A FAMILY EPISODE.

Poor little life that toddles half an hour  
Crowned with a flower or two, and that an end!

PERCHED on the lofty watch tower of the Company's wharf, Kingston, Jamaica, 'Sir Lord Nelson Luquins' had been occupied since daylight in looking out for the English steamer. The owner of this self bestowen and patrician applique was an old negro of uncertain age, with leathery skin, grizzled wool, bandy legs, and bare feet, and whose powers of vision verged on the marvellous. Long before the steamer was visible to the most experienced nautical eye armed with one of Dollond's best lenses, Lord Nelson had seen the tips of her masts rising above the horizon. Now, it was popularly supposed that before she was actually visible even to him, he was able to prognosticate her approach by certain signs in the sky itself, whose secret he guarded as if it had been hidden treasure.

'Coming, joy!' inquired the clerk at the foot of the scaffolding.

'Yes, massa, him coming, fo true. Him pass Mount Point now, an' de passengers dey land at nine thirty.'

'All right, then. Hoist the flag!'

And up went the red flag on the top of the Gable, giving notice to all Kingston that the anxiously expected *Thene* was in the cove.

'Cho! dese steps is mo' distressful,' said the old negro, descending the ladder backwards.

'It's you that's getting old, Nelson!' said the clerk, shaking his head. 'A man can't live for ever, even an old sinner like you. Come down quickly, and go and tell Captain Roberts. You'll find the superintendent in his office.'

'Dat bery true, what you say, Massa De Souza,' retorted the negro with a grunt. 'But if you tink I is gwine to die to oblige you, su, you is bery much mistaken. Hi' after my feller lib fill he couldn't lib any longer, do you tink me is gwine to die, jus' because you say I is getting old. Cho! it 'in too 'tupid.' And the old man, having thus cleared the argument, retired with many a snuff and snigger and chuckle of satisfaction to obey Mr De Souza's commands.

Seven miles away, in the upper part of one of the largest 'peans' in the Laguna plains, a group of fair girls were seated over their morning coffee. Clad in loose white muslin dressing gowns, with long dark hair floating over their shoulders, and aprons of myrtle or oleander in their bosoms—chattering, yawning, indolent, and altogether delightful—they formed a charming picture of tropical grace and beauty.

'The flag's up!' cried Evelyn, suddenly starting to her feet. 'Mother!' she called to a lady extended on an Indian wicker work chair in the inner apartment—'mother! the steamer's at anchor! George will be here in about a couple of hours.'

There was an instant rush to the windows. The shutters were thrown open, glasses were produced, and the whole family, struggling, shouting, laughing, dancing in the wild frenzy of their excitement, strained their necks to catch the first glimpse of the eagerly looked-for mail.

'Yes, there she is!' exclaimed Evelyn. 'Where?' cried Sibel, the youngest of the trio, peering on tiptoe over her sister's shoulder.

'There!—look! passing the Pasha's—you can just see her smoke over the tops of the cocoa nuts at the Lighthouse.'

'No, it's only the mist,' said Eleanor. 'Mist? Nonsense! It's the steamer's smoke—There! I told you so, Eleanor,' added Evelyn triumphantly, as the flash and the smoke of the signal gun announced her arrival at Port Royal.

'You've no time to lose, girls,' said Mrs. Durham, approaching her daughters. 'Go and bathe and dress. I'll tell Tom to get the carriage, and you can all drive down and meet your cousin. I'll stay at home to welcome him to Prospect Gardens. You will make my excuses for not coming to meet him. But the drive in the sun would knock me up for a week, and besides, you know that would not be room for all of us. Now, Evelyn, you are the eldest. Try and keep these riotous sisters of yours in order.—And, children, mind your cousin has no masters of his own, and is not accustomed to the madcap ways of three wilful pickles of girls.'

'All right, mother!' said Evelyn, with a sunny toss of her head. 'I won't disgrace the family, never fear. I'll be dignified and discretion itself. I'll be as stately as Lady Longton when she's receiving company at a Queen's House. Bill, and if he objects to kiss me, I'll hold up my fan and say "O Be! you naturally man!"'

'But she'll let him do it, all the same,' added Eleanor.

'Go along with you, you silly girls! You'll be too late, if you don't be off to your bath at once, and acting on their mother's motion, the three bright maidens flew down the public steps and across the courtyard to the bathing house, and were soon all three splashing and swimming and laughing amidst the cool and crystal water.

Mrs. Durham of Prospect Gardens was the widow of a high official in the colony. Her husband had been Attorney General of Jamaica at a time when that office was even of more importance and influence than it is now. Herself a Creole—a person born in the West Indies, without reference to what are called in Jamaica 'complexional' distinctions—and belonging to one of

the oldest families in the colony, she still retained much of the pride, perhaps more of the prejudices of the old plantocracy, the hereditary, the most conservative, and the least pliable of aristocracies, yet, notwithstanding all its faults and shortcomings, one of the most generous and the most ill-used. But the influence of her husband—Englishman—had toned down some of the more conspicuous of these prejudices, at any rate, it had eradicated from her mind that jealousy of imperial influence and imperial institutions, which was, and perhaps still is, one of the most obstinate obstacles to the prosperity of the colony. She had frankly accepted the new constitution, when in 1866 that sumptuous abomination, the House of Assembly, had decreed its own extinction. She had sided with the adherents of Governor Lynch during all the long and bitter struggle which had succeeded the suppression of the so-called Jamaica rebellion. She had extended the hand of hospitality to the succession of governors, colonial secretaries, judges, and officials of all grades who had been imported into the colony from England, with the happy result that she had consolidated her social influence and established her social position upon a basis which preserved for her the respect of all but the most irreconcilable radicals, while it procured for her the esteem and the friendship of all the inner circle of the administrators of the new regime. Hence an introduction to Prospect Gardens not only secured to the favoured stranger the *entree* to the best society in the colony, but opened to him the door of one of the pleasantest houses in new Jamaica.

The late Attorney General had been a man of very considerable means. He was also well connected. His elder brother, Sir George Durham of Deepdale, was one of the largest proprietors in the west of England. But the baronet had died within a year of his brother, and the title was now held by his son and only child, whose arrival it was that the family at Prospect Gardens were now expecting with such noisy demonstrations of delight. He had come out to spend Christmas with his cousins, and to visit the acquaintance of his aunt, whom he had never seen. To Evelyn he was already known, for Evelyn had been at school in England, and her holidays had been spent at Deepdale. But two years had elapsed since she had returned to Jamaica, and within those two years, the thin, delicate slip of a girl, whom George was accustomed to tease and torment all through the summer days, had expanded into a lovely and elegant woman, whose power of inflicting torture on the other sex were at least equal to his own.

As for Eleanor and Sibel, they shared their sister's beauty, without perhaps sharing her peculiar sunshine of disposition. They were at that objectionable age when the child has not yet become a woman. Eleanor was fourteen, Sibel was nearly twelve. They had all the inconstant outspokenness of children, and all the acuteness of more advanced years. They were adepts in the theory, though not in the practice of flirtation. But they were full of promise, and it was fair to be in due time, like other true and charming nuns, at once the delight and the torment of the opposite sex.



Certainly, when the three fair girls, in the bewitching light attire of tropical climes, armed with fans and parasols and ornaments to protect them from the vertical sun, had been packed into the family coach, there in that night be pardoned the sigh of satisfaction with which she regarded her children, as they drove down the long avenue of mango and tamarind trees on their way to town. 'They would be beautiful beauties even in England,' she said to herself, 'and they are as good as they are pretty. Now, if George'— But she did not finish her sentence. She smiled, and shook her head sadly, and returned to the house to give orders for the preparation of her nephews' breakfast.

'I wonder if George will recognise us!' said Eleanor, as the carriage rolled into the grumpy courtyard of the Company's wharf.

'Recognise us?' said Evelyn. 'Recognise me, you mean. I'm the only one of the family he has ever seen, and besides, you don't suppose he would take the trouble to notice such things as you? But keep your eyes about you, girls. I look out for the handsomest young man you ever saw—even in your dreams—with blue eyes and a fair moustache. I hope we're in time. The passengers have begun to leave the ship already. Look! there's some of them himing, their luggage examined at the custom house already.'

Down they came from the landing stage, one after another, in a continuous stream—passengers male and female, young and old, white, black, brown, and yellow—English and Creoles, Cubans and Yankees, 'true Barbudans born,' Jews and Gentiles—a variegated and cosmopolitan crowd. Grinning negroes, shuffling portenanteaus, Englishwomen laden with handkerchiefs and flower pots, one or two coloured clerks, men tricked out after the latest fashion of London (hurchman millinery, Cuban ladies with lace mantillas on their heads, clumping along on shoes whose high heels clattered like rattans, half a dozen planters or so with black upree coats and bearded faces, a few young men of the Howdell and Jones type, come out to be assistants in some Kingston store, a couple or more stolid, square faced, sandy haired Scotch book keepers, consequential to supercilious in Trelawney or St. Anna's, and the ubiquitous, tramping, Lush member of parliament, speculated and aggressive, determined to investigate to its hidden depths the whole bearings of the intricate Colonial question. But no George, nor any one that looked like George.

Already the work of coiling the steamer had begun, and a long line of men and women, coal 'boys' and coal 'girls'—black as the coals they carried, chanting a wild rhapsody, and walking with that peculiar dorsal swing which is characteristic of the black race all over the world—were trooping up the gangway, to empty their baskets into the hold.

Still no George, nor any one that looked like him.

At last, when the patients of the girls was all but exhausted, and their spirits had sunk to zero, there appeared on the landing stage an unmistakable Englishman. He was young—about four or five and twenty. He was dressed in light trousers. He had a pair of tan coloured gloves on his hands. He wore a short, trim beard, of a shade between gold and auburn, and in

defiance of all the Company's regulations, he was smoking a cigarette. A bedroom steward at his heels carried a portmanteau and a travelling bag. He sauntered slowly down the stage and across the courtyard to the shed where the custom house officers were at work upon the passengers' luggage. As he passed the Durhams' carriage without even so much as a glance at its fair occupants, Evelyn muttered a timid 'George!' but he took no notice, and held on his leisurely way.

'If that isn't George, I'll eat him!' cried Evelyn in her vexation.

'Look, Missy!' said Sibyl, 'there's the steward with his luggage, and see, it is George! There are his initials, G D, on his handbag.'

'O please!' said Evelyn to a white coated constable who happened to be standing near her, 'run after that gentleman and tell him to come here. I want to speak to him. Look! he is just going out through the gateway.'

'Yes, missy!' said the constable, saluting, and starting off at the double. 'You, sir! Hi! you, sir! Lor! him don't hear me. Hi! you, sir!'

The gentleman turned, and waited till the constable was well up to him.

'Well, what is it?' he inquired.

'You see this missy in that buggy, ya?' he said, pointing to the Durhams' carriage.

'Well?'

'Dey want speak wid you, dat's all!'

Sir George turned sharply round, and throwing away his cigarette, approached the carriage. 'By Jove! it can't be—Evelyn!' he said.

'Yes, it is I, George.—And here's Eleanor, and this is Sibyl.'

And then handshakes commenced all round, and a series of courtesy salutes, which the girls submitted to with equanimity.

'But he kissed Evelyn twice for our once,' said Sibyl to Eleanor afterwards.

'I told you she wouldn't object,' remarked her sister.

'And as for me, I had never any intention of objecting,' remarked Sibyl.

'O you, you're a child! it doesn't matter for you. But Evelyn—humph! I'll have to keep my eye upon her!'

'Tom has engaged a dray for your luggage, George,' said Evelyn, after these preliminaries had been adjusted. 'Here's one of the clerks coming with your keys. Minnie—that's one of our boys, George, that white brown nigger over there with a white pug nose round his wide awake—will come out with it. It will be at the penn almost as soon as we are.—Tom!' she added, addressing the coachman, 'have you got the key for the kitchen?'

'Yes, missy!'

'And the pine apple and the naseberries?'

'Hi! yes, missy. Dum all in dex, pointing to the boot of the carriage.'

'Very well. Till Manne to call at the post-office for the letters. And that's all, I think. Let us go home.'

Never had George enjoyed a murmur or a more interesting drive. Everything was new to him, everything was strange to him. He did not know which interested him most, his winsome companions, with their ceaseless flow of musical chatter, and all their bright, happy, girlish

commonly ways, the beauty of the crumpled, verdure covered hills, the graceful forms of the tropical vegetation, the quaintness of the gaily painted, jalousied, toy like wooden houses, the street scenes, the broad grins, merry faces, and marvellous get up of the peasantry. He told Evelyn it made him think he was walking through a kaleidoscope, so sudden went the changes, so brilliant the combinations of colour which met his gaze at every moment.

'I did not believe there were so many niggers in the world,' he remarked, as the carriage drove slowly past the entrance to the Soles market, and looking, in through the open gateway, he saw the busy, noisy, chaffing crowd, packed as close as herrings in a barrel.

'What! does the heathen Chinese live in Jamaica?' he exclaimed, as a blue jacketed, pig-tailed, grave, and ginger coloured Celestial bowed his way through the throng.

'Lots!' said Evelyn. 'They keep all the little shops in this part of the town, and when they have saved up money enough, they die and then it ends pick them up in a box, and send them home to China to be buried.'

'And Coobies too, I see!'

'Yes, any number. The estates could not do without them, and as for us, we should have no gardens, if we had not them to rely on as gardeners.—But here we are at the Racecourse it is! What a relief to be out of that hot, nasty, dusty town!'

'Is there anything going on to-day?' asked Sir George, astonished at the number of vehicles he met in the road.

'It is market day. That accounts for our meeting so many of the country people.'

'Put all these curries!'

'Oh, it's only our swells—officials and judges and merchants and shopkeepers—going down to Kingston from their country houses to their town, you know. We all live at penms—that is, country houses, in the hills or in the plains at the foot. Look! that is Queen's House you can just see through the trees. That big white house, that looks as if it were right at the foot of the hill, though it is a long way off, is Longwood, where the Colonial Secretary lives, and that one a little to the right, standing on a slight elevation is Prospect Gardens.—'

'And that is our house?' interposed Sir Evelyn.

The ladies diverted the conversation by inquiring who the swill with the red liveries, who carried a tray, enveloped in an accompanying cloud of dust, was rapidly approaching them.

'Oh, that is the Governor,' said Evelyn, 'and Lady Longton is with him. He is not popular, neither is she. But Lady Longton is very nice to her friends, and drives beautifully, only some days, you know, she has no backbone, and does not seem as if she could be bothered with callers or company. But Captain Hillyard, the aide de camp, is a dear man, and so good looking. And then he is so clever too. He can do beautifully, and can do all sorts of conjuring tricks, and he draws the funniest caricatures you ever saw. He did one the other day of Sir William drawing a cork. It made Lady Longton laugh till I thought she was going to tilt a bit. Oh, speak of medals—there he is!—riding down after the

Governor's carriage with little Miss Longton. There must be a Council or something going on to-day, that accounts for our meeting so many swells all together. You'll have to leave your card at Queen's House, George. You ought to do it this afternoon, that's the etiquette, you know. Put if you are very tired, I dare say it will do on Monday.'

They had branched off from the main road now, and were driving along a shady lane, lined with a hedge of prickly pear, over which trailed wreaths of graceful creepers—convolvulus and ipomoea, the ignorance vine, and the Curonian bean. Negro lute lined the road, and at the doors, amongst the pigs and the goats and the poultry, gambolled the little black orests puppies, sucking huge joints of sugar cane, and saluting the occupants of the carriage with the broadest of grins upon their ebony faces.

'Look here, Cousin George,' said Sibyl, pointing out a low one storied building with in open piazza, and a great chimney tower covering it like a huge umbrella—that is one of our little shops. You can buy rum there and better beer, and soap and paraffin oil and all that. You see that group of diamonds at its side, they are playing music here, and the man that looks will have to tan a quattie drinks all round!'

'What is a quattie drink?' inquired her cousin.

'Not know what a quattie drink is, George?' said Sibyl. 'A quattie is a penny halfpenny.'

'And the smallest coin the negroes acknowledge,' added Evelyn. 'They won't use the new nickel pennies and halfpennies at all, so the shopkeepers call them a halfpenny worth of soap, and charge them three halfpennies for it, and that is very convenient for the shopkeepers.—I like George, that is a quattie, she said, taking a tiny silver coin from her purse, 'and a very pretty little thing, is it not?'

'It must be a very expensive country to live in, replied George, 'if every thing is paid for in the same proportion.'

'Well, not exactly. Of course, you pay a dollar for things you could get at home for one or two shillings. But then you get lots of things so cheap—meat and fish and turk and poultry and vegetables, and that makes up for it, you know. But see—here we are at the foot of the avenue, and there's Prospect Gardens. You can just see the shingled roof of the house through the trees.'

'If you will stand up, you can see one of the windows, and that is my room, George,' added Sibyl proudly.

THE ADVANTAGES OF KEEPING GOATS

To get milk for nothing is not perhaps possible, except in countries where the cows graze in forests, but many folks, as we hope to show, might have milk for only a little trouble. Any one who has a garden of even small extent may have milk for a trifling preliminary outlay. Of course, labour and money are convertible terms, and in that sense all must pay for what they get. Still, hundreds might have a supply of this almost necessary food for next to nothing.

Wherever milk is used plentifully, there the

children grow into robust men and women. Wherever its place is usurped by tea, we have degeneracy swift and certain. Dr Ferguson, a factory surgeon, who has devoted a large share of attention to this subject, has ascertained from careful measurements of numerous factory children, that, between thirteen and fourteen years, they grow nearly four times as fast on milk for breakfast and supper as on tea and coffee—a fact which shows the benefits of proper diet. No diet is so suitable for growing children as well cooked oatmeal porridge and milk, long the staple food in Scotch families, but now, in many instances, abandoned for diet very much inferior. Owing to its easy digestibility, it is of equal benefit to invalids, and more especially dyspeptic, who often regain health and pick up flesh at a wonderfully rapid rate on milk, or milk and good bread.

Milk may always be had in towns by those able to pay for it, but not always in the country, especially in winter. In consequence, country children among the labouring classes are in many cases not so well fed as they might be. This might be changed if the advantages of goat keeping were generally known and acted upon. Some people have a prejudice against goats' milk, just as Scotch people have against eels, and perhaps this is one reason why so few goats are kept. Excepting that goats' milk is considerably richer than that of cows, there is no difference in appearance or taste, and this difference can be rectified by a liberal addition of water, for one quart of goats' milk is equal to one and a half of cows'.

Good as cows' milk is for children and invalids, the milk of the goat is much better, and it often happens that persons will thrive and grow strong on the latter, who could not digest the former. For this reason, goats' milk is largely prescribed by the faculty, and would be more so if it were more plentiful. So much is demanded for children and invalids, and so limited is the supply, that it commands in London from two shillings and sixpence to five shillings a quart. Dr Pyc. Christie, in his *Advice to a Mother*, says 'The finest, healthiest children are those who, for the first four or five years of their lives are fed principally upon it.' He also states that asses' milk is more valuable for delicate infants, goats' milk, for strong ones. Dr Wilson, in a lecture before the Society of Arts, said 'I say nothing regarding wet nursing, because I am strongly of opinion that, should the mother be unfit to nurse her child, a trial ought to be made, first of all, of artificial feeding.' Again 'The great advantage of using goats' milk is that, even in towns, the animal may be brought to the house, and the freshness and genuineness of the milk thus be put beyond question.' Most people are aware that doctors prescribe the milk of one animal only, but only the few are aware of the frequently disastrous consequences which follow the

ignoring of this rule. In truth, to the majority of people, its observance is an impossibility. But when the milk of the goat is used, no difficulty need occur on this point. Mr Holms Pepler, the highest authority on the subject, says that goats' milk is so much richer than cows' milk, that 'in tea or coffee it may be taken for cream, in cakes or puddings, it reduces the needful quantity, if, indeed, it does not entirely take the place, of eggs, and, finally, it goes much further, and is easier of digestion, than that supplied by the milkman.' When to these advantages of goat keeping we add that hardly any other animal will thrive on so many different and even inferior kinds of food, we have surely made out a strong reason why goats should be more numerously kept, and their milk supplied to townspeople as regularly as that of the cow.

Possibly, it might not pay farmers to keep goats, and perhaps this is one reason why they have been neglected while every other breed of domestic animal was being improved. We understand, however, that a trial is being made in the south of England, which will prove whether it is worth a farmer's while taking to the keeping of goats, and in the meantime we would advocate the pursuit among cottagers and others whose accommodation for ordinary stock may be too limited for keeping even the smallest of cows. As to whether it will pay a country labourer to keep one or two goats, there can be no doubt at all, if he only possesses a small garden and has access to a piece of waste ground, for he will thereby be enabled materially to add to his income whether he use or sell the milk.

A good deal depends on the kind of goat, whether goat keeping will be a failure or not. Scotch goats, compared with some other kinds, are hardly worth keeping. Irish goats, though not so neat and handsome as Scotch ones, are often found much superior as milkers, and as the former are often brought over from Ireland to this country in large flocks, opportunities frequently occur of securing a good goat for a pound, or even less. But an English goat, if it is a good stock, surpasses both the Scotch and the Irish.

Some goats will barely give more than a quart of milk a day, but others, by careful breeding and selection, are so much improved as to yield four quarts. Such animals rank with the horses and cattle that bring fancy prices. A goat giving four quarts of milk daily would certainly bring ten pounds, if indeed the possessor would part with it. In England, there is a Society working for the improvement of the breed of goats, and also to secure to cottagers the benefits to be derived from keeping these animals. Philanthropists could hardly devise a better plan for 'helping the poor to help themselves' than by such means, and by doing keeping. It is to be hoped that Scotland may no longer lag in the good race, but either establish a Goat and Bee

Society on her own account, or, better, in connection with those formed in England. Individual effort can do very little in matters of this kind, united effort can do much, and in few ways could our country gentlemen and clergymen better the condition of the poor so cheaply as by this means.

And not alone for its milk is the goat valuable, its skin furnishes us with kid leather, and its flesh with food. Cashmere shawls are made from its fleece in India, and Captain Burnaby in his *Bede to Khas* mentions shawls of goat hair 'as fine as goosehair, that could be drawn through a finger ring, and yet are remarkably warm and of large size. Those from ordinary wool were, though very fine, much less elegant, and not nearly so beautiful. What kind of goat produced the fleece, we have no means of knowing, Captain Burnaby not having made any inquiries. Even in our own country, silk like cloth of excellent quality has been made from goats' fleeces. The most noted goats for the production of mohair are the Thibet, Angora, and Cashmere, and some people are sanguine that we may yet bring to market a class of goat that will unite the best milking qualities with meat and mohair producing powers. It is possible, nay, likely, that when the goat gets the attention it deserves, we may have a new textile industry superior to every one but that of silk.

We now proceed to show how such results are to be secured at a merely nominal cost. First, we would observe that the goat, though a very hardy animal, is well worth being properly protected from the storms of summer and winter. This is hardly the place to give directions as to the best kind of house, or how to erect one. All we need say is, that the house should be large enough to allow of the attendant doing what is necessary without discomfort, that it should be dry and airy, that dry earth should be used as flooring, and firmly beaten down, so that it may act as a diaphanous as well as an absorbent of moisture, and that ventilation and light should be provided. A house with all these qualifications may be erected very cheaply in most country districts, where slabs of wood and sawdust can be had for walls, and straw, or even broom, for thatch. Even turf will do for walls. But make sure of comfort, and you will be repaid.

As for food, there is hardly any green thing a goat will not eat, indeed, it is called an omnivorous; for if not tethered with a collar and short chain, it will eat the bark of any tree or bush it can reach, and so destroy it. As a substitute for this bark, of which it is very fond, it will accept and make a good meal of the hedge prunings of hawthorn and thorn. It is also exceedingly fond of the young growing points of grass, which is a capital food for all kinds of cattle, as are the other members of the Leguminosæ, in which are included peas, beans, lentils, vetches, and other plants—all noted as being among the most nutritious of vegetable substances. Indeed, grass ranks high as a fodder plant, and has been largely used for cattle feeding. There is hardly a plant that grows

by the most neglected of country roads that the goat will not convert into milk. Even the grasses and herbs that grow on the most sandy and gravelly of soils, plants unfit for cows, will be greedily eaten by goats. There are not many country labourers that have not access to such food, which costs nothing. It is a statutory offence to graze any animal on the sides of public highways, though the grass may be gathered there, but the sides of farm and other private roads, as also railway slopes, bogs, commons, &c., are available for such purposes as we are now considering. The fodder to be obtained on roadsides is far from being in all cases poor, for ditches, generally skint such old roadsides, and as these ditches are often filled with the water from the drained fields adjacent, the grasses are fed with the essence of plant food, and are consequently luxuriant and nutritious. Here the thrifty cottager may find grass enough to cut to serve for winter as well as summer provender. For bedding, the coarsest grasses, rushes, fern, or sedges, from bogs or river sides, will do well, and with such a stock of fodder and bedding, coupled with garden and household waste, there need be no difficulty in the ordinary cottager keeping a goat, or even two, and thus to advise, for the attendance and house accommodation are not much greater for two than for one. For a continuous supply of milk, one is insufficient.

As goats may be turned out with advantage every mild day in winter, a great store of hay is not needed. By judicious management, a small garden may be made to yield a large amount of food for goats, and to make the most of a garden, two crops should be taken yearly, and this may be done by following the directions below. Instead of planting ordinary potatoes late in spring, plant 'Beauty of Hebron' early, and manure heavily. Your goats will provide the manure. You will thus have an excellent crop of potatoes much earlier than usual—and that means money. As soon as they are fit for use, they should be dug up to make room for turnips. If food be scarce or the weather bad, it will be found that the goats will eat potato tops readily. As soon as the potatoes are lifted, rich manure should be liberally forked into the surface, and 'Chick Castle' turnip sown in rows, eighteen inches apart. This will be accomplished in July, but August is not too late. Turnips raised then will be of the best household quality, the tops will make good greens for the goats in winter, and will also the prunings of those used in the house. The turnips will keep till March, when green food is scarce, and with the store of hay, potato parings, cabbage leaves, &c., will keep the goats in the best of provender. For straw, if cut green, makes excellent fodder, and pea shells are much relished by goats. Alternately with each cabbage, a bean should be planted, and, unless wanted in the house, will prove of great advantage in producing milk in winter. Besides beans and pea-cake, Indian corn, linseed and rape cake, barley duff, and indeed anything used for cattle food, will, judiciously given, pay well. As the manure will enable the cottager to double his crops on even a large piece of ground, and as he may have a haul or two to dispose of annually, he will find his reward.

When goats' milk is plentiful, and no cows' milk to be got, he may often get a good prize for the former. By this means the cottager will become a richer man, his home will be more comfortable, himself and children stronger, the individual benefited; and the community enriched. The best books we know on the subject are *The Book of the Goat*, price one shilling, and *The Advantages of Goat Keeping*, price sixpence (London The Bazaar Office, Strand), in which all necessary information will be found, and which may be had from any bookseller.

## THE WHEELWRIGHT OF SENNEVILLE

A TALE OF NORMANDY.

It was not congenial weather for a walk when I started from Fécamp for the village of Senneville, upon a certain autumn afternoon. The sky was cloudy, the wind cold, and a driving rain beat in my face. The road to Senneville, ascending almost imperceptibly all the way, takes a zigzag direction among the hills, varying the scenery at every step. At one moment you are looking at a steep wooded slope, which you may well have to be climbed, but around which you gradually pass, at another moment, a deep valley meets the eye, with many valleys and hills beyond. Then, suddenly, without turning the head, you find yourself staring at the distant point of Fécamp far below; and then away out among the hills and the valleys once more.

The hills, on this autumn afternoon, were thinly veiled with a white mist, drifting inland before a strong sea breeze. It was a mysterious sort of mist, which moved at a fixed level, never descending into the valleys, but sweeping always over them, and touching only the higher points of the land like a passing shroud. The reddening leaves upon the trees shivered and dripped and shivered again with a sound which seemed so melancholy, that I was fain to quicken my step, and look about for a house or some human being along the road, in order to remove the feeling of sadness which crept over me. But there are no houses to be seen along this route, only a chalet here and there half hidden in a grove of fir trees; and not a single person did I meet coming or going.

It was therefore with a sense of considerable relief that I presently came upon the broad highway, stretching straight as a dart across a flat extent of country, where isolated farms, surrounded snugly with trees, were to be seen looking like groves planted in well defined squares. Some paces back from the road, close at hand, was the old village inn for which I was bound. Beside this *cubergs* at Senneville, there are two or three cottages; and there is, between them and the inn, a wheelwright's house and shed. This group of buildings stands alone on the main road. The village, which is composed of scattered dwellings opposite to the inn across the fields, extends in the direction of the sea, above the cliff, but it is partially concealed behind trees where the church steeple rises up, the only prominent object on this misty afternoon.

As I approached the inn, and was passing the wheelwright's, I heard angry voices as though in dispute, and as I came nearer, I saw two figures

standing within the shed—a young man, whom I recognised as the wheelwright; and a girl, the daughter of the *cubergs* next door. The man had a forbidding face; and at this moment, when his small black eyes were flashing with anger, and his thick jaw firmly set, it was the face of an imp of darkness. He was short, almost dwarfish, and in his hand, with his powerful arm uplifted, he held a large hammer. 'Jealous!' said he, striking a heavy blow on the iron hoop of a wheel at which he was working. 'Have I not good reason to be jealous? He is always coming here.'

'That is not true, Faubert,' said the girl quickly, 'he seldom comes near Senneville.' She cast at the man an indignant glance, and her large eyes filled with tears.

'Ah,' said Faubert, with another heavy blow, 'I don't know that. You meet him—that's evident. I saw you at Fécamp, in the marketplace together, last Sunday. Is not that true, Marie?'

Marie folded her arms, and raising her handsome face, replied, 'What then? That is no harm in that.'

The wheelwright answered in a passionate tone, though too low for the words to reach me. At the same time he struck heavy blows upon the iron hoop one after another, in a manner which bore significance in every stroke. Then looking up, he caught sight of me, and his angry expression softened as he hastily wiped his cap.

The girl turned and welcomed me with a smile struggling through her tears. 'Good evening, Monsieur Puket,' said she. 'Come into the house, sir. You look cold.' She led the way as she spoke towards the *cubergs*. I followed, the sound of the wheelwright's hammer still ringing in my ears as I stepped into the inn.

On the left hand side of the entrance, there was a café, with wooden tables and chairs ranged round the walls, where I saw through the glass door some workmen, talking loudly, drinking, and playing dominoes. The room on the opposite side, which I now entered, was half-café, half-kitchen. A long table stood under the windows; and at the end of this table, nearest to the fire, was seated, with a cup of coffee and a glass of cognac at his elbow, a youth in a fur overcoat, with his legs stretched out towards the fire, smoking a cigar.

'Still raining, Marie?' said he, touching his small pointed mustache.

'Yes, Monsieur Leonid,' said Marie, 'still raining.'

He blew a cloud of smoke gracefully from his lips. 'Abominable!' said he, with a gesture of impatience. 'Is it not, Monsieur?'

I seated myself near him at the table. 'Do you return to Fécamp to-night?' I inquired.

Marie, who was stooping over the fire to warm me with coffee from an earthen pot upon the hearth, looked up into his face anxiously for the reply.

'Yes,' said he. 'The fact is, I must be back in Fécamp before seven o'clock. We have some old friends coming to dine with us, and, he added, 'the worst of it is, I must walk.'

'Not pleasant,' said I. 'The night will be dark. The road is dangerous.'

'Dangerous?' said he, with surprise.

'Yes, Monsieur Leonard, said the girl, pouring out my coffee, 'it is dangerous'

'In what manner?' said he 'I never heard of highway robbers in these parts' He cast, as he spoke, an involuntary glance at a diamond ring which flashed on his little finger against the bright fire.

'I mean,' said I, concealing my thought, though half tempted to express it—'I mean that the road is not safe at night, because'

'Because?' he repeated inquiringly.

I refrained, I know not why, from mentioning what I actually felt, though I seemed to see the wheelwright's anxiety face and to hear his prisoned voice 'Because,' I continued, 'the road winds about distractedly among the hills One might easily step over the sides, which are steep, and so come to harm'

He burst into a pleasant laugh at this answer.

It was a somewhat weak one, I confess. But if I told him my true reason for dissuading him from leaving the inn that night, he would, I thought, have laughed perhaps still louder, so I did not reply, though I followed Marie's uneasy glance towards the windows.

Without, it had grown almost dark, but the room, which was warmly lighted by the log fire, was only in shadow near the walls. We sat smoking and sipping our coffee in silence.

Suddenly Marie, turning her head towards a corner near the door, uttered a low cry. 'Faubert!' she exclaimed, 'is that you?'

The wheelwright was seated at a table near the entrance. We had not heard him come in. The light from the fire had across his dark face as he looked up quickly at Marie and said 'C'est moi.'

Marie hastened to supply the order. As she filled the little glass with brandy for his coffee, I thought her hand seemed to be trembling, certainly her face had a troubled look. As I was seated in a shadowed corner, I could see, and the wheelwright without attracting his attention I was tempted to observe him closely, for there was a cruel expression on his face. He did not once glance towards me. His dark, deeply-set eyes were fixed constantly upon the face of Monsieur Leonard, who sat with his back half turned towards him, looking thoughtfully into the fire. The wheelwright remained, however, only a few minutes. Finishing his coffee quickly, he went out of the house as quietly as he had entered it.

Meanwhile, Marie had lit the candles, and was moving about the kitchen, occupying herself in various ways, though with a remarkably serious face.

Presently, Monsieur Leonard rose from his seat and stood before the fire, buttoning his coat tightly round him. 'A light, if you please, Marie,' said he, selecting a chair from his case.

Marie brought him one, her hand trembling very noticeably. 'What is the matter, Marie?' said Monsieur Leonard, gently placing his fingers round her wrist and looking intently into her face.

'Nothing,' said she, turning away—'nothing.'

He held out his hand to her, and said in a soft tone 'Good night, Marie.'

She went with him to the entrance of the *auberge*, and I thought that I saw him bend down

and kiss her, but it was dark out there, and I may have been mistaken. They spoke a few words together in a whispering tone, then Marie called her father, who was playing dominoes in the other café with his customers, and the *aubergiste* came and shook hands warmly with the young man, and stepped out into the road with him, after which Monsieur Leonard started off quickly and disappeared in the darkness for it was midnight now, black night.

Taking a *Le Camp* newspaper from my pocket, I sat down to read, while Marie made preparations for the evening meal. The cheerful log fire, in this old Normandy inn, blazing away in the centre of a large open chimney, was a picture which should have raised my spirits after the damp chilly walk which I had just had. But I could not regain my usual easy and contented state of mind. The forbidding and cruel countenance of the wheelwright troubled me more and more, the fierce blaze of his hammer, his angry tone of voice, as he stood in the shed with the daughter of the *auberge*! Looked him, had aroused my worst suspicions. I had no confidence in the man, he appeared to me capable of committing crime.

At the back of this wide hearth, behind the blazing fire, was an iron tablet with two blackened figures in bas-relief, struggling in a desperate encounter for their very lives. The flames threw a constant change of light and shadow on their faces, seeming to increase at moments the expression of enmity depicted there.

The voice of the *aubergiste* roused me from meditations which these figures had called up. 'Voysons, monsieur!' said he, from the opposite side of the table—'souper.' The *aubergiste*, who was a chubby, fat little man, with gray whiskers and watery eyes, politely held out his snuff box as he spoke, though it were part of the rite. He offered, as far as I could judge, a pinch to every one who patronised his inn. He was dressed in a blouse over his coat. He kept on his cap as he sat at table, for he was that, I observed, at all hours and at all seasons, indoors and out.

If the supper was not sumptuous, it had the merit of being, as far as it went, equal in quality to any that could have been provided. The soup was excellent, the cider was the best to be had in Normandy, the lamb of cider, and my landlord gave me a glass of Pinguigny, and some well fruit, fresh from the garden, which an epicure would have prized.

When I had smoked a pipe with the *aubergiste*, and had chatted a while with his pretty daughter, I laid them to rest for good night, and went to my room, above stairs, in a more guarded state of mind.

Some hours after I had retired to bed I was awakened by a knocking, at the front door, and then I heard voices in the road, talking loudly. At first, I took no heed of these sounds, but as the noise persisted me from sleeping, I gradually began to grow curious to ascertain the cause of such a disturbance at this late hour, for, on striking a light and referring to my watch, I found that it was past one o'clock. By this time the visitors had gained admission, and I now recognised the voice of the *aubergiste* speaking in his loud tone with some men at the entrance to the

inn My curiosity was roused. The incident of the afternoon again recurred to me, and I was haunted by that repulsive face of the wheelwright. Could this visit have anything to do with him, or with Monsieur Léonard? I dressed hastily, and descended. As I reached the bottom of the stair case, I encountered Marie, looking frightened and as pale as death. Without uttering a word, she beckoned to me to enter the kitchen. I followed her.

The fire in the hearth had burned out. A small heap of white ashes lay there, and behind them, the blue encaustic stone tablet with the wrestlers struggling with each other in their desperate embrace. Those were the objects upon which my eyes fell as Marie placed a candle upon the table, and clasping her hands, exclaimed, 'Monsieur Léonard!'

I demanded anxiously, 'What of him?'

'He is lost!' cried the girl.

I looked into her face with a clearer meaning to her words. 'Who says this?'

'She pointed towards the door. 'The two gentlemen who have just arrived.'

'How do they know that he is lost?'

'They have been dining,' said she, 'at his father's house. He had not returned home when they left the inn, an hour ago.'

I tried to reassure the girl. 'But said I, 'that does not prove that he is lost. There may be many ways of explaining his delay in reaching home.'

The girl burst into tears. 'No,' said she—'no. This is only one.' Her desire to overcome the grief and the terror which had evidently taken hold of her, was painful to witness.

'Tell me,' said I, as soon as she became calmer—'tell me what it is you fear. Perhaps I may be able to render you some assistance.'

'Indeed, you can,' said she, locking up gratefully into my face. 'The two gentlemen who are now in the café with my father, who are resting here on their way home, have evidently been drinking; they cannot take a serious view of the affair. But I, who know the truth, am confident that Faubert is the cause of this trouble. He swore to me this afternoon that he would take the life of Monsieur Léonard to-morrow.'

I uttered an exclamation of horror. 'Why,' said I—'why did you not mention this before?'

'I did not believe it,' said she. 'But I do not doubt it now.'

'Why not?'

'I have been to his house,' said she. 'He is not there.'

'Are you sure?'

'Absolutely.'

I moved quickly towards the door. 'The matter is serious,' said I, 'and a moment must be lost.' As I spoke, a loud burst of laughter came from the café opposite. I glanced through the glass door, and perceived two men drinking at a table with the *substitute*, as though they had forgotten the existence of their missing friend.

Marie looked at me in despair. 'They do not know,' said she.

'I will enlighten them at once,' I replied, placing my fingers on the latch.

I felt her hand upon my arm. 'No,' said she, 'I implore you.'

'But—'

'My father,' said she—'I am afraid of him. If he knew of this, he would blame me. I am engaged to be married to Faubert.'

'To that demon?' I exclaimed with surprise.

'It is my father's wish,' she explained. 'Oh, how I hate the man!' she said.

Another burst of laughter reached us.

'Quick,' said I—'some lanterns. Leave all to me.'

Assuming as calm and polite a manner as I could under the circumstances, I entered the kitchen and addressed the two men. 'I understand, gentlemen,' said I, 'that your friend Monsieur Léonard has not returned this evening to his father's house at Le camp. This fact is not perhaps in itself very alarming. But I have reason to believe that he has met with an accident—I will explain myself,' I added, as the men began to question me, 'more clearly presently. If you will accompany me along the road which Monsieur Léonard told me he should take to-night on his return to Le camp, we can talk as we go along, for I think we ought to lose no time in starting on this search.'

The men readily agreed to my proposal. My manner was earnest, and my words soothed them. They soon showed as much eagerness to depart on the errand as I could have expected. At my suggestion, we proceeded on foot each with a lantern of his own. It had ceased to rain, but the night was intensely dark and misty. I selected one side of the road, while my companions searched along the centre and upon the other side. Halting constantly for consultation, we watched in a line, flashing our lanterns at every point and at every object in our course.

After I had briefly related to these two friends what I had seen and heard at the inn, we spoke no word, except when we stopped to examine a spot in the valley or on the slope, which one of us never failed to shout out 'Léonard!' in a loud tone. The echo of his name which sometimes resounded in our ears, seemed to me like a voice from the dead, and made me shudder. It was altogether a ghastly errand. The two men, each in a circle of light from his lantern, resembled phantoms as they moved along with a cautious step, and frequently, haunted as I was by the fear of the wheelwright, I imagined I saw Faubert's dark eyes distinctly in the night beyond my lantern, and could only chase away the vision for a moment by closing my eyes.

We had gone a mile or more along the road in the manner described, when suddenly a light, not scarcely larger than a glow worm, flashed distinctly against the light of my lantern. 'What's that?' said I to my companions, pointing towards the spot. But without waiting for a reply, I cautiously descended the hill. 'A hand!' I cried, 'and upon it a diamond ring.' The light of my lantern at the same moment fell upon a ghastly face. It was Monsieur Léonard! At first, I believed him to be dead. But placing my hand upon his heart, I found that it was still beating. A wound above his forehead, from some blunt instrument, told a dreadful tale. We carried him back to the *auberge* without uttering a word. He lingered between life and death for days. Marie nursed him with a care which proved how deep a love she bore him. She saved his life.

About a year after this event, Monsieur Léonard

was married to the daughter of the subergiste. The wheelwright has never been seen at Senneville since. Monsieur Léonard declared that he saw nothing and heard nothing before he was struck down. The house and shed where Faubert lived and worked are still to be let, but no one seems anxious to succeed him as the wheelwright of Senneville.

MOOR BURNINGS

The heath frost lay thick and white all over the grass, but the sun was rapidly creeping up and turning the powdery rims into dewdrops. On the river the white foam hills were chasing each other in and out among the rough stones which broke the smooth surface, till they came to the pool, where, adding to the further side just under the cliff, crowned in summer with slender waving birches, they formed a thick mass of foam, which would presently break up into small patches, and float down the still reach of water beneath. Far down the Scottish valley, great white clouds of mist hung like a curtain, shrouding the range of the Lowther Hills, but to the north, the circle of hills lay clear and bright in the sunshine of a glorious spring morning. Every smoothly rounded hill top, every rugged scarp, was pronounced and distinct, while on the great shoulders of Corsecon, which slope down into the valley of the Nith, every gleam of till and farm seemed as if it were but half a mile off.

The clear fresh hill air, exhilarating in its keenness, the little birds singing to each other from every bush, and the grouse calling on the moorland—all were well remembered characteristics of their own to the place and season. But what was it above all that marked it out as a Month day among the moors? Was it not the aroma which pervaded the atmosphere, and which bespeaks the annual process of burning patches of old heather for the sake of clearness, the ground for young grass? Was there ever a child who lived among the moors and the hills who did not love the moor burnings? And was there ever man or woman either, who had loved them as a child, and did not come back again, especially from far lands, without feeling the strange unconscious thrill of joy which had possessed them in days of yore? The aromatic scent of the morning, the acts like the smoke of the incense used by magicians of old to conjure up visions. The intoxicating scene full away, the cues and anxieties of middle life fall from their weary shoulders, the old childish joy in the sun and the sunshine rises afresh, and more than all, the faces and the forms which stood thus long ago come back to them with a vividness and reality which seem to bring the very dead to life.

It is a day to be lived out of doors as much as possible, and so we wander along the quiet country road, watching the leaves budding on the hedges and the current bushes in the cottage gardens, and after crossing the old stone bridge over the river and climbing the hill, we turn

off across the moor and down into a glen. Though it was quiet and still and sunny out on the high road, there were yet some signs of life and daily work. The coal pit steamed and clanked down in the valley, trains might be seen winding in and out by the curves of the river, ploughmen were plodding behind their teams, the surface-men were at work on the line, and 'tramps' in quite unusual numbers might be seen on the road. But out on the moor, where the little burns, brown as amber, gurgled among the stones, 'syne licht in a linn,' and where the sun shone so warmly in sheltered nooks as to make it seem more like June than March, or down in the glen under the trees, labour and civilization alike seemed to be a hundred miles away. The stillness of the glen was only broken by the voices of the burn and of the birds. Out on the moor in the sunshine the blackcocks were calling, and surely that was the quick sharp 'ck, gok' of the grouse. The green was in lovely tender patches, might be seen every here and there under the trees, while gray lichens and silvery birch stems and the brown fir needles gave a contrast of colour which heightened the subdued beauty of all. Not a fern could be seen, but a month later, that bank by the mineral well will be covered with dainty oak and beech ferns, while all through the wood others will rise in graceful crowns of foliage. We cross the burn by unprompted stepping stones, scramble up a brae through a plantation, and soon are out on the moor again, a good deal higher up than where we entered the glen. The moor melts into 'hill' so gradually that it is hard to tell the meeting point. Just on the ridge we see two grey burnings, the shepherd and his son busy in their burnings. From one dry tuft to another they go, wreaths of thick white smoke marking their progress. Sometimes the flame catches too quickly, and spreads too far down the hill, where it is not wanted, and then young Sammie hurries to the spot, putting it out in one place, fanning it in another. Who that has ever tried it, does not know the delight, the excitement, the feeling that this playing with fire must be a half forbidden pleasure, and that the smoke blackened faces and hands, the forgetfulness of time, the keen appetite induced by the fresh moorland air and exercise.

Lovers of Wordsworth know how the song of the thrush brought wondrous visions to poor Susan amidst London streets—

Purple volumes of vapour through Lothbury glide,  
And a river flows on through the vale of Chesapeake.

And so the pungent smell of burning grass on a sultry embankment brings a vision to the dwellers in cities still, of quiet smiling moorland, and smooth green hills, the sunny stillness of the glens, and the wild cry of the curlew.

As we go slowly down the hill, a wonderful panorama rises before us, the moorland met has cleared away, and the two ranges of the Lowther Hill, rising one behind the other, stand out clear and distinct before us. The moor burnings are going on all around, and the wreaths of smoke rise and fall among the hills in the most fantastic fashion. A patch just in the foreground has been burned black, while volumes



of thick white smoke rise up all round it, and every here and there, black patches are to be seen on the hill-sides. As the sun sinks westward, his rays strike more strongly on the little gray church. Down in the village the girls' voices ring out shrilly as they play at skipping rope, and merrily take their turns one after another. The policeman goes off with his bag, containing who knows how much of weal or woe, and in striking contrast to the sunshine and the childish merriment are the quiet homes where age and sickness have their abiding place, and where weary eyes look forth on a world that soon will know them no more.

The day has passed only too quickly. Great masses of crimson clouds show where the sun has sunk behind yonder hill, the young moon is rising, and the clear stars shine out from a blue and frosty sky. As the darkness gathers, the moon burnings show in another aspect. They are no longer merely wreaths and clouds of smoke, great tongues of flame seem to rise up and run along the hill-side, every here and there, a lulliput is crested with fire, and far away down the valley, a dull red light is flickering, and glowing. They seem apart from all human influence, and yet, watchful hands and eyes are ever at hand to quench the course of the fire, or put it out if need be. While the flames are to night, only black designing plots will be seen to-morrow. They preach us a sermon in their own way, and tell us that after the purifying fires have cleared away all that is useless and barren, the soft grass will spring up with a more tender grace than before, and delight the sheep farmer with its enriched herb age.

#### MODERN TRIAL BY ORIAL

A GENTLEMAN, who some years ago acted as surgeon to several friendly societies in the county of Durham, relates the following anecdote, which occurred between him and one of his intimate constituents. A member of an Oddfellows' lodge came one evening for advice at the usual hour of consultation. The symptoms were duly detailed, and the surgeon prescribed a mixture which contained two grains of strychnine and one eighth of an ounce of water. The patient on arriving home took a dose of his medicine, but was surprised to find that it had so little taste, and that moreover it presented no solid material to be shaken up. On submitting the bottle to his wife, she also, on tasting, pronounced it to be 'nowt but water.' He then took counsel with some of his brethren, who were not very favourably disposed towards the doctor, and, yielding to their advice, entered a complaint to the lodge. In due time, the doctor received from the secretary a notice to attend and answer in the Jones's charge to the effect that he had been supplied with water instead of medicine. In reply to this notice, the surgeon asked the secretary to intimate to the aggrieved brother that it would be necessary to have the medicine produced, in order that he might have a fair chance of rebutting the charge.

When the night arrived, there was a goodly attendance of members, and the lodge having been formally opened, Jones was asked to stand forth and prefer his charge against the doctor, which he

did, alleging that the bottle produced was given to him for medicine, and contained nothing but water. After he had finished his statement, the surgeon proclaimed to the meeting that if Jones was sincere in his belief that there was nothing but water in the bottle, he could have no objection to drinking the contents at one draught. The chairman and brethren thought this a reasonable proposition, and put it to Jones accordingly. Jones was evidently not quite prepared for this crucial test of his belief, but could see no way out of it. After a little hesitation he consented. The contents of the eight ounce mixture were transferred to a tumbler, and he quaffed them off. The doctor then returned to the chairman that he might proceed with any other business, until the medicine had time to take effect. After the lapse of about half an hour, Jones began to exhibit signs of internal distress, and a burn was perceptible on his forehead. It soon became manifest to the brethren that there must have been some thing more than water in the mixture. The doctor submitted that he had effectually upset both Jones and his allegation, and quitted the lodge in triumph.

#### YESTERDAY COMES NOT

I had a dream last night,  
 That with love's bright promise long ago,  
 I had it could not bring  
 Fulfilment—love and life did die by law!

I gave it to a friend—  
 Its sparkle scarce left smoking and my test—  
 A true and faithful friend  
 And lived a dim grey life through lonesome years.

Then I fully hoped in  
 To thro' within me, feel on a certain,  
 Rich morning had I plan  
 And memory was not altogether gone.

And with this new life  
 Came a great longing for the radiant ring  
 My fun and joy were rife  
 With what of olden joy it yet might bring.

My friend the wish had guessed  
 And sent it to my right generous to me  
 How shall I tell the rest?  
 Look at my hands, their story you may read!

With my low's toil rough grown  
 The ring could ring my finger now no more,  
 Ah, youth and joy have flown!  
 And earth can never hopes more lost restore!

The ring comes never back!  
 Thank Heaven for the old glamour—though 'tis  
 gone—  
 Something the days to come must lack  
 The ring will fit the finger nevermore!

H. S. C. R. H.

Printed and Published by W & R CHAMBERS, 47 Lancaster Row, LONDON, and 389 High Street, EDINBURGH.

admirably do you dispose of welcome preliminary names. I will try to give a satisfactory answer to your Ladyships direct question. I am here, Lady Leominster, because it is necessary that I should know whether it is to be peace or war—whether I am to be your champion, or to fight under the hostile flag. Either course is good enough for a Dugald Dalrymple like myself.

'Can you not leave me—can you not let me rest in peace?' asked the lady piteously.

'Now, My Lady Marchioness,' expostulated Chinese Jack, in really the tone of an injured man, 'the suggestion is too unreasonable. It is not often that poor hiccaneering fellows like your humble servant see such a prize before them, in these prosaic days, as that which shines before me now. I have no preference, no bias at all, I am perfectly impartial. But I must, obedient to the pure principles of political economy, sell myself to the highest bidder.'

'Is nothing in the criticism of the man's speech, in his mocking voice and glittering eyes, called the Marchioness into an outbreak of anger? "Wretch!" she exclaimed. "I could almost believe, as I listen to you, that I was hearkenin', to, and lookin', on, the land himself! How dared you!" She hesitated here, and her eyes drooped.

Chinese Jack laughed with unperturbed good humour. 'As for what I dare, My Lady, Jack Rollin'ston has proved that before to-day,' he answered, 'and as for my being here in war, it is motivated by two causes, both excellent enough. The first is, that you are about to be married to Lord Putney. I wish you joy. But then the wedding will be so very soon, that it does not suit my plans to wait for it. It will make a difference, My Lady. Were you not still Marchioness of Leominster, you would at least be Viscountess Putney. My Lord has great influence. It would be useful on his wife's behalf, and perhaps Jack Rollin'ston would be left in the lurch. The second is, that you have promised me nothing.'

'You have his money,' said the girl wearily.

'What you call money, Lady Leominster, I have had,' was the polite answer of Chinese Jack, 'a tickle, a flea bite, from a mercantile establishment, through ladies, I am aware, dread putting with every sovereign, as though it stood between them and salvation. On the other side, a hundred thousand pound—no beggarly duns flung, to a poor wretch, but a fortune—awards my acceptance of it with me. I am not a modest sort of man, but it would save me trouble to deal with the party in possession. Ten thousand more than I am already promised by the opposing party, I will make you as well from your sister.'

'I refuse! I will have none of your help. I will buy none of your counsel, none of your aid at the time I sullenly reply.'

Chinese Jack laughed gently. 'I have paid you, My Lady, the compliment of the first offer,' he said mildly. 'But there is a storm brewing, a sea of ink to the sky, yet the hue of which a dim haze, streaked by filmy threads, had been drawn, while above Combe Din were massed formidable banks of cloud. "I know my native mountains, and low and wide as I am," continued the adventurer bitterly, 'and every Welshman in your line would tell you the same. Before long, there

will be dazzled eyes and dragged brows. Even those chattering geese, your guests, see the mischief coming, for I hear their silly voices above, as they seek your Ladyship. Now or never! Am I to have the stake?'

'I refuse!' she answered, almost mechanically, like one who has learned a lesson long ago.

'Is that your last word?' demanded Chinese Jack, with a menacing frown.

'It is—at is! But I hear my friends' voices. Pray, leave me!'

'Certainly, My Lady. But now I shall know what to do,' answered the adventurer, and in a moment he had turned the corner of the red rock and disappeared, while, an instant later, fluttering, fatiguing apparel, and chosen hues, and huge embroidered parcels, became visible on the rocky pathway above, as Lady Flora and Lady Celia, and the Honourable Emily Tollemack, escorted by as many gentlemen, came hurrying down to express the alarm of the company in general, and of Lady Barbara and Lord Putney in particular, at the disappearance of the lady who Chinese Jack had but that moment left alone. 'And especially with a dreadful thunder storm coming on, dear Lady Leominster, and in such a place! Poor mamma, you know, dreads thunder so awfully!' And indeed the Downer, who feared most things, was almost as much afraid of lightning, as she was of unprovoked credit.

The Honourable Alaric March was also of opinion that there was no time to lose. 'I, for one, never expected a deluge, but in Wales here, in Lorn or Shye, you can be sure of nothing,' he said.

The young lady allowed herself to be led away by her friends, a parcel of a shaggy sheep permits itself to be brought back to the flock. 'I was foolish to jumble as I did he said, with a war smile. When the place of the picnic was reached, much little prevailed. Horses had been hitched to the trees made fast, and each chums himself, and catches after a hurried meal to take up his load, while those who were ill off in wraps looked enviously at such bonny better provided with shawl and mantle, for bronches give a satisfactory result in such a downpour as was mentally expected.

Of course Lord Putney was ready to place his assistance in her carriage. 'I want!' he whispered tentatively, as he placed the little hand that lay in his. 'How ungrateful your absence has made me, dearest! I was about to make—'

But before Lord Putney could commence the mountaineering exploits which he had been prepared to undertake for the recovery of his missing petticoat, a blinding flash, that made the horses start and rear, was followed by a deafening crash that seemed to shake the very earth, while every splintered oak and buck the deep drapery of the thunder. The wind shrieked. The heavy rain, mingled with arrow sleet and jagged hailstones, came pouring down, as if in resentment on nature's part for the recent frivolous invasion of her fastnesses. The storm had burst in its strength. There was no time for delay, no time for pretty speeches. Off dashed the carriage down the steep road, the drivers were as much with their hats pulled down over their knitted brows, and coat collars turned up, peering through the blinding rain and gathering gloom, and keeping the

frightened horses well in hand. 'Fish after fish, peal after peal, rang out and flared forth the symbols of elemental war, while every brook and rivulet swelled, with hoarse roar, into a turbid torrent, that here and there overflowed the road, causing the hoofs and wheels to scatter froth bells and peat stained water as they went. It was a confused rout, rather than an orderly retreat, guests, servants, muscades, snatching up what was nearest to hand, and scrambling in many cases for places in the vehicles, the impatient characters of which could scarcely restrain their scowling steeds until the living load was in its place. On, on through the drenching rain, the dazling lightning, the growl of the thunder, and the wailing of the gale, sped the fugitive revellers, some making for Cuvell Vawr, and the majority for Mr Timothy's mansion of New Hiltch, as fast as wheels could hurry them. It was a thing to be remembered for years to come, that Mountain Picnic, and its abrupt and inopportune ending.

ORCHIDS

BY A PRACTICAL GARDENER

THE peculiar family of Orchids is a very scattered one, members of it being found in almost every quarter of the globe. From Siberia to the equator, from the equator to Port Jackson, all climates and situations seem to suit them. In grassy meadow and swampy bog, on chalky down and arid tableland, by the side of meandering stream and on the face of rocky precipices; clinging to the topmost branches of Brazilian forest trees, and on the summits of Peruvian mountains, in the jungles of Borneo, and far up on the Himalaya, the interesting plants are to be found. The latest calculation of the number of distinct species of this family of flowering plants is stated to be no fewer than six thousand. With the exception of composite plants, which include eight thousand species, orchids are the most numerous family in the vegetable world. Few flowered plants come next with four thousand seven hundred species, and then grasses with four thousand five hundred.

Orchids are peculiar chiefly on account of their inflorescence, a peculiarity shared in alike by all the members of the family. In addition, many of the exotic kinds have roots and stems of eccentric construction. These peculiarities, however, do not detract from their beauty as flowers, many of them being equal in their charms. Some are of the most brilliant colouring, others are of softest rose. Some have the hue of apple blossom, others are white as sea bleached shells under the charm of frost.

On account of their unrivalled beauty, probably strengthened by a certain amount of difficulty attending their cultivation, many persons have taken a special delight in orchids. Perhaps yet another reason for attracting the attention of wealthy florists has been their comparative scarcity in this country up till a not very distant period, the only means by which their increase was appreciably effected being by the difficult and uncertain process of collecting the plants in their native habitats and importing them in a condition of impaired vitality. To the ordinary gardening public, therefore, alike with the

this unique tribe of plants is one of commanding interest.

Till about twenty to thirty years ago, the cultivation of these flowers was confined to a very limited number of gardens; but within the last ten to twenty years, the number of cultivators has been wondrously increased, and not only so, but the number of plants brought together and grown by a given cultivator at the present day, could hardly have been realised a quarter of a century ago. If at that time a garden contained in its greenhouses one or two hundred orchids, it almost amounted to a phenomenon to be amazed at. Now, a single variety is grown by the hundred. One gentleman has of *Odontoglossum Alexandrea* alone, the astonishing number of twelve thousand plants! At that time, again, orchids were cultivated in hothouses in company with other exotics. Now, it is common for separate structures to be devoted to orchids alone, and sorts remarkable for their beauty are housed by themselves in specially fitted hothouses. Specialists trained to grow these plants have *carte blanche* as to their assistants for the carrying out the details of their own particular course of treatment. At the same time, no expense is spared in purchasing new or rare sorts, in order to keep the 'collection' up to date.

At Stevens' Natural History Salerooms, London, thousands of plants are weekly sold by auction during the seasons of importation. At these sales may be seen trade growers or their representatives, on occasion, a lord, smitten with the desire to form a collection, with brokers, bankers, lawyers, and City men, some of them accompanied by their 'growers,' besides several followers of the honourable and ancient craft of gardening, intent on picking up a bargain. Before the hour of sale, these experts examine any lots they may intend to purchase, and know exactly what they want before the sale commences. Then, the auctioneer in a few words having directed the attention of his audience to distinguishing features of the plants to be sold, the sale begins. A slight difference in the colour of the flower, or in its shape or size, may result in the plants being sold for a few shillings each; or, on the other hand, in running them up to pounds. These plants are technically known as 'imported.' People unacquainted with them might well term them lifeless, so dried up and shrivelled is their appearance.

Though not a common occurrence, still it does occasionally happen that individual plants purchased at these sales, possibly for two or three half crowns, turn out, on flowering, for the first time, to be distinct in some important particular from all others of the same kind. When this happens, it is a windfall, and should the fortunate possessor wish to part with the plant, there are plenty of purchasers who would be anxious to secure the prize, at almost any price. It is quite a common thing to pay twenty, forty, and sixty pounds for some species which are always scarce; while as much as one hundred, one hundred and forty seven, and in two or three instances, two hundred pounds, has been asked and received for certain rare varieties. (At a sale held during the past spring, one hundred and eighty-five and two hundred and fifteen guineas were paid for two

11  
usually  
is preferred

the homologist, and the evolutionist,

varieties of *Cattleya trana*—four hundred and twenty pounds for two plants!) It must be understood that these long prices are not realized because of the magnitude of the plants as such, for most of these very dear morsels could easily be stowed away in the crown of one's hat. Neither is it because they surpass all others in beauty. Their value is acquired almost solely on account of rarity in the number of plants known to exist of the particular variety. In fact, it is no uncommon occurrence for a species to fetch guineas one year, and in the one succeeding, to become almost a drug in the market, to be bought at any price. Considerable speculation has of late years attended the culture of orchids. A man forms a collection, gets a name for it, and, in the course of a few years, advertises and sells his plants. The investment as an investment proves, generally, to be a paying one, and for that reason the practice is spreading.

The necessity of importing orchids to supply gaps made by decay and death, and to form and add to collections, is a recognized one. To day it may almost be said to have resolved itself into a science. Many British, continental, and American nurserymen keep as part of their staff trained collectors, who ransack the forests of Mexico and Brazil, the highlands of New Guiana and of India, the jungles of the Malay Peninsula, and the mid valleys of the Australian continent, in search of popular kinds, buoyed up with the hope of stumbling across some unknown beauty, which might in it all prove a treasure. Caravans are weekly arriving in the great central port of London from North and South America, from South Africa, and from Southern Asia, to be distributed in their thousands amongst those who, having the means to purchase, have also the will to cherish them.

Of the thousands of species known to science, only some thirty five are found in this country. It is their chief habitat, that county being, as noted amongst botanists on account of its orchids, as it is among the agricultural community for its hops and its extensive fruit farms. Among these British orchids are some of the most curious looking flowers in existence. Here are the names of a few, descriptive enough to suggest something of their general appearance. Thus the Fly Ophrys, the Bee Ophrys, the Spider Ophrys, the Man, the Toad, the Lizard, and the Butterfly Orchid, and, though not a British orchid, the Ladies' Slipper. Of these, the last named is the only kind possessed of beauty of a peculiar kind. Some of the common orchids indigenous to Great Britain are, however, beautiful flowers. A few years ago, in the course of a botanical ramble on the north coast, a group of these came on us as a very delightful surprise. After wandering over some miles of sandy, rush grassy links, destitute of all flowers save the pretty white bedstraw, partial to heathy ground, we at last reached cultivated land, and soon thereafter a wet slip was stumbled on, where was the Broad leaved Orchid (*Ochis latifolia*) growing in scores on the margin of the links. One of their number we could not resist transplanting, to consort with the bravest and highest in our garden of hardy flowers. The sun day, when passing down a damp and grassy lane, a colony of the Spotted leaved Orchid (*O. maculata*) was discovered. They

possessed flower spikes of extraordinary length, some being white, or nearly so. One of these is also to be found amongst our home flowers.

But it is to the exotic species we must turn to find the most gorgeously apparelled of Flora's subjects. Our native kinds, though some of them are beautiful in a quiet and unobtrusive way, are altogether eclipsed by the denizens of other countries. The Ladies' Slipper (*Cypripedium spectabile*) of the North American swamps is of an unapproachable tint of rose on a setting of clearest white. High upon the tree tops, in the land of the Incas, the 'Flower of May' (*Laelia moyalis*) appears as a nebulous cloud of grayish satin. The monkeys of Brazilian forests swing and leap and chatter in the midst of twisting, drooping orchids—yellows to be dreamed of, wonderful chocoalates, and the most delicate of lilacs. Numerous large flowered *Cattleyas* and *Laelias* dispute with these the clothing of the forest trees, and cover the forest pits with a floral canopy, which, drapping in the morning with rain like dew, by mid day forms a pleasant shade from the burning sun—a conservatory of Nature, with the sky for its roof. India is the home of wax like *Pandas* and of many of the *Dendrobies*, the showiest of the tribe. Some thyrses flowered in white or gold, some panicles of glorious shades, and some with drooping stems, wreathed from base to top, with two or three flowered spikelets. From Java and the Philippine Islands come the exquisitely lovely Moth orchids (*Phalaenopsis grandiflora* and *P. Schilleriana*) and so we might continue to write of the large lipped *Sobralia macrantha* of the curiously constituted *Maddalinas*, of the orange crested *Caleopsis*, of the Indian croucher, the loveliest of variegated flowers, and any number of others equally worth mentioning.

Since the theory of the necessity for cross fertilisation of plants has been established, the angular modifications in the flowers of orchids are explained at once. The structure of the flowers is such that it is impossible for an insect to introduce its proboscis into the nectary without its head at the same time coming in contact with the viscid disc to which the anther is attached, and which immediately glues itself to the insect. By a wonderful arrangement, the base of the filament supporting the anther depresses itself, and the anther along with it, so that the next flower visited by the insect receives the pollen masses immediately into the stigmatic disc, which is also viscid, and to which the pollen is at once attached. In some species, the most singular provisions for securing the cross fertilisation of the plants are found to exist. As instances, the *Amma unguiculata* of Madagascar has its nectary at the base of a horn like pouch, measuring nearly a foot from its mouth to its lower end. A species of moth has been found possessed of a proboscis long enough to extract the sweets from this elongated receptacle. To secure the safety of this rather awkward appendage, the moth coils it up in rings, and hangs it up, as it were, out of the way until again needed. Many orchids have the lips hinged, in order to allow large insects to effect an entrance to the nectary. In the *Mastocallis* the sepals and petals are confluent and insects can gain an entrance only by a small hole in the centre of the flower. *Miscopendium angustatum* has the

various parts of the flower so close together that only a very small aperture is left for the entrance of an insect. Many kinds have ridges on the lips, the only apparent merit, for these being that they act as guides to insects crawling up the lip. In addition to the size of many of the flowers and their attractive colouring, orchids are in many kinds deliciously scented, indeed, they bear very much the same relation to flowers with regard to odour that the mocking-bird does to other feathered songsters in the matter of voice. We have them with the scent of violets and other popular flowers. Even the odour of hay is to be found in all facilities in the class. They have also flowers of their own which no stranger insect-motives with, the well-known vanilla being procured from an orchid.

Great numbers of orchids grow on the trunks and branches of trees. It must be understood, however, that although thus growing on the branches of trees, they obtain no portion of their sustenance from their nurseries. They thus differ entirely from parasitical plants, which root into the substance of the plant itself and extract sustenance therefrom. Common examples of parasitical plants in this country are the mistletoe, found commonly on the oak and apple, the dodder on clover, and the ergot on grasses—the latter named parasite, however, being a fungus, and likely attracting some attention on account of its supposed authorship of the 'loupin, ill' in sheep. No orchids of this kind exist in Great Britain, unless we except the Bird's-nest Orchid, which grows amongst dead beech-leaves. Even in this case, it would require some imagination to class it with the above.

We have only another matter to note in connection with this wonderful tribe of flowers, and that is their great capacity of seed production. A single capsule of a *Maxillaria* has been found to produce the enormous quantity of one and three-quarter millions of seeds, yet, as a family of plants they are comparatively rare.

In conclusion, it may be noted that good collections of orchids are to be found in several Botanic Gardens, notably in Kew Gardens, London, in the Edinburgh Botanic Gardens, in the College Gardens, Dublin, in the Glasgow Botanic Gardens, and in the Old Trafford Botanic Gardens, Manchester. In and around all centres of population, private collections are now common, the owners as a rule being very willing to allow visitors interested in the plants to inspect the flowers.

## POOR LITTLE LIFE.

II.

'WHAT a charming house!' said George involuntarily, to the undisguised delight of his cousins, as the carriage drew up at the door of Prospect Gardens.

It really was one of the finest houses in all the Lagunaer plains. It was two stories high, and square in shape. But its somewhat magnificent form passed unobserved, so occupied was the eye in regarding the beauty of its site, its environment of gigantic trees, the grateful coolness of its luxurious verandas, and their lavish adornment of plants and flowers and creepers. The upper and lower piazzas were closed in with jalousies, to

shield off the tropical sun. A square porch, paved with white marble, with two broad flights of steps of the same material, projected in front, whilst its roof, supported by wooden pillars, and surrounded with a graceful iron railing, formed a terrace from which a magnificent prospect could be obtained of all the flat, well-wooded, Lagunaer plains, with Kingston and the coral reef of the Palisades in the middle distance, and the waveless Caribbean Sea—golden or peach coloured or rose-red or silver, according to the hour of the day—for a background. The pillars of the porch were wreathed with yuccas and the wax plant. Orchids of brilliant hue and uncouth shape, crimson and white, orange and chocolate brown, hung in wreaths from the roof, and on each of the staircases of its marble steps stood a couple of gigantic flower-pots of fine Italian clays, filled with cacti and blooming magnolia ferns or dwarf-palms, myrtles of sweet-scented hues. The terraced drive in front of the house was hedged with acacias, whilst a belt of sweet-smelling trees and shrubs—the frangipani, the mimosa, the lime, the orange, and the Mauritius rose—with a couple of fountains placed in the midst of its undulating enclosure, shut it off from the extensive pastures and fields of Lagunaer plains, without which no Jamaica town would be complete.

Lazing in the porch, the visitor found himself in a spacious piazza, fitted up with hat racks and tables, something after the fashion of an English hall.

Underneath the porch, holding a large white lace-edged parasol above her head, was Mrs Durham, ready to receive her nephew. She looked like a picture, in the midst of the flowers and the creepers. Although she was nearly fifty years of age, she might easily have passed for thirty. Time and Fortune had dealt very gently with her. Her figure was still so plump and willowy as a girl. Her features were regular and refined. Her eyes were dark and of unweakened brilliancy. She was dressed in some soft cream-coloured Indian stuff, with laces of carmine at neck and wrist.

'Welcome to Prospect Gardens, George,' she said, in that clear low voice which was one of her chiefest charms, and then she kissed him, just as his mother might have done.

He thanked her, still retaining her hand. 'I would have known you anywhere, aunt,' he remarked. 'You're just like Lady's elder sister.'

Sally clasped her hands. 'Ehonor made him a stately courtesy-bow, which, for her mother had been a famous toast amongst the planters in her younger days, and George, as he entered the house with these four fair women clustering round him, felt he had gained the hearts of the whole family by his simple and unpremeditated remark.

'Now George, said Mrs Durham, after she had shown him his room, 'breakfast is ready, and I discuss you are hungry. But if you would like a bath first, we could keep it back for twenty

You must wait till you're acclimatized, before you take liberties with yourself.'

George said he would wait for his bath. In a few minutes they were seated at one of those bountifully spread tables which make a West Indian breakfast a thing much to be remembered by the traveller in after days. The long square mahogany table, with its snowy cloth, its flowers, its fruit, and its antique silver, crowned under a profusion of dishes all new to George, who failed not to do ample justice to the inviting repast. In addition to such ordinary fare as spitchcock, salmon cutlets, and the reputation hash and eggs, there was a fricassee of chickens with tomatoes, which George declared it was worth while coming to Jamaica to taste. There was clavier rice—the salmon of the tropics—which melted in one's mouth as if it had been some delicious sweetmeat. There was a prawn curry, to which George assisted upon helping himself twice. There was a dish of soft skinned turtle, and a salmon, in a bowl of the greatest pearl fish. There were half a dozen different sorts of 'bread-kum'—roasted plantain, bread fruit, the purple Indian yam, the delicate chestnut-tipped sweet potato. There was a bowl of kibe and water-cress, fish and eel, as if plucked that morning from some shady garden in rural England. There was the vociferous or alligator pear, the only known vegetable substitute for and in the opinion of some, superior to lettuce. For the fruit course, there was a dish of capidilles, just lifted from the ice chest, a Ripley pie, then which the glasseous of an English millionaire could produce no finer. Cakes there were, and oranges with the green leaves on their stems just as they came from the tree. Ice-cream was principally used to wash down this plentiful repast. But this in coffee were on the table, and the chocolate by Cubans in Jamaica.

'And now, George,' said Mrs. Durham, I advise you to the veranda, when I shall wait for you, and tell me about your mother.'

The day passed like a dream. About the hour of four, callers commenced to arrive—the Colonial Secretary, his wife and daughters, and a dozen others from Up Park Camp, the Commodore, the Port Royal, Captain Hillyard and little Miss Longton, heads of departments with their womenkind—the best and pleasanter society of which the colony could boast.

At five, came afternoon tea, and then about six, the carriage was ordered to call and Mrs. Durham and her daughters sat with George for their evening drive. They got back just in time to both and dress for their eighth o'clock dinner, which was a repetition, on a still more lavish scale, of the beautiful feast of the morning. After dinner, the ladies sat out on the terrace, George smoked his cigar, and Evelyn sang in the dark drawing room beyond. By half past ten the whole family were in bed, and by eleven, all but George were asleep. But for him slumber was out of the question. Despite all the precautions which he had received, he had not succeeded in managing his mosquito net. One bloodthirsty tormentor had entered with him inside the curtains, when he had made his quick and crafty plunge, and now, crawling in its triumph, it was

determined to exert from him the full fruits of its victory. It was not every day that it got a feast of fresh English blood. Whirring, humming, buzzing, 'pinging' around him, now settling on his forehead, and darting its maddening stings into his flesh, now rotating wildly about his head in search of a still more juicy morsel, now darting in, shy humming, behind his ear, now dilly-dallying about the length and breadth of the bed, now resting, though not yet undisturbed, far out of reach of his handkerchief, on the very top of the curtains—it goaded him almost into frenzy. It was his own fault—that was the worst of it for Mrs. Durham, anxious to secure for her nephew a good night's rest, had offered to send the butler to tuck him in, and to brush out the curtains after he was himself in bed. But with English self-confidence, he had scornfully refused it. It was not the loss of actual sleep that he so much begrudged, though to a young and healthy man of his age this was an unwonted and disagreeable position. He would have been content to lie still, outside his single sheet, and calmly review the events of the day. He would have gone over again in memory his merry drive from the wharf, his warm reception at Prospect Gardens, have thought over all his quaint negro stories, all the hilarious odd remarks, oftener than all, he would have conjured up Evelyn's fair face, and rejoined to its sweet yet and little every word of his conversation with her during the day. It even thus resource would he had him. More cruelly tormented than a prisoner under a net of spiders, he was not permitted to indulge in the luxury of reflection. Surely the tortures of a captive in the dungeons of the merchant with a single drop of water falling at regular intervals on his shaven head, were nothing compared with the multiplicity of his unseen tormentor.

Fortunately for him, the heat was not excessive. All the windows of his chamber were open, and through the chinks of the closed shutters the night winds came rushing down from the hills, filling the room with their cool, lively, refreshing breeze. Towards four o'clock the rose, threw open the shutters, and looked out upon the scene. The sky was cloudless, clear and lit up with an infinity of stars. The Southern Cross was visible above his head. The full moon poured down a flood of silver light upon the sea. He could see the black hulls of the ships of war at Port Royal. The outlines of their masts and rigging were distinctly visible against the luminous background of the water. The coconut trees on the Palm-Isles stood out like Corinthian columns against the glaucous sky. The high-towers, like the eye of a cyclone, cast a lurid glare over the harbour.

As he gazed, a stillness, as if death were to fall upon the scene. Not a sound was heard, not a leaf stirred, even the varied voices of the tropical night were for the moment hushed. Suddenly a faint light appeared in the eastern sky, then a rosy flush, like the golden outline of a great configuration, illumined the landscape. The moon pale—its clarity still retaining its brilliancy long after that of the others had gone. A gentle twilight of birds was heard. A white star howl flapped heavily across the pastures on its way to its hiding-

place in a neighbouring cotton tree. And then, like an exiled monarch returning to his kingdom, arose the glorious sun, and it was day once more.

He bathed his face and his hands, returned to his couch, and had in hour or two of refreshing sleep. When he awoke, the torrid sun was pouring into his apartment, and by his bedside, looking the very incarnation of coolness in his white jacket and white trousers, stood John the butler, with a cup of fragrant coffee and a pile of crisp cassava cakes on a silver salver in his hand.

'Missus hope you hab sleep' well, Sa George, an' if you will please to get up, you will find de young ladies in de piazza.'

There was considerable excitement in the church of Halfway Tree, when the party from Prospect Gardens, with the young English ladies met in its train, put in an appearance at service that morning. The news of his arrival had spread abroad, and from the rector in the reading desk, to the smallest negro girl with bare feet and starched petticoats who sat round the steps of the font, the eyes of the congregation were fixed on the stranger. As for George, the quaint little church and its occupants were objects of interest as attractive to him as he was, without knowing it, to the remainder of the congregation. Never before, he thought, had he said his prayers in such a heterogeneous company. All official Jamaica was there, from the Governor to the humblest clerk in the Colonial Secretary's office—official Jamaica, clad in white hats and black frock coats, with blue or scarlet or bird's eye neckties, patent leather shoes, and white umbrellas. All the Christian beauty of the plains was there, dressed after the latest English fashions, with veils to shield its charms from the sun, and palm leaf fans to protect its somewhat mixed complexion from the heat. And all the negro population of the district was there, every man looking, to Sir George's uncustomed eyes, the counterpart of the other, and all males and females alike, displaying an ardour and a fervour of devotion, conjoined—to judge by appearances—to an absorbing love of dress.

The service was short, plain, and impressive. The briefest of rector, in the briefest of surplices, gave the briefest of sermons. The music was good, and would indeed have been excellent, had the choir not been drowned by the strident voices of the negroes. One feature of part of the service particularly attracted the baronet's attention, and that was when the rector amplified the well known petition in the litany into 'from lightning, earthquake, and tempest.' This, coupled with the many references to fever, pestilence, and hurricane on the mural tablets on the walls, far more than the differences of colour and feature which he saw around him, convinced George that at least he was really in Jamaica.

When the service was over, the most of the negroes collected in the churchyard to see the gentry drive away. The square in front of the church was crowded with bulgias and carriages, and whilst their vehicles were being brought up, the gentry themselves, clustering in groups under the shade of the trees, exchanged salutations with one another, discussed the sermon or their neighbour, or made appointments for Badminton and lawn tennis parties for the remainder of the week.

'It puts me in mind of the vestibule of Her Majesty's Theatre on an opera night,' said George to Evelyn. 'Do you remember, Evelyn, when my mother took you and me to our first opera?'

'Yes. It was *Faust*. I thought I had never seen or heard anything so beautiful.'

'Oh, that's the Governor got mother in tow!' exclaimed Lleanor, breaking in upon their conversation. 'They're talking about you, Cousin George—Look! there's mother beckoning to you. You'll have to go. I would not like to be you, he's such a cross old thing, is the Governor.'

But His Excellency was all complacency in the presence of the young English baronet. He introduced him to Lady Longton, and her Ladyship, in an especial mark of favour, let the tips of her lemon coloured glove rest for a moment in his hand.

'I was sorry Lady Longton and I were out when you called yesterday, Sir George. It was not a visiting day, as perhaps Mrs Durham may have told you, but we should have been glad to have seen you. I hope, however, to do myself the pleasure of returning your call in person at an early date, and I trust that during your stay in Jamaica, we may have the pleasure of seeing a good deal of you. I had the honour of your father's acquaintance—the late Sir Arthur Durham—I hardly like to say how many years ago. We were boys at Eton together, and though your uncle had ceased to be Attorney general before I came to the colony, I have had occasion, more than once, to express publicly my sense of the invaluable service he rendered to the island. I hope Mrs Durham or some of your charming cousins will often bring you over to Queen's House. I shall tell Lilyard that we shall always be at home to you.'

Aunt, and Sir George, as they drove off from the churchyard gate, 'what am I to do? I have not brought a court suit with me, I had no notion it would be required.'

Mrs Durham laughed.

'I told you Sir William was not popular and Evelyn—you can understand the reason now.'

But whatever exception George might be disposed to take to His Excellency's high sense of his own importance, he had no reason to complain of Sir William's want of civility.

The next day, the Governor called on Sir George. He had scarcely gone, when an orderly arrived with an invitation to dinner for the following evening.

'It is not a command this time, George,' said Mrs Durham. 'I think we had better go.' The Queen's House little dinners are always pleasant, though I can't say the same for the official ones. You'll meet some of the nicest people in the island. The Chief Justice and Lady French are sure to be there, and General Short, the Director of Roads, will very likely be (convenient).

It turned out as Mrs Durham had predicted, a very pleasant little party. All the persons whom she had mentioned were present, and in addition, a couple of rich planters—non official members of the Legislative Council, and as such entitled to the colonial distinction of being styled the Honourable—one of whom, a Mr De Costa, was accompanied by two very pretty young Jewesses, his daughters, to whom the Commodore paid a serious attention.

When dinner was announced, Sir William gave his arm to Lady March, Lady Loupton followed with Sir George, and then the rest of the company in the strict order of precedence Captain Hilliard and Evelyn brought up the rear.

'I hope, Sir George, said the Governor, a little more than round the table. You intend to make this round of the island. You cannot say you have seen Jamaica, if you don't Kingston is no more Jamaica than London is England. Every parish in the island—a parish with us, you know, is the same as a county in England—has its own distinguishing characteristics. Even the peasantry of the peninsula is different in Westmoreland from what it is in Portland, for example.'

'I should like to do so very much, Sir William, but my stay is limited. I must leave for home the first mail after Christmas, and I believe November is a bad time for travelling in Jamaica.'

'Yes, we have our autumnal rains—our "wasons," as we call them—then. Still this is only October. You might do it all before the rains commenced, if you started at once.'

'But that,' said Mrs Durham, joining in the conversation, 'we cannot allow my nephew to do. He has come out to make the acquaintance of his relations, Sir William, and he has not had time to do so yet.'

'Ah! my dear Mrs Durham, replied the Governor gallantly, 'that alters the case entirely. Interesting as an extended study of our social peculiarities would undoubtedly be to Sir George, he has an infinitely more charming study nearer home,' and he bowed to Mrs Durham with the grace of a courtier.

'Nevertheless, your Excellency broke in Mr Campbell, the Custos or Lord Lieutenant of St Ann's—a shrewd Scotchman, who prided himself in keeping up the old Jamaica traditions of hospitality—'nevertheless, if Sir George Durham would spare time to take a run over to the North Side, I'm sure he would be both delighted and amused—We have the finest estates, sir,' he continued, addressing himself to the baronet, 'in our parish. It's called the Garden of Jamaica—and the best lot of negroes in the island. If you want to know what Quashee is really like, you must go to the sugar estates. Your Kingston negro is a poor creature—a poor feeble creature. But for the real article, you'll have to go to the country.'

'I always thought the finest peasantry were to be found in Manchester,' said the Governor. 'At any rate, they are the most money-making and the most independent. When I was in Manchester last, I was shown a negro who had saved two thousand pounds, and had bought a large coffee piece besides. It is not often one meets with a thrifty negro.'

'It's because they distrust your government savings-banks, Sir William,' replied the planter. 'They think their money can be saved for tax. If you would get that idea out of their heads, they'd be as saving as the Coolies. The negro hoards, though he does not save. The Coolie saves, but he does not hoard. But the truth is, the one is quite as fond of money as the other.'

'I should not have thought they were a saving

people,' interposed Sir George. 'They must spend a great deal on their dress.'

'So they do—so they do, Sir George,' replied Mr Campbell, 'far more than they have any business to spend. And no negro would condescend to take care of his clothes. He would think that niggardly. Don't you see the way the women go about the streets, sweeping up the dust with their long starched petticoats? If any of them was to hold up her dress, she would be succeeded at as a "mean somebody".'

'I wonder, interposed the Commodore, 'what a negro's idea of beauty is?'

'I'm sure I don't know, but he'll like plants. Put I do know that no one in the world is vainer of his appearance than a negroes—If you notice, Sir George, you'll see that every young girl you meet has one or two of her front teeth out.'

'I have, and wondered whether it was from eating sugar cane or anything of the sort.'

'Nothing of the kind. She's had them pulled out to improve her look.'

'You do not mean that seriously?' exclaimed the baronet.

'Indeed I do not ponder the planter in England, the loss of even one front tooth till a girl with dire damn, but here, the loss of two is quite the thing. I have no account, for sake.'

'Do you imply Cecil as well as negroes in your estimate, Mr Campbell?' inquired the young baronet.

'We're obliged to wait the reply. We use them as a sort of deoy duck to induce the negroes to work. If we could dispense with them, we would gladly do so, for they're very expensive, and need a lot of clothing and looking after, and all that takes up both time and money. Besides, they're not half as strong as the natives. They can't do any work, and they're always in hospital. But we can't do without them. Since the abolition of slavery in 1838, Quashee has become so lazy and independent that he's not to be relied on. He works only when and how he pleases. Still, we're glad to get him along on his own terms. It's a sort of secret of the trade, Sir George, and you mustn't betray us if I tell you, but the best paying work on every estate is reserved for the negro. If he did not get that, Quashee wouldn't come near us at all.'

'But I thought your Coolies were physically a fine body of men,' replied the baronet.

'The sum of the earth, sir—the sum of the earth. The women come from the bazaars, the men are full of who have committed some offence against the laws or the caste prejudices of their countrymen. Many of our Coolies were sepoys during the rebellion. I don't believe it is actually the fault of our immigration agents in India. They would let us believe if they could. But respectable Indians can't be got to cross the black water, and hence our estates are recruited from the offshoots of our Indian population. However, if you're interested in the subject, you've a fine opportunity for studying it. The *Hampshire* has just arrived with a fresh contingent of Coolies on board. It's that has brought me to town. I'm going aboard her to-morrow with the Agent-General of Immigration, and if you would like to go over a Coolie ship, I'll get you permission to go with us.'



'Pray, do, Mr Campbell, I shall be very much obliged, there is nothing I should like better,' said Mr George  
'Very well, that's agreed then. We'll meet at ten to-morrow at the Agent-General's office.'

CATS. THEIR HUMANE AND RATIONAL TRIALMENT

BY DR GORDON STABLES, B.M.

Cats deserve far better treatment than they sometimes receive at the hands of those who own them. This more often than not is the result of a want of knowledge of what is necessary to keep pussy alive and comfortable. Many people have an idea that anything is an animal fit to die, but alas! a cat is supposed to be able to maintain existence without even a share of whatever may be implied by that word 'anything.' Some people look upon poor pussy as simply a kind of clever invention for catching mice, an unimproved vermin trap, a creature that never requires any food except that which she herself may capture, and no attention or kindness of any kind. Think to her wonderful nature and instinct, even a neglected cat will manage to support life after a fashion—but there is so much difference between a well fed and properly cared for puss, and a mere mouse, as there is between a hungry wolf of the wilds, and the honest 'bawant faced' colt that sleeps on the hearthrug, or recom- penses its master in his walks abroad.

Any one who wants to find out what a gentle, affectionate, and grateful animal a cat really is, has only to make the following experiment. Let him get a young one, not a kitten, but a cat of about a year old, that has been starved in all treat-ment and regarded as a kind of wild beast, or kept about some barnyard merely on sufferance, in order to keep the mice away. Let him begin by feeding this cat regularly, talking to it, and using it kindly, let him bring it into the house every night, and give it a bed of some kind to lie on in a warm corner, and teach it by gentle means habits of cleanliness, &c., let him do this, and he will be surprised at the difference in the poor creature's manners and appearance even in the space of a month or six weeks, and before a year is over, he will be as fond of that cat, as any human being can be of one of the lower animals. And pussy will be just as fond of her master, and have never a thought in her heart but how to please him.

Now, I do not mean to waste space in giving many anecdotes illustrative of pussy's talents and manners, but one is so fresh in my mind at the present moment, and altogether so strange, that I cannot refrain from penning it. I was told the story when in Jersey, judging a show of dogs, cats, and rabbits, and have every reason to believe it is strictly true. Two cats belonging to a gentleman in that island had kittens at the same time, the young ones were destroyed, with the exception

of two, one being humanely left to each mother. During the night a kitten died, but its parent had carried it to the other part of the room, where her companion was, and caught it for the living one, which she was found suckling. To make certain there had been no mistake, the dead and the living kittens were restored to their respective mothers. In a short time, the exchange was again made, and the same thing occurred a third time; but now, instead of going back to her own bed, this eccentric pussy escaped to an outside hayloft with her living freight, and there she reared it.

I have proved over and over again that, properly cared for and properly trained, cats are cleanly and regular in all their ways—that they are wonderfully sagacious—that they are quite as wise in their own way and as high in the scale of animal existence as dogs are—that they are tractable and eminently teachable—that, indeed, they can be taught tricks like a poodle—that they are honest, and not thieves—capital vermin killers, very fond of other animals as playmates, such as dogs, guinea pigs, rabbits, and birds—that they are very fond of their young, very much attached to children—that they like their homes, but love a kind master or mistress. But a badly used or then brutally treated cat is quite the reverse of all I have described, though for the sake of humanity I will admit that most of the bad usage to which our pussies are subjected is the result of want of thought.

Cats are liable to a great many ailments, but most of them are preventable by careful feeding and kind treatment. Let us see then, what pussy really needs to keep her well and happy.

Strange though it may appear to some, she requires fresh every day of her life, and probably twice a day. Now, although people who keep and breed what may be called show cats, including Persians and Angoras, &c.—for the kittens of which they usually obtain prices ranging from two to ten pounds or more—make food for their favourites especially, this is not necessary where only one or two cats are kept in a family. Here the mistake usually made is that of supposing, the bits thrown to the cat during the family meal time by those she sits at, are quite enough for her. Give her morsels by all means, if she begs persistently for them, but immediately after the family have breakfasted or dined, pussy's dish ought to be well filled with something really edible, some thing she cares for. This may be bread and milk, or potatoes mashed up in milk, or preferably in gravy, but most of some kind she ought to have once a day at least. Cats depend more on meat even than dogs do. Boiled herrings are very good, but it should be remembered that this kind of food looks more than it is, it is light by name and light in nature, so a good share must be given. It should be cut up fine and a little milk put over it.

Fish is a great treat for a cat, in many cases of illness, they will eat this when they can take



nothing else. Horse flesh, when it can be had, is good occasionally, but it has a laxative tendency. Nice tapers or cowhairs is excellent, but indeed nothing comes amiss that one eats one's self, only we must be careful to give bread and vegetables as well as meat. Raw beef minced finely is often given to cats when ill, so are boiled eggs and cream. Milk seems to be one of the necessities of life to a cat, let it be good and abundant.

Few people know that cats cannot be kept in health unless they be supplied with water. If a cat does not get water, she will have to help her self to it. Thus in the country she has generally a chance of drinking, but not in towns. A street should be always kept in a corner for puss, and the water ought to be fresh and fresh every morning.

Another thing that cats do not thrive well without, is grass. Heroin, again, the happy country cat has the advantage of the feline dweller in cities, nevertheless, grass may be pulled for a cat. I have known it placed between two bricks in the corner of the scullery, where it would keep fresh for a week, and be always handy when the little creature wanted it.

There is no domestic animal in our possession more fond of cleanliness in every way than puss. Habits of cleanliness in the house are very easily taught, and a well reared and properly treated cat will even teach her kittens to be cleanly. But pussy's food ought always to be nice and clean, and the dish that contains it should be washed every day. Putting fresh food among that which has been left from a former meal, is a sure way of preventing a cat from enjoying, or even touching it.

If well fed, a cat's coat is beautifully soft, thick, and sleeky, and she seems to take a delight in keeping it so. When ill or neglected, the coat becomes rough and thin. It is usually after a meal that puss sits down contentedly to wash herself and pay attention to her personal appearance, and those who breed beautiful cats, take advantage of this, and give the animal a tiny bit of butter after her dinner, or put a little cream on her paws. She requires no other incentive to cause her to proceed forthwith to groom herself all over. The oil of the butter and her own saliva seem to form a kind of soap, which acts like magic when applied by means of her rough tongue to the coat. Sometimes a cat requires to be washed. The water should be lukewarm, the soap the mildest procurable, and the towels with which she is dried very soft, and after the operation, she ought to be put into a clean room until thoroughly dry, or, what is better still, placed in a clean empty cage in the fire.

If the owner of a cat cares anything for it, or has any regard for the comfort of his neighbour, he will do all in his power to keep it in the house at night. This is best accomplished by making a practice of feeding the animal late in the evening. A late dinner makes pussy very regular in her habits, especially if she is always sure of getting it at the same time.

The possession of property involves certain duties, when that property is a pussy cat, we have a duty to perform not only to our favourite, but to our neighbours as well. To kill cats in gardens by means of traps or poison is extremely cruel as well as cowardly, but at the same time

the temptation to do so is very great when one finds his beautiful flower beds torn up by the claws of nocturnal marauders, or his valuable pet pigeons, or even his chickens, killed and carried away. If people would only feed their pawises well at home and keep them indoors at night, such things would not happen.

There are many wanton cruelties perpetrated on cats, that I hardly care to mention. In the mere love of mischief, or sport as it is erroneously called, these harmless necessary animals are often hunted and torn in pieces by dogs. Again, there are those who capture and destroy cats for the sake of the skin, which fetches a good price at the dealers, but, for the sake of humanity, I trust I am mistaken when I add that, under the notion that it retains the gloss on the coat, the unhappy creatures are sometimes skinned alive.\*

And though her owner may wish to be, pussy nevertheless suffers from her owner's thoughtlessness. It is cruel not to feed a cat abundantly, regularly, and with food suitable for her wants. It is cruel not to give her plenty of fresh water daily, and to allow her of good sweet milk, and it is foolishly cruel to keep from her the necessities of life, with the idea that it will make her a better hunter, for money certainly need patience, and only a well fed cat has that. It is cruel to turn a cat out at night against her will, and a person who makes a practice of so doing has no right to own one. It is cruel still to "under" a cat that you do not wish to keep, and have not the courage to mercifully deprive of life.

Another species of cruelty to be avoided is that of distroying all a cats kittens at once. One should always be left, and for this little thing a good home should invariably be provided. It is cruel, on the other hand, to keep more than one or two alive, for, as it is next to impossible to find homes for them all, they are sure to turn out starvelings, and add to the list of homeless wanderers.

But the worst form of cruelty of any is that cold blooded species of it murder—I can call it by no other name—which consists in leaving the poor creature to starve at home while the family is gone on the annual holiday. There is no excuse for this, for cats are capital travellers, and if they love their owners—as, if well used, they invariably do—they will take kindly to the new abode even in a day. If, however, it be thought too much trouble to take pussy to the hills or the seaside, surely a kind neighbour could be found to take charge of the animal in the absence of her owners. In Edinburgh, where we regret to say, the habit of allowing the cat to shift for herself while her owners fit to country quarters, has been lamentably prevalent, such cases are now taken cognizance of by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

When a cat gets too old to be of any use, and is even a burden to itself, then it ought to be destroyed in as humane a manner as possible. I have tried all plans. A very large dose of morphia causes death speedily, but often, instead of falling at once into the sleep that precedes extinction of life, the animal has a fit of delirium. A cat, however, if placed in a box from which the air

\* Let the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals take note.—ED.

is excluded, and a spongeful of chloroform placed in one corner, quickly succumbs, and moves no more. Drowning is somewhat cruel, in my opinion.

If cats are properly treated, they seldom die. As a rule, they can treat their own complaints far more scientifically than either a vet or a doctor knows how to do. Grass is their principal medicine. This acts in one of three ways, according to the quantity taken—in large doses, being an emetic, in medium, an aperient, and in small doses, an alterative and cathartic. When a cat is very ill, she gets away of her own accord into a quiet dark corner, and abstains from taking food, although she may come out now and then to drink water. It is evident, then, that she knows the value of rest.

When a town cat falls sick, and is seen looking miserable and strange, with a staring coat and injected eye, and if she has no appetite, and wants to hide away out of sight, it will be real kindness to place her in a clean stable or some unused room, letting her have plenty of fresh water to drink, and giving her also a dose of medicine. A grain or two of sulphate of zinc repeated at intervals of ten minutes, will act as an emetic. When the stomach settles, give her a small tea spoonful of warm castor oil, and leave her alone for four and twenty hours.

There is far more difficulty in giving medicine to a cat than to a dog, the animal is more suspicious, and also more difficult to handle. A cat will not, as a rule, bite intentionally, but she can make terrible use of her claws. The medicine to be administered may be in the form of a liquid, a powder, or a pill. If the first name, pills must be wrapped in a rug or shawl, and held by one person, while another opens the mouth, and, little by little at a time, pours down the medicine. Care should be taken not to soil the fur. A pill is given more quickly, but the upper jaw and under jaw should be kept well apart, and the pill put far down, while the finger must be clear before the mouth is permitted to close, or a very ugly, not to say dangerous wound may be the result. Sometimes it is as well to rub the medicine to be given, on pussy's paws, she will act herself to clean them, and so the physic will be licked up. Tiny pills or powders may be given in raw meat, and tasteless powders, placed on the tongue.

Cats are subject to many illnesses of the digestive canal. Chronic inflammation of the stomach is very rare, usually caused from something the creature has picked up or eaten. Poisoning is often suspected, but it is rarely indeed that a cat eats poison. When ill, she ought to have free access to grass, which she will use as an emetic. A mild dose—small tea spoonful—of warm castor oil should be given to commence with, or twice the quantity of salad oil, and this should be repeated about twice a week. Feed only on milk food, and put three times a day on the tongue, two or three grains of the trisulphate of bismuth. Keep her warm and at home.

Dysentery and dysentery are diseases from which cats suffer. Careful nursing is needed and warmth, and the least irritating kinds of diet, and for medicine, we must trust to chalk powder, and opium or morphia. Half a grain of solid opium may be given twice or three a day, or the solution of muriate of morphia in three drop doses every two hours.

Bronchitis or severe cold is one of pussy's ailments. I direct hot fumigations frequently to be applied to the head, a mild diet, rather low at first, followed by strengthening food, if she begins to lose flesh—beef tea, raw meat, eggs, and a little wine, &c.

Cats are subject to many kinds of fits. These, however, should not be looked upon as diseases, but as symptomatic of a diseased system. In the fit, little more can be done except keeping pussy from hurting herself and letting her have fresh air, or the nose may be lanced with a very sharp penknife, just enough to let a few drops of blood be squeezed out. Afterwards, it may be as well to give a worm powder. Arica nut fish grated is best, and the dose would be about ten or twelve grains mixed with butter or lard, on an empty stomach, following up in an hour with a dose of castor oil. If fits occur again and again, try every means to get her into good condition, not fat, and give a grain each of the iodide and bromide of potassium three times a day. Cod liver oil may also be given, and whenever it is, a dose of castor oil should be administered once a week.

When a cat takes jaundice, it seldom gets over the disease. I advise the use, to begin with, of Glauber salts, a small tea spoonful diluted with plenty of water, and given gradually. If it makes the cat vomit, it can do no harm, if it acts as an aperient, it will do good. Give the following pill three a day: Croscite, three drops, atomie powder, five grains. Make into ten pills with bread crumbs. Give a grain of calomel every night, but watch the symptoms. It is not intended to purge too much. If she gets better, diet carefully, and give cod liver oil, and a quinine pill made of one eighth of a grain of sulphate of quinine and a very tiny bit of conserve of roses. This is a handy conditioning pill in many ways, but it half a grain of rhubarb and a grain of ginger be added, it makes it all the more efficacious. Give it three a day for a fortnight.

Mange is caused by a skin parasite. The pussy must be washed, she must be well fed, and all red or irritable places must be rubbed with an unguent composed of the green iodide of mercury ointment and the compound sulphur ointment, twice a day. Wash three times a week. Feed very well, and keep extra dry and warm, and let her have a little sulphur in the food, and a dose of oil once a week.

Ulcers or sores must be kept very clean, and occasionally touched with mixture of silver lotion, if they seem sluggish in healing. Wash every day with water in which a few drops of carbolic acid have been well mixed. If an ointment be needed, there is nothing better than that of the benzoated oxide of zinc.

If the eyes are inflamed, bathe them frequently in lukewarm water, remove all dirt, and use an ordinary eye wash.

Never take a cat's kittens all away at once, else she may have milk fever. Bleeding may be required, but, at all events, aperients are necessary, and a little fever mixture, as for a child. This any chemist can prepare.

Never use harsh remedies to a sick cat. Let the ailing one have a good soft bed, plenty of water, and grass within reach, and remember

in treating her, that she can hardly be kept too warm and comfortable, if the temperature is an equable one, and the air in the room fresh and pure.

### 'LETTING THINGS DOWN'

We were fortunate enough to know and love a good couple, who, years ago, lived in a comfortable mansion, and had all the surroundings of elegance and affluence. These considerations, as well as the kindness shown to us collectively and individually, made us rejoice when our holidays allowed us to visit the said abode, which seemed to our moderate views a very palace of delights. There was a large old garden, a hothouse full of fine grapes, usually very much at our service, a carriage we could use when we liked, a pleasant host and hostess to receive us when we returned tired from our drives or wanderings through the delightful meadows which lay round the house. There was no end of felicity at Baskinhill, and the interior of the house was as nice and well ordered as the outside was trim and prettily arranged. There were peace, plenty, and prosperity, young, happy faces beamed about us all day, and there seemed no end to the solid comforts and enjoyments than to be met with.

In the course of years, however, this system of things went on slowly but steadily deteriorating. The children of the house grew up and went out into the world—some successfully, others the reverse, the hand of change fell, not disastrously, but naturally on the good old host and hostess, things by little and little 'went down.' There was no want of money, only a want of heart or apparent interest in things. The place was no longer quite so pleasant to visit, and the last time we set foot within its doors the shadow of the last awful change was hovering over the kind old mistress, and the ancient faithful domestics had gone away, and others, rude, vulgar, and generally hal comers instead. We thought sadly, as we turned away from the familiar scene, that much of the discomfort prevalent came from things being at first allowed to 'go down.'

Now, we have been thinking a good deal upon this subject lately, and we would, as other folks advise our young friends to avoid as far as in them lies that invidious of spirit which allows things to fall into disrepair, or disregard, merely for want of a little 'keeping up.' It has been publicly said, 'that though money be scarce, soap and water are always abundant'—a fact surely not known to the world at large, judging from the way in which people, from sorrow, indifference, poverty, or other causes, allow even their outward appearance to 'go down' perseveringly.

'W—— is surely hard up,' said one lately, in talking of the apparently prosperous head of a flourishing firm. The man referred to was in the prime of life, usually tall, erect, and well 'put on,' and well known to have the best business in the place. For some little time it had been observed that he no longer walked with his usual air, his clothes looked shabby and soiled, and his hair and beard were badly kept. His manner, too, had become reserved and sour,

so when a new Company opened in the same town, with offices whose plate glass windows and freshly painted doors invited attention, people went away from W——, and he lost several excellent orders, which naturally he would have got. Nothing, all this time, had happened to cause W——'s deterioration but a want of energy and determination to keep himself 'up to the mark,' so the result was that people thought he had 'gone down' in money matters, and so left him, causing, him in a few months, to 'go down' altogether.

'Rub up your laces, Sally,' said an energetic husband to a wife, who being, when first married, clean and orderly, was deteriorating into a slobbery and slovenly, to 'keep up the interior of the pretty cottage. So we may all in our several ways find plenty 'brasses to rub up,' and if our own spirits are gloomy enough at times, we may at any rate keep the externals about us bright for the sake of others. He is a poor spirited being who, because things go contrary to his wishes, gives himself up to the despondency that would induce tawdriness in house or garden, or personal self-reverence, and the brave soul that looks well to the comfort of those around, and works on steadily, with perhaps a breaking heart, is worthy of the highest veneration.

'Brush up your hair Betty, and then things won't look so bad,' was the kindly advice given by an old friend to a woman whose husband had lost money by the failure of a bank, and who could not see the face of the wife sitting tawdry and dishevelled, with unwept floor and untidy hearth and unprepared dinner, because this calamity had happened.

We all know how in the very presence of death itself, our real help to make the pains of friends and watchers scarcely so keen as discomfort and pecuniary would do. 'All was done that could be done, and the family as well left, is often the lamentable reflection of the survivors after a death. The same thing could not be said if everything had been allowed to 'go down' only because the invalid was hopeless.

Some people took a dull house which had been allowed to 'go down' by former tenants. They found everything as bad as possible—paper hanging off the walls, grates rusty, drains all wrong, and a general look of decay about the place, though it had been inhabited for years and just newly vacated. In a week, all was changed, the walls were fresh but expensive papers for each room, the grates were well rubbed and polished, soap and water, and windows opened for fresh air, did the rest, and the house was no longer dull. The former tenants had not cared to 'keep things up.' It is much easier, by care and very small expenditure, to 'keep things up,' than it is to 'let them down,' and then substitute a thorough reformation. An old house with which we were familiar, a nice shell, with thin walls and tottering floors, and rotten woodwork, was yet the very prettiest abode in our memory, simply because it was well 'kept.' A coat of paint nearly every year, carpets fresh and new, good order and cleanliness in every corner, and you forget its age, and perhaps its decay.

The same system should be pursued with regard to mind, habits, and cultivation, as to houses or gardens. Let all young people carefully 'keep

up' the accomplishments learned at school, let them as far as possible cultivate every talent. We have seen men and women, careful to preserve in all things the habits of youth, retain a freshness in middle life and old age, which was perfectly astonishing. There is no need whatever for any one 'going down,' a high standard of excellence placed before us at the first may lead to that nobler and better life which grows brighter and brighter 'even to the perfect day.'

### THE RESUSCITATED IRISHMAN

A GAIETY gentleman was wont to tell the following humorous story of unexpected resuscitation. 'That many people are buried alive, is beyond a doubt. I know an instance that I will relate to you, which I may say happened in my own establishment, for our huntsman, Jack Burke, was the subject of it. Jack had a dangerous illness—a fever, I think it was—and to all appearance, died. He was duly coffined, and was duly watered, and such a wake and funeral were never remembered in Galway, for Jack was a universal favourite, a character and a wit, and crowds came from far and near to the burying. The heaving cases were so loud as the process moved along, the road that they could be heard a mile off, and by the time they reached the churchyard, all were hoarse with crying. It is the custom in these parts to carry the coffin three times round the church, after which it is laid by the side of the open grave. All present sunk upon their knees in prayer, the men reverently untying the immediate relatives of the deceased close round the remains, and for some minutes there is total silence. The contrast between this death-like hush and the loud cry of the funeral wail is striking, and the appearance of the motionless kneeling crowd very impressive.

'On the present occasion, the path round the church was rough and dry, and the ground uneven with graves, so that poor Jack, while being carried his third round, was sadly jolted in his coffin.

'A roaring leop we had to take, surely, when we came to Tom Gray's tombstone; and one of the bearers afterwards "knocked to wake the dead, it was. We couldn't put our feet upon the new clean grave, and the decent man not a wick made, so there was nothing else but to hop it."

'Whether or not consciousness was jolted into Jack by this "hop," is uncertain, but certain it is that the dead silence customary after laying down the coffin was broken, not by the usual smothered sob, but by vehement thumping at the lid! It was quickly opened, and Jack sat up. After staring round with an air of comical bewilderment on his astonished friends, a great coat was thrown over his graveclothes, and he was helped up on a jaunting car, and in this plight driven home.

'The old woman who had been left behind to keep the house when all went to the funeral, and who was telling her beads over the kitchen fire, was nearly frightened out of her senses at the apparition. There was some difficulty in persuading her that it was Jack himself, and not his ghost, she saw.

'Meantime, Jack had drained a bowl of milk that was on the dresser, and now looked wildly about

"Is it wanting anything ye are, my poor fellow?" said his friends. "Lie down now, and compose yourself. A drop of spirits, with a bit of nourishment and a stretch on the bed, will do ye good, after the start ye got, finding yourself—God save us!—in the coffin. There now, be easy, do!"

'But Jack would not "be easy." He kept glaring about him and searching for something, staggering back and there, looking behind doors and shutters, and peering into cupboards.

"The wants be good to us!" whimpered the old woman, "his mind is gone—gone with the fright. Weather, darlint, what ails ye? Is it the hunger, the long fast that's putting ye astray? Sit down, for the love of the blessed Virgin, and I'll fix you a shave of bacon, and mix a tumbler of punch in half a second, to soothe your poor heart and put life into you. Do now, avic!"

"Arrah, will you get out of my way, and leave me alone," cried Jack. "It's my stick I'm looking for—my stick, for my wife, bad luck to her! when she comes home. And if I don't give her such a lambent 'tis never mortil we man got before, my new rent Jack Burke, that's all!—Look here!" he exclaimed, pinching at his shirt—which had seen better days—while he pruned with rage, and with noise. "Six bran new shirts, whole and sound is the day they left the weaver—with ut ten or rent, patch or darn—I left behind me, and look at the rag she dressed up my poor estate in! making a fool of me in the coffin when I'm dead and gone, and lining me to shame before the neighbours in the country. Ah, the stings on 'to grudge the decent linen to the boy that own'd her! Only let me catch a h'll of her, and see if I'd n't make her four bonny, smart for it!"

'With much dilatory, Jack's wrath was calmed, and he was got to hilly his friends. Miss Jack in the meantime was busy keeping out of the way. He never for, we hear, the ragged shirt—to him the feature in the affair.

'To "make an opportunity" at their burial is the ambition of the lower orders of Irish. They will undergo privation, sooner than pawn or wear the sacred under garment laid up to "dress the corpse in." Thus it was that the indignity to his survivors was so prominent in Jack's mind, that ever after, it completely set in the background his narrow escape from the dreadful fate of being buried alive.'

### SUMMER TERM.

1882

Few months have waned, few days gone by, since we Walk'd hand in hand beneath a summer sun,  
And watched the silver ripples of Cherrwell run,  
To join fair Issa hurrying to the sea.

We laughed and loved, not could for pure joy see  
How longest laugh is laughter well nigh done,  
And sweetest love love better not begun,  
How brightest days will ever sweetest see.

The summer days are fled, and thus will we sit out  
Flows sad beneath white banks and branches bare,  
And I stand lonely 'twixt the white and gray,  
Like some mourner walking from a dream  
All filled with melody and false air,  
Mourns music dead, and fairness; sweet away

J. DE K. HAVEN

Printed and Published by W & R CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 368 High Street, EDINBURGH.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fourth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1833

CONDUCTED BY R. CHAMBERS (SECONDUS)

No 1029 — VOL. XX. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1863

PRICE 1<sup>d</sup>

## MISTAKES IN NURSING

BY A MEDICAL MAN

To minister to the sick is one of the noblest ambitions of the present age, as evidenced by the number of people who voluntarily devote themselves to such duties, independently of the calls of affection or considerations of reward. To be a good nurse requires a rare combination of excellences in the same individual—intelligence, physical strength, a kind disposition with firmness, a light hand and foot, courage greater than that which animates the soldier on the battle field, and, above all, untiring patience. Given these, and the nurse becomes more than half the remedy, not only inspiring confidence on the part of the patient, but of the surgeon or physician also, who can rely that his instructions will be carried out with implicit obedience to the letter. Such a paragon, however, is rarely to be met with, except as an emissary from one or another of those admirable institutions where ladies are trained under skilful management for this work, and in the vast majority of cases, an invalid is placed in the hands of his immediate friends or relations, who, with the best intentions, it must be confessed often prejudice his comfort and retard his recovery by the very over-anxiety which is bred of affection. The object of this paper is not to convey the instructions necessary for the education of an accomplished nurse—a difficult task—but to enumerate a few small points which should be avoided, as tending greatly to the discomfort of the patient, and for the guidance of those who, without previous experience, find themselves suddenly thrust into this most responsible position.

Quietude is a great thing, of course, but real quietude means the absence of all excitement, and it must be remembered that anything out of the common will tend to excite the mind of a sufferer. Do not, therefore, walk on tiptoe, for this, in addition to its unusual elaboration of the gait, invariably causes a certain amount of creaking. Speak in low tones, but don't whisper,

a whisper will often awake a sleeper who would not be disturbed by ordinary conversation, and never say 'Hush!' Let your clothes and foot covering be of as noiseless and unobtrusive a character as possible, and instead of gliding and tottering about like a rickety ghost, do not hesitate to walk. If you have occasion to say anything in the room, say it so that the patient can hear it if he wishes, and do not let him be aware of your conspiring privately with the others, especially at the door. That door has much to answer for. If it be visible from the bed, people open it cautiously, put their heads in, and slowly withdraw again. If, as is more frequently the case, it is screened by the bed curtains, myrtle openings and shuttings are heard, unattended with any apparent ingress or egress, and *seto voce* colloquies go on outside. When you enter, do so quietly and as once, do not spend five minutes in turning the handle, like a housebreaker, thereby producing a series of irritating little clicks, finally terminating in a big snap, with which the door flies open. If the latch be at all rusty, a handle that is slowly wound back in this way will often stick, and either require to be rattled back into position, or, if left as it is, may start back suddenly, after a time, of its own accord with a report like a pistol shot! It is always well to recollect that it by no means follows that a sick person is asleep because his eyes are shut, he may be acutely conscious of all that is passing in the room, though unable or unwilling to make any sign, and nothing can be more maddening, under such circumstances, than to have people hush about things, and whispering around, and creaking about on the tips of their toes. We have all sympathised in our hearts with poor Sir Leicester Dedlock when his tongue was smitten with paralysis, with his sister constantly bending over him with clasped hands and murmuring, 'He is asleep'—till, goaded to desperation, he makes signs for his slate and writes, 'I am not!'

Never stand at the foot of the bed and look at the patient. While talking to him, it is better

to sit by the side of the bed, and as near the pillow as possible, so that you may converse easily, while your face and body are turned in the same direction as his. By this means, you can make all necessary observation of his features without enforcing the arrest of his eyes to your own, which is so embarrassing and disagreeable to one lying in bed, and is almost unavoidable when facing him. Keep him in as comfortable a position as possible, by all means, but don't be too demonstrative in smoothing the pillows and little offices of that sort. Fidgety attentions will worry him, and do him more harm than downright neglect.

When you are sleepy, it is better for your charge as well as for yourself, that you should go to bed at once, and get that repose in slumber to which you must succumb eventually, however strong your devotion may be, and however great the interests at stake. It is not necessary to dwell here on the prudence of economising your strength, that you may be capable of greater or prolonged exertions, should the need for them arise, or to look at this detail from the point of view which affects yourself. But, in any case, you can be of little or no service, worn out with fatigue, and in a condition more akin to somnambulism than vigilance, and the spectacles of a nodding, dozing nurse is neither soothing nor reassuring to the sufferer, while, if you be one near and dear to him, he will be tormented with anxiety lest you should impair your own health on his account. In such a case as this, you cannot do better than be down comfortably on a sofa or bed where he can watch you, and there have a good nap—for his sake.

Some people have a great notion of 'tempting the appetite' by the suggestion of all manner of eatables and drinkables, or by bringing them ready prepared to the bedside experimentally. This, no doubt, is very well at times—during convalescence, for instance, but, as a medical man, I am persuaded that it is a mistake in the earlier stages of an illness, when all food is loathed alike, and the creation of an appetite is an impossibility. The only thing to be done is to impress on the invalid the necessity of taking what is ordered for him at stated times, just as he takes his medicine, and it should be prepared on the same footing as a medicine—with the understanding that it is a nauseous dose, and must be presented in a form that will admit of its being swallowed as compactly and rapidly as possible. It is worse than useless to employ flavouring matters at this stage, with the idea of making anything palatable, if you can render his food absolutely tasteless, you will do far more for him. And beyond this forcible administration, so to speak, of a certain amount, I think little good is gained by suggesting this or that delicacy, in the hope that your patient may be induced to 'fancy' something. We may take it for granted that when he feels inclined for any thing, he will ask for it spontaneously, and the promptings of nature are more likely to lead him to a choice of what is best for him, than our string of suggestions. I have frequently observed that when sick people have mentioned a desire for any special food, they almost invariably eat of it when it is procured, whereas it often happens, when they have been persuaded to assent to something which has been proposed,

the inclination—if it ever existed—has passed away before the dish or article can be brought to them.

I say, 'if it ever existed,' for there is no doubt that a patient often yields to suggestions in sheer extremity, simply for the sake of peace. I happened to be in a sick room the other day, when a relative arrived on the scene. She had been warned to repress all emotion, and succeeded very well, but her tender solicitude was wholly irrepressible. I am sure that she asked at least twenty questions in less than a minute, until the unhappy sufferer writhed under them: 'Shall I raise your head a little? Will you have another pillow? Wouldn't you like your head a little higher? Let me fan you. Will you have the blind up? What can I get you? Some arrow-root? Do try some!' I am sure you will be more comfortable with another pillow. Will you have one?—yes, do! I'll go and get one. Will you have a cup of tea? I'm sure it would do you good. A cup of tea won't take a minute,' &c. The cup of tea has been a dreadful instrument of torture in the hands of well-meaning people, who would not knowingly have teased a fly.

These are small things, you will say. But a small thing in health is often magnified to a grave matter in sickness, and the sum total of them all may be as serious in their effect as the disease itself. It will be seen that the few points upon which I have laid stress are such as are calculated to promote tranquillity of mind—which, indeed, is half the battle in medical treatment. It is generally conceded that a trained nurse, who has no interest in the patient beyond that which the duties of her office impose, is better fitted to expedite his recovery than those who are bound to him by ties of affection, however welcome their presence may be in the hour of affliction. Whether the reader will agree with me, or not, is more than I can tell, but my experience in foreign countries has impressed me with the conviction that men make far better nurses than women.

## ONE FALSE, BOTH FAIR;

OR, A HARD KNOT

CHAPTER XXVII.—THE FIRST PROOF.

I SHOULD have thought, I should, that I was capable of this, at my time of life, and after cracking many a harder nut, to my fancy, than this one. Four times I've been packed off to Paris, and given satisfaction in every case, and there are old French friends of mine in the Rue Jerusalem who didn't seem to think me quite a greenhorn. No more did my Yankee brother officers, 't'other side of the ocean, appear to consider me quite in the light of a beginner. And yet, what have I done, down here in Devonshire, in all these weary weeks, but pick my employer's pocket and waste time! 'The mugs of cider and the pints of ale that I have stood for chance customers at wayside public, vex a man who remembers that nothing came of it but the emptiest of babbling talk. And the women were as bad as the men, every bit, though I put in their window-panes cheap, and mended their broken china for nothing, but what did I learn by it? Burch would have the laugh against me, only he writes



word that he has done no good in London, any more than I have in these out of the way parts. Seems to me it's about time for me to give it up, and go back to town and my regular duties in the Force. In this Carew case, my usual luck seems to have left me quite.

The colloquist was a tall man, dressed in a slop suit of workman's clothes, and wearing a shapely hat of soft felt. Seated on the parapet of a small stone bridge which spanned one of the countless streams of well watered Devon, he was smoking a short pipe of blackened clay. There was something of military bearing about the man, which indicated to an observer of average wateness the old soldier, gone back to the peaceful occupations of civil life. And indeed Sergeant Drew, of the metropolitan detective, was competent, as his comrade Inspector Birch had said of him in the chambers of Mr Sterling the lawyer, to make an honest livelihood by more trades than one. In Devonshire, when sent down by Mr Sterling to make inquiries in the neighbourhood of the ancient seat of the Carews, which might throw light on the case, the sergeant had thought it better to adopt the character of a wandering glazier, who, being a handy man, and having also served his time in a joiner's shop, was not above undertaking on low terms the job of repairing windows in cottage homes and outlying farmhouses so often met with, for months it may be, the arrival of some such roving mechanic. In that capacity, the experienced detective felt pretty sure of a welcome, with opportunities for gossip, wherever he went.

Nothing but disappointment as yet had attended the explorations of Sergeant Drew. He had mended broken windows, and repaired rotten sash lines, and put on deficient door handles, in the dilapidated Hall of Carew itself, but the caretakers to whom the great ruinous old house was left had apparently been selected from among the stupidest of the retainers of the decayed family, and had nothing to tell that was worth the hearing. Of course they recollected the two young ladies, the baronet's sisters, but they had nothing particular to say about either, excepting that a grand wedding had taken place at Carew, when Miss Clare married that rich young lord Leominster. As for the former servants, some of them were in London, under Sir Pagan's roof in Bruton Street, but most had set up in other lines of life than domestic servitude, and were married and settled in out-of-the-way hamlets, where the sergeant, in his unobtrusive fashion sought them out, but without much result for his labours. Nobody seemed to have a word to say worth listening to.

Probably the shrewd policeman, when he took the mission upon him, had not made sufficient allowance for the dull, uninquiring character of the bucolic mind. At anyrate, although by the exercise of his arts as glazier and carpenter, and by the genuine good nature which he showed in attending to many a trifle not by any means connected with his ostensible handicraft, he won much personal popularity, as a sort of servicable Ulysses in humble life, he picked up no information that was likely to benefit the case of his employer's client. Even the angular resemblance between Clare and Cora Carew, which had once been matter of local wonder, seemed to have almost faded out of the memories of the rustics

with whom the sergeant conversed, though, now and again, a flagging interest would revive in the recollection of some bygone mistake as to whether it were 'Miss Clare or 'Miss Cora' who had done this or ordered that.

'There only was one person, since Lady Carew died, who really did know the two apart, and she must be mean old now, since she kit for Pagan's service, on account of the rheumatism and wages overdue, the very year old Sir Fulford died,' said one woman less Bosotian than the rest.

Skilful investigation elicited the fact that this was one Jane Dawson, who had been nurse to Lady Carew, had left her to be married, and had come back, an elderly widow, to be nurse to Clare and Cora.

'A moorlander she was—and lived at Monk's Hollow, beyond Charnbury, right in the heart of it'—meaning Dartmoor—his informant had said.

And now Sergeant Drew, his wallet of tools and his rack of window glass on his shoulders, was trudging on foot along the rugged bridle-roads that led to Charnbury and Monk's Hollow, as his last chance.

The march to his destination, through the wild solitudes of Dartmoor, with its tops of naked stone cropping up at intervals above the rolling tablelands of endless heather, treacherous green mosses, and trickling streams, was not particularly pleasant, fine as was the steady weather of that mellow autumn. The sergeant had slept, as became a wandering glazier, not in the worst inn's worst room, but in a humble chamber on the second floor of the sprawling public house of Charnford, and unless a moorland storm should set in, he might reasonably count on reaching Charnbury, and being thence directed to Monk's Hollow. Charnbury was reached at last, and after a period devoted to rest and food, the detective set off for Monk's Hollow, and found it, appropriately, in the shape of a deep dell, wherein, beside a brooklet, and amongst a labyrinth of holly bushes, juniper, alder, and ash, stood a dozen of thatched tenements and two farmhouses, clustering around a wooden steepled church, close to which still were visible certain fragments of gray masonry, ivy clad, once a portion of some Cistercian cell. Mrs Dawson was easily found. She lived by herself, in one of the thatched and cob-walled tenements—so said a farming hind, across the gate, in answer to the sergeant's inquiry—'that is, with only a slip of a granddaughter along with her.'

Nurse Dawson—who was one of those pleasant-looking little old women whom we sometimes see in rural England, with soft wrinkled faces, that remind us of roasted apples, and with little beady eyes, that peered kindly at those who spoke to her—proved to possess a genuine interest in her nurslings, in 'sweet Miss Blanche Fridescof, my Lady Carew, when I passed into service with Sir Fulford,' first and foremost, and then 'Miss Clare' and 'Miss Cora.' 'I loved Miss Clare the best,' said the simple old soul. 'Miss Cora had her tricks, and was wayward, and would plague a poor old body like me. But dear Miss Clare was all good, like an angel.'

On this occasion, the sergeant was able to drop his assumed character of a glazier, and to announce



himself, not precisely as a policeman, but as a person intrusted with a mission, much to the ultimate advantage of Miss Clare, that was, and a good deal, too, he hinted, to that of the giver of useful information. The point to be cleared up was, which was which, of the two young ladies.

'I never saw either of them,' said the detective frankly, 'but this I know, from the London lawyer who has sent me here—a gentleman, Mrs Dawson, who is very liberal, and minds a sovereign no more than you or I would a shilling—that they are in two different places now, and there does depend very much on knowing one from the other. So I thought you, as a nurse of theirs—'

'I do know which is which, better even than their own dear mother, my Lady, my own dearest Miss Blanche, could have known one of her pretty ones from the other, for My Lady was seldom in the nursery, being ill and pining, and I was always there, till they grew so tall, and My Lady was dead, and Sir Fulford died too, and Sir Pagan having so little for himself, and all the servants without wages.'—

It cost some trouble to bring nurse Dawson to the point of her evidence, which Sergeant Drew immediately reduced to writing, and which ran as follows.

'There is a mark about my Miss Cora by which I could swear to her anywhere. And this is the history of it. On that bitter cold winter's morning of the christening day, with a storm of snow and rain driving down from the top, I was dressing the dear young, then, in the new white embroidered baby clothes, by candle-light, and a candle—the nurse, ill, who was out of the room at the time, had stuck it in carelessly—fell out of the candlestick, and burned the poor baby's soft arm—Miss Cora's arm, it was—just inside the lower part of the wrist. How the poor wee thing cried, and how I kissed her, and how frightened I was! But it never was found out, never—though, of course, the poor hurt innocent was crying—fractious, as they thought—near all day. Never did I mention that accident to any living soul, first, for fear it should get me into trouble—a natural fear, sir, for one in my station, and who knew what was owing to her betters, and later on, my dear Lady Blanche being dead, and my other two grown up, I suppose I held my tongue because I had got to look on the candle business as something to be hushed up.'

'Yes, I am quite certain it was to Miss Cora that the accident happened. And on Miss Cora's wrist the mark was, last time I saw her, and won't go, I reckon, till her dying day. A little, dull, bluish white mark, most like a very young moon, like a sickle, but straighter. My young lady, Miss Cora, I feel sure, never noticed it, nor yet did her mother, darling Miss Clare, for the mark was very small, and not disfiguring, and, except to a nurse's eye or a mother's, who knew how it came to be there— But it won't get me into trouble, sir, and bring me blame, after all these years, will it?' asked the old woman, tremblingly.

Soothing assurances that no one would dream of blaming her for an inadvertence of so many years ago—allusions to the advantage of 'Miss

Clare'—and the laying on the table of three golden sovereigns, persuaded the old woman, reluctantly and slowly, to affix her shaky signature to the written statement, having secured which, the sergeant took his leave cheerily, and armed with his first proof, made the best of his way, on foot and in hired gigs, across stony Dartmoor, and so by railway to London.

#### THE CIVIL SERVICE OF INDIA AS A CAREER

It has become a commonplace to speak of the fierceness of the competition for the means of existence nowadays, and the commonplace applies not only to the lower classes, where competition has taken definite form in the development of trades unionism, but also to the great and varied mass that goes under the name of the middle classes, and even to the junior branches of the aristocracy. One hears on all sides of the difficulty which in 'this aged nation of ours,' as George Eliot used to call it, the majority of young men find in earning a livelihood. The professions are overstocked, and the competition in trade and the various avocations which are known vaguely as 'something in the City,' daily assume greater proportions. Emigration, no doubt, is open to all, but experience has shown that emigration without capital, and very often with capital, means—besides the inevitable evils—disease and years of weary waiting for a success that at the best is always doubtful.

Under these circumstances, it may be worth while to try and spread a knowledge of the advantages of a career which, making every allowance for its drawbacks, is one of the greatest that, without capital, interest, and years of hope deferred, lies within reach of the educated and hardworking young Englishman—the Civil Service of India. The present time is one particularly appropriate for a consideration of this subject, for twenty-six years have now passed since the service was thrown open to competition, and the earliest of the *competition wallsahs*, as they are called, are now either filling the highest posts in the government of our greatest dependency, or are retiring on their pensions.

No doubt, most of our readers are familiar with the general tenor of the regulations for obtaining appointments in the Indian Civil Service. But as these regulations are liable to change in important particulars—especially in the all important particular of age—it may not be out of place to recapitulate them briefly here. The service, then, is recruited by means of a competitive examination, which is open to every natural born subject of Her Majesty who fulfils the prescribed conditions as to age, character, &c., and pays the fee of five pounds. Unlike the Home Civil Service, no preliminary test examination has to be passed before the candidate is permitted to present himself at the competitive examination. This latter is held in the midsummer of each year, and lasts nearly three weeks. The number of appointments competed for necessarily varies according to the requirements of the service,

but is usually between thirty and forty, and the number of candidates varies from one hundred and sixty to two hundred. In the old days—that is, ten or twelve years ago—over three hundred candidates presented themselves for each examination, but the decline in the number of competitors does not represent any decline in the popularity of the service, and is probably ascribable to the lowering of the age. The next examination will take place in June 1884, and on that occasion competing candidates must have been over seventeen and under nineteen years of age on the 1st of next January. The subjects of the examination will be—English (Composition, History, and Literature), Latin, Greek, French, German, Italian, Mathematics, Natural Sciences, Logic, Political Economy, Sanskrit, and Arabic. The list is no doubt a formidable one, but though the examination is, outside the universities, the severest in the world, it owes its severity more to the keenness of the competition than to the character of its subjects, which are supposed to include none—with the exception of the last two—which do not enter into the education of an ordinary English gentleman. The successful candidates are further subjected to a strict medical examination, to insure that they have no disease or bodily infirmity unfitting them for the service, and should they prove to be as sound in body as accomplished in mind, they are declared 'selected candidates.' They do not, however, at once proceed to India, but enter on a period of probation, of which it is only necessary here to say that it extends over two years, and that, during that time, the candidates have to reside at a university, and pass three test examinations, and that they receive three hundred pounds in all from the government.

No greater mistake could be made than to take the subjects for the competitive examination as an indication of the kind of work which the Indian civilian will have to perform during the greater part of his career. The object of that examination is to select, as far as can be done by examination, those young men who are most proficient in the subjects taught at our great public schools, and, as competitive examinations have been, for good or evil, finally adopted as the order of the day, there can be no doubt that the object is a wise one. If, however, men were selected with special reference to the work which they will have to perform during the greater part of their career in India, it is probable that a knowledge of engineering, sanitary science, agriculture, elementary law and medicine, and a capacity to ride straight across country, would be of infinitely greater value than any amount of Greek and Latin. During the greater part of his career, the civilian, unless he is fortunate enough to get into the Secretariat in one of the government capitals, spends most of his time in an up-country station, where he is the dispenser of justice, the collector of revenue, the inspector of roads, canals, and various matters connected with his municipality, very often the detective who hunts up a case of murder or highway robbery. He is, in fact, a Jack of all trades, or, to put it in more appropriate language, the *Sahib* who represents the great British *Raj*, as his predecessors of thirty years ago represented the famous association of merchants known to

the natives under the mystic name of 'John Company.'

It would require much more space than we have at our disposal to depict even in a general manner, the lights and shadows of an Indian civilian's life. Like everything else in the world, it is a subject on which there is much variety of opinion. But leaving out of count for the moment the solid advantages of the career in the way of pay and pension, and the less solid advantages in the opportunities it gives for making a name, few who are acquainted with India will deny that the service possesses a great fascination for the typical English nature, owing to its powers and responsibilities, and even to its occasional loneliness and dangers.

At present, however, we shall only touch on the solid advantages of the career as estimated by its pay, and we are able to do this with more advantage than would have been possible hitherto, from information recently published in India. The pay of a young civilian begins on his arrival in India at about four hundred and eighty pounds per annum, and is materially increased on his passing his first language examination in that country. After this, there is seldom any absolute uniformity in the pay of the civilians of the same standing. It must be remembered that, in India, a Civil servant does not necessarily perform the work of his own particular appointment—his substantive appointment, as it is called. This anomaly arises from the necessity of providing for the discharge of the duties of officers on leave. A, for instance, takes leave to England, B is therefore on told off to do his work, while C does B's work, and D does C's, and so on, and the pay of a Civil servant at any stated time will depend on two things—namely, on his rank in the service, and on the duties which he may chance to be discharging. After twenty-five years' service—during which time furlough to Europe, amounting in all to about six years, is allowed—the civilian is entitled to a pension of one thousand pounds a year. In that twenty-five years, as in a similar period of every career, there are, of course, times when advancement moves slowly, and times when it moves rapidly. A good deal was said, for instance, in the House of Commons, a few years ago, about the block of promotion then existing in the Madras Presidency, and we believe that measures have since been taken to better the condition of the Madras civilians.

For our present purpose, it may be most useful to consider, in a very general way, what has been the fate of those who went out to India in the earlier years of the competitive system, and who are now drawing near the close of their official career. Of the fifty-two officers who were appointed in the first three years 1856-8, twenty-six are still in the service, the rest having died or retired. The highest salary drawn by any *competitive* *wallah* is that of Sir Charles Nicholson, who belonged to the first batch of men appointed, and who is now Lieutenant-governor of the Punjab, on a salary of about eight thousand three hundred pounds a year. Of the nine others appointed in the same year, two receive about four thousand pounds, three over three thousand pounds, and the rest over two thousand pounds. In the second year of the system to entry civilians were appointed, of whom eight still remain in the service, and of

these, one is receiving about four thousand pounds, one about three thousand pounds, and the rest over two thousand pounds. Of the eight men of the third year still remaining, three receive over three thousand five hundred pounds, and the rest over two thousand pounds.

It will be seen from those figures that, as in every other walk of life, some have been much more fortunate than others. But, generally speaking, it is considered that an average civilian receives one hundred and twelve rupees (eleven pounds four shillings) a month—when over twenty years standing—for every year of service completed, and that a civilian may consider himself fortunate or unfortunate according to his salary ranges above or below that standard. In a pamphlet published lately on the subject by a high official in India, it is stated, that although forty nine out of the one hundred and four men appointed between the years 1856 and 1860 have vanished by death or retirement from the lists of the service, yet the survivors have in every way justified the system under which they were selected, and those who organised it have every reason to be proud of its results.

### POOR LITTLE LIFE

PUNCTUALLY at the appointed time next morning, the Durhams carriage drove up to the door of the Immigration Office.

'You're exact to the minute, Sir George,' said Mr Campbell, looking at his watch, after having introduced him to Mr Buchanan, the Agent-general, a fair-haired youngish looking man, dressed in a light alpaca jacket and a pink helmet.

Driving down to the Victoria Market, the party hailed a canoe, and under the skilful padding of two able boatmen, were soon under the *Hampshire's* bows. There she lay, like a weary creature, resting after her long and tedious voyage through the trackless seas.

'Never had a chance of ruling,' said the captain grumpily, when they had got on board, 'never got a wind the whole blessed time.'

The main hatch was open, and looking down through it, a strange sight met the visitors' eyes. A mass of naked limbs, thighs, and torsos, gleaming ivory teeth, soft jetty eyes—men, women, and children all salarung together to the white faces peering through the hatches. The men were almost entirely nude, their sole garment was a white *babbe* wound round their loins. The women were more decently draped in a couple of pieces of calico, the one surrounding the limbs, the other the head and chest.

'Before I call the roll, Sir George,' said the Agent general, 'would you like to go below and get a nearer view of this human menagerie?'

The baronet acquiesced.

'Captain Grimeby and I have some papers to look over, but the second mate will go with you, and you'll find me on the quarter deck when you come up.'

'Many deaths this voyage' asked Mr Campbell, as they descended the rickety ladder.

'I fifteen all told.'

'A considerable number.'

'Yes, sir. But I never saw such a set as them Coolies. When they think they're sick, they die off just like a pack of monkeys.'

'Any births?'

'Plenty, sir,' replied the mate, cheering up. 'I live in all. We had one the very night before we came into Kingston Harbour—Take care of your heads, gentlemen. One step more. Here you are! Plenty of light, you see, when your eyes get accustomed to the darkness!'

And when their eyes did get accustomed to the twilight gloom, a very curious scene met their view. They could see from one end of the ship to the other. The main deck had been entirely given up to the accommodation of its living freight.

Following their guide, Sir George and Mr Campbell proceeded to thread their way amongst the crowd. Children gambled around them, came and touched their hands, their clothes, their umbrellas. Women held up their babies to be admired, then salaamed to the ground, touching their feet, and then their own heads, with every token of courteous oriental abasement. Many of the men were models for the sculptor, and one or two of the children were really pretty. But the women, with the exception of a few young gulls of sixteen or seventeen, were squat and ungainly, and both in figure and feature formed a striking contrast to the men. Both sexes however—from motives either of vanity or religion—appeared to have done their best to disfigure themselves. Many of the women had the half of their brows and the partings of their hair stained with vermilion, whilst the majority of the men had shaved either the whole or a portion of their heads.

Each man, woman, and child were suspended from the neck a tin medal, on which his or her number was stamped. Several of the women were gorgeously adorned with bangles and anklets, necklaces, nose and ear rings. One woman had sixteen silver bracelets on her arm, which had been fastened on when she was a child, and had now eaten into her flesh. Two fair-skinned bright little sisters of thirteen or fourteen wore round their fat arms what looked like silver napkin rings on either side of which the plump flesh protruded painfully.

On the beams and pillars of their saloon were suspended their pipes and their drums—their *hubble bubbles* and their *tum-tum*. Mugs, old tins, and platters were rolling about on the ground. A tall sirdar in red jacket was distributing *chappatis*—thin flour scones—which the children, true to their instinct, greedily snatched and devoured. The man, crouched in idle attitudes, and the women stretched on the ground in every variety of easy and graceful pose, were less active in appropriating their share of the viands.

Amidst these motley groups were one or two sick people. A man who had fallen from deck and broken his leg, was stretched out, bandaged up with splints, and on a filthy blanket lay another poor fellow, whose emaciated frame, and bones protruding through the skin, showed only too distinctly that he never would cross the

black ponies (black water) again. No one seemed to trouble himself with him, or pay him the least attention. And indeed, he looked as if he were even now heedless of human care.

Suddenly the boatswain's pipe was heard summoning a general muster. In an instant the whole saloon was alive. Mothers and sisters ceased hold of naked boys and girls, draped the one with babies, and the other in sheets like grave clothes. Then proceeding to make their own toilet, they swathed themselves in folds of pink muslin, bought for them in Calcutta, against this the day of their going ashore. Each man seized his *hubbie tubbie* and his *ten tum*. Each woman made up her little bundle of everyday attire. Then with her naked pickaninny astride on her hip, and perhaps a couple more hanging on by the skirts of her garment, she ascended the ladder to present herself and her offspring before the inspecting officer.

In the meantime, the deck had been roped off, and chairs and a table brought out for the use of Mr Buchanan and his clerks. Round the Agent general's table clustered several planters, who, like Mr Campbell, had come on board to receive the Coolies allotted to them. As each man or woman came forward, they criticised his or her muscular development in very much the same manner as of old they used to do their slaves.

'On the whole, a goodish lot,' said Mr Campbell to the baronet, when his quota was made up. 'There are one or two not much worth. Look at that second fellow from the end. He don't look strong enough to handle a hoe. But that's a sturdy wench next him, look at her arms. I hope they'll behave themselves, I'm sure. They need a deal of humouring when they are landed first. They'll just like burns, Sir George, and I've to be treated accordingly. It's hard work, I can assure you, keeping your temper when you see these great men and women, who ought to be attending to their work, throwing wooden images of LUKKI, the goddess of Fortune, into the river, or wreathing a white goat with flowers, and then cutting off its head in honour of KILLI, the goddess of Destruction.—Well, I think we've seen all that there is to be seen, so we'd better be off, and leave Mr Buchanan to his work.—I'll send my overseer for the lot,' added the Scotchman, addressing the Agent general, 'in the afternoon.'

A day or two afterwards, as the young baronet was leaving his room to join his cousins over their early coffee, he heard the girls laughing in the piazza above him.

'Here's Cousin George!' cried Sibyl, rushing to the top of the staircase to meet him, and holding up her rosy mouth for her morning kiss. 'Let's ask his advice.'

'Come along, George!' cried Evelyn, flourishing a letter in her hand. 'We want your opinion.—Eleanor, pour out his coffee for him; he likes it sweet, with plenty of hot milk.—Here's old Nana—our old nurse, you know—has got a letter from her grand daughter, who lives in another part of the island called Manchester, asking her to go and stay with her; and the old lady can't

make up her mind, and wants us to make it up for her. Please take the letter and read it for yourself, and then you can tell us what you think.'

George did so, and read as follows:

"MY DEAR GRANDMOTHER—Your having resumed in Kingston has hindered me from writing to you as often as I could wish. However, I now embrace this opportunity, trusting what I have to say may appropiate your aged mind. I have considered your diminishing age has rendered you the greatest inconvenience of life, although your manners of situation would no doubt arise diversity of an opinion in mind. I am sorry to say," continued George, "your ever anxious to see your only Charlotte are ever deferred." 'The grammar's a little mixed at this passage. However, to proceed. "And as I cannot tell when it will be in this respect, it is my earnest endeavour to promote myself in the branches of usefulness, while it is the greatest joy of my father to see me wise and happy."

"Pon my word," remarked George, "this young lady seems to have a very good conceit of herself."

"Our lives so uncertain," continued the missive, "that I cannot lost the present. Although he has not the means, yet he is willing to see me as already stated. I will not leave to say that I was baptised on the first sabbath in June, so now I am a member of the church whose pastor is Rev Isaac Parker, of which I trust it won't be little joy in your hope and felicity are centred. My dear mother, if your wish are still so great, do, my dear, come up to live and die with me. Look not on what you possess. Care not for house and home, but remember you are decreasing every day, and disadvantage is before you. Therefore I beseech you, answer to my request. Be to my desire: hoping when this reach your lovely hands."—

'Nana's lovely hands!' shouted Sibyl. 'Oh, you should see them, Cousin George, they're like the claws of some old monkey!'

'Hush, Sib, let me finish.'

"When this reach your lovely hands, it may find you and all friends in health, as it leaves me at present. I am your unforgotten and affectionate  
 CHARLOTTE."

'Well,' said George, handing the letter back to Evelyn, 'all I can say is, that if I were Nana, I should think twice before I went to live and die with such a superior young person. She'd soon be the death of me, with her long words and her learning.'

'That's what education has done for the negroes,' said Evelyn. 'I don't think Nana appreciates all her grand-daughter's accomplishments. You see she is what the negroes call an "old time somebody." She was an old slave of my father's. But she would not leave the family at abolition, and she still retains all the feelings of her class. Her son, however, is different. He belongs to the new school, and the result is—his precious daughter Charlotte. But I don't think Charlotte's education will advance much further; she's engaged to be married to a young drayman in Manchester; and I dare say, after marriage, she'll

gave up all her learning, just as ladies gave up the piano.

'Ask Evelyn to show you some of Captain Hillyard's letters to her,' added Sibyl maliciously. 'It would be good fun comparing them—Wouldn't it, Cousin George?'

'Sibyl!' said Evelyn threateningly, but blushing all the while.

'Well, he does write to you, Evelyn,' pursued the child. 'You know he does, and you know you like him too, she added.'

'Oh, there can be no doubt she is very fond of him,' said Eleanor, with an air of the most aggravating candour.

'Captain Hillyard is certainly very amusing,' said Evelyn, partially recovering her composure, 'which is more than can be said of all the Governor's guests.'

It was a trifling incident, but it set George a thinking. The subject occupied his thoughts during the whole of the morning. He was conscious that this incident of Captain Hillyard's letters possessed an interest for him, for which his cousinship to Evelyn was no sufficient justification. He could not conceal from himself that the children's malicious remarks had caused him infinite annoyance. He was forced to admit that when Sibyl had spoken of Evelyn's correspond-ence with Captain Hillyard, she had sent a kind of stab through his heart. But, after all, why should she not correspond with Captain Hillyard? And if, as Eleanor had added, she liked him—what then? What was Heeuba to him, or he to Heeuba? He was her cousin, to be sure, her nearest male relation, and as such, and also as head of her family, deeply concerned in her happiness. He was certainly fond of her too—in a brotherly, cousinly, family sort of a way, of course. She was one of the nicest girls he knew—bright, happy, guileless, unsophisticated, and very pretty too, there could be no doubt of that. All that assuredly made him deeply interested in her fortune. But could it account for those feelings of irritation—to call them by the mildest term—with which he had received his impish little cousins' mischievous intelligence? Clearly, it could not. For, after all, he repeated, why should she not correspond with Captain Hillyard? He had not seen much of him, but the little he had, had impressed him not unfavourably. He was amusing enough in his way. For a soldier, he was certainly clever—better educated, too, on the whole, than men of his profession sometimes were. He was the nephew, or the cousin—at any rate some near relation of the Governor's. His prospects were good. He would probably be a governor himself some day. He would be no unsuitable match for Evelyn. 'I'll discover whether she really likes him, because, if she's only taking her fun out of the fellow, that's right enough. But I'm certain these clues meant to imply that there was something more serious between them. And if there is, I suppose, as Evelyn's cousin, I'd have something to say to the match.' And then he fell a-dreaming, as young men with plenty of money and no particular occupation are liable, perhaps even entitled, to do—dreaming of Deep-

dale and the Castle, and his mother, and his future, and a wife—who, somehow, always bore an extraordinary resemblance to Evelyn—who looked with her eyes, spoke with her voice, and went about the panelled halls and wide stone terraces of his ancestral home with her peculiar grace and gesture.

'The plague's in the girl!' he said angrily, as the dressing bell rang forth from the piazza, warning him to bring his ablutions to a close. 'She's somehow or other got into my head, and I can't get her out of it. I remember one of the last things my mother said to me—it was the night before I left Deepdale, I recollect—was to be sure not to take a wife of the daughters of Heth. It was her way, I suppose, of warning me not to marry a nigger. I can't say, so far as I've gone, that I have been exposed to any temptation. These two Jewish girls I met at the Governor's the other night were pretty enough. By the by, I thought Hillyard showed that youngest one a good deal of attention. But I have not seen a girl in Jamaica yet—and very few out of it—that could hold a candle to Evelyn in point of looks. She certainly is uncommonly pretty—twice as pretty as when she used to come down to us at Deepdale. I know my mother used to admire her then, and like her too! Yes, she used to be very fond of little Evie, and so was my father. I wonder if my mother would consider Evelyn one of the daughters of Heth!'

#### THE CRATER OF PICHINCHA

THE following interesting sketch of an ascent to the crater of Pichincha is from the note book of a young English engineer, who has recently returned home after a six years' residence in South America:

Pichincha is a lofty volcano situated in close proximity to the city of Quito, the capital of the republic of Ecuador, South America. Its height above the sea is estimated at fifteen thousand eight hundred and sixty five feet, or about six thousand three hundred and fifty five feet higher than the city of Quito, which is seated at an altitude of nine thousand five hundred and ten feet. Humboldt tells us that he was twice at the mouth of this crater, and goes on to say:

I know of no one but Condamine who ever reached it, and he was without instruments, and could not stay above a quarter of an hour, on account of the extreme cold. I was more successful. From the edge of the crater rise three peaks, which are free from snow, as it is continually melted by the ascending vapour. At the summit of one of these I found a rock that projected over the precipice, and hence I made my observations. This rock was about twelve feet long by six broad, and was strongly agitated by frequent shocks, of which we counted thirteen in less than half an hour. The mouth of the volcano forms a circular hole, a league in circumference, the perpendicular edges of which are covered with snow on the top. The inside is of a deep black, and I have no doubt that the bottom of the crater is on a level with the city of Quito. Condamine found it extinct, and even covered with snow, but we had to report the unpleasant

news that it was burning. On my second visit, being furnished with far better instruments, I found the diameter of the crater to be six or seven hundred yards, whereas that of Vesuvius is but six hundred and seventy yards.

Humboldt's 'eighteen shocks in less than half an hour' need excite no surprise, when we remember that throughout this region the mighty and irresistible subterranean 'fire king' seems to reign supreme, and earthquakes shocks are so common that the people seem to heed them but little, notwithstanding the terrible facts that in 1795 a fearful earthquake, doing an enormous amount of damage, occurred here, and another two years later, which was so appalling in its destructive power, that it is said forty thousand persons perished in a few minutes, that the ground opened in all directions, throwing out sulphur, boiling water, and mud, and that the face of the country was changed in consequence. And yet the dimensions of Quito, in spite of these visitations, are a gay, light hearted people, much given to amusement and pleasure, never appearing to recollect the awful 'mine' lying beneath their feet, which at any moment, and without the least warning, may hurl both city and citizens into sterility.

During my stay in Quito, and just after Christmas 1873, three friends and myself resolved to make a trip of inspection to the great crater of this volcano, a spot rarely visited even by natives, and still more rarely by Europeans. Our party consisted of a German engineer, two English merchants, and myself.

The journey to the crater of Pichincha can be done, I believe, there and back in one day. As, however, we wished to reach the crater as early as possible in the morning, we started the afternoon before, leaving Quito at three P.M. About half an hour after leaving Quito, we reached the village of Madalena, small, straggling, and very dirty, and in riding through it, the few houses appear resting on the tops of the hedges, because the road between the fields lies at a very low level. Leaving this village, we took a road on our right, and then began to ascend, and continued to do so for an hour, the road becoming worse and worse as we proceeded, till at length we passed through a gap in the western Cordillera, and began to descend on the other side. Half an hour's ride over a very rough and dangerous road, and we reached the bottom, then a trot along a pretty winding lane, both sides of which were covered with flowering bushes, brought us to a farm belonging to a Society of Nuns at Quito, where we had determined to sleep.

The manager of this farm, a stout, thick set, burly looking fellow, came out to greet us, and we asked if we could stay there for the night. He answered pleasantly enough, 'Certainly.' But we knew well that no use asking for sleeping accommodation, for they never have any in these places. The hill farms of this country are, as a rule, the most miserable, dreary looking places it is possible to conceive, without the smallest attempt at external ornament, or even common cleanliness. We obtained, with some difficulty, sufficient fodder for our horses, our own food, fortunately, we had brought with us. After supper, therefore, we proposed to 'retire for

the night,' when the manager gave us a number of not overclean sacks, and some cow-hides, not too fragrant, to lie upon, and showed us into a large place, which might have been used in England as a barn, provided it had been a little cleaner, and here, with the sacks and cowskins, together with the rugs we had brought with us, we made our 'beds,' if they could be dignified with that name. Although we all lay down, we did not go to sleep, for we were a jovial party, and overflowing with animal spirits, and with English glass and German *Vollkader*, two hours quickly passed, when we almost involuntarily exchanged the land of song for the realms of Morpheus.

The night was bitterly cold, and we found to our cost that our good 'mother Earth' makes but a hard bed even with such additional 'luxuries' as old sacks and ill smelling cowhides. We were not sorry, therefore, when it was time to be astir; and remembering that a long climb was before us, we were ready for a start by four o'clock A.M. But here came a serious difficulty we could get no fresh horses. We might almost have expected this, for the people of this country have a trick of making the fairest promises without the smallest intention of carrying them out. The old remark the manager would not star, but merely made endless excuses for not providing the horses as promised, and so, finding that arguments, and even offers of money in payment, were alike in vain, and that we were only losing precious time, we were obliged, however unwillingly, to continue the journey on the same horses we had ridden the previous day. At five o'clock, the guide arrived, and we at last got off about half an hour before daylight.

It was at first so dark that we could only just manage to see the outlines of the guide's figure, and, as I was deputed to take the front place, I had the greatest difficulty to keep him in sight. In a few minutes we entered a thick wood, and found the road slippery and very steep, it being now all uphill. Shortly we reached the bed of a small stream, which is indeed our 'road.' With various adventures, more or less exciting to us, we push on, upwards and still upwards. The day is breaking, and the higher we climb the greater becomes the cold. An hour after starting we emerged from the wood, and came out into broad daylight. The road through the long dried grass was so dreadfully steep, that we had to go from side to side, fifty yards to the left, fifty to the right, to make any headway at all. Fortunately, the ground was very dry, and the horses did not slip so much as they had done. About half way up, we began to feel the wind that always prevails at these high elevations, and which was intensely cold, dry, and cutting. This was especially noticed by two Spanish scientists who, many years ago, were stationed on the mountain for the purpose of making astronomical observations. They found the wind so intensely keen, and blowing with such extreme violence, that it was impossible to keep it out of their hut, although every crevice was closely stopped. Added to this, they were in constant fear of their hut being blown over the precipice, or demolished by large masses of rock, which were often dislodged from above, and came thundering down the mountain sides, and their discomforts were sorely increased.

by thick fogs and constant heavy storms of hail and snow.

About nine A.M. we arrived within three hundred yards of the crater. As our horses were suffering much from difficulty of breathing, in consequence of the extreme lightness of the air, and were thoroughly exhausted by the constant climbing, we determined to dismount and secure them behind some large rocks, out of the way of the wind, which now assailed us in all its terrific force, freezing every drop of water in the hollows of the rocks, and cutting into our skins as if with the edge of a razor.

The day now began to grow pale, gray and chilly, which did not tend to create much warmth of feeling or hilarity of spirits. Our German friend remarked that it was 'certainly very creditable to be cheerful at all under these very trying circumstances.' Having prepared ourselves for the further ascent by strengthening the inner man, we now commenced our journey to the crater on foot. But the great difficulty of breathing which we now experienced was so distracting, that we were obliged to halt at almost every ten yards to recover our breath. The wind—which chilled us to the very marrow, when sitting still in the saddle—was now far less painful, because we were now warmly warmed by the exertion of walking up the very steep and rough ascent. The last few hundred yards to the crater are all pounce and gravel, which, when it rains, must be ankle deep in mud and slush, but now, of course, it was all frozen hard.

After a tedious and most trying ascent, we at length reached the top, that is, the edge of the crater, a large flat ledge about fifteen or twenty yards wide. Passing this inward, we were instantly aware of a strong sulphurous smell which saluted our nostrils, but it was only for a few minutes. On passing below the level of this ridge inside, all was calm, and a general warmth prevailed, reminding one of an English summer's day. Here and there, screened from the force of the wind, and charmed by the warmth of the crater, we observed a small plant growing without any flower, but covered with a kind of snow white moss, which gave it a very singular and unique appearance.

We now came in sight of the actual crater, but the view of the interior was sadly obscured by the clouds of vapour which are continually arising and hovering over this fearful boiling caldron. Dr Stubbell, the German geologist, lived on this spot for a fortnight patiently awaiting an opportunity to sketch the crater, and during that time he had only two intervals, of an hour and a half each, during which he was enabled to do so. This gentleman afterwards told me that from his measurements he found the crater to be six hundred metres, or nineteen hundred and seventy five feet, in depth.

The inside of the crater is very steep, and enormous stones are constantly being loosened from the summit. Some of these roll down into the mouth, increasing their speed as they go, until they acquire a furious and terrible velocity, flying over frightful precipices, and dashing them selves to pieces against the rocks below, whilst the sound of others, continuing their rattling head long course, might be heard for two minutes. We

had now descended very cautiously about two hundred yards into the crater, but the constant fall of these formidable stones caused us considerable alarm, and required us to move with the greatest caution, for we were in continual danger of being crushed or struck by a falling fragment. One large stone about three feet in diameter passed, in its downward flight, so close to the head of one of our party, that he declared he felt the 'wind' of it quite plainly. Here—with intervals of awfully impressive silence between—we heard, seemingly beneath our feet, a distant hollow rumbling sound like the roaring of the sea. It was the terrible volcano burning and seething far below us, and vomiting forth its lava, and from this horrible pit came up stronger than ever, the smell of sulphur. We altered our positions many times, but, like Dr Stubbell, we failed to obtain a clear or really satisfactory view down into the crater, on account of the continued smoke, mist, and cloud with which the whole interior was filled. The air, too, was so highly impregnated with the suffocating fumes of sulphur, that it had become painfully unpleasant, and therefore, thinking we had descended to a sufficient depth, prudence suggested a halt, and we determined to return. We therefore, though reluctantly, commenced the difficult task of ascending out of the crater, which we found more trying than we had expected, for we could not take more than a dozen steps without stopping for breath. By the time we reached the summit, we were all exhausted, and suffering much from tightness of the chest and distressed breathing, but a short rest in the fresh keen upper air restored us. We were so much restored that we could not resist the 'compliments of the Christmas season' by engaging in a few rounds of snow-balling on the edge of the crater.

On passing the ridge, and once more getting fairly outside, the wind again assailed us with all its icy fury, cutting into our cheeks and eyes and numbing our fingers. We therefore hurried down as fast as we could to the rocks where we had left the horses. Here we quickly mounted, and sped down the descent at a good rattling pace.

Inasmuch for us, the clouds now lifted, the sun shone forth in all his splendour, and hill and dale, mountain and valley, stood out with a distinctness and beauty almost indescribable. The view, vast and extensive, was infinitely grand and striking, never to be forgotten, and well worth coming this distance, and facing the lance like wind, to witness. We had before us—lying at our feet—five separate valleys, dotted about on their sides and hollows with villages and farms, each valley having a snow water stream running through the midst of it from the mountains above. Mountains and hills seemed to be piled in endless confusion on every side, amongst which were visible nine separate peaks capped with eternal snows. Two only of these nine were smoking—namely, Cotopaxi, fifty miles distant, and the one we had just left. It was a sight perfectly unique, magnificently beautiful, and almost startling in its overpowering vastness. It exhibited 'the fair face of nature' in one of her wildest, grandest, and most exalted of moods.

Having once more arrived at the farm, we

dismounted, to feed the horses. At two o'clock P.M., after a little rough and ready refreshment, we made a start for our final descent and return home. We got over the bad roads without much difficulty, and in due time managed to reach Quito, tired and hungry, but delighted with the success of our expedition.

## POETS' PETS

WHY should Shakspeare ever cherished any animal pet, we do not know. He has been accused of not sufficiently appreciating the worth of the most companionable of animals, the dog. But that really says nothing. We are not aware that Dryden lauded the dog in verse, ample reason as he had for so doing. Waylaid by five footpads, the poet allowed himself to be robbed of every thing else, but when they would have taken his mother's locket he cried 'Catch the rascals, Dragon—catch them!' and fled, leaving the brave hound to settle matters with the robbers unassisted. Finding some wood cutters at an ale house, he persuaded them to go back with him, and met his faithful Dragon coming slowly along, heading from wounds too many to count—wounds of which he died a few weeks later, his mourning master's only consolation being that two of the rogues were caught and hanged.

Queen Elizabeth's godson, Sir John Harrington, poet, courtier, and statesman, who owed to having spent his time, his fortune, and almost his honesty, to buy shallow praise, false hopes, and false friends, had one true friend in his oddly named Bungey, whose portrait faces the title page of Harrington's translation of *Orlando Furioso*. Bungey often travelled between his master's house at 'the Bath and Greenwich Palace, carrying safely to court whatever was committed to his care. Harrington, courtier like, says that if he did not, like Alexander's horse, bear a great Prince on his back, he often bore the words of a greater Princess on his neck. One day, two 'charges of sack were confided to Bungey for conveyance. On the way, the cordage slackened, but equal to the emergency, the dog hid one flasket among some rushes, carried the other to its destination between his teeth, and then fetched the hidden one. Once he disappeared for six weeks, much to his master's wonder and grief. Some one told Sir John that his favourite was in the possession of the Spanish ambassador, and he lost no time in putting in an appearance and his claim. The Spaniard affected to doubt Harrington's right to Bungey, whereupon he told the dog, to fetch a pheasant out of a dish on the table—an order Bungey immediately obeyed, and then, at his master's bidding, he returned it to the dish again, and went home with Sir John. This clever dog would seem to have had a presentiment of coming death. 'As we travelled towards the Bath,' says Harrington, 'he leaped on my horse's neck, and was more earnest in fawning, and courting my notice than what I had observed for some time back, and after my children, by disturbing my passing forwards, he gave me some glances of such affection as moved me to caress him, but, alas, he crept suddenly into a thorny brake, and died in a short time.'

In a letter to a friend, Pope says 'As it is

likewise begets affection, so my favourite dog is a little one, a lean one, and none of the finest shape. He is not much of a spaniel in his fawning, but has—what it might be worth any man's while to imitate him in—a dumb surly sort of kindness, that rather shows itself when he thinks me ill used by others, than when we walk quietly and peaceably by ourselves. If it be the chief point of friendship to comply with a friend's motions and inclinations, he possesses this in an eminent degree. He lies down when I sit, and walks when I walk—which is more than many friends can pretend to, witness our walk a year ago in St James's Park'. When Pope lost his little companion, he at first thought to place a monument over his remains, inscribed 'O rare Bounce!' but relinquished the idea, possibly thinking of Ben Jonson's epitaph, and seeing the absurdity of putting a spaniel on all fours with a poet. An other poet did worse when he made regret for a lost pet an excuse for libelling his own kind, as Wolcott, when he penned these lines

Here rest the relics of a friend below  
 Ill it with more sense than half the folks I know,  
 For'd of his eye and to no juries prone  
 He bann'd no poet but calmly gnaw'd his bone,  
 I scorn'd his functions well in every way—  
 Blush Christians if you can and copy lay

In the same spirit, Byron extolled his beloved Newfoundland as possessing beauty without vanity, strength without insolence, courage without ferocity, and all the virtues of Man, without his vices. Mrs Byron's Gilpin was probably at one time of a different opinion, since Boatswain never missed an opportunity of worrying him, so that when the latter was left in charge of the poet's mother, she thought it advisable to send her own pet to Newstead, out of harms way. Soon afterwards, Boatswain was missing for several hours, and when he returned, he brought Gilpin with him, led him to the kitchen fire, lavishing upon him every possible token of affection, and from that time forth the two were the best of friends, and Boatswain had but to hear Gilpin's voice raised in distress, to fly to the rescue. He was but five years old in November 1808, when his master wrote 'Boatswain is dead'. He expired in a state of madness on the 16th, after suffering much, yet retaining all the gentleness of his nature to the last, never attempting to do the least injury to any one near him. I have now lost everything, except old Murray'. Byron was unlucky with his pets, his bull mastiff Nelson, escaping from the house unmuzzled, fastened upon a horse by the throat, and paying no attention to whacks from sticks and whips, did not let go his hold till he was shot through the head.

Death came as suddenly though not so decorously to Luath, the famous collie of the Ayrshire Bard—

A gaun and faithful tyke  
 As ever lap a slough or dyke  
 His honest sense baw'd at face,  
 Aye gat him friends in like place  
 His breast was white his towsie back  
 Weel clad wi' coat o' glossy black,  
 His gamsie tail w' upward curl,  
 His gae or his hurdle w' a swirl

If he made friends everywhere, poor Luath had been unfortunate enough to make an enemy



somewhere, for he was wantonly killed the night before Burns's father died. To confer such immortality as it was in his power to bestow on his old companion, the poet indited *The Two Dogs*, making Linneth his strange converse with an imaginary Cesar. He touched a sadder string in the ungodly mournful title of the accidental strangling of his only pet ewe, *Milkie*, a sheep of sense, so attached to her owner, that

Thro' a the town she trotted by him  
A lang half mile she could desery him,  
Wi' kindly bleat when she did spy him,  
She ran wi' speed  
A frand mair faithful, no or cam nigh him,  
Than Maibe dead.

Of Scott's dogs and Cowper's hares sufficient has been said and written, but Cowper had other pets besides *Puss*, *Timy*, *Bess*, and his spinels *Beau* and *Murcus*. He owned a cat sad and grave, adducted to returning into strange nooks to sit and think

I know not where she caught the trick,  
Nature, perhaps herself had cast her  
In such a mould philosophique,  
Or else she learned it of her master

This habit all but brought upon her the fate of the heroine of the *Melrose Drough* for the poet, one night, roused from his bed by an inexplicable scratching and a melancholy mew, explored his sleeping quarters, and discovered puss shut up in the top drawer of a tall chest, whence she emerged, modest, sober, and cured of all her 'notions hyperbolical.' A few pigeons, and a couple of goldfinches, *Tom* and *Dick*, made up the roll of 'Cowper's pets,' goldfinch *Dick* being the subject of the little poem entitled *The Faithful Bird*, relating how he escaped from his cage, but finding *Tom* could not follow his example, he 'a prison with a frand preferred to liberty without,' and made no use of the freedom he had won.

Mrs Barrett Browning thus sang of her doves

On my human hand  
Their fearless heads they lean,  
And almost seem to understand  
What human meanings mean,  
Their eager eyes with such a plaintive shine,  
Are fastened upwardly to mine

But her pet of pets was a dog with dark brown body, silver suited breast, and eyes of hazel bland, her peerless *Flush*, of whom his fond mistress wrote

But of thee it shall be said,  
Thy dog watched beside a bed,  
Day and night unwary  
We closed within a curtained room,  
Where no sunbeam like the gloom  
Round the sick and dreary

Writing to a friend of a visit paid her by Miss Mitford and her favourite *Flush*, Mrs Browning said 'Never in the world was so handsome a dog as my *Flush*.' Just now, it was, after reading your note, I laid it down thoughtfully without taking anything else up, he threw himself into my arms, as much as to say 'Now it's my turn, you are not at all busy now!' He understands everything, and would not disturb me for the world! Adding, with fine consideration for Miss Mitford's feelings 'Do not tell Miss Mitford, but her *Flush* is not to be compared

to mine, is quite animal and dog natural, and incapable of my *Flush*'s hypercritical refinement. There is not such a dog in the world as he is, I must say it again, and never was, except the one *Pluto* swore by. I talk to him just as I should do to any reasoning animal on two legs, the only difference being that he has four superfluously.'

Charles Lamb once owned a dog, presented to him by Hood, that he might not be companionless in the long morning walks he indulged in, when emancipated from Leadenhall Street and its incongruous desk work. *Dash*'s habits were extravagantly erratic, and the source of much perplexity to his supposed master. He went scouring streets and roads beyond Lamb's ken, leaving him in a fever of irritation lest the animal should get lost, while he had not the heart to curb his spirit's Regent's Park was *Dash*'s favourite goal, and for that reason, thither did Lamb oftentimes wind his way. No sooner was the park gained, than *Dash* vanished, well aware his master would not dare to stir from the spot until he chose to return. At last Lamb's patience gave way, and he transferred his troublesome friend to Mr Patmore. But he did not forget him. Writing to Patmore, he sent his love to *Dash*, and affecting anxiety respecting his sanity, and 'Are his intellects sound, or does he wander a little in his conversation? You cannot be too careful to watch the first symptoms of incoherence. The first illogical word he makes, to St Luke's with him. Try him with hot water, if he won't lap it up, it is a sign he does not like it. Does his tail wag horizontally or perpendicularly? Is his general deportment cheerful? Has he bitten any of the children yet? If he has, have them shot, and keep him for curiosity, to see if it was the hydrophobia.' You might pull out his teeth if he would let you, and then you need not mind if he were as mad as a Bocklamite, he would be like a fool kept in the family to keep the household in good humour with their own understandings.' If Mr Patmore had the slightest suspicion all was not right with *Dash*, he was told to clap a muzzle on him, and lead him in a string to Hood's house, where he would be taken in at any time. Patmore replied that he found *Dash* the best behaved of his species, but Lamb was not tempted to take him back again.

Some of the minor poets of our day have been notable petters of animals. Mrs Kingsley tells that the Rector of Kyrksley's horse was his friend, and knew it. His Scotch terrier *Dandy*, after attending school lessons and cutting his turf, and accompanying his master regularly in his parish walks for thirteen years, was laid under the fern on the rector's lawn, beside *Sweep* the retriever, and a 'Tucker' of the Queen's pointing, with whom his attached master sat up during the last two suffering nights of the little creature's life. Charles Kingsley delighted too in cats, the stable never lacking its white cat, or the house its black or tabby one. On the lawn dwelt a family of natter toads, which lived on from year to year in the same hole in the green bank, which the scythe was never allowed to approach. A pair of sand wasps—one of which had been saved from a watery death in hand-bawn by the kinder hearted rector—lived in a crack of his dressing-room window, and every spring he looked eagerly for their advent. A little

fly-catcher that built every year under his bed room window was a constant joy to him, and he rejoiced in a favourite slow worm in the churchyard, which his parishioners were specially enjoined not to kill. Believing, like Wesley, in a future state for animals, Kingsley loved every creature that draws breath, barring the spider, to that he owned an antipathy he could neither conquer nor understand.

Mortimer Collins was also a man of many animal friends. He would stop in his work to stroke the head—pretending to invite the caress—of the tortoise on his writing-table. It amused him when his owl in the garden woke up suddenly in the night, and hooted in all sorts of keys, until they brought their licks from the woods to join company and add to the din. He delighted in seeing his white rats sit on his wife's hand, and play tricks with her finger-nails, and when 'Mrs. Blackbird' was sitting on her nest, he never failed to give her a call and stroke her glossy feathers—a liberty she never resented, knowing her visitor had no designs upon her eggs. One morning a robin flying into the book to me, had stunned itself against the window. The little intruder was taken up tenderly, coaxed to drink a little water, and put out on the grass. This treatment quickly brought the dazed bird round, and from that time it was on the most intimate terms with its rescuer, making itself fit of the house, hopping over the poet's manuscript, perching on his knee, and accompanying him on his morning stroll.

But the chief members of the family circle at 'the Cottage,' after the master and mistress, were Growl, Ludo, and Big dog. The first named was a black terrier with a propensity for attacking the Thames swans, and of a bilious turn out of all proportion to his dimensions. For some piece of impertinence, he once got such a shaking from Big dog, that he was only resuscitated by a copious administration of port wine, but for all that he never failed to greet the approach of his punisher with a provocative growl. Ludo, a blue skye, was the gift of Dr. Allon, who parted with him because his jealous temper impelled him to bite a newly come baby. Ludo is described as the most amiable, most amiable, most affectionate dog in the world, 'always in extremes, either barking in exuberant joy, or looking at you with great melancholy brown eyes, that seem as if they belonged to an unpersoned spirit. It has been said of some dogs that they can do everything but talk, Ludo does talk. We know what he means as well as possible. He has particular expressions for everything he wants.'

The pride of the household was a mighty Pyrenean wolf hound, found nearly dead in a ditch by a poor half-witted fellow, who gladly resigned him to Mortimer Collins until his owner should claim him. That never came to pass, and his new proprietor adopted Big dog, as he was called in default of knowing his proper name, and kept him near him while working, thinking, and dreaming. Collins was rather proud of the fact that his favourite had thrashed every dog within a few miles, but boasted that he was a most courteous and chivalric dog, who, when walking out with ladies, treated them as if he were *grands chevalier*. Miss Collins says 'He was

curiously like his master in character; he had mighty strength, and yet such gentle, loving ways,' and she relates with evident appreciation, how a Berkshire Labrador, as Mortimer Collins and Big dog passed by him, exclaimed 'You be a pit, you be!' 'Somebody once suggested sending the hound to a dog show, a proposition at which his master was very indignant. 'As if,' said he, 'any dog of ours should be tied up, or caged for an hour, or subjected to the impatient gaze of visitors. We could no more send a dog of ours to a show, than submit to be exhibited in a man show ourselves.' An outbreak thoroughly characteristic of the man whose friends 'were chiefly a few private people, his dogs, his servants, and his wife.'

#### ANCIENT SCOTTISH LAKE DWELLINGS

As a branch of antiquarian research, the origin and history of ancient lake dwellings, or crannogs, are of considerable interest, and valuable as throwing additional light on this singular phase of prehistoric life. Crannogs were a kind of fortified islands in lakes, and were used as dwelling-places and places of refuge by the early Celtic inhabitants of Ireland and Scotland. The portion of the island to be so fortified was marked off by piles driven into the bottom of the water, and these served to support a platform on which log houses were erected, above high water mark. Remains of these ancient structures have been found widely distributed throughout Europe, but the study of them is comparatively new. It is curious, indeed, that in bygone years, so little attention should have been given to these submerged remains, for it was not until the second half of the present century that they were made the subject of special inquiry, when Mr. Joseph Robertson, in the year 1857, read a paper upon them before the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, which had the effect of stimulating research in this direction. Although several discoveries were made by subsequent explorers, yet comparatively little was done by way of furthering the systematic exploration of these widely scattered remains in Scotland, until the formation of the Ayrshire and Wigtownshire Archaeological Association opened a new epoch in antiquarian study, one of the features of this Society being 'the prominence given to practical explorations as a means of investigating the prehistoric remains of the district.' For a full account of its investigations, we are indebted to Dr. Munro's valuable work, *Ancient Scottish Lake Dwellings or Crannogs, with a supplementary chapter on Remains of Lake-Huts in England*, by Robert Munro, M.D., F.S.A.Scot. (Edinburgh: D. Douglas), in which, besides giving an admirable summary of the observations made by previous explorers, he has added a description of his own investigations. Its value, too, is enhanced in interest by the two hundred and seventy illustrations which accompany the text, many of them enabling the reader to gain a clear idea not only of the structure of the lake dwellings, but of the various relics found in their localities.

Referring to the origin of the Scottish crannogs, it has often been asked for what purpose they were constructed, and what grade of civilisation

characterized their occupiers. Although anti-quaries have differed in their opinion respecting the age of these remains, yet the weight of evidence, after a patient analysis of the characteristic features of the numerous excavations made in recent years, seems to indicate that they are of comparatively modern origin, when contrasted with those of Switzerland, having been constructed probably about the time of the Roman invasion. It is suggested that they were erected by 'one and the same people for a special purpose, and about the same time, or, at least, within a limited period,' the plan on which they were built having been introduced by immigrants of the Swiss lake-building community. The author, too, considers it probable that they were mostly constructed by the Celtic population, a fact which would account for their uneven distribution throughout Scotland. 'Though we cannot argue definitely,' he says, 'from the present geographical distribution of the Scottish lake buildings, the indications are so clearly suggestive of their having been peculiar to those districts formerly occupied by Celtic races, that the significance of this generalization cannot be overlooked. Thus, adopting Skene's division of the four Kingdoms into which Scotland was ultimately divided by the contending nationalities of Picts, Scots, Angles, and Strathclyde Britons, after the final withdrawal of the Romans, we see that of all the crannogs proper, none have been found within the territories of the Angles, ten and six are respectively within the confines of the Picts and Scots, while no fewer than twenty-eight are situated in the Scottish portion of the ancient Kingdom of Strathclyde.' That they have not been found in the south-eastern part of Scotland, may suggest the theory, that these districts had been occupied by the Angles before Celtic civilisation—or rather the warlike necessities of the times—gave birth to the island dwellings.

Again, among the relics discovered in the Scottish lake dwellings, very few are of great antiquity, none of the animal remains belonging to any very remote species. The objects, too, of stone are far from numerous, whereas there is an abundance of bone and wooden implements. Some idea of the domestic life of the Scottish lake-dwelling communities may be gathered from the excavated relics. Thus, it appears, Dr Munro tells us, that the Celtic short horn, the so-called goat-horned sheep, and a domestic breed of pigs, were largely consumed. The horse was only scantily used. The number of bones and horns of the red deer and roebuck seem to show that venison was by no means a rare addition to the list of their dietary. Among birds, only the goose has been identified, but, as Dr Munro points out, this is no criterion of the extent of the encroachments of the lake-dwellers on the fertile land, as only the larger bones were collected and reported upon. To this bill of fare, the occupiers of Lochpoints crannog, being comparatively near the sea, added several kinds of shellfish. The objects discovered also afford ample testimony of the peaceful prosecution of various arts and industries, by these lake-dwellers, many of these consisting of clay spindle whorls, pins, needles, bodkins, knife-handles of red deer horn, &c. In Cairnbank Loch, Kirkcubrightshire, a caldron in an excellent state of preservation was found, and in a

crannog at Ledarg, in Argyllshire, a wooden comb was turned up.

The great variety of relics thus brought to light, whilst illustrating the arts and industries of the lake-dwellers, proves that they were the products of a refined civilization, and testifies to the peaceful character of the inhabitants. From the rich store of articles, however, secreted in these lake-dwellings, it has been urged that they were the headquarters of thieves and robbers, where the proceeds of their marauding excursions among the surrounding Roman provincials were stored up. But facts ascertained by research do not support this conjecture, inasmuch as, among the relics, military remains are only feebly represented by 'a few iron daggers and spear-heads, one or two doubtful arrow-points, and a quantity of round pebbles and so-called sling-stones.' On the other hand, as a secluded place of refuge in perilous times, such an island home would provide safety and protection, as was the case with the crannogs of Loch an Eilan, in Strathpey, which in the year 1688 we find spoken of as 'useful to the country in time of trouble or war, for the people put in their goods and children here, and it is easily defended.' In the Register of the Privy Council of Scotland (April 13, 1609), it is ordered that 'the haul houses of delinquent strongholds, and crannogues in the vills [the Western Isles] pertaining to Angus M. Connall of Dunnyvaig, and Hector McCloyne of Downart, shal be delivert to his Majesty.' In neighbourhood, too, without any natural protection, such as caves, or sites adapted for fortifications, our forefathers displayed their ingenuity by constructing these island homes of wood, not an easy task, considering that they were frequently built in ten or twelve feet of water. As feats, moreover, of architectural skill, they are more remarkable, because, apart from having been secure retreats for large numbers of persons, they have proved their durability by resisting most successfully the ravages of centuries.

Of the explorations carried on in recent years, one of the most interesting is that which was made owing to the drainage of Lochlea, four years ago, and the discovery beneath its grassy surface of a crannog. Indeed, this may be regarded as one of the most satisfactory excavations that archaeological science has accomplished in this direction, as the work was carried on in a systematic method, and without those difficulties which necessarily so often attend excavations of this kind. As Dr Munro says, before this loch was artificially drained, no one appears to have surmised that a small island, which became visible in the summer time, and formed a safe habitation for gulls and other water-birds during the breeding season, was formerly the residence of man. It does not appear to have attracted the attention of the poet Burns, although he lived for four years on the farm in which this loch was situated, as ploughman to his father, the tenant of the place. When, however, in consequence of the discoveries of crannogs in other similar localities, it was surmised that there might be such a structure under Lochlea, especially as various remains had been dug up in the neighbourhood, the excavations were made which have had such a satisfactory result. Thus, a trench of a circular shape, about twenty-five

yards in diameter and from five to six feet deep, was dug, which disclosed a number of wooden piles, mostly upright, but some slanting. By far the most remarkable objects, however, were thick planks of oak about six feet long, with a large square hole cut at each end. At the north east side there were two rows of these beams exposed, four in each row, and about five feet apart, through some of which, piles were still left sticking, their purpose being to keep the upper ends of the upright piles in position. Contiguous to these beams, there was a rude platform of rough planks, resting on transverse beams of split oak trees, one of which measured fourteen and a half feet long and eight inches broad. Underneath this platform was discovered a compact mass of clay, stones, beams of soft wood, and ultimately brushwood, below which it was impossible to make any further excavation, owing to the coming up of water. On extending their operations to the north west corner, the explorers came upon the edge of a smooth pavement neatly constructed of flat stones, which was supposed to be a fireplace, judging from the ashes, charcoal, and small pieces of burnt bones scattered about. As the excavations were continued, not only were further pavements disclosed, but such a host of remains, that Dr Munro gave one spot the name of 'Relic bed'. Hence, the completeness, as he says, with which the operations have been executed, together with the great variety of relics found, cannot fail to make the Lochie crannog, a standard of comparison for future discoveries of a similar character.

Among the researches and discoveries may be mentioned the crannog at Linn's' Cause, Dumfries shire, and the excavation of another one at Lochpult, near Kilmartin. The relics found in the latter, at a depth of about eighteen inches from the surface, although in point of number and variety not equal to those from Lochie, are scarcely inferior to them in archaeological importance, comprising objects of iron, bone horn, wood, and metal. The crannog, at Buhapple Loch, Glenelg, Wigtonshire, which was excavated as recently as the year 1880, consists, so far as is explored, mainly of piles and platforms of wood, with rough stones at some points. Lastly, the crannog at Buxton, near Kilmarnock, has excited considerable interest, for not only have relics of a most extensive character been brought to light, but the remains of a dwelling house have been indicated distinctly discernible. Whether this was one large pavilion building, or a series of small huts, is uncertain, although, we are told, the evidence, as far as it goes, would seem to be indicative of the former.

In addition to the discoveries of recent years, Dr Munro has given a descriptive notice of the Scottish lake dwellings previous to the year 1878, which adds to the completeness of his work. Thus, among the more remarkable, we are told, is one in the Loch of Forfar, which bears the name of St Margaret, the queen of King Malcolm Canmore, who died in 1097. Another crannog is that of Lochindorb, in Murray, which was visited by Edward I in 1303, about which time it was so fatal, that in 1335 Edward III led an army to its relief, through the mountain passes of Athol and Badenoch. The crannog of Loch Canmore or Kinord, in Aberdeenshire, had

James IV for its guest in 1606, and continued to be a place of strength until 1648, when it was destroyed by order of parliament. The site of the Loch of Banchoory dates back to 1619, Banchoory itself being a place of very ancient note, for here was the grave of our Christian missionary St Ternan, Archbishop of the Picts, as he is called in the old service books of the church. The discovery of crannogs in Loch Drailton, and of artificial islands in Mull, furnishes additional illustrations of these structures, to which may be added the crannog in Loch of Kilmorie, Ayrshire, and also that of Loch Linn in Kirkcudbrightshire. Considering how little has been popularly known of this branch of archaeological research, which is of widespread interest, is not being confined to any one country, we owe a debt of gratitude to Dr Munro for his comprehensive work, which is the only complete history of British lake dwellings yet published.

## OCCASIONAL NOTES

## NON-POISONOUS DISINFECTANTS

THE antiseptic properties of carbolic acid have long been known, and this substance in its liquid state is extensively used in operations by surgeons. As a non-poisonous disinfectant the acid, in a vaporous condition, is said to be invaluable in hospitals and sick rooms, and the following is a simple plan recommended by Messrs F. C. Cluett and Co of Manchester, the manufacturers not only of the acid but also of a carbolic vapouriser, for the use of which apparatus detailed particulars are given.

Place in ordinary house shovel over the fire until it be come thoroughly hot (but not red hot), then take it to the centre of the room and pour on the shovel an ounce (back of each bottle is graduated in ounces) of No. 4 or No. 5 carbolic, keep the shovel so that no fluid can fall to the floor, and the carbolic will be readily given off in vapour sufficient to fill an ordinary room. This will disinfect the air of the room, and as genuine carbolic (more properly called phenol or phenylic alcohol) is not a mineral corrosive acid, the vapour will in no way injure pictures, metals, or fabrics. It is highly beneficial in many infectious diseases, and having been satisfactorily proved to benefit lungs affected by tubercle, it may be safely inhaled to a reasonable extent, and it can be diluted with water if weaker vapour is wanted. The No. 4 fluid can be more easily tolerated because of its caustic purity, and to many its odour is decidedly pleasant if not excessively employed. Daily use of this process is strongly recommended when infectious diseases are present or feared, and it will be found serviceable in cases of whooping cough. The vapour is not at all inflammable unless the shovel be made red hot or held within two feet of fire or light, and the fluid will not injure carpets, but it should not be allowed to fall upon oilcloths, painted or varnished woodwork or furniture.

NB—If any raw carbolic acid should fall on the skin, it must be promptly rubbed off with a dry cloth and the affected parts well rubbed with oil. If taken internally by mistake, sweet oil and castor oil should be at once administered in large doses, and no water used.

## WESTMINSTER ABBEY

The public have been not only somewhat startled lately, but all true lovers of architectural beauty and antiquity have been sorely dismayed at the Report issued on the state of the external walls of Westminster Abbey, which are declared to be if not exactly absolutely ruinous, yet in a fair way to become so, and that at no distant period. This disastrous intelligence, coming immediately after the statement that the central tower of Peterborough Cathedral—another of our beautiful ecclesiastical monuments—was in absolute danger of falling, is certainly significant, and sufficiently distressing. It would appear that for a very long period corrosion has been going on from the pernicious effects of coal smoke, damp and frost, and that the external walls are in many places said to be eaten away to such an extent that the rubble forming the interior layer between the outer and inner walls is in many places absolutely visible. This is perfectly true, and has been often noticed by the writer. If this is really so to the extent stated, it is quite evident that decay has commenced to an alarming extent, and once begun, will go on extending its ravage, unless immediately checked by prompt and energetic measures, such as have been so judiciously adopted at Peterborough, where, apparently, not even a single day was allowed to elapse before operations were at once commenced.

The exterior walls of the Abbey are built of a stone which, though remarkable for its resistance to fire, is certainly not proof against the weather, which seems a determining enemy where it has the chance, whilst the interior is entirely of fine limestone from Purbeck, commonly known as Purbeck marble, and remarkable for its hardness, and for the fine polish it takes so readily, and retains so long. The glorious interior is happily in a perfectly sound condition, and it is only the exterior that requires immediate and judicious treatment in order to arrest the steady progress of the decay which has undoubtedly begun. A large portion—if not indeed nearly the whole—of the outer walls will need rearing. This is a serious matter, because it will of necessity involve a vast expense, but if we do not intend to let ourselves be disgraced as a nation in the eyes of the whole civilized world, steps must immediately be taken to save from impending destruction one of the most beautiful and most deeply interesting of our historical and ecclesiastical monuments. A public subscription would very shortly produce the required funds, for in a cause so genuine and so national, we trust that few would be found who would refuse to contribute their mite.

## THE GREAT EASTERN

It is currently reported that the celebrated steamer the *Great Eastern*, the largest ship ever built, and the grandest vessel afloat, after having been put to various incongruous uses as at last to be converted into a collier, and to carry coals between London and the Irish of Forth. A more complete degradation it is impossible to conceive. When this magnificent ship was first built, the greatest expectations were raised of what she was to do, the vast cargoes she was to carry, and the thousands of passengers she was to accom-

modate. But a peculiar sort of ill luck seemed to hang over her from her very launching, accidents and misadventures pursued her, and she never appeared to have been managed with spirit or tact by her owners, or else some strange prejudice must have existed against her, which operated in her disfavour, or she would surely have been more sought after by the travelling public. After having ruined her original Company, they were glad to sell her for one hundred and sixty thousand pounds immediately after her launch, and she ultimately started on her first voyage on the 17th of June 1860, with thirty six passengers only.

Although this was very successful, yet nothing further seems to have been done until May 1861, when she again crossed the Atlantic in ten days with a speed of fourteen and a half knots per hour. After this, she was hired by the War Office, and carried two thousand troops to Quebec with such success that she subsequently made another trip to America—this time with four hundred passengers. And thus seems the last time she was so engaged, for the next we hear of her is her employment to lay the great Atlantic Cable, a duty for which no vessel could approach her, on account of her vast size. After this useful and important service she appears to have done nothing more, and for a long time was laid up in the Midway wharve. She removed to Millers Haven, and from this place she will—if the report is true—commence her new service as a collier—the *Great Eastern*, capable of carrying twenty thousand tons of coal at once. It will be remembered that this magnificent collier is registered twenty three thousand tons burden, and is seven hundred feet in length, eighty five in breadth, and sixty one in depth. She is driven by a screw propeller, in addition to a pair of vast paddle wheels furnished with separate engines, representing the united power of twelve thousand horses. Each engine has ten boilers, and each boiler ten furnaces. Five immense funnels and five masts, twenty boats, including two small steamers carried amidships, ten anchors of enormous size, with five thousand feet of chain cable of unprecedented magnitude, constituted some of the belongings of this marvellous ship. It may be added that she was begun 1st May 1854, and launched, after much difficulty, in January 1858, but did not make her first voyage till June 1860.

## LOVE'S EXCHANGE

THERE is a pleasant road within my heart—  
It is the place where once my heart did dwell  
Ere thou hadst stolen it from its peaceful rest  
By witchcraft goodness and by beauty spell  
Reason it not! but let my blissful loss  
Be sweet remembrance of my pining fair,  
I would esteem it as but less than dross  
If thou returnest it from thy bowman's care  
Mayhap I did abet thee in the deed—  
My heart without thee were an empty toy,  
I will not chide if thou but bear me plead,  
O give me thine and greet will be my joy  
Or if lack thy heart be given away,  
Grant mine a tomb where thou art lately lay  
D. H. KERFOOT

Printed and Published by W & E CHAMBERS, 67 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 119 High Street, EDINBURGH.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF  
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fourth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

CONDUCTED BY R. CHAMBERS (LONDON)

No 1030—Vol. XX. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1883

PRICE 1d

## POPULAR BANKING

It was said by Lord Jeffrey that the greatness of a nation and the happiness of its people do not depend so much upon the increase of its military strength, as upon 'the spread of banks and the increase of banking facilities.' Taking, this view, it is a happy sign that several continental governments have of late years greatly improved and extended their banking systems, whereby increased banking facilities have been given to their people, which is an important factor to their trade and industry. The writer having visited some of these countries and inquired into the working of their banking systems, can speak from what he has seen there, as compared with banking experience at home, and as it may be interesting to readers in this country to know what changes have been made in banking abroad, we will give a brief but plain and practical description of the principal systems, and then the reader may judge which is best.

It is proper to glance at our colonial banks first, for they are conducted on excellent principles, indeed, they are founded on the good old undisturbed Scottish banking system, so that they can expand as they require. The Australian banks have been very successful and enterprising, having increased so fast that they have doubled their assets and their business in the past ten years. The Canadian banks have also done good service to the Dominion, and given great remuneration to the colonists. We have heard some eminent farmers and others say that the banks there are so much more obliging than the banks in the old country, that the Canadian banks make Canada a better country for people with moderate means to get on in than the old country is. The fact is our British banks are not popular enough.

As to the United States, a new system of banking was adopted there, after the war. The National Banks were then established. There are now about two thousand one hundred and sixty-eight of these banks throughout the States, so that banking facilities are placed within the

reach of all, and these banks have given a wonderful impetus to the trade and industries of the States. The National Banks are under local boards, so they know whom to trust. There have been very few failures of any banks since they commenced. Excepting the large banks in the cities, the capital of most of the banks is only ten thousand pounds. They are allowed to issue bank notes to the amount of nine tenths of their capital, which must be invested in bonds, and lodged with the Treasury, as security for their notes. For that privilege they have to pay two percent per annum. All National Bank notes are payable over the Union. There are about one hundred and forty millions sterling of National Bank notes and 'local' tickets or 'greenbacks' in circulation. The Americans think highly of their National Banks and their 'greenbacks,' and say they prefer 'paper' to 'metal.'

The French Government, like the Americans, made a change in their monetary system after their war. They then began to study the arts of economy and peace. The Bank of France was empowered to substitute its notes for the coin which it withdrew from circulation and therewith paid a considerable portion of the German penalty in gold. That coin was never missed, indeed, it appeared as if the adoption of the paper currency, and the more liberal banking system which was then introduced, helped greatly to carry the French people over their difficulties, and to start them on a new career of peaceful and profitable industry. The circulation of the Bank of France is now one hundred and twenty millions sterling. This large issue of notes has the effect of encouraging cash payments, which is the rule in France. It has been found that when the circulation of notes is too much restricted, it drives people to deal upon credit. The Bank of France is very accommodating. It is the bank of the people; no transaction is too large for it, and none too small. All classes go to it in great numbers, and are civilly served.

In Germany, banking is also developed to a great extent. Banks are numerous everywhere,

and much frequented. Every person seems to have a bank account in Germany as in France. The Land Banks, for enabling the peasantry to buy their farms by instalments, and the People's Banks, are peculiar German institutions. The People's Banks were organized by the recently deceased Dr Schuler of Delitzsch, in Saxony. They were begun about a quarter of a century ago. They are associations of working men, who, upon becoming members, pay weekly instalments, and on the basis of the funds paid in, they obtain credit or the loan of money from the bank, to enable those who are members to work for themselves or others. There were in 1881, in the German Empire, eighteen hundred and eighty-nine People's Banks. Of these, nine hundred and two banks made returns, and their capital was six millions sterling, the savings' deposits above six millions, paid up deposits, twelve and a half millions, so that the credit of these banks stands high. They have advanced in loans to the members and to the working societies, seventy-four millions sterling. By means of these banks, small producers, if members, are supplied with capital to work upon, but under the superintendence of a Committee. They are thereby enabled to manufacture goods, either by themselves or in co-operation with other members, and even to compete with large capitalists and large manufacturers on equal terms, in the markets of the world, so these banks are solving the knotty question how capital and labour can co-operate to mutual advantage.

People's Banks have spread into the neighbourhooding countries. In Italy, Signor L. Luzzati began the banks there, on the principle of allowing non-members to get the benefits of his banks as well as members. In 1881, there were a hundred and sixty-five People's Banks in Italy, with one million and three quarters sterling of capital. The government of Italy has recommended the people to place their deposits in these banks rather than in the Milan savings banks, as they lend money to the cultivators and others, which encourages industry.

With these examples of popular banking before us, and taking into consideration the way in which banking is carried on in this country, the question is: Can any improvement be suggested in the way of establishing better banks for the people here? There is a great blank or want of intermediate banks between the large joint stock banks and the savings banks. We have no banks to correspond with the People's Banks of Germany, or the moderate sized National Banks of the United States. Therefore, there is a large, industrious, and respectable class of small farmers, tradesmen, shopkeepers, and others who are left out in the cold. There should be popular banks and banking facilities provided for the numerous class of small customers who require a bank to deposit their savings in, and at the same time to turn their little money to the best account, also, on the

other hand, to accommodate those who may want to borrow small sums occasionally for stocking their farms or their shops. In plain language, banks are wanted to serve the smaller class of customers, in the same way as the large banks now serve the larger customers.

Well, supposing a public spirited party desires to get up such a bank on popular principles in any town, the first thing to do is to form a respectable and active Provisional Committee, to organize and register the bank as a Limited Liability Company. Say the capital is fixed at ten thousand pounds in five pound shares, one pound per share to be paid up, this would give ten thousand pounds to begin with, and leave eight thousand pounds unencashed, as a guarantee to depositors. Then allowing one hundred pounds for preliminary expenses, and one half per cent upon the deposits for working expenses—which is more than the savings banks cost—and suppose, next, that the deposits come to twenty five thousand pounds the first year, all at two and a half to three per cent for interest on deposits, and charge from five to seven and a half per cent for loans and advances on cash credits and other accounts—it may be calculated there would be a clear profit of two per cent on the amount of the deposits, which would pay a good dividend, and leave a respectable reserve besides. Such banks could easily be established and made to pay. But better still, they can be made a great benefit to any community, provided they are well conducted.

There is no reason to doubt such banks would be a great success, and would be a great boon to the country, when once they were started. The most important point would be to get a good Committee of management, and a respectable gentleman who has a shop or an office to sit in bank agent, so as to be convenient to the public and save expense. It would be a desirable situation. It will be worth while for business men to take up these banks in their leisure. In other places, working men, or, what is better, a union of different classes, may take up these banks in towns. The Committee will need to look well after the business, but when it is seen how well spinning, Crompton and Co-operative Stores are managed, there is no fear but People's Banks could also be managed practically and profitably for the benefit of all concerned—and who are not concerned in this movement?—which proposes to open banks and bring banking facilities to all classes—to those with small means on the same terms as to those with larger means—to the peasant as well as the peer, to the labourer and to the artisan as well as to the capitalist.

Popular banking will enable the people to raise themselves to a higher position, and to a more independent position, by the accumulation of the savings of industry, and the formation thereby of great funds of capital in their own hands, at the command of the industrious classes themselves, upon the most advantageous terms, for the further encouragement of industry. The banking laws of this country should be relaxed so far as to

allow banking to be developed here as much as in our own colonies and other countries, so that the trade, commerce, and industry of Britain may go on unimpededly and prosperously

## ONE FALSE, BOTH FAIR;

OR, A HARD KNOT

CHAPTER XXVIII.—PREPARATIONS.

SOME weeks, few but busy, had elapsed since the disastrous termination of the picnic in the mountains, and the weather had now become decidedly of a wintry character. The blue Welsh hill peaks had put on their coats of spotless snow, and sharp and frequent frosts made the hazy days in districts lying near the Cambrian border to partake a good deal of the nature of a lottery. At Sir Timothy's unobtrusive mansion, some changes had taken place in the muster-roll of the numerous guests on whose aid will the owner of New Hatch relied for an accession to his social importance in the coming London season. The Dowager Countess of Mildborough, for instance, had found her chronic rheumatism so much aggravated by the keen air of the Welsh Marches, that even her usual like patients had given way, and she had insisted, to the disgust of her daughters, the Ladies Flora and Clara, in quitting her present luxurious quarters for a couple of lodgings at Torquay, and the anxiety of a doctor in whom she believed. Other ladies had departed, and so had some of the young men, but few arrivals had taken their places, for the same of Sir Timothy's cellar, and Sir Timothy's check, and Sir Timothy's perspective of pleasure, was too widely spread to allow of any such light his invitations should be neglected. Among the faithful who remained were, of course, Lord Putney and his *filus Achate*, the Honorable Alcegon March, who was to be, in old-fashioned parlance, my lord's "best man" at the coming autumn, for which elaborate preparations were in progress.

It was to be a grand wedding. Lady Pulver's Mantua and Lord Putney were of one mind in deeming that no expense and no trouble should be spared to exhibit the alliance between two such distinguished houses with proper pomp. There would be triumph in her of course, and much staving of flowers, and even not to be withheld, unless of desert and beauty bloom, on the hill tops when might should fill, then truly gleam contrasting with the fitful sparkle of the fireworks. These and the balling, and certain distributions of gifts to old and young, would compose the popular and outdoor part of the display. Within doors, the more aristocratic portion of the expected company were to be royally entertained in the castle. A very renowned purveyor of good cheer had been induced to come down personally from London to superintend the preliminaries of the wedding breakfast, and had pledged his reputation that every delicacy not in season should figure at the banquet, and that the services of his experienced staff should be unostentatiously impressed into the task of festal decorations.

The episcopal blessing on the nuptial rite would

not be lacking. The Bishop of the diocese had promised to officiate at the ceremony, and was expected to stay a night or two at Castel Vaux—if that a hard working prelate could be supposed to spare from his multitudinous duties. His Right Reverend Lordship was to be assisted by an ecclesiastic of a different grade, and who so rightly considered himself as a far more important personage than his titular superior in the hierarchy. Nobody, out of a very limited circle, had ever heard of Bishop Jackson, ex-private tutor, ex-domestic chaplain, next a fashionable preacher, and then a curiously erudite, but he was suddenly pitched into a bishopric. Whence every one had heard of that energetic Churchman, the Archbishop, who dwelt within driving distance of the castle, and was indeed an old friend, and some said a former admirer of Lady Barbara Archbishop's Cousin, is an active and pugnacious member of the Church militant, had contrived to keep his name pretty constantly before the public, and his pamphlets, and his contributions to magazines, lectures, and his fiery speeches at Congress and Conference, and such now familiar gatherings, had earned for him much newspaper criticism, not always laudatory. It was said of the Archbishop that he rather liked to be abused, and beyond question controversy was his element, and the dust of battle fragrant to his nostrils as to the nose of Attila. No wonder that he deprecates his Bishop, who is a cautious man, and perhaps timid.

That Lord Putney's millinery, in the Parisian society of the craft who still their handiwork still, had set itself in a cunning net to work, was but natural. But it was when it that the great M. Worth himself, the greatest fabricator of taste, who usually seals his own personality in the innermost recesses of the Temple, had consented to design the fashions wedding dress of so beautiful a bride as the renowned of Leominster. That Lord Putney, the typical aristocratic dilettante of the club life, should be about to be married to her, was even enough of itself to awaken interest. Put that she, so young, so charming, so rich, should marry Lord Putney, of all imaginable bridegrooms, and that marriage by her side her right to her position and her income was to be put to the sharp arbitration of a trial at law, composed so fascinating a programme, that those who had not been asked—and their name was no sorry legion—to the man and the woman and Lady Juliana Briggs, could not see who were lodged under the roof of New Hatch, while the disappointed daughters of the Dowager Countess of Mildborough, who, though never asked to be unlearned, had still counted that one wedding might lead to another, were very snappish, and always spoke of Sir Timothy as vulgar, and Castel Vaux as a dreary old hovel.

Lord Putney was the happiest of the happy. He gave himself the odd hours of being, as it were, a lamb led to the sacrifice, and seemed sentimentally to mourn over his final fetters and to bewail the loss of his youthful freedom. But he was very proud of his position. His old heart could at least throbb at the prospect that a lovely young wife would now be by his side, and then the very gospel that floated through





chirping song, in the early morning, from the highest attainable crannock. During the year, we are visited by flocks of stirlings, which some times remain for weeks, at other times only for a day. A great many breed on the tops of the cliffs, but always out of reach. A few warblers arrive about the same time as the wheatears, and nestle in the vicinity of a lighthouse in the centre of the isle, and also a few pairs of the greater redpoll or rock harek, which build in a grassy bank, or in a tuft in the ground.

With the exception of the seabirds, which I will notice presently, the above are all that breed on the isle. In August and September, great numbers of robins, golden-crested wrens, tits, humblings, and a few common wrens and dunnocks or hedger sparrows, arrive. In September 1882, the two species first mentioned were very numerous, and remained a long time, many of the robins during, and the golden-crested so long as to be caught by the hand. A very few robins, common wrens, and dunnocks remain during winter, leaving, in March to breed elsewhere. During September and October, many linings, ring-necked woodpeckers, siskins, green linnets, and a few song thrushes, visit the isle with south-east or easterly winds and have in October, woods in greater or lesser numbers, never far from us, and for a short time afford excellent sport. In the first week of October 1882, a great many arrived, accompanied by hundreds of redwings, and some owls, and remained for some days. On arrival, the woodpeckers in high condition, but if they remain any length of time, soon fall off. An unusually late arrival took place in December last, during the heavy snowstorm. Solitary specimens of the common snipe and jack snipe, occur all the winter, but are more numerous in frosty weather.

In November to January, fieldfares come in great flocks, some remaining for weeks. Very many flocks of larks and snow buntings or snow flukes, come also from September to March, and at times flocks of golden plover and lapwings.

Many of the larks and redwings, attracted by the light, kill or injure themselves by flying under the lantern of the lighthouse. During the winter months, if the weather is not too stormy, curlews in great numbers come every evening from Liff, where they go to feed in the daytime. On a quiet night, they make the island resound with their whistling and screaming. A few larks and thrushes, as well as the resident pipits, fall victims to hawks and falcons, some of which occasionally visit us.

All the above mentioned species, with the exception of the snipe, are in great numbers in flocks, but single pairs, or sometimes individuals of the following, remain for weeks in the spring and autumn, namely, chaffinch, red tit, yellow linnets, red bunting, whinchat, stonechat, yellow warbler, and lesser redpoll—all birds of hand some plumage. In the autumn also, the usual frequenters of copes and heath, namely, blackbird, chickadee, and white-throat warbler, and doubtless others of the genus, sit about with no other cover than a few nettles, or that afforded by the prickles of potatoes or turnips, and at times trail forth their beautifully modulated notes, swallow, too, are frequent visitors during their stay in Britain, while the cuckoo seldom fails to

make himself heard during the season, and I have caught the hundred and twenty here at different times in April and even in August. Solitary individuals of the blackbird, wren, and jackdaw, visit here, and remain for short periods. Young larks have at times fallen victims to the first mentioned species. Very rare visitors are the common bunting, and the house sparrow, these occurring not over once or twice in a year, but several species seldom seen in Scotland, have recently been procured on the My Island and these may be mentioned the blue throated warbler, being, I am told, its first occurrence in Scotland, and the lark or fourth in Britain. Apart from the regular migrants these rare stragglers arrive with easterly gales. Some of the finch tribe may rest while passing, or arrive with westerly or local breeze, and, finding sufficient food, remain for some time. It is indeed wonderful, considering the limited extent of this lonely isle, how the large numbers of stirlings, larks, and thrushes, in summer, find a supply of food, but except in the winter of 1878-79, very few have died here, to my knowledge. During that severe winter, many lark, &c., were found dead.

Seven different kinds of seabirds breed here, for the most part on the perpendicular cliffs bounding the west side of the island. The most numerous are the common gull nests, or, as they are more generally called, murres or cots. They make several preliminary visits during February and March, often in great numbers, but ultimately stop to breed but do not remain for the season until about the middle of April. I think that between two and three thousand is about the number that I mean to breed. Although they seem very social and friendly, scores of them sitting together on the same shelf, I have watched a pair fight for about ten minutes for the possession of a coveted ledge. They make no nest, the female depositing one egg on the bare shelf of the rock, sitting very close on it, even refusing to leave though struck with stones, but its croak, croaking, or swearing, as it is termed, at the same time beckoning and beckoning, and guiding her egg. If they are hardly compelled to fly, many of the eggs tumble down on the rocks, and are broken. The razor bills come about the same time as the gullmotes, but not in such numbers, and generally choose a breeding place a little above them, in a hole or cleft of the rock, where their eggs are more secure, though often these can be got from the top of the cliffs. A number of puffins or tinnies, however—I think about thirty or forty pairs—arrive next. These make a rude sort of nest with a little grass in crevices or wide fissures of the cliffs. They burrow in the ground like rabbits, where they seem to enjoy themselves together, but do not apparently nest in them. Some hundreds of kittiwakes also breed at the same place, but build a very artificial nest, in which they deposit three or four eggs. They are shy for the most part of the inhabitants, even landing the sea with their kittiwakes, as if to entreat intruders to get away, get away! For the last two seasons, a single pair of cormorants have remained and bred in a cave in the cliffs, and did not breed here during the season, most of them arriving in March.

The nests are found all over the island, and are much sought after for the sake of the eggs, which are very little inferior to those of the domestic fowl. If the nest is undisturbed, they lay five or six eggs, but I have never known them to continue laying after some of the eggs were removed, as is said to occur in some places. If the first nest is pilfered, they nestle elsewhere, but the second brood does not generally exceed two or three. The male birds leave in June and July, the females remaining longer, but flocks visit us now and again during the winter. A pair of oystercatchers breed annually on the north point of the island, depositing four eggs in a small hole scraped on some dry hillock, and by their seraming and endeavouring to draw intruders from their nest, much resemble the lapwing. They used to arrive in April, and leave again in July, but last year the pair remained all winter.

The above are all that breed, but about thirty or forty shags and cormorants inhabit the island all the winter, roosting on the cliffs at night. They did put forth fishing-rod soon after daylight, at which time I have seen upwards of fifty in one flock. For the most part, they fly to the north of the island, whence they return in the afternoon at evening, singly, or by twos or threes. The great northern diver, black guillemot, and little auk, are also occasionally seen during the winter months, and gannets from the Peas Bay fish at times in the vicinity, but mostly in August and September. Of the duck tribe, in addition to the others, the number depends much on the severity of the winter, but the common wild duck, teal, shel brake, and long tail duck, are the species most generally seen. A few hons visit in the autumn, and remain for some time, and the red-bank and common sandpiper are here all winter. Great flocks of gulls are visible generally in the early part of the year, and when the herrings arrive in the month, for the most part they belong to the herring, and a few black-backed species. Though very few are seen during the day, they arrive in great numbers towards evening, to rest for the night on or in the lee of the island. I have seen skuas and terns here at different times, and the fork-tailed petrel has more than once occurred. Sea-birds very seldom strike the lantern, as they are then lit to do, only one instance having occurred here in the past five years.

Such is a short description of the feathered visitants to our island home, and more could yet be told regarding them. But go out, every lover of nature, into the fields, woods, and water-natures ever open book—and see and judge for your lives, and be assured you will obtain true knowledge, health, and enjoyment to the full. Certainly, all have not the same advantages, time, or opportunity, but many an hour may be usefully and pleasantly spent by those situated as we are, in observing and studying the living objects around. At several high-house stations, notes are taken of all birds arriving at or seen passing, in behalf of a Committee appointed by the British Association to investigate into the migration of birds in connection with meteorological phenomena, and such observations have proved very interesting here, although it is to be regretted some stations do not take the trouble

to report. There is always something to learn in nature; and all should try and contribute, be it ever so little, to our knowledge of her works.

## POOR LITTLE LIFE

### VII

For some days past, there had been a talk of George and Evelyn taking up to 'the hills' to call on some friends who lived at Blivider, and to give George an opportunity of seeing some of the mountain scenery for which the parish of St. Andrew's is so justly famed. Something, however, had always occurred to prevent the realisation of the project. But time was fleeting, the November 'seasons' were at hand. Ah! when the light misty clouds, which the morning dew-drops 'rain seeds' were to be seen in the morning sky. Already, town is evening, the air was growing thick with vapour, and at midnight, the swarms of mosquitoes and flies were, as George expressed it, 'more than human nature could bear.' If the trip to 'the hills' was to take place at all, it was incumbent that it should be got over before 'the gulls were down.' When the mountain brooks had become running torrents, when the dry water courses had become broad and swiftly flowing rivers, when the dusty runs were falling like solid sheets of water, travelling in different volleys in the plains. Amongst the hills, it was not to be thought of.

'I would not delay another day, if I were you, George,' said Mrs. Durham at breakfast that morning. 'We'll start Mannus with the ponies to the Car lens now. You and Evelyn can follow in the carriage later. Once you get in among 'the bushes,' you won't need to look at the sun. You will be at Blivider in time for afternoon tea, and you can ride home again in the cool of the evening.'

They started, therefore, after lunch, Evelyn in her grey riding habit and black hat, George equipped with spurs and quirt, and carrying a heavy hunting crop in his hand. A little above the village of Gudens, they left the carriage. Evelyn mounted her fat old pony Jack, George, be it said old Blunderbore, a famous hill pony, that, after having been owned by a succession of gentlemen, judges, and other high officials, had now become the property of Mrs. Durham of Prospect Gardens. It was a step though Evelyn shuddered to call such a thing a pony. But a mountain track, paved by the hail-stroke of many generations of negroes, and the hoofs of the horses and mules of the country people who daily brought down their coffee and bread meal to sell at King's market, showed the route. And if, at times, there were great travelling boulders in the path to be an unweary, and tiny trickling rivulets to be crossed, or a fallen branch of bamboo to be stepped across, or bits of the rock, worn by much traffic into the semblance of miniature structures, to be climbed, or a rustic bridge, spanning the scene of some recent landslip, to be gracefully traversed—these in such like obstacles only added zest to the journey, whilst they heightened the interest in the picturesque-ness of the scene. And thus, the marvellous setting of the picture—the arching fringe of

bamboos that bordered the path, the chattered shadows falling across the roadway, the banks of mud in her firm and begonia growing by its sides, the tree ferns at intervals on its margin—was there over a wood walk more like a poet's dream, more meet for lovers' talk, more adapted for the fire thrust and parry, the mutual interchange of youthful joys and sorrows!

It was the influence of the scenery that provoked the conversation which ensued—there could be no doubt of that. Nothing but it could have induced George to lay bare the secret recesses of his heart. And if any middle-aged reader happily doubts the assertion, let him appeal to his own memory for its corroboration. Let him ask himself, looking across the table to her who sits opposite to him, whether he would ever have been able to summon up courage to put the momentous question, if natural, that wise counsellor, that sympathetic ally, had not come to his aid on that eventful day? It was that quiet well-shaded nook on the Terrace, that solitary covey between two over-shadowed rocks by the seashore, the gentle murmur of the waves on that sandy beach, that lonely hill-top, the ruins of that deserted castle by the Rhine, the placid music of that mountain brook, the plain of that meadow, grown lout and in those unfrequented places, that would his voice with strength to make the fateful demand. And when he had obtained the answer that he sought—the answer that he hoped for, yet so curiously ventured to expect—was it not his kind nature that compensated him for the first, and with its thousand voices spread abroad the joyful intelligence, tall rock and shore, river and mountain, wood and forest, seemed to echo and reverberate with his joy?

It was not, indeed, till their return journey that George yielded to the powerful promptings of the voice of nature, and when at length his lips were unlocked, the result was exactly such as to justify the expectation of even a qualified success. Indeed, the conversation began with something very like a quarrel.

"I say, Evelyn," said George abruptly, "is there anything between you and Captain Hilliard?"

"Between me and Captain Hilliard?" she repeated with surprise. "I don't understand you, George."

"I thought I was plain enough," he replied with all combed literature.

"Perhaps you were, George. But I fail to see either why you should ask me this, or what gives you the right to put the question?"

"Oh, if that is the way you wish to take it, I have no difficulty in giving you an answer. I asked because I thought you seemed put out when the children mentioned his name this morning, and as for my right to ask, I'm your cousin, and I think that's title enough!"

"I was put out, I admit," replied Evelyn, "though why, I'm sure I don't know. Children are constantly saying disagreeable things, they do it to torment. Of course, it is very silly to be annoyed by them, but one can't help it always."

"But is it true, Evelyn?"

"Is what true?"

"That you correspond with him?"

"Of course, it is true. Why shouldn't I? He is one of our most intimate friends. I have a

whole drawerful of his letters," she added with a young girl's innocent mischievousness.

"You keep his letters, then?"

"I keep yours too, George," she said, smiling upon him.

"But that's different. I'm your cousin."

"Oh, no doubt, it's different, but for the matter of that, I keep all letters."

"I wish you'd burn mine, then," he answered cynically. "I've no particular desire to have my letters tied up along with those of that fellow."

"Why, George, how cross you are! What has poor Captain Hilliard done to offend you? I thought you said he wasn't half a bad fellow, after you had met him the other night at the Governors', and I was so pleased to hear you say so, because we are all so fond of him at Prospect Gardens."

George flicked his pony testily with his riding-whip. "I don't see anything so particularly attractive about him. He's pleasant enough for a soldier, I discuss, and no doubt, he is full, but he's no end of an Adonis among the ladies. I'd like to see what sort of a horse he'd cut in London, though, he'd soon had his level there."

"And in level would he be?"

George shrugged his shoulders.

"I think you are very unjust to Captain Hilliard, George," said Evelyn with rising colour. "A gentleman is always recognised as a gentleman whatever he does, and Captain Hilliard is quite a gentleman. Besides, I don't think you should speak to me in this way about him. I have told you that he is one of our most intimate friends."

"And likely, no doubt, to be still more intimate than he is," said George.

"I hope so," replied Evelyn calmly.

"They rode on in silence for a space, and then George returned to the charge. "All the same, Evelyn," he said, "you have not answered my question."

"What question?" she asked, coldly.

"I asked if there was anything between you and Captain Hilliard."

"Once for all, George," she replied with warmth, "that is not a question that I think you have any right to ask me."

"And once for all, Evelyn," he answered, "I have told you I have that right, I'm your cousin—your nearest male relation, Evelyn."

"Then you are pre-empting on your relationship, George," she answered boldly.

"I don't think I am. I do care for you, Evelyn," he added, in a somewhat lower tone, "and you know, if I could do anything to promote your happiness, I should gladly do so."

"You take a curious way of showing your interest in me, then. Do you think you are promoting my happiness by saying all sorts of disagreeable things?"

"If I have done so, I am sorry for it, and I beg your pardon. But I don't think the question I asked was one which I was not entitled to ask."

"But indeed it was," she said, still in anger. "No one, excepting my own mother, had a right to ask me any such thing."

"I told you, Evelyn," he said earnestly, "if I asked it, I meant no impertinence."

"You are so now, but"—  
 "But it is true, Evelyn. If I did not care for you—more even than a cousin—I should not have said a word on the subject. I asked you, and I ask you still, Evelyn, because—" He hesitated for a moment, and then he said "Because I love you!"

Evelyn's face became pale, but she did not speak.

"Because I love you, Evelyn," he continued, "and because—I love, my darling!" he said with passion, "will you be my wife?" He drew his horse's head nearer to her, but she moved hers away from him.

"No, no!" he cried, seizing hold of her horse's bridle. "Answer me, Evelyn!"

But she only shook her head.

"Evelyn, say you love me!" I know you love me!" he whistled with all a lover's impetuosity. "Say you will be my wife!"

"I don't know," she murmured. "O George, don't let us speak about such things!" We have been so happy since you came. Why should we change?"

He did not let her complete her sentence. "Yes, Evelyn," he said, interrupting, "just so happy, that we must never, never part!" Evelyn!" he cried, laying hold of her hand, "say you will be my wife!"

"I cannot! I cannot!" she answered. "O George, don't ask me!"

She struggled to release her hand, but he held it within his own as in a vice. "Evelyn," he replied, "you must answer me! Why should it not be? Why should you not marry me? Can you not love me, even a little?" he said.

"I do, you know I do, George. I have always loved you—loved you dearly—as a cousin."

"As a cousin!" he repeated.

"There is no one I love better—no one!" she said—"and there never will be!" But O George, spare me! Be generous! Let us continue as we are. Why should we change?"

"No," he said bitterly, "that can never be! You say you love me, and yet you refuse to be my wife!"

"I have never thought about marriage, I have never thought of you except as a cousin. I am too young to think about anything else. I shall not be eighteen till Christmas Day."

"Your own mother was married younger than that, Evelyn, if you refuse me now, we can never be the same to each other again!"

The girl dropped her head—her tears were falling fast now.

"Over the same again!" he repeated.

They were fast nearing the end of their ride. At their feet lay the Hare River, basking in the pale light of the setting sun. Through the breaks in "the bush," they could discover the shingled roofs of the houses. The heat of the day was over, the "dove's twilight" had begun. Already the decreasing light was assuming, the dusky shades of the raven's wing. In a few minutes more the night would be upon them.

"And if it can never be, Evelyn, he went on, 'the sooner we part the better!'"

Still on they rode, side by side without exchanging a word. It was quite dark now, and the path was scarcely distinguishable. The first stars were "sprinkling the sky," the first fireflies

were flitting out and in amongst the black foliage of the bushes that bordered the side of the road. A thick dew was falling too, the horses' manes were wet with it. As for George, he felt chilled through and through to the bone.

"Ah!" he said, with a sigh, as they emerged upon the high road at length, "I am glad we are out of the wood, I can see the carriage lamps on the road before us. But!"

"George!" said Evelyn, suddenly bringing her horse over beside him and slipping her hand into her cousin's.

"How late you are, children!" said Mrs Durham, coming out to the porch to meet them. "Have you enjoyed your ride?"

"I have never had a more delightful—and if I live to a thousand, I shall never forget this day!" replied her nephew.

"That's right!" she said, kissing her daughter as she alighted from her horse. "And Evelyn, as a piece of news for you—Captain Hilliard has been here, and tells me that he is engaged to Miss D'Arby—Now, can both of you and the—Dunna will be ready in less than half an hour!"

In the lives of all men, and of all women also, there are tracts of time, of greater or less extent, that have no history. Some are happy, some are unhappy. Most of them are indifferent. Like low lying valleys between two mountain peaks, they serve to connect the events which precede and succeed them. On one of these tracts was now about to enter. It lasted till the week before Christmas. It was the happiest period of his life. It was the flower crown of Evelyn's. These days glided by as the days went to gliding.

#### When Man was young and Life was epic

Famaea became, for the nonce, an Arrada, George and Evelyn were Daphnis and Chloe. Longus himself might have found a subject for his pen in the pure, the faithful, and the cloudless loves of the cousins. But for his story—a story kept negligently and irregularly, as the diaries of happy lovers generally are, but which in long after years, came to be regarded by him as the most precious of all his earthly possessions—George could never have told how this time it was passed. Day succeeded day, week followed week, and each was brighter and happier and more pleasurable fraught than its predecessor. One night there was a great ball at Queen's House, given in George's honour, at which Evelyn, dressed in white, with diamonds in her hair, and pearls round her neck, was the belle and the queen. One day there was a garden party at the Chief Justice's, and dancing in a marquee to the stirring strains of the band of the Second West, and here again Evelyn bore off the palm from all competitors. Another day the excitement was the arrival of a telegram from Lady Durham, in which she congratulated her son on the excellence of his choice. There were circles of dinner-parties innumerable, for all the plans had designed to approve the engagement, and were anxious to show their approval in the orthodox manner.

Then came "the seasons," when all festivities

perforce ceased, and George, almost entirely confined to the house, was fain to confess to his journal that he ate too much, slept too much, could get no exercise, and was feeling bilious and out of sorts. But the runs passed away, and amusements of all kinds kept in agitation dinner parties, dances, and at home, kettle-drum, luncheons, and bills. Every day had its function. It almost seemed as if the plans had taken it into their head that Jamaica's hospitality was on its trial, and that they were determined to vindicate its claim to be socially as well as physically the Queen of the Antilles.

'It is as bad as London in the season,' wrote George in his journal. 'It is a never ceasing round of gaily and dissipation. Evelyn says it is all meant out of civility to me. But some times I would gladly dispense with the compliments. I am feeling the heat a good deal. All the blood in my body seems collected in my head. I have not got over my thirst yet. I drink all day—anything I can lay my hands on. But lemonade—the juice of two or three lemons squeezed into a tumbler of water, sweetened, and with a big lump of ice in it—is the best of all.'

It had been decided, after numberless family councils and much communication both by telegraph and by letter with Lady Durham at Dupplin, that George and Evelyn were to be married in England, and as there was really no reason why the happiness of the lovers should be delayed, Mrs Durham had determined that she and her daughters should go home with George, and that as Evelyn's trousseau could be got ready, the marriage should take place. But his aunt was resolved that George should adhere to his original intention, and spend his Christmas in Jamaica. Christmas Day was Evelyn's birthday, and Mrs Durham desired to celebrate the double event with a dinner and a dance, which should not only be a return for all the attention shown to George by the dwellers in the plans, but a sort of official announcement of her daughter's approaching marriage.

As Christmas-time approached, Mrs Durham's time was much occupied. Not only were there the preparations for her ball to be made, but the arrangements for her contemplated 'trip off' necessitated many visits to Kingston and much consultation with attorneys and solicitors. The concerns were consequently left very much to themselves.

It happened that Mrs Durham had occasion to visit a small property of hers called Thurston's, about eleven or twelve miles from Kingston, in the Falls of the Mammee River, and to be pressed on the way, it was determined to make a picnic of the excursion, to give George the chance of seeing the only waterfall in Jamaica. The morning of the expedition broke bright and clear. The heat was great, but a fresh 'Rock' wind—really known by the name of 'the Doctor'—was blowing, and prevented it from being oppressive. The breakfast started, shortly after breakfast, in two 'machines'. In the first were Mr. Durham and his two younger daughters. In the other—a single buggy, drawn by two stubborn mules, with Mammee the underground hanging on to the knifboard behind—a regular 'planter's turn out,' as Mrs Durham called it—were George and Evelyn.

For the first seven miles of the journey, following the course of the Windward Road and passing Rock Fort, where the convicts from the Penitentiary, under charge of hewers armed with loaded axes, were at work on the limestone quarries, they merged upon a shingly beach, bordered with butushes and the broad leaved seaside grape. Then came a stretch of white road, hedged with gigantic cactus and prickly pear, then a dry river to be traversed, then another stretch of dazzling road, then another dry river, and so on, till they reached the little roadside tavern where their mountain ponies awaited them. Entering, upon a mountain pass, through which flowed the impetuous Mammee River, they rode on for a couple of miles further. The road, or rather track, crossed and recrossed the stream no less than seven times in the most accident manner, crossing as the one side or the other of the bank had been least eaten away by the late November floods. At one time, the travellers had actually to wade their way through the rough bed of the mountain torrent, picking their steps between blocks of limestone as large as boulders on some wild Highland moor.

For the first mile or so, there was nothing very peculiar either in the scenery or the vegetation. The fan-like thich palm was common. The cactus or dog, with its spike of sweet-scented flowers—from which, tradition relates, the idea of the candlesticks in the Jewish tabernacle was derived—flourished luxuriantly. A few bananas hung down from the cliffs, and maiden-hair and the flowering fern showed fresh and green in shady nooks amongst the rocks. But as they advanced further into the heart of the mountains, they felt as if getting into the grip of a vice. The walls of the gorge narrowed, and became sheer down precipices, almost bare of verdure, and rising to an enormous height. The boulders in the bed of the stream grew larger. Then, all of a sudden, they found themselves at the foot of the Falls, looking up at a rope of water some two hundred and fifty feet high, tearing down over the cliffs, and making the whole gorge resound with its rush and its roar and its shower. Crossing the stream once again, they came upon the entrance, a pitifully covered winding passage, tunneled out of the limestone rock, which led by a winding and devious route to the top of the Falls. It did not require an experienced geological eye to explain the cause of this curious roadway. It was the old bed of the river, or rather the outlet by which it had forced a way through the rock, before it found its present issue in the Falls. There were portions of it almost like the Coty House in Cornwall, and the craggy masses which formed its roof were as distinctly separated from the present mass as if they had been dropped down upon it by a glacier. But the rounded outlines of the inner surface of the roof disclosed the action of water, not of ice. The spaces and curves between the stones were only the result of the unequal texture of the limestone of which the cliff was composed.

Issuing from the Staircase, the travellers found themselves on a flat plateau, shaded with magnificent trees, through the midst of which ran the little Mammee River, with its affluent the Cane River. Both streams unite just before they fall

over the cliff. At the point where the two conjoined, the children and the wivants were left behind to prepare lunch, whilst Mrs Durham, George, and Evelyn continued their ride to the old dovecot house, which was the goal of their expedition. At every step, the scenery became wilder and less civilized. With the huts, bedaubed with mud, with children disporting themselves before them in all the sweet simplicity of nature, at least so far as their attire was concerned, provision grounds, where the yams and the plantains and the coconuts and the cassava appeared to be growing out of the barren rock, here a patch of virgin forest, there the overgrown trunk of a 'fallen up' tree. And elevated though they were more than a thousand feet above the level of the sea, above them rose the eternal hills, clad with verdure even to their summits, looking not one whit less the more than they did, when, two hours before, they were standing at the foot of the mountain.

But the heat was sickening. They had not gone a mile before George was obliged to succumb. His head, he said, felt as if it would split, he was so tired that he could scarcely sit his horse, there was a haze before his eyes, if he went on for five minutes longer, he was certain he should have sunstroke. He returned, therefore, with Evelyn to the place where he had left the children. On a flat rock, covered with a snowy talcloth, were spread all the requisites for an outdoor luncheon. The mules and horses were hawking peacefully by the waterside. The wivants, a mile distant further off, were smoking their cutty pipes underneath a clump of muscogee.

'Now, George,' said Evelyn, when they had dismounted from their horses, 'we shall sit down here and rest till mother returns.—One of you,' she said, turning to the wivants, 'run and fetch me a cool plantain leaf.' And when it came, she bound it round George's forehead with a handkerchief, and then, making him sit a morsel of turkey, and drink a glass of champagne, which she poured out for him herself, she bid him light his cigar and set it himself on the rock by her side.

'You'll be better soon, dear George,' she said. 'The plantain leaf will put your headache away.'

The rest and the shade and the refreshment did him good. But he could not get rid of his head-ache, on the contrary, as the day went on, it seemed to increase. He felt languid and good for nothing. He complained of the hardness of his saddle, the jolting of his horse. Once or twice, Mamie, who followed him on foot, holding on by his horse's tail, had to put out his hand to prevent him from falling. In the carriage on the way home—for Mrs Durham had insisted upon his leaving the children take his and Evelyn's place in the buggy—he was restless and fitful. Long before they reached Prospect Gardens, Mrs Durham and her daughter had communicated to each other, by glances, the suspicions which had simultaneously crossed the minds of both.

'He's in for a touch of fever,' said Mrs Durham to Evelyn, when they had reached their destination. 'Send Mamie off to Kingston for Dr Summerson, Evelyn, at once. It's a great comfort we have such a nurse as old Nana to attend on him.'

'I shall nurse him myself, mother,' said Evelyn resolutely. 'It is my duty. But if he gets very bad, I declare I shall be thankful for Nana's help.'

## OYSTER CULTURE

THE Report made to the Minister of Marine and Colonies in France, by M. Bouchon Brandely, relative to the generation and artificial fecundation of oysters, which has lately been issued as a Parliamentary Paper, is a very valuable addition to the literature which deals with the culture of this famous mollusc. Of late years, indeed, oysters have so steadily gained in public favour as an article of food, in spite of the almost prohibitive prices asked for them, that the adaptation of science to the development of this industry is a question of some moment. Most of the Scotch, English, and Irish oyster beds have of late years been showing signs of deterioration. Various causes have been suggested for this state of things, and various remedies proposed, but to little purpose, for the official Reports are every year becoming more numerous, and the possibility which has to be feared is the disappearance of the oyster from many of our most famous harbours. A close time has hitherto been regarded as an effective remedy, but, as Professor Huxley lately pointed out at the Royal Institution, taken by itself it is absolutely idle and utterly useless. In other words, it is obviously idle to hope that it can serve any useful purpose for a bed to be closed for three months of the year, if it is systematically drained for the other nine. Oyster dredging is undoubtedly the chief evil, although it has been greatly augmented by bad spitting persons, and nothing can meet the case but the strict preservation of the beds for three years at least, since that is the longest period in which an oyster can become serviceable. Protection during its infancy from its natural enemies, and the maintenance of the bed in a condition favourable to oyster life, are the chief lessons which have already been learned from the researches of oyster growers.

France has long been to the fore in this department of practical culture, and the State, with a laudable foresight, has ably seconded the efforts of private breeders, and his subservient scientists to conduct extensive experiments in the embryology and culture of the oyster. We have already noticed in this *Journal* the oyster which has long been in use at Arcachon, Auray, Canic, and other centres of the oyster industry in France. The French oyster nurseries have for many years been conspicuously successful, and the owners of private beds on the Scotch, English, and Irish coasts have imported large quantities of French oysters and had them down on their own concessions. But the experiments of M. Bouchon Brandely point to a revolution in French oyster culture. Hitherto, the ordinary oyster has been the chief object of solicitude. Its habits have been carefully studied, and its healthy development strenuously aimed at. The appearance and the steady increase of the Portuguese oyster in some of the French beds was viewed with considerable apprehension, for fear it should prove victorious in the struggle for existence, and the common oyster become an extinct species. It was, too, greatly feared that the ordinary oyster would become hybrid, or would

at any rate lose its superior qualities by being crossed by the Tulus oyster. Happily, however, these theories have been exploded. Not only has a cross-bred never been hitherto found, but it is now conclusively decided to be impossible. Various attempts at hybridation by artificial means have been made during the last two years, but without obtaining anything except a negative result. It has, however, been satisfactorily ascertained that the presence of Portuguese oysters in the waters of Arcachon and elsewhere has been in no way prejudicial to the quality of the ordinary oyster any more than to its purity. Both have survived the struggle for existence, owing to a difference of tastes. The value of the ordinary oyster has been fully maintained, and that of the Portuguese oyster is increasing to prodigious proportions. The demand, indeed, far exceeds the supply. As an article of commerce, it bids fair to become of the first importance to France. M. Bouchon Brindley contends with much force that its considerable qualities are generally underrated, and urges the necessity of encouraging its culture at their specified points in the coasts of France, many of which are destitute of every industry. Its remarkable abundance, and consequent cheapness, certainly commend it to the people, and the known nutritious qualities of the oyster, apart from all epicurean associations, render it very desirable that oysters should form a part of the diet of the poor.

It is now more than thirty years since the Tulus oyster was introduced into the Gironde. This was entirely due to an accidental cause. A vessel bound from Portugal, laden with a cargo of oysters, after a long and tedious passage, entered the Gironde. The captain, believing the oysters to be dead, had the cargo thrown overboard. As it chanced, many of them were deposited on an alluvial beach which was nearly identical in the character of its soil with that whence they came. The natural consequence was that they multiplied in such proportions that they now form one of the thirty kilometres in length, and in breadth only limited by the banks of the river. This oyster is found, too, on the coasts of Oklon and at the mouth of the Charente. It breeds only to a limited extent in the basin of Arcachon, and in this locality it presents the curious phenomenon of becoming sterile after a time, so that, but for the introduction of young oysters, it would entirely disappear from the basin. It delights in brackish and muddy waters, and indeed only breeds in those bays in which the influence of fresh water is distinctly felt.

The experiments which have lately been successfully performed in the Laboratoire of Embryology in the College of France, and at Arcachon on the left bank of the Gironde, have conclusively established the possibility of the fecundation of the Portuguese oyster by artificial methods. The peculiar characteristic of this species is that the sperm can only develop themselves in the open current, and that they are soon able to move and to obtain for themselves that nutrition which is necessary for their transformation into the ordinary oyster. In view of this state of things, the nature of the experiments was greatly simplified. It must suffice to briefly point out here some of the results obtained. They are not a little remarkable some twelve hours after the introduction of the oyster

artificially produced, had been commenced, it was found that moving larvae were developed. The successful development of these into spat was the next step. After some difficulties had been overcome, this was successfully accomplished in specially prepared reservoirs, and the possibility of the artificial production of these oysters was an accomplished fact. The principal advantages offered by the artificial over the natural method are:—(1) That instead of only one harvest, two or three can be obtained in a year, and (2) that whereas in a state of nature only about one tenth of the oysters developed, this proportion is increased by the artificial process to approximately three-fourths.

It is easy to understand of what a prodigious increase this industry is capable under these conditions. All marish districts, much at a comparatively small outlay be stocked with great rapidity, and in the course of a few years, banks which would be regularly productive formed. M. Bouchon Brindley's suggestions in this direction are instructive. Thus, he points out the desirability of the local commissioners deepening and clearing suitable channels. 'Let us pass,' he says, 'from the coasts of the ocean to the borders of the Mediterranean. We are here in the presence of flats and immense lignites, which no one has attempted to fertilise. Can it be that the sands of Barra, Corante, Gloria, Magno, Pilava, Frontignan, Thun, Sigean, and Laroque, are not suitable for any kind of cultivation? Is human activity unable to put a stop to their sterility? Cannot the industry which is concerned with water, and in which they were apparently created, settle in them and become developed?'

It is not the first time that we have urged in these pages that, off many a dreary point near the mouths of Scotch, Irish, and Irish rivers there are all the features of a prolific oyster-nursery, but little is done to encourage such industries. The matter is left wholly to private enterprise. Facile, it is true, we offered to individuals desirous of forming oyster beds, but these are not sufficient to discharge the national obligations in a matter of so great moment. The extension of an important industry, having for its purpose the provision of food for the million, and involving the lucrative employment of a large population, is a matter which might well occupy the attention of the Government.

### MISS LIRRIPIPS' LOVERS

LADIA LIRRIPIP had a pretty face and five thousand a year, not to speak of expectations. Pretty faces are common enough, even in these days of agricultural depression and stagnant trade, but a girl with five thousand a year is a rarity, and a girl with five thousand a year and a pretty face into the bargain is a piper's phenomenon, and, as such, cannot fail to be greatly admired by a number of more or less eligible young men with a taste for plenty of the most substantial kind. Even well-educated bachelors awake from their habitual indifference when, on being introduced to a lovely damsel of two and twenty, they are conscious that the possessor of a considerable fortune stands before



them, for although money is no doubt the root of all evil, it is a root which most people very willingly undertake the risk of cultivating.

Since Lydia Larrisp was thus beautiful and thus rich, it is not surprising that she had not only admirers—men who dated to wish uncertain things, but lovers too—men who had the presumption to hope. It is true that Lydia encouraged none of them, for she was quite satisfied to live at home with her father, General Larrisp, in Banton Street, Grosvenor Square, and to ride in Rott a Row in the morning, and to drive in the Park in the afternoon. But, fortunately, young men do not require encouragement, and, in certain affairs, the less encouragement they receive, the greater their persistency becomes, and considering that heathenly constituted young women seldom, if ever, give any encouragement to young men, the persistency of these latter in the face of various difficulties is a matter on which all of us may heartily congratulate ourselves. Indeed, but for the persistency, who knows whether the world would go round?

It was the height of the London season, and Lydia Larrisp went with her father one evening to a great ball at the Cornice of Curriby's. Everybody was there—everybody, that is, of rank and fashion, and ere she had been in the brilliantly lighted rooms for five minutes, Lydia was engaged for all the dances on the programme. Now, to most of her partners she was only engaged for a waltz or polka, but for old acquaintance's sake, or for some other reason, she allowed three gentlemen to take two dances each. It was no doubt very discreet of her to do so. But in one case at least it was also very good advised of her, for she permitted old Sir Petrina Popinjay, who, as every one knew, was full of spirit and gouty to most about projects, to put down his name for the only two sets of Lancers. Sir Petrina was effusively grateful, and smiled his sweetest upon her as he returned her programme, and Lydia, instead of rejecting her kindness, felt thoroughly rewarded by seeing that she was giving pleasure to the gay barrel baronet, who, thirty years before, had been a noted dandy, but who now struck her as being simply a poor old fellow, whom very few girls would be likely to dance with. Lydia's other favoured partners were Mr Horace Fricke—a young artist, who had that year for the first time exhibited at the Royal Academy—and Mr Melton Muikey, a man who had no profession and no occupation, and who, if he had a private income, derived it from a source not generally known even to his friends.

In this world, many strange coincidences happen. Two chemists have been known to make exactly the same discovery on the same day; and two astronomers have claimed to catch sight of a new comet at almost the same moment. It is not, therefore, incredible that, while dancing these six dances with her three favoured partners, Lydia casually mentioned to each of them that upon the following evening her father was going to take the chair at the annual meeting of the Society for the Encouragement of Cold Water Bathing on the Continent, that she was not going, but would be alone at home, that she wished

that girls were able like men to amuse themselves; and that she envied her partners their clubs, their theatres, and their scintillating smoking concerts. Nor is it incredible that, having heard this, Sir Petrina Popinjay, Mr Horace Fricke, and Mr Melton Muikey all made up their minds to call upon Mrs Larrisp upon the following evening, and to make to her certain avowals, which, although they had long meditated them, they now felt impelled to make as soon as possible and without any unnecessary delay. What these avowals were may be guessed, but why the three gentlemen all determined at the same time to make them is a question which cannot be explained, although the fact that Lydia that evening looked even prettier than usual may possibly have been one of the causes of the extraordinary coincidence.

Lydia little dreamt, when in the small hours of the morning she dropped off to sleep, of what was hanging over her. Sir Petrina had made no sign, Mr Muikey had not been more attentive than had for some time been his wont, and Mr Fricke had been actually more dull and uninteresting than Mrs Larrisp had ever seen him. She therefore slept soundly, and was undisturbed by fears of the coming evening and its visitors.

The following day was wet. The General, who had lived for many years in India, and had a liver which caused him to be somewhat irascible, shut himself up in his library and carefully studied the statistics of Cold Water Bathing, and Lydia, who could not go out, painted in her bedroom. The Larrisp's dined at half past five, to enable the General to get to the meeting at half past seven, and as he had taken no exercise during the day, and had been quite unable to master all the information in required relative to the average of cleanliness upon the Continent, Lydia's father was not in the best of tempers. 'Sit up for me,' he said, 'I shall be in by half-past eleven.' These were his last words, as the carriage having been announced, he hurried away from the table, stopping for an instant at Lydia's side to kiss her hastily on the top of the head. And Miss Larrisp was left alone in solitary grandeur, sitting at one end of the dining room. She did not stay there long, but went to the drawing room, whither she had a servant bring two candles, which she duly lighted at the piano apartment. Then, taking her seat at the piano, Lydia began to play and to sing alternately.

The drawing room at Banton Street was like many other London drawing rooms. It occupied the whole of the first floor of the house, save where in one corner the staircase ascended, and it was therefore L-shaped, the longer arm of the L having three windows looking out into the street, and the shorter arm one window looking out over some mews in the rear. Heavy curtains of tapestry hung between the back and front portions of the room, but were usually hoisted up, and in the back room was the piano at which, within the halo of the two candles, Lydia Larrisp played and sang.

She had considerable knowledge of music and a fine voice, and, wrapped up in her occupation, she started when the door of the front room opened, and a servant, who was to her invisible, announced Mr Horace Fricke.

Lydia rose and received her visitor, meantime ordering the gas to be lighted. It was half past eight. 'Why had he called at that hour? Why had he not come in the daytime, while she was so dull, rather than just when she was singing? But, upon the whole, she was glad to see Horace, who, no doubt, simply danced to inquire how she was after the dance of the previous evening, and had not been able to do so earlier. As he betrayed, nevertheless, a certain hesitation in his manner, she led the conversation, and asked him whether he had enjoyed Lady Crimbyn's ball. He had, he said, pretty well, and then there ensued a pause, during which Horace rather awkwardly took a seat at Lydia's side on an ottoman and gazed at the emper. Mr Friske was not altogether stupid, but even wits often become rather dull when they are meditating an immediate proposal, and the situation is so trying to almost every man who finds himself in it, that it imply excuses the exhibition of a certain unbusiness and nervousness. Mr Friske certainly was nervous, but he soon recovered himself.

'Your father is at the meeting, I suppose. Don't you feel it very dull all by yourself here, Miss Lirripp?'

'Oh no! I have been singing, and all day I have been painting.'

'But dull, I mean, without society?' I know that I do, and I have much more society, I suppose, than you have. Unless I go out, the evening, I find, pass very slowly. I cannot get the excitement of work, for, of course, one can't paint by night all night, and if I try to read, I generally go to sleep over my book.'

'I think that you must be difficult to please, Mr Friske. You have a lovely situation, and you ought always to be able to amuse yourself among such beautiful things as you have in your house.'

'No! I do not think that I am difficult to please, Miss Lirripp, for I know exactly what I want. The fact is that bachelor existence is not suited for a man of my feelings and sympathies. I have wringed up in my selfishness, and feel my heart growing colder and colder every day. I have beautiful things in my house, but they don't satisfy me. I want living beauty—something which I may really care for and do for—something, which shall make my life complete. And it was to talk to you about this, Miss Lirripp, that I came to see you this evening.'

Lydia experienced a curious sensation which she had never felt before.

'You know, I suppose, Miss Lirripp,' he continued, 'what I mean. You know that since I first saw you, three or four years ago, I have loved you.' And Horace took Lydia unwillingly hand. 'Can you,' he went on, 'learn to love me? Will you be my—'

'What a delightful idea! There was a knock at the front door, and Lydia was greatly relieved.

'Is somebody coming up?' asked Horace anxiously. 'Oh, I so much want to tell you all how you are not in bed this way. But let me stay. Promise to let me stay.'

A voice, evidently Mr Milton Murky's, was now audible from below, the drawing-room window being open and the voice being loud.

'It is Mr Murky,' said Lydia. 'I expect that he only wants me to give some message for him

to my father. He will not detain me. But if I let you stay, you must not talk any more as you have been talking, Mr Friske.'

At this moment there were footsteps on the staircase, and Horace, without another word, fled unconsciously into the back drawing-room, and rapidly drew the curtains behind him, so as to conceal himself from the new comer, who immediately afterwards was announced.

Mr Murky was not so nervous as Mr Friske had been upon his first appearance. He shook hands with Lydia in an easy and light-hearted manner, paid her an airy compliment, seated himself comfortably opposite her, and, without many preliminaries, declared the object of his visit. 'I know that your father is out, Miss Lirripp,' he said, 'and I may as well confess at once that I have deliberately taken advantage of his absence to come and see you upon a subject which nearly concerns my happiness. I should have spoken about it last night, but that I could not command your attention for a few minutes at a time now, however, we will speak in interruption.'

'But, Mr Murky,' said Lydia, 'it would be so much better if you would call when my father is in.'

'Oh, that is not important, my dear Miss Lirripp. It is a subject that may be settled by a nod.'

'Please, Mr Murky, do not tell me about it now,' pleaded Lydia. 'The windows are open, you know, and these are servants about the house, and—'

'Retire to the parlour!'

This time Horace, as well as Lydia, was greatly relieved. But Mr Murky was furious. 'Let me see you to-morrow,' he said hoarsely.

'Yes, no,' returned Miss Lirripp, thankful for any opportunity of getting rid of him. 'Good-bye, Mr Murky, good-bye!' And the same servant who showed up Sir Pertinax Poppy in showed down Mr Milton Murky, who glided at the bureau with a lock which spoke volume.

'My dear Lydia,' said Sir Pertinax, as he offered both his hands to Miss Lirripp, 'you were really charming last night. I never saw such a perfect sylph in my life, and many people agreed with me. You were the belle of the room. There is no doubt about it.'

'I am sure it is very good of you, Sir Pertinax, to say so, returned Lydia. 'But I thought that the Countess herself—'

'Oh, the Countess? She and you cannot be mentioned together, my dear. Every one would say so. And besides the Countess, of course, is married. She has met her fate. Ha, ha! But you—you are still—my dear Miss Lydia. I may be a fool, but, upon my honour, I have come here this evening, with the determined intention of asking you whether you will have me. You know I would give the very ground you stand on.' And, to Lydia's great consternation, the old gentleman as she could prevent him, gallantly knelt at her feet, and took her hand, with the evident intention of pressing it to his lips.

'Do get up, please, Sir Pertinax,' said Miss Lirripp, forgetting for a moment that Horace Friske was within hearing, but anxious that the bureau should not make himself unnecessarily ridiculous even to her. 'You can talk just as

well if you sit down; but really you mustn't talk in that way. I don't want to be married, indeed, I don't. You know I like you very much, but I could not possibly marry you.

So Peitmax rose with dignity, and looked rather disappointed. 'I had hoped, Lydia, that you liked me well enough even for a husband. What you say, however, may not be final, because nothing can alter my regard for you, and perhaps in the future you may think better of me.'

'I could not think better of you than I do,' returned Miss Larrripp feelingly, 'and you do not know how sorry I am that this has happened. We can never again be the same to each other. I am so & so.'

So Peitmax began to feel sorry too, for, up to that evening, he and Lydia had always been like uncle and niece, and, in an easy way, he turned the conversation into another channel. But he could not for long carry it on, and in less than a quarter of an hour he sat, cool but, like a scalded man, as he was in spite of his weakness, undeposited.

No sooner had he quitted the room, than Horace emerged in his hiding place. Lydia blushed to remember all that he had overheard, but he did not allude to it. 'Lydia,' he continued, 'almost as if nothing had happened to disturb him, "I love you truly, and with all my heart. Will you, can you, learn to love me, for your love alone will make me completely happy?"'

'Do not ask me,' replied Lydia, who was once more waked. 'I do not know what I have just come through. My head is in a whirl.'

'But think how happy you can make me, Lydia! You would be everything to me, indeed you are already, and I would spend all my days in making you happy.'

It was unnecessary to chronicle the wick of the further conversation that took place. Suffice it to say, that at last Miss Larrripp discovered not only that she could but that she truly did love Horace. Fickle as little, and on the strength of that, she promised to marry him.

Horace was in the act of pronouncing upon this promise by kissing Lydia for the first time, and was enjoying one of the happiest moments of his life, when another of those furious rattlings shook the house.

'Another?' said Mr Finkle with a smile. 'I shall go back to my retreat until we know who has arrived, for now I must be on the spot to look after you.' And in spite of Lydia's protestations, he once more retired to the back drawing room.

Two minutes afterwards, the General, very hot and very angry, stamped up stairs, and burst into the presence of his daughter. 'Everything is all gone wrong,' he exclaimed. 'They voted me out of the chair, they flew in my face, they decided that the wretched foreigners don't want cold baths.' And he pounded with his stick, which he had brought up with him, and looked at Lydia, as though she were the cause of his discomfort.

'Well, papa, said Miss Larrripp soothingly, 'all the better. Now, you won't have to go to any more of these heated meetings.'

At this juncture, Horace, who was troubled with a slight cold, gave forth a stifled and infinitely small sneeze.

'Lydia,' cried the General, as he threw himself wearily into an armchair, 'I am sure there's a cat in the back drawing room. Go and turn it out.' And Miss Larrripp, having no alternative, went cautiously behind the heavy curtains, and was there received in her lover's arms.

'You cannot speak to him to-night,' she whispered. 'He would not listen to you. You see how cross he is. Come again to-morrow.'

Horace, therefore, silently took another kiss; and Lydia, having unlocked the little used door of the back room, chased him, with many expressions of animosity, down the softly carpeted staircase, and with a cry of 'Shoo, cat!' finally let him out of the front door.

When she returned to the drawing room, General Larrripp gave vent to some angry expressions of hostility towards the entire feline tribe, and when he had thus deluged himself, went off to bed.

How the story ended, may easily be guessed. When Lydia's father was in a cooler mood, Horace found no difficulty in obtaining his consent to the marriage, which took place three months afterwards, and to the end of the next day, neither Mr Peitmax nor Lydia nor Mr Abert Manky had any idea that a third person was present when they proposed to Miss Larrripp in Burton Street, Glasgow Square.

OCCASIONAL NOTES

A STRANGE VISITOR

During the months of August and September, 1874, near Southampton and at various, but principally in the neighbourhood of Water, cannot fail to notice how strangely the clouds in its surface, within two or three miles of the jet of hot water, and sometimes the whole of the water, and the steam are seen to be of a dark effluviolous colour. This phenomenon is commonly regarded as simply due to finely suspended mud, but examination has led the Liverpool and Manchester, a number of small but highly bodies with a kind of incrustation over them, some in view, some of which more round like a wheel, while others pursue a zigzag course. The water observed that few were more active than the first, and some after a short time began to split, and then burst. The colour of countless millions of these forms was thus seen to be the cause of the peculiar hue of this water. Under a powerful power, the body was seen to be a semitransparent cellular or granular structure, with a deep purple across the centre, provided with a flat, little horn-like processes, which were rapidly moving. The end of lower part of this organism was provided with a kind of tail which was also moving. These organisms, the shape and the tail, seemed to be concerned in the work of swimming. But what were these curious shapes? Although exhibiting life and motion, does that prove them to be forms of animal life?

By some naturalists, the organism is regarded as a species of desmid—a very low type of life. By others, it is held to be on the border line between the lowest form of animal and vegetable life. The desmid is an usually found in stagnant or slowly running and sometimes in brackish water, but their presence in sea water is certainly rather remarkable. The transverse construction

across the body is characteristic, but as a rule, dandelions are of a green colour. By comparison with those figured in the Micrographic Dictionary, that standard authority with all working microscopists, it would appear that the name of this humble form of life is *Pterodermus fuscum*. Strange to say, it has invaded the Southampton Water at about the same time of year (August and September) for several seasons past. Some of the older inhabitants of the town assert that many years ago such a coloration of the water was hardly noticeable. The county analyst, Dr Arthur Angell of Southampton, to whom the writer is indebted for the above facts, seeing that these organisms 'evolve oxygen, contain chlorophyll—that is, plant colour matter, have no mouth or opening of any kind, never contain foreign bodies, have cellulose walls, and after death give off an odour of decaying seaweed,' is of opinion that they are mere plants, thin animals. Moreover, he considers that the presence of water, kept more or less locally suspended by the ebb and flow of the tide, may account for the amazing abundance of this curious form of life. If this be so, we have here, then, a remarkable instance of an organism whose economy in nature may be chiefly hygienic, and we ought, therefore, to feel thankful for its presence.

#### THE RAVAGES OF THE LOCUST

The magnificent locust of the East still performs its periodical work of destruction in Egypt, Syria, and Southern Asia. This living deluge sweeps onwards with luxuriant greenness in its path, but leaving behind gardens, fields, and hillsides as bare as a burnt plain. In the United States, which can boast of having had a locust invasion, the ravages of this insect are now chiefly confined to the region west of the Mississippi. During the amount of fifty million dollars was done by the locust in Wisconsin, Dakota, and Montana in 1874. A host of them came into collision with a regiment of soldiers on the march at Libby's hotel, in Missouri, in 1879, and caused them to retreat. They settled so thickly on the soldiers' faces, uniforms, and muskets, that the major, driven to desperation, ordered firing at them full of an hour without any effect. So a march back was ordered. They are not supposed to be partial to the coffee tree, yet a plantation in Guatemala, in 1880, lost seventy thousand trees in one month through their voraciousness.

The two southern districts of the Bombay Presidency, Malabar and Malabar, have lately suffered from an invasion of locusts, which settled on the trees, and left nothing but bundles of bare twigs. Although this year's damage may be safely ruled over, the chief danger will arise to next year's crops, unless some method is adopted of destroying their eggs. These eggs are deposited in masses in one place, generally in an uncultivated hillside. A glutinous material spread over them for protection, which betrays their whereabouts. In Cyprus, where records have been offered for the destruction of their eggs, as many as sixty-two tons, representing about fifty thousand million eggs, have been destroyed in a single season. The result was a disappearance of the pest for several years. Next to destroying the eggs, perhaps the method adopted by an

Italian landowner in Cyprus is the best. He destroyed vast numbers by piling in their path, soon after they were hatched, and still unprotected with wings, pits so prepared that, after tumbling in, their destruction was certain. Lamentous as is the destruction caused by the locust, says a contemporary, there is one advantage about it—namely, that it is edible, in Arabia, men and horses using it, usually as an article of diet. By some of the natives, they are eaten with oil, after being stripped of their legs and wings, but Lady Ann Blunt in her travels was in the habit of boiling them and dipping them into salt. Their fly is described as savouring of a vegetable, not unlike the taste of green wheat. Why not, therefore, eat locusts?

#### DUNHOLES

Geologists and zoologists have found a striking source of speculation in what we called 'death pits' (or named 'dunholes' from the Anglo-Saxon *dean*, a hole, *cyca*, valley or den) that are examples of these pits in various parts of England, they are of a varying construction, of great antiquity, and have been roughly divided into two categories. These are the wide and comparatively shallow pits, like the famous graves of Norfolk and Suffolk, and those at Chesbury in Wiltshire. These are believed to have been flint mines of neolithic times, whence a supply of flint was prepared for the rude implements of that early period. It will be remembered that some such relics of earth occurred at Blakenburgh in 1878, shortly alluded to in this *Journal*—which revealed several underground shafts opening into various caverns, in different directions. Power was granted to the Ashmolean Society for the examination of these caves, and this power was again deposited to a local scientific society to conduct the investigation and make the necessary excavations. We learn from the *Annals*, that in Hampshire, Wood, near Giv, I see, the geological structure of the ground is very remarkable. Within a mile or so of the wood, the chalk rises to the surface, but in the wood itself the chalk strata are covered with them fifty to sixty feet of thickness and capped with a few feet of river gravel. The construction of the dunholes sank perpendicular shafts of about three feet diameter and ninety feet deep, through the sand into the chalk, where they carefully excavated arched and cryptic chambers, so as to form a double row of six chambers, with the shaft in the centre. The wood is stated to contain about seventy of these holes, the shafts of most of them being now plugged up by accumulation of soil from the surface and sides. The Lower Field Club has already surveyed six dunholes, and in inspection of the plans shows that the makers possessed great skill and a feeling for symmetry and proportion in their work. Each cave is distinct from its fellows, complete isolation being evidently desired, but in one case, owing to the close proximity of two caves, the partition wall has given way, so as to allow access from an open into a closed pit. Accurate measurements and some photographs have been taken. The Lower Field Club is prepared, should the necessary funds be forthcoming, to undertake a systematic exploration of the 'dunholes' existing in various

parts of Essex. They are evidently of great antiquity, and as they were constructed with prodigious expenditure of time and labour, it is probable that they were considered to be of great importance by the people who made them.

#### THE RUSSIAN WOLF.

Although the wolf has long been an extinct animal in the United Kingdom, it is far from being so in European Russia, where the value of domestic animals annually destroyed by wolves has been set down as not less than two millions, five hundred thousand pounds. In the statistical Report lately addressed to the Minister of the Interior, the frontier government of Samara suffered most, the damage being estimated at six hundred and fifty thousand roubles, Volozda came next, being five hundred and sixty thousand roubles. The Polish and Baltic provinces and Archangel suffered least. In an estimate like the above, no account can of course be taken of the number of wild animals destroyed by them, or of the loss of human life. The police reported one hundred and sixty-one persons killed by wolves in 1875. It is fortunate for the traveller, that the wolf is one of the most suspicious animals in existence, in connection with any object with which its eyes, nose, or ears are unacquainted. A stick planted in the earth with some fluttering piece of linen tied to it, is often sufficient to prevent the course of a stam buffalo or deer for the hunter. When a Siberian hunts his deer, he pursued by wolves, he very frequently fastens a coat or some spare garment to a piece of stagg, and tows it behind. So suspicious are the wolves of this novel object, that this is often sufficient to keep them from advancing. When they attack the sensation of confinement seems to depress this ravenous animal of its native vigour and energy, and it has been known possibly to allow itself to be dragged from the trap to meet its fate.

#### SINGING STONES.

A very curious musical instrument is now on view in the French department of the Amsterdam Exhibition. It consists of twenty-five large flints, suspended, harmonicon fashion, from two parallel wooden rods, and struck by two smaller flints by way of hammers. The peculiarity of the instrument consists in the fact that the stones are not cut down to any particular weight or form, but are various flints of various shapes and sizes, such as when first dug out of mother earth. The inventor, M. Baudin, a Frenchman, of St Flourant, in the department of Cher, states that it has taken him thirty years to perfect his collection, for which he asks the modest sum of sixty thousand francs, being at the rate of nearly one hundred pounds per stone. The stones when struck give out a clear metallic sound, like the note of a very high-toned bell. Strange to say, the note produced appears to have no direct relation to the size or shape of the stone, two of the stones being pointed out which are exactly alike in weight, and yet there is more than an octave interval between their respective tones. Similar paradoxical relations may be noted between others of the series.

Some eminent persons have inspected this musical curiosity, and among others, Cardinal de Bonnechose, Archbishop of Rouen, who suggested to M. Baudin a scriptural quotation (Luke xiv. 34, 40), by way of motto for his invention. M. Baudin has christened his curious organ, *La Musique avant le Déluge, ou les Pierres qui chantent*.

#### A FISH REFRIGERATOR CAR.

We recently alluded, in the article 'Frozen Food,' to the importation of dead meat from America, Australia, and New Zealand, preserved by means of refrigerating apparatus fitted up on board ship. And now we hear of a refrigerating railway car for the conveyance of fish from Wick to London. Mr. Talkman, manager of the Irish Locomotive, London, has been in this northern fishing town for the purpose of promoting this new method for the carriage of fresh fish. Several refrigeration railway cars, built for the purpose, were in August forwarded to Wick for the experiment. Each car contained in July sixty crates of herrings, which, by means of the refrigerating apparatus, were packed at their destination comparatively fresh and wholesome. If beef and mutton can be transported for a distance of more than ten thousand miles from the cottages and fields in London in good condition, surely there need be no difficulty in transporting fish in a similar fashion from the seaboard to any of our large centres of population.

#### TWO SONNETS.

American young man I t'wined his eye  
I love and I love combine I his Muse to free  
I love her enchaining I'm lowly heart in there,  
To tempt him on with many charming hue  
While one steals his wish I see not to greet—  
His dream to be his laurels at her feet  
I read his first wild notes, but still I was vain  
The only the world's my nation's eye to gain  
Then with my own hand I'm I'm patient eye,  
He found I each page—the same all I see to hear  
We read at length, he sat inside his pen  
I could not see after the piece of men,  
But in his heart still felt American's name,  
And vowed some day the world should hear him sing.

Into the Poet's life, she goes to milk come—  
Unfenced reproach, and poverty's dead name—  
Till on his lips the deepest shadow fell  
Her place as a variant whom he loved so well,  
Then, to relieve I restore his troubled life,  
His once haunting melancholy he was a man  
Swiftly he wrote to still his aching heart,  
Careless of all that fame or wealth import,  
Till the wild music ceased to stirme and stirme  
His hopes first fixed beyond earth's fleeting time  
Men to bevelled, and their whet lives he was sung,  
Of the day notes from tenet's sharp musical wrong  
Too late their plan his on his ear awoke,  
He heard, but heeded not—his heart was broke.

M. T.

Printed and Published by W & R CHAMBERS, 47 Prince-  
street, LONDON, and 430 High Street, EDINBURGH.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OR  
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fourth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1828

CONDUCTED BY R. CHAMBERS (SECUNDUS)

No 1031 - VOL. XX SATURDAY, SEPT. 29, 1883

Price 1 1/2d

## OUR POTATO SUPPLY

THE potato, as an agricultural product and an article of British commerce, holds in some respects a unique position. In the monetary value of no other equally important article are there probably such fluctuations during the past twelve months there have been variations in the price to the extent of three hundred per cent. Then, each year's supply lasts for just a year, without augmentation from old stocks, or the possibility of lying up for the future. And in regard to no other important article of diet can it be said so truly as of potatoes, that we are dependent upon our home supply. We propose to examine the circumstances as they affect both the agriculturalist and the general public.

It is to the grower rather than to the consumer that the fact of violent fluctuations in the value of potatoes chiefly appeals. The retail price of such a bulky and heavy article as potatoes is largely made up of expenses incurred subsequent to its leaving the producers' hands, and these expenses are pretty much the same from year to year. The carriage by rail or by water from the potato-growing districts to the centres of population, the cost of transference to the stores, the sorting, storage, cartage, and commission for selling, form a large and nearly uniform percentage of the price which potatoes cost the consumer. The total expenses in the case of potatoes sent from such districts as York-shire or from Scotland to the metropolis are probably not over estimated at from thirty to forty shillings per ton. When, therefore, the price to the retailer in the London market is six pence, the amount reaching the farmer will be about four pounds per ton. Should the price in the metropolitan market, however, fall to seventy five shillings, the farmer will find his return reduced from eighty to thirty five shillings per ton, thus showing that a relief of thirty seven per cent to the consumer implies a reduction to the farmer of fifty six per cent in the value of his crop. It has even happened, in the case of potatoes sent for sale to some

distance, that the selling price has been entirely swallowed up by the inevitable charges.

The great fluctuation in the value of potatoes as a farmers' crop is of course owing to the extreme uncertainty of its soundness and weight per acre one year with another. In this way, the supply in any one season may be much short of the demand, or may greatly exceed it. And importation from abroad is not to be depended upon to augment our home supply, as we shall see presently. It is, however, an unwarrantable inference to judge that the year of a plentiful and sound crop is necessarily the most profitable one for the grower. This may be illustrated by reference to the crops of the two past years. The crop of 1881 was unpretentiously large and sound. On fairly well managed farms it was eight to ten tons per acre of 'diseased' potatoes. The following year, on the same farms, the 'marketable ware,' owing to disease, did not probably exceed four to five tons per acre. The price per ton for crop 1881 was, however, a good deal less than half what has been realized for the product of last year. The comparison may be shown thus:

1882—five tons per acre at eighty shillings	L 20
1881—ten tons per acre at thirty shillings	15
	L 5

Thus, a considerable difference in favour of the season of a magre and diseased crop is brought out. And this is not all the advantage, for in 1881 there would be greater expense to the farmer in handling and carting the bigger crop, as well as a greater drain upon the soil's fertility. And although the smaller but diseased crop would entail more labour in the one particular of sorting, this would be more than compensated by the two or three tons per acre of diseased roots which have been left for consumption on the farm by cattle. Of course these calculations do not apply to such districts as the west of Ireland, where potatoes are not grown for sale, but rather as a staple—and in some cases, also, almost the sole—food of those who cultivate them.

It has been said that the growing of potatoes

under present conditions is almost as uncertain as gambling. It would be less so, were the prices

superabundant crop—we will be diminished if there were an outlet for the surplus at such a minimum price per ton as would cover expenses. But neither of these conditions at present exists. The price when sound potatoes are very scarce does not rise to such a figure as to make the raising of perhaps only two tons per acre remunerative, and sometimes even less than this weight per acre escapes the ravages of the pest. The reason why the price does not so rise is, mainly, that the potato is not considered a necessary, as in the case of bread, and so, when the price rises much above a proportionate value as compared with wheat, a substitute is found in bread.

Let us see, then, what is about the quantity of potatoes which can be consumed in the United Kingdom at a fairly remunerative price. With the information at our disposal through government returns and otherwise, it is not possible to state exactly what is an average annual supply of potatoes for the purpose of human food. We know the acreage grown, and we may with tolerable accuracy estimate the average return of sound roots per acre, but it is always uncertain how much of the crop may be used in cattle feeding or sent to the starch manufactory. In such a year as the present, we are perhaps safe in assuming that an exceedingly small proportion of the sound roots will be used otherwise than as human food. Judging from the prices during the past winter, it may with confidence be said that the supply from crop 1882 is not equal to the demand. On the other hand, a price not less than the crop of 1881 is all that could be disposed of at a price which would be remunerative to the grower. Of crop 1881, it is reckoned that about one million tons were exported, chiefly to America, besides this, a great quantity was consumed by cattle, and still the surplus was too large to allow the price to rise to a remunerative figure, except in the case of farms near the large centres of population, where cost of carriage was small. The British demand for this article of diet may, therefore, be said to be somewhere between the quantity grown in 1861 and that grown in 1882. Let us see what these were. We do not reckon imports for reasons to which we shall presently allude. The total acreage of potatoes in the United Kingdom in these years may be stated roundly as one and a third million acres. If the marketable roots in 1861 averaged eight tons per acre, the crop of that year would be nearly eleven million tons. Deducting a million tons probably exported, and another million tons consumed by cattle, we have nine million tons as the quantity of sound potatoes available for human food of crop 1861. But from this we must deduct seed for the following year. We reckon this at only half a million tons of marketable roots; this quantity would not be enough for seed purposes, but it must be remembered that a considerable breadth is always seeded by 'seconds' (small potatoes), which are unfit for the market for food purposes. Making these deductions, we reckon the quantity of crop 1861 used for human food to have been eight and

a half million tons. This, then, may be considered the maximum quantity which the population of the Kingdom care to use, even when potatoes are at their cheapest—when they can be had at the price of cattle food.

Crop 1882, including Ireland, where disease was very prevalent, is probably not under estimated at three tons per acre of sound marketable roots, or a total weight of four million tons. Deducting, as before, half a million tons for seed, and reckoning all the rest to be used for human food, we find the quantity to be three and a half million tons of sound roots as the full supply from crop 1882.

From the experience, then, of the past two years, it would appear that eight and a half million tons is too large a supply for our wants—more than will bring a remunerative price to the grower, and three and a half million tons is so small an allowance, that the London price is raised much above the intrinsic value of the article, as compared with other staple food products. With wheat at eleven to twelve pounds per ton, potatoes are too dear at from seven to eight pounds per ton, judged of by their value as human nutrients. Probably, we are not far from the truth in reckoning five million tons to be the measure of the nation's annual demand. For this quantity, a fair price might be obtained by the grower.

We have not taken imports of potatoes into account in the above calculation. We find, however, that, during the past twelve years, there have been annual importations, varying from thirty-eight thousand tons in 1870—which is the smallest quantity—to nearly five hundred thousand tons in 1880, which is the largest importation during the period mentioned. It is probably safe to reckon that three-fourths of our imported potatoes are early varieties, and are used in this country between June and September, before the main portion of our own crop is ready for use. This being the case, the foreign competition in this product of our agriculture is seen to be of extremely little account. The perishable nature of potatoes makes them an indifferent article of international commerce, and more distant countries, such as the United States of America and Canada, are not likely soon to compete with us in growing potatoes. Indeed, the experience of last year would rather point to our becoming exporters of potatoes to New York. In the matter of carriage, they can be sent as cheaply from Glasgow or Liverpool to New York, as from East Lothian to Birmingham. Even with the high import duty, New York was last year found to be a profitable outlet for our surplus.

It has not yet been found profitable to raise potatoes as food for stock. The average cost of producing ten tons of potatoes would be sufficient to grow double the weight of turnips, and the latter is preferable, as costing less for labour and manure, and being more cheaply stored. It is not in cattle-feeding that farmers can hope for a profitable outlet for the potato crop, when it happens to be superabundant. The value of the potato crop as a preparation for the growth of wheat yearly diminishes as the growing of wheat is found to be itself unprofitable.

What is meantime wanted in the interest of

the farmers is the means of annually growing just such a weight of potatoes as will be sufficient for consumption on our tables. To arrive at this, two things are requisite—first, a means of stemming the ravages of the potato disease, and second, a constant supply of new varieties. This latter is the only way yet discovered of securing a full crop in adverse seasons. Were these two objects attained, a great national benefit would be the result. The number of acres devoted to this crop, for instance, might be greatly reduced. Instead of our having one million three hundred thousand acres planted, to insure the raising of an adequate supply for our requirements, it would be found that the requisite quantity (five million tons) could be grown on about one million acres. This would represent a saving, in itself alone, of about three quarters of a million sterling. And it is a very moderate estimate to reckon the labour, manure, and rent of the three hundred thousand acres set free for other purposes, at ten pounds per acre, or three million pounds annually.

When there is a lack of potatoes, the tendency is towards a greatly increased scarcity as the season advances. There are three reasons for this. The total demand being generally about the same from year to year, the quantity required in spring for this purpose is a larger percentage of the available stock in a season of scarcity. Second, potatoes are of inferior keeping quality if touched by disease when still growing, and consequently, a large percentage apparently sound in autumn become tainted during the winter.

Another result to be obtained by the discovery of a cure for potato disease, would be the better quality of the roots, from their being grown only on land well suited in every respect for their cultivation. At present, the uncertainty of the crop, while it restricts the acreage on suitable soils, tends also to increase it in districts where other crops could be grown to better advantage. The great risk of failure makes the farmer of really suitable soil for the growth of potatoes cautious in determining the number of acres which he will devote to this crop. On the other hand, the chance of the considerable profits sometimes made from the crop, induces the occupier of land not well suited by its own nature or its proximity to easy means of conveyance, to risk the cultivation of this precarious root, when he would be more profitably employed in growing turneps.

ONE FALSE, BOTH FAIR,  
 OR, A HARD KNOT

CHAPTER XXIII.—THE UNTYING OF THE KNOT

'A GENTLEMAN, sir, and a lady—come up in a carriage—with another person—most anxious to see you, sir—late as it is.'

Mr Pontifex, in his Mada Hill villa, was in the habit of taking his ease, and of feeling, as if he had left Black Care behind him in Lincoln's Inn. His luxurious suburban abode, with its splendid conservatory and forcing houses, his garden, that in summer was gorgeous with colour, his fancy poultry, his fruit, that had won praise, his pigs, that had deserved 'honourable

mention at the Agricultural Hall—seemed sacred from intrusion. He was a widower, very fond of his daughters, and liked his ease. Of course he sometimes brought up papers with him to look over quietly in his snug study, but never had Erasmus Pontifex been plagued at Mada Hill by the visit of a client.

'What do they want, James?' demanded the master of the house, somewhat tartly. He seldom spoke petulantly to his tried and steady old servant, or, indeed, to the valet who ministered to his pigeries and his pineries, for the eminent family solicitor was in domestic life indulgent. But he did feel it a little unreasonable that, at twenty minutes past eleven P.M., he should be tormented as to business.

'French lady, sir, a Countess—and a gentleman, foreign, too, by the way he talks I ranch with the lady—but it was she who asked to see you, sir—something about the great case of Lady Lominster—and the young person—very respectable—is like a young person in service,' and James, who had very probably received a sovereign from the applicants for admission, and was working out the amount of Cicerus's stop.

'Show them in,' said Mr Pontifex, and obedient James ushered in three persons—a large foreign lady, neither old nor young, handsome, richly dressed, and of a grand presence, a gentle man, also very well attired, whose sun bronzed face and martial air might have caused him to be mistaken for a dashing and distinguished officer, had it not been for the roving, lawless look of his glittering eyes, and a prim little creature of six and twenty, very neat, very deferential. This, as Mr Pontifex promptly perceived, was the maid of whom James had spoken.

'We come, Mr Pontifex, on business,' said the gentleman composedly, and speaking English with a fluency that convinced the lawyer that he was confronted by a fellow countryman. 'The Lominster case is on many tongues and on many minds just now. We are here at present to settle it.'

'To settle it?' returned Mr Pontifex, elevating his eyebrows in surprise. 'Are you aware, sir, that I set for Lady Lominster?'

'For her whom you call Milady,' said the foreign lady.

Again Mr Pontifex arched his eyebrows. He did not much like the look of the foreign lady, but woman as she was, nor did he feel attracted towards the male visitor, with the buccan and effrontery and the over bright eyes, yet he did it best to be civil.

'Please to be seated,' he said. 'You did not, I think, mention your names.'

'Mine is a short one—Vaughan,' was the business like reply of the gentleman with the glittering eyes—'John Vaughan, by British law. I have often borne my mother's name. It was Rollington. She was an Honourable Miss Rollington, who married my father, a Welsh clergyman. In right of her noble birth, and by continental practice, I have called myself the Chevalier Rollington, and, as such, could be



heard of at Embassies abroad. My father was Dr Vaughan, rector of Dunstons Vaux, the parish in which the castle stands. This lady is my wife. She is a Russian subject, but bears the title— which she inherits from her father, a Count of the Holy Roman Empire—of the Countess Louise de Lillove.

Mr Pontifex, who had been hitherto very attentive, started now, and eyed the foreign lady as he would have eyed a rattlesnake that had some how crawled into his house.

Madame de Lillove, who read the thoughts of the eminent family doctor, smiled superior to this manifestation of ignorance. 'We are licit my husband and I, she said, in her perfect English, but with that indefinable accent which distinguishes the foreigner, 'for business, Mr Pontifex, not for sentiment. I anticipate an objection that you act for her whom people style the Millionaire, who is so soon to be the bride of Lord Putney—of her who throws it at Castel Vaux. But you are a good man, sir, and honest. You would not knowingly champion an impostor.'

'If you mention my noble client, Madame—the Countess de Lillove, said Mr Pontifex, much flustered.

'My dear sir,' replied Chinese Jack, as his glittering eyes lit on the round dull eyes of the worthy little lawyer, and held them fast as it is a bird by the feet of a snake, 'have a little patience. It is because we know you by repute that we are here to bolster up a rotten cause that we are here to-day. We want to make you see that, at the Muchbury trial, your client's case must go over like a candle. But, if you please, this ought first to be a pledged on your part that the Countess, my wife, shall sustain no inconvenience on account of what she may freely reveal. Shall we speak, or wish you good-morning, and resume the conversation after the verdict at Muchbury, Mr Pontifex?'

Mr Pontifex said, unthinkingly, that as far as legal proceedings went, he should respect my confidential statement.

In that case, Monsieur the Notary, said Countess Louise, 'I will tell my tale, in reliance on the discretion, so well known, of him who listens. You are aware, sir, that I became acquainted with those two sisters, Millicent and Mrs Carew, in Egypt and came to England with them on board the *Cyprien* Marseilles. Their whose position was not assumed, and whose thoughts were restless, envied the wealth and rank of her widowed sister. When people cover the next step, if there be but a bill and shroud adviser at the elbow, is often to steal. At first, timidly and vaguely, then more distinctly, Miss Carew conceived the idea of personating her sister, so unsuspecting, and of replacing her as Mrs Chonness. The wonderful resemblance between those twin sisters, which puzzled all, made such a task easier than you would suppose. My ambitious pupil was slow at the first—often recoiled in horror, but the bait was too tempting. And at last, at Castel Vaux, she succeeded even more easily than—'

'Succeeded! Do you mean to tell me, Madame, that you maintain the present Marchioness to be a triumphant impostor—and that—that one in Bruton Street—' cried out Mr Pontifex, ruffling up his gray hair between his outstretched fingers.

'That one in Bruton Street is Clara Carew, widow of the late Marquis of Lacombe,' retorted Chinese Jack. 'The other is Mrs Cora. The case lies in a nutshell. We are ready with the proofs. Here is the lady's maid who was with the Marchioness in Egypt. Here am I, who, as I talk all languages, and wore oriental garments, was made aware of the letters on board the *Cyprien*, their native boatman on being died in hospital. In that capacity I overheard the conversation on deck in which it was arranged that Miss Carew should personate her sister. Put Madame here can offer the best evidence of all. Let us take things in order. Here is Miss Pinnett, formerly in Lady Lacombe's service, if you please to question her. This is a sort of informal trial, after all.'

'Your name is Pinnett—what do you wish to say?' asked Mr Pontifex.

The young person of the name of Pinnett, who had been modestly seated on a chair in the back ground, here rose, and with a respectful air, placed on the table before the lawyer a crumpled note. 'I picked this up, sir, before day-break,' she said, 'in Miss Carew's cabin, on the morning of the dreadful storm at sea. It is in English, as you will see, and so I could read it. It is signed I de L. The foreign Countess wrote it, and slipped it, I suppose, into Miss Carew's hand, while most was at their knees and prayers, in the danger of the terrible night. I am a Jewish person, and had much to say, and so was I so frightened, and could take notice. I thought it was odd that Madame should ask Miss Carew to meet her on deck in such weather, so I resolved to tell Mr Carew.'

Mr Pontifex perused the brief note—'Your handwriting,' he asked, curiously, of Madame de Lillove.

'Certainly, was the reply.

'Good, said the lawyer. 'But this does not show which was which—The witness can do so.'

'I knew the cabins from one another, sir, and Pinnett. 'It was in Miss Carew's I found this, dropped by accident. When Miss Carew went on deck, I slipped up the stairs after her, but thought it best to remain hiding near the cabin hatch, while Mrs Cora and Madame were talking near the boat. A wild morning it was. I wait here, but could not hear, being too far off, across the wet deck. Then a gentleman came up—Mr Tibbot—and I saw a very small square packet hastily given by the Countess to our Miss Cora. Miss Carew hid it away. I had only time to get down below, before Miss Cora came also, on Mr Tibbot's arm. He did not know her, and called her "Lady Lacombe," by mistake. I did not see what was in the packet—it least, not then.'

'Stop a moment!' cried the little lawyer, now much excited, as he snatched up a sheet of paper and dipped his pen into an inkstand. 'I must make a note of two. Your name—Pinnett. Christian name, if you please, and residence.'

'Mary Ann, sir,' answered the demure young person, 'originally of Lynn, in the county of Norfolk, now in service at 6 Lowndes Place, Eaton Square, with the Countess, Madame here.'

Mr Pontifex made his careful note. 'Now, please go on,' he said. 'I think your last words

implied that on a later occasion you did find out what were the contents of the packet which you had seen handed by Madame de Lalouve to Miss Carew?

'Certainly, sir,' answered Mary Ann Pinnett 'in the Chunnel it was, the day before we landed at Southampton. I was engaged in packing the things of My Lady the Marchioness, and the things of My Lady's sister, Miss Cora Carew. Miss Cora was careless, and I left the little bunch of keys—that she generally kept to herself, as well as the other keys, that, as maid in charge, were always in my keeping—lying about. So, as we servants are very inquisitive'—She hesitated here.

'Why, I suppose you peeped into Miss Cora's desk, or writing case, eh?' demanded Mr Pontifex.

'I did, sir,' answered the unabashed hand-maiden. 'But it was in her dressing-case, of all places, as a gentleman like yourself would say, that I found what I was looking for. It was hidden, even there, in a tiny drawer, that opened with a spring, under the ivory hair brushes, and there, there were some folded ribbons and a dried flower above it, but we servants know where and how to hunt. So there I found the packet—the same I dare say, on my oath that Madame gave, before my eyes, to Miss Cora.'

Mr Pontifex took his rapid notes.

'What did the packet contain?' he asked.

'A wedding ring, sir,' answered the lady's maid.

'A wedding ring!' was the incredulous echo of the lawyer. 'Why—how!—And then he stared at the witness, as to his memory occurred the remembrance of a scene at Castel Vaux, when first the civil claim was made, and, in response to his own suggestion, a circle of gold had been shown, glittering on the slender white finger of each claimant.

'A wedding ring, sir, bright, but not new. A ring, as I should judge, rather stouter, and of a redder gold, than I ever saw before. Still, a wedding ring it was,' answered Mary Ann. 'And you?' asked the bewildered lawyer.

'I put it back, sir, where I found it, as a poor servant should, and that is all I know, sir, concerning the packet,' replied the lady's maid.

'I gave Cora that ring,' explained Madame de Lalouve, 'with injunctions to slip it on her finger, privately, before Castel Vaux should be reached, foreseeing, as I did, that the lack of such a symbol might prejudice my pupil in popular esteem.'

'You call her your pupil, Madame,' said Mr Pontifex, putting the utmost restraint upon himself in the effort to be urbane to a woman who, in his eyes, merited the pillory and bid. 'Am I to understand that it was Cora Carew, or yourself, with whom this imposture originated?'

'Oh, I claim the whole merit of the conception,' was the cheerful reply of the foreign Countess, 'and yet the idea sank deep at the first into the diminished mind of Mademoiselle, my dear young friend. I thought, first, in Egypt, what a pity, when two sisters were so marvellously alike, not to draw a profit from the situation,

one so rich, the other poor. At last, not without trouble and English prudery, I got heartened to I also got this girl Pinnett into my confidence, and engaged her to play the part which she did at Castel Vaux in identifying Miss Cora as the real Marchioness. Do you not know her again?'

Mr Pontifex lifted his eyes, and looked at Pinnett, who seemed uneasy until his scrutiny. 'Ah! I see it now,' he said, as if speaking to himself. 'I thought I had seen her face before.'

'That was how I put my play on the stage,' continued the Countess. 'Even your English engender has played her part too well. She has triumphed over her sister, but she was not grateful enough to the good friend, but for whom she would never have been anything but a needy dependant. She wanted me to work for dog's wages, and so I am ready to destroy what I have built up, and to let the true Marchioness of Leominster have her own again.

Mr Pontifex had never been shut up in a room with such a woman before. A lawyer's experience does not entitle him to consider our race as entirely but there was something shocking to him in the existence of such a person as Madame de Lalouve, daintily disconcerting of her treasuries, and richly dressed. Instead of being a female convict, with cropped hair, in Millbank Penitentiary. But he had to swallow down—to the intense though suppressed amusement of Chinese Jack, who read most persons thoughts, who was a man of genius as well as of resource, and who hid secrets of his own maturing in that subtle but un of his—his righteous wrath, and to speak the woman in fur.

'I believe, Countess,' said the lawyer, 'that you gave the ring to Miss Carew on board the Cyprus, and I can well fancy that I saw it produced later at Castel Vaux. But I don't see how, for practical purposes, the ring can be proved to be yours, and not that placed by the late Marquis on his young wife's finger, on the wedding day. One ring is very like another.'

'My ring, when examined will not be found to be like another,' replied the Sphinx, with her grave smile. 'and Miliud, at Castel Vaux, little deems that she carries about with her everywhere the proof of her guilt. When I proposed to help her, I hurriedly trusted her, at such a giddy height to keep her pledge of gratitude to poor me, and so I contrived unawares to get a hold on her. The ring on her finger bears inside its my name—as a married woman—Louise Vaughan. My husband's name, as he has told you, is Vaughan.'

In all horror and consternation, Mr Pontifex sprung from his chair, ruffling up his hair again with his fingers and howling, as he bit his lip. How he wished that he had never been brought into such company, never mixed up in such a business as this. Calming down his nerves, he said, in a tone of civil incredulity. 'I am afraid you will not establish your point, Madame. It is easy to buy a wedding ring. Miss Carew, who must long since have discovered the existence of this compromising inscription upon hers, has doubtless exchanged it for a safer substitute.'

Madame de Lalouve smiled as weightily as before. 'She is ignorant, Monsieur, that she

carries Nemesis along with her," she said, "nor, without the aid of a strong magnifier, can these tiny letters be read. A competent examiner would find that my statement is true."

"But I cannot go to Castel Vaux, or to Bruton Street, to ask a lady for a ring off her finger, for such a purpose," exclaimed the excited lawyer. "I should wish for some confirmatory evidence to back the assertion."

"For that objection, Mr Pontifex, I was prepared," said Chinese Jack, with cheerful promptitude, "and indeed, since I saw the fictitious Marchioness under the Mountain Picnic, in the shadow of Comb Dhu, I have been busy in providing such evidence. I have been over to Paris, where, in the Chateau of the Russian Embassy, the Countess and I were married, and have hunted up the jeweller who caused to be made, by my orders, the ring in question. It cost some perseverance and some tact to get worthy M. Aristide Louchamp, of the Rue de Rivoli, to rummage through his old drybooks and ledgers until he found the entries of this particular purchase. Then, to make all safe, I had to unearth the skillful workman who was the actual fabricator of the ring, and this was the husband, because the man, implicated in the revolt of the Commune, had but recently returned to Paris from exile in England, after the armistice, and was working for another employer. But here I have, as you see, sir, a formal certificate, signed by M. A. Louchamp, countersigned by his principal commis, who perfectly remembered the transaction, and witnessed by the Secretary to the Ministry of the Arrondissement, and, as such, stamped with the official seal. Here, too, is the written testimony of the workman, Jules Pichon, who engraved the microscopic characters inside the ring. It is attested, as you see, by a notary public of the city of Paris, 12 Boulevard Malesherbes. Read these, Mr Pontifex, as carefully as you please, and test my statements by any inquiries your experience may suggest," said Chinese Jack in conclusion, as he handed over the documents to the lawyer.

"Dear me—dear me!" muttered Mr Pontifex, as he glanced again and again at the papers before him. "This is—very nearly conclusive, I should say. I have been cruelly deceived, and made a most unwarranted instrument in the infliction of such a wrong as, till now, I never dreamed of."

(To be concluded next month.)

## A TALE OF THE PRESSGANG

ABOUT one hundred years ago, "when George the Third was king," England was alone against the world. On the one hand she was fighting with America, then struggling for independence, and on the other hand with France, Spain, and Holland, while Russia, Sweden, and Denmark had formed an armed neutrality strictly hostile to her. In such an emergency, special effort was necessary to sustain the main arm. The volunteer supply failed to meet the demand for able-bodied seamen, and imprisonment had to be resorted to. At ordinary times, men of certain callings were exempt from seizure, but at a time like this, almost any man, if strong in body and

mind, was liable to be seized by the pressgang, and forced to serve in His Majesty's ships of war.

During this period, Elias Johnson, a stout Yorkshire lad of eighteen years, then studying law in London, was one evening strolling through that part of the city between Ludgate Hill and the Thames, in company with a young friend whom we will call Wilson, his real name having been forgotten. While the two boys loitered and chatted, a sudden commotion arose in the street, and men ran hurriedly by, shouting in a hoarse warning, "Run, lads, the gang's coming!" Turning round, they saw a gang of soldiers approaching rapidly, and violently unloading their capture. The boys dashed off at full speed, but being unfamiliar with the locality, they ran unknowingly into a blind alley in which they were seized by their pursuers. They fought stoutly to get away, but to no purpose, except to exhaust themselves and get some bad knocks, their captors being too many and too strong for them. They were taken to a "rendezvous," locked up for the night under guard, and next morning carried by man-of-war aboard His Majesty's ship *Janitor*, lying off Sheerness, ready to sail for America as soon as her full complement of hands should be aboard. Worn out by a sleepless night, agitated in sorrow and rage, irritated by the rough treatment they received, being handled and hustled like lung-bag dogs, and snatched from their homes, it was in no pleasant temper that Johnson and Wilson met the captain of the *Janitor* when he came forward to see his first recruits. He looked with delight at Eveson, who was of striking appearance, large, powerfully built, keen-eyed, but, nowed, early hoaxed, and just then the very personification of fury.

"Well, my men," said the captain, "I hope you have made up your minds to serve your country and your law, like true Britons. We are going to thrash the Yankees, you know."

"Sir," replied Eveson, "after this experience of English law and English justice, be certain that I shall never lift a hand in England's defence. Rather will I assist the Yankees, as you Briton men nobly determined to throw off her yoking yoke."

"But, my lad, returned the captain, "you can not help yourself. You must serve whether or not."

"Never!" said Eveson. "So long as you succeed in keeping me aboard this ship so long, I avoid continuation, will I obey you—but only by this to heart—I will never fight for London! And I shall leave this ship at the first land we touch."

"You intend to desert?"

"I intend to desert."

"You know that the penalty is hanging?"

"Rather will I hang, under unjust law, than serve by my arm to enforce that law in a God-forsaken land."

"Tut, tut!" little pot soon hot," went impatiently remarked the captain, used to see his men go from an army impressed men. "We'll make a brave soldier of you yet, my man," he said as he turned away.

"Little pot soon hot!" The contemptuous words burned into Eveson's soul like fire. Torn away from home and friends, from his beloved

studies and fair prospects, brought by force to a war ship, where daily toil and the ultimate horrors of war awaited him, and sneered at in this situation for the expression of natural feelings! Soon hot, indeed, but slow to cool, Eveson's temper rose till he felt like murder. But seeing that remonstrance and resistance were alike useless, and would probably bring further indignity on him, he wisely contrived himself, and determined to make the best of circumstances, or to seem to, at any rate.

As a volunteer, Eveson felt that it would have been his proudest duty to serve his country. But to serve as a slave, to a mercenary, he never could, no honour lay that way. A gentleman by birth and education, the knowledge that the lash would punish his inobedience or neglect of duty, galled him to the quick. One touch of that lash, he well knew, would bring red murder to his heart and to his hand, so, in proud self-control, he took up his manual duty, and performed it faithfully, that no occasion of reproof or punishment might be found against him. Strong as a lion and active as a cat, he soon led the ship's crew. Intelligent and respectful in his bearing, he gained the esteem and confidence of the officers. The captain, deceived by this apparent submission, congratulated himself on having read Eveson's character so well, and marked him for promotion.

After ten weary weeks of storm and hardship, all hearts beat high with pleasure when 'Lund', he is named by the lookout man at the masthead. Eveson spunked with interest and glistened with tears at first sight of the dusky island clothed Bermuda islets, lying low in the Atlantic's broad bosom. Lund indeed lay before them, but it was not motherland. And who knew, in the chances of the coming war, whether their eyes should ever behold Old England's shores? As the  *Panther*  neared St George's Harbour under the careful guidance of a black pilot, all hands crowded on deck. A little apart from the rest stood Eveson, his eye bent on the coast with a keener interest than any knew. To him, Bermuda was a land of hope, a country where he might regain liberty. Looking with a purpose, his eyes found what it sought. He knew that the islands were of coral formation, the limestone rock, therefore, to be probably fissured by tides and waves. With this knowledge, he looked for what no one else looked for, he found what no one else noticed—craves in the sea wall. Seem, the means of escape, his heart was like a furnace. But when the captain approached, tipping him on the shoulder, his face was like a stone, giving no sign of the feelings that burned within.

'Well, Eveson,' said the captain cheerily, 'glad to see land again?'

'It is not my land, sir,' replied Eveson.

'You will not care to desert just here, then,' said the captain, referring to the resolve Eveson had expressed on the day of his impressment.

To this the lad made no reply.

'Sulky stall, eh?' laughed the captain as he walked away. 'Have a care, lad, the harbour is full of sharks.'

'Sulky,' muttered Eveson to himself. 'Yes, all is sulky, if you like. And something more—determined.'

For a day or two after their arrival, no opportunity of escape offered. Strict watch kept by men on the ship and by sharks in the water prevented even an attempt. Eveson resolved to wait if necessary until the last night of their stay, and then, if nothing better offered, to risk the sharks, and try to swim ashore. But on the third day, the governor of Bermuda, George James Bruere, came aboard to dine with the captain of the  *Panther* . In the bustle and excitement of the occasion, Eveson found his opportunity. Late in the evening, when the short twilight of latitude thirty-two degrees was quickly fading, a negro came aboard with fresh fruit, grapes, peaches, pomegranates, bananas, oranges, &c., gathered specially for the feast. Sambo took his baskets to the steward's room, and being of an inquiring turn of mind, and desirous of lasting the good things he knew to be in course of preparation, he delayed his departure. Amused by his unfamiliar blackness, and by his negro comicality of speech, the steward allowed Sambo to remain and assist him in his trying duties. Meanwhile, twilight deepened, swift darkness descended, and on the waves beside the great ship the black man's little cedar boat bobbed pleasantly.

New two figures crept stealthily along the bulwarks, dodging and stooping whenever the watch turned their way. Quietly the two figures slipped over the ship's side, softly they dropped into the little boat tripping about there so pleasantly, noiselessly they untied the punter, and pushing off, let the sea bear them where it would until they were a little distance from the ship. Then, muffling the oars with handkerchiefs, they pulled steadily away, between St David's and St Ignace islands, through Castle Harbour, and then far along the south shore of Main Island.

Aboard the  *Panther* , the black man still delayed his departure, and incrimination still went on. When, at last, Sambo sought his boat and found it not, the desertion was discovered. It was then too dark and too late to go in search, but the captain vowed that in the morning the deserters should swing from the yardarm, and afterwards be thrown to the sharks. The governor on his return to his house gave orders for the military to go on watch of the turrets at drybreak.

The two young men pulled along shore until their strength gave out, they then landed, almost at hazard, for in the darkness there could be little choice. Setting their little boat adrift, lest it might betray them, they sat down on the beach, wishing earnestly for the day. When morning dawned, they anxiously used the first gray light to seek a hiding place, knowing well, that if not quickly concealed, a few short hours might suddenly and cruelly end life for them. Cedar-woods there were in plenty, but the friends dared not trust to concealment among their sparse foliage and scanty underbrush. White houses glided ghostly through the trees, but they might be the residences of military officers. These would not do. The caves must be their refuge, if a cave could be found.

Looking around, they saw that they were in a little cove, from which the shore stretched away on each hand regular and broken. This broken coast was what Eveson desired; it

promised a refuge. They left the cove, crawling low among the rocks, and within twenty yards found the object of their search—a cave in the sea wall. At low tide, its entrance was not more than four feet high, at full tide, it would be unnoticable. It was, moreover, concealed from the cove by a jutting rock. Inside, they found it, if not comfortable, still to be preferred for a time to either the deck or the yardarm of the *Panther*.

The beauty of the cave was such as almost to engross the attention even in that anxious hour. Stalactites hung, pendant from the roof, strange masses of curious shapes were grouped about the floor, and leaned like human figures against the walls. With the first ray of sunlight, crystals flashed with innumerable sparkles on all sides. In pools at their feet, many coloured seaweeds gleamed in the perfectly transparent water, and curious looking fishes moved lazily about. Lights wreathed the mouth of their cave and framed for their delight a bit of the brilliant blue sea. Altogether, the fugitives were well satisfied with their retreat. They had wisely stowed away a little 'hard tack' in their pockets, and never did they breakfast with heartier appetites than on this morning. Then they lay down on shelves of rock near the mouth of the cave, watched the blue waves for a while, and soon fell fast asleep.

Late in the day they slept, until awakened by a sound that stilled the beating of their hearts, and brought morbid paleness to their cheeks. Overhead, they heard the measured tramp of soldiery. The military was out after them! The terrified ladies crept softly from their perches, and crawled away into the farthest recesses of the cave. Every house in the neighbourhood and in the island, they afterwards found, was searched on that day. Every possible plea of refuge known to them was thoroughly hunted by the soldiers and marines. Doubtless, many Bermudians thought of the caves—they certainly know of their existence, but no hint of such knowledge passed their lips in all the archipelago, presently, the boys heard again the tramp, tramp of soldiers marching, but this time away from them. The fact that the road lay along shore and passed directly over their cave, was at the same time a comfort and a misery to the poor refugees, it increased the chances of capture, but it was a safeguard against surprise.

The rest of that day passed in watchfulness and fear. The night was not so incense, for in the darkness they left the cave and took a little cautious exercise along the shore. By the next morning they were both hungry and thirsty, but their biscuit was all eaten, and water was not to be had. And in the afternoon a storm came up, which made the cave very unpleasant to live in. Cold, damp, hungry, thirsty, John Everson now had need of all his spirit to sustain his courage and to cheer his fainting companion. On the morning of the fourth day, as Everson was peering wearily from the mouth of the cave, he saw, in the little cove close by, a coloured girl getting sand in a calabash. One look at her honest black face convinced Everson, who was quick at reading character, that he would be quite safe in trusting his life with her. A soft whistle drew her attention. Hearing it repeated, she looked earnestly about to discover its origin, and spied the haggard

face framed in the dark sea wall. Understanding at once—for her owner's house had been searched for the fugitives—the girl made a signal of caution, and walked slowly towards the cave, gathering sand and shells as she went. When near enough, she stopped, looked carefully about to be sure that no one was within hearing, and said quickly 'To night I bring you bread and drink. Wait.'

That day passed slowly and wearily to the fugitives. But as the slow hours moved on, hope brightened, and brought a feeling of rest in assurance of success. The evening hours crept by with hushed feet, midnight came, the night grew late, hope almost died out, bitter disappointment began to be felt, and the gloom of despair seemed to settle in that dark and lonely cave. Then along the road again, at that late hour, came the tramp, tramp of soldiers marching. Oh, the agony of that moment! The black girl had surely betrayed them! Nearer, nearer, came the steps. *Outward now! Are they stopping? Are they passing? Hark! A halt, a silence, swift words of command, then feet striking in all directions for a midnight search among the houses clustered about the cove. Again the feet were audible. The hunters stand in council, and their feet seem to press like death on two labouring hearts below. Have the soldiers heard of the cave? and will they now seek it? The debate ceases overhead, the steps move again. Oh! Yes, think God yes!*

'Forward! March!' On, still on! and the steps die away in the distance. In the cave, two stifled hearts are released from an awful pressure, two worn faces are raised in the darkness, tears flow down wasted cheeks, and sobbing convulsed bodies in two wild raptures offer thanksgiving to heaven. The soft drip of trickling water, the murmurous pish of little wivvlets, alone mingle with their midnight orisons. But soon a figure darkened the entrance to the cave, and a soft voice crept along the air. 'Miriam, Miriam! you da? I bring you something to eat. God bless you, pray in your own way' and a tender hearted black Miriam wiped for the sufferings of the fugitives, who devoured so hungrily the food she had brought them. Mate to ease their weary bones she brought them too, and comfort and hope.

She had received early intelligence of the midnight raid of search, and had had to remain quietly in bed until it was over. But the danger was now surely passed, she said, and the *Panther* was to leave in a day or two. In the meantime, they must eat and sleep, and she would care for them.

For four days longer the prisoners lay in their cave, but comparatively comfortable, and almost happy, then the *Panther* sailed away. Mrs. Plant, Miriam's owner and mistress, had them brought to her house, and kept concealed there until the search for them had quite died out and was forgotten. Then, when Liveson fell sick of a low fever, brought on by his sojourn in the damp cave, the natural conclusion of such romantic adventures followed quite easily. His hostess, a very young widow, loved him for the dangers he had passed, and he loved her that she did pity them. On his recovery, he married his fair preserver, and contentedly settled down in Bermuda.

When the news went round that Mrs Place had married the young Englishman who had recently come to Bermuda to open a school for gentlemen's sons, the brightest gossip never fancied any connection between the dignified young scholar and the Jack Tar who had deserted from the *Parthian*. The sharks had surely eaten poor Jack, but just how or when Mr Evelyn came to Bermuda, no one knew.

Faithful Maria had her reward. She was tenderly cared for by Evelyn while he lived, and when he died, was left by him as a most precious legacy to his daughter. She was offered her freedom in 1874, when the emancipation of slaves took place, but refused it with scorn. She remained with her mistresses for the rest of her days, and died in her arms at the last, at a good old age.

It is not known what became of Wilson.

POOR LITTLE LIFE.

IX.

THERE was much sympathy shown Mrs Durham by all 'the dwellers in the plains,' when it was known that her nephew was 'down with fever.' The young baronet was popular with all that pleasant society, moreover, he was the hero of a little domestic romance. Above all, he was a baronet, and titles have always had their value in the colonies. The Governor sent daily to inquire for him, so also did the Chief Justice and the Colonial Secretary, and in fact everybody who either had made, or hoped in future to make, his acquaintance. At first, there was every appearance of its being only a slight attack.

'One never likes to prophesy unless one is sure,' said Dr Samuelson after he had paid two or three visits, 'but I fancy it is just his acclimatising touch of country fever. I hope it mayn't turn into anything worse. I don't think it will. There's no yellow fever going about—to speak of. All the same, I don't think it is wise of Miss Durham to be so much in her cousin's room. She sits by his bedside for hours. I think, Mrs Durham, you should persuade her to let old Nann do a good deal for him, that she may be upon doing herself. The atmosphere of a sick room is not the best for a young and delicate girl.'

But Evelyn would listen to no such counsel. 'You need not be afraid for me, doctor,' she replied, 'I'm not a fever subject. I've been two years in Jamaica without having had a day's illness.—You remember, mother, the year before last, when yellow fever was so bad all over the plains, and even the negroes were taking it, I never had so much as a headache.—I'm a true Cholera doctor, I'm perfectly climate proof. Don't be afraid.'

'All the same, Miss Durham, don't rush recklessly into danger,' he answered.

'No, indeed, I shan't. But Sir George is a bad patient. I don't believe he would take the medicines you order him, if it were not for me. It needs all my coaxing and influence to get him to swallow all the horrible things you gave him. And he feels the heat so much, he requires constant watching, to prevent him from catching cold.'

'Ah well,' said the doctor, 'since it must be so, I shall say no more.'

'Dr Samuelson says you are getting on nicely, George,' she said, when she had returned to her post at her cousin's bedside. 'He does not think it is going to be a bad attack. There's no fever going about just now. What do you think he told me? The Kingston papers are publishing daily bulletins about your illness.' Whenever he gets back to his surgery, he finds a reporter waiting to hear the latest intelligence. See what it is to be a favourite and a baronet, George!'

He put his hand within hers. 'No, put your hand within the clothes immediately,' she said, 'or I'll go away and leave you. The doctor is trying to get your skin to act, and there you go doing your best to keep yourself from getting well!'

He drew in his hand at once. 'No, don't go,' he said. 'I'll do anything you want me, only don't go and leave me. O Evelyn!' he continued, 'I don't think I could ever get better without you. You don't know how I dread the nights, when Nann takes your place, and how I long for the daylight to see you again!'

'Don't be foolish, George,' she said. 'Of course, I can't be with you always. But—' And then she blushed a rosy blush. But he left her sentence unfinished.

'But it's quite true, Evelyn,' said George, not noticing her confusion. 'I really don't think I could get better if you were to go and leave me. And even with your nursing, my darling, I feel so ill sometimes, that I fear I may never recover, Evelyn, if I die.'

'O hush!' she said. 'Don't talk nonsense, George. You're no more going to die than I am. We're both of us going to be married in spring, and live a hundred years at the very least. We're very near the end of the third volume now. You know all novels end with a marriage and "they lived happily ever afterwards."—And when we're married, she continued, still trying to amuse him, 'O George, think how delightful it will be when we're married! We'll come out to Jamaica every year, won't we, dear? and spend our Christmas at Prospect Gardens! And mother will give us a ball!—' She stopped short suddenly.

'Ah! that reminds me. I wonder if mother has sent out notices putting off the one we were to have had on Christmas Day? Let me see. This is the 19th. If she has not, there's no time to be lost. If you'll spare me for a moment, George, I'll run and ask her.' She left the room, but returned almost immediately, saying it was all right. Her mother had written the moment George's illness had declared itself.

'But it's only postponed,' added Evelyn gently. 'Now, do get better quickly, like a dear boy and let us have our dance before we go to England.'

But a day or two afterwards, George's fever took an unfavourable turn.

'Miss Gage dead for true!' said old Nann, clasping her withered hands, when the first symptoms of the fatal black vomit made their appearance. 'It yellow Jack O my poor Missy! Ah him such a beautiful buckia too,' and seizing Evelyn's hand, she covered it with tears and kisses.

Dr Samuelson was hastily sent for, and arrived only to confirm the terrible news.

'I'm afraid it is yellow fever,' he said, shaking his head gravely. 'Don't lose hope, dear Mrs Durham. I've seen cases as bad as this in which the patient has recovered. Sir George has an excellent constitution. We must hope for the best. In the meantime, we must try to fight against that unnatural drowsiness. That sleepiness is the first stage of coma, and if coma ensues'—The doctor shrugged his shoulders.

'I am going to sit up with him to-night, mother,' said Evelyn, when the doctor had taken his departure. 'Nana can lie down on the pillow at the foot of his bed, if she likes. But Nana is getting old, and if anything'—her voice trembled—'if anything was to happen to him, I should never forgive myself!—No, mother!' she continued, seeing her mother was about to speak, 'there is no use trying to dissuade me. My mind is made up. If George dies'—She burst into a flood of tears.

'Miss Evelyn!' said Nana entering, the apartment, 'Mama Gurg would like speak wid you. Elm say him head pain him so.'

'Tell him, Nana, I'm coming,' directly. Get a fresh ice bag ready, and take it into his room. You might take my dressing gown with you too, Nana! I'm going to help you to nurse him to-night.—It's a mazy ten o'clock now, mother dear, so I'd better say good night.—If he's better to-morrow morning,' she whispered in her mother's ear as she kissed her, 'it will be all right yet. It's the ninth day, you know. Good night, dearest mother, and don't forget us both,' she added softly, 'in your prayers.'

Towards morning, the patient fell into a gentle slumber—a slumber which old Nana experienced eye at once detected as being different from the drowsiness which had occasioned so much anxiety, and when, shortly after daylight, Dr Samuelson entered the sick room, he saw at a glance that the crisis was past.

'He owes his life, under God, to you, Miss Durham,' said the doctor, addressing Evelyn. 'There are influences in this world more subtle than medicine—influences both to kill and to cure. Your presence in the sick chamber has done him more good than all the resources of my art. Pat!—He stopped short suddenly. 'Let me feel your pulse,' he said to the girl, looking her in the face. 'I think you had better go and lie down, Miss Evelyn. You've overtaxed your strength, I'm afraid. You can leave Sir George to Nana with perfect confidence now. The worst is over. Go and lie down as quickly as possible. I'll bring you something to take, the moment I hear you are in your bed.'

Evelyn stooped down and kissed her sleeping cousin, and turned towards the door. Then returning, she kissed him once more. But as she was leaving the room, she recoiled, and put her hand to her head. Dr Samuelson sprang forward just in time to save her from falling.

'Take Miss Durham and put her to bed at once!' he said to the old nurse with an air of authority. 'And ask Mrs Durham to go down and sit beside her till I come.'

Just then, George opened his eyes. 'Evelyn!' he cried in a feeble voice.

'Good morning, Sir George!' said the doctor cheerfully, advancing to the bedside. 'How are you this morning? Better, I am sure!' laying his fingers on his pulse.

George shook his head. 'I think not, doctor. I feel so weak, weaker than I have done yet. I feel as if I could hardly raise my hand.—Where is Mrs Durham? Where is Evelyn?'

'A good sign,' said Dr Samuelson, 'none better. You can't expect to feel particularly strong, after so sharp a touch of fever. But you'll do now, Sir George, you're on the right road now.'

'Where is my cousin, doctor? She was with me all night.'

'Miss Evelyn? Oh, she's gone to lie down for a little, she's a little tired with being up all night. I've sent her to try to get a sleep. You must try to do without her to-day, Sir George. A young lady's strength is not so great as that of an old man's, and I think she's been overtaxing her powers the last few days.'

'Is she ill, doctor?' said the patient, trying to raise himself in his bed.

'Lie down, pray, be still, my dear Sir George! You'll never get better unless you try to keep calm. No, not ill. Miss Evelyn's not ill—only a little over-fatigued, you know. A good sleep will put her all right.—Oh, here's Nana!—Nana, stay with Sir George till I return. I'm going up stairs to write a prescription. Mean time, you can give our patient a little of that jelly.—You must try and take some nourishment now—not too much at first, you know.' And nothing cheerfully to his patient, he left the room.

The morning passed, the noon came and went, but no Evelyn came to cheer the sick man with her gracious presence.

It struck George, as he lay there wearying for her coming, that never since the commencement of his illness had he received so little attention. Nana seemed constantly leaving the room, and once when she returned, he fancied he saw the marks of recent tears on her worn and wrinkled countenance. The doctor's visits were fewer and shorter than ever. As for his aunt, she looked in only once during the day, staying only a few minutes. In answer to his inquiries about her daughter, she said Evelyn was still in bed, and then, making some excuse, she hurriedly left the apartment.

He passed a miserable day. He could not understand why his betrothed stayed away. He felt hurt—deeply hurt—at her treatment of him. And why, if he was getting better, did every one shun his chamber? Above all, why was he left alone so often and so long!

Not even from Dr Samuelson, when he came to pay his evening visit, did he obtain the satisfaction or the information that he desired. The doctor was hurried, grave, and taciturn. He told George he was going on nicely. But when he asked for Evelyn, he evaded saying anything about her, by telling him he had not seen her yet. Then, bidding George a hasty good night, he left him alone with Nana.

The night passed so much. But to George it was a night both of uneasiness and mystery. It seemed to his fevered imagination as if something

unusual was going on. There were noises for ever on the stairs, in the room above him, in the passages. There were lights constantly passing and re-passing across the courtyard. At times, he thought he caught the sound of muffled sobe. Once—it was just about second cock-row—he was certain he heard a woman's despairing scream.

It was late before he slept, and when he did sleep, it was a troubled uneasy slumber, broken by dreams like the visions of a nightmare—a sleep which gave him no refreshment, and brought with it no solace. Towards morning, he awoke with a start. To his great surprise, he found that he was alone in the room—even old Nans had deserted him. He could not understand it. What did it all mean? But he was too drowsy to be able to reason out the matter. He turned over to the other side, and in five minutes after, he was asleep again.

When he next awoke, it was broad daylight. It was Christmas morning—Evelyn's birthday. The birds were singing, in the trees, the sunlight was pouring in through the panes of his chamber. All was quiet, tranquil, and still. A Christmas feeling seemed to pervade all nature. In fancy, he almost heard the angelic voices singing.

Peace on earth and good will to men

As he lay there, revelling in the light and the joy and the sunshine the door opened softly, and Mrs Dutham appeared. She was clad in a long, white dressing gown. Her face was very pale, and there were deep blue circles round her eyes, which spoke of a night of watching, perhaps of weeping.

'Aunt!' said George, as she approached his bedside, 'what brings you here at this hour of the morning?'—'How is Evelyn?' he said, without pausing for a reply, for something in her face excited his gravest apprehensions.

'Liber, dear,' she replied, in the calm, low

better, now

'Is she up yet? It is her birthday! Shall I see her soon?'

'No, you can't see her, George,' she answered with an almost imperceptible tremor in her voice. 'But she sends you love, and her dearest love, and wishes you a happy Christmas to many of them.' She bent down and kissed him on his brow, and placed a little Prayer book in his hand.

He took it, half-awed, half-wondering at her manner, and as he opened it there fell out a lock of Evelyn's auburn hair. 'It is Evelyn's Prayer book, and this is her hair,' said her nephew. 'What does it all mean, aunt?'

'I or only answer, she herself mother fill on her knees by his bed in an agony of tears

In the little churchyard of Halfway Tree, close to the gateway where the gentry congregated after service on Sundays, whilst waiting for their carriages, half hidden amongst the profuse growth of ferns and greenery which surrounds it, stands a pure white marble cross, which marks the grave of a young girl. Years have passed since that poor little life found its last resting place in that quiet grave. But any one who is

curious may yet read the inscription upon it. It is this:

EVELYN DUTHAM

Went to her rest on the 19th anniversary  
 of her birthday

John xv 14th verse

## THE MONTH

### SCIENCE AND ARTS

MR SAMUEL PLIMSOLL, the sailor's friend, has in a letter to the Times pointed out that whilst British capitalists are ready enough to risk their money in ventures far away in distant lands, they have overlooked that at their very doors is what may be called 'a gold mine of unparalleled richness, and which is quite inexhaustible.' He alludes to the harvest of the sea. He maintains that if a Company were formed to work two or three fleets of well appointed fishing boats—to reap this harvest, which requires neither ploughing nor sowing—the financial result would be of a very favourable character. This letter has naturally called forth others. One in particular, from a well known owner, points out that fishing is not nearly so profitable as Mr Plimsoll represents, nor as it has been in past years. He says that the suggested Company would have no need to build new vessels, because there are owners in every fishing town who would be only too glad to part with theirs and to forsake the business. He also maintains that there is a very decided limit to the supply of fish, and that the numbers netted are getting less year by year. Let us now see what a good authority can tell us with regard to this question of inexhaustible supply. In his opening lecture at the Fisheries Exhibition, London, Professor Huxley told his hearers that in order to secure more productive of food than an acre of land, and that he had no doubt that many fisheries were quite inexhaustible. Salmon, it is true, will quickly be extirpated from a river, unless persons are compelled by law to fish under certain conditions. But if we turn to the great fisheries, the case is altered. He believed that the cod, herring, pilchard, mackerel, and similar fisheries were inexhaustible, and were entirely beyond the control of man either to diminish the number of fish or to increase them by cultivation.

The Fisheries Exhibition has been so wonderfully successful, that there is some talk of its remaining open for some weeks longer than the prescribed time. When it eventually closes, a great many of its treasures will no doubt find a permanent home in the new Natural History Museum close by. Among the many ingenious life saving appliances shown, there is one worthy of special notice, because of its great novelty. We allude to the Greenway Breakwater. This is of course only shown in model, but it is very different in aspect and general arrangement from the solid mass of masonry which is generally associated with the word breakwater. It consists simply of a number of diamond shaped pontoons, which are moored in a line at regular distances



from one another, and so placed that an advancing wave will strike on the pointed edge presented to it. By this means, a wave is divided into two parts, which meet between each pontoon, and expend their momentum upon one another, leaving the water quite calm within the line of pontoons. Among the advantages claimed for this invention are the following: It costs less than any other form of breakwater, it is portable, and can be readily constructed, it causes no accumulation of silt, and it can be placed in position in situations where the construction of more solid erections would be next to impossible.

The transmission of money by means of postal notes has proved so great a convenience to all classes, that any plan by which it may be improved is worthy of attention. Perhaps our authorities will borrow a hint from the American system now being established. Instead of the notes being for fixed amounts, which with us represents a great inconvenience, the exact sum required is stamped upon them by the postmaster at the time of issue, and to prevent fraud, the stamping is in perforated figures. Thus, supposing a note were required for two pounds eight shillings and fourpence—that amount, plus the commission, would be handed to the postmaster, and in exchange, the applicant would receive the note perforated with the three figures 2 8 4 in spaces provided for their reception.

There are current numerous stories of persons who have been struck by lightning hiding impressed upon their bodies figures of trees and other objects, having apparent reference to the surrounding landscape. Mr. Burt, the editor of a paper published at the Summit house, Mount Washington, records a painful experience bearing upon this mysterious and interesting subject. While sitting in his office during a thunderstorm, he was struck by lightning thrown from his chair and felt at the same time the sensation of a tremendous blow on the back. Upon afterwards recovering himself, and submitting to an examination, it was found that his back exhibited numerous tree-like markings, which might, by any one fond of the marvellous, be easily transformed into a picture. But Mr. Burt is not so ready to accept such a view of the matter. He says: 'As there are no trees upon Mount Washington, it seems to me that the peculiar appearance must be the result of the blood setting in the smaller vessels.'

The Aerial Navigation Company of Chicago—although its title would seem better adapted for the pages of romance than for this matter of fact world—has actually been incorporated. It has been formed to manufacture and employ balloons for commercial purposes of a pattern which was exhibited and experimented upon some few years back at Hartford, Connecticut. There was nothing very novel about this machine. It consisted of a horizontal cylindrical vessel to hold the gas, and an attached framework with vertical and horizontal propellers. On a calm day, its inventor was able to take a short flight and to return to his starting point. But he failed on another occasion to sail in any direction than that in which the wind forced him to go. Possibly the year which marks the centenary of the first balloon ascent—just celebrated with great éclat in France—has been chosen as a fitting one to start such

an enterprise. Its promoters may find it easier to float a Company than to float—and guide their aerial ships.

A very interesting inquiry into the origin of the vast deposits of amber found in Prussia, has lately been made by Messrs. Gouppert and Menz. It is believed that at one time there must have existed in this part of Europe (samples of all the conifers known, and that the amber is the result of generations of these resinous trees. The best deposits are between Mital and Danzig, and are worked by quarrying at a depth of about eighty to one hundred feet below the surface of the ground. The amount of amber so obtained is about five times that which is washed up by the Baltic. But hitherto, the bed of that ocean has been considered to be the chief source of supply.

Sons of our leading agriculturists have from time to time advocated the sub-irrigation system, which, as its name implies, means the application of water to the soil from below, instead of from above. Although at first sight this plan seems contrary to nature, it has been found most successful in practice. Two agriculturists in California have lately adopted the system with marked success, and a description of the means employed will be of interest to many. First of all, trenches are dug in the soil to be treated, these are seven feet apart and eighteen inches deep. In these trenches are laid pipes made of cement, and at intervals there are holes in the pipes (each fitted with a perforated plug). The ends of these pipes are in communication with the water supply. When the pipes are once laid, the trenches are filled in, and the field exhibits no sign that it differs from ordinary ground. In one case an orchard of one hundred and fifty acres gave an increased product that it paid the cost of the extra work in one year.

The most terrible catastrophe of the kind which has occurred since the earthquake of Lisbon is that which in July last our Casanuco Islands in 1814 and buried between four and five thousand of its inhabitants. The first accounts told us that the event was as sudden as it was unexpected, and that no warnings of the coming disaster were made evident to the doomed town. But from reports now made by Professor Row, who stands in much the same relation to the city of Rome as the head of our Meteorological Society does to London, it is seen that warnings of unusual subterranean activity were both abundant and frequent for some days before the dreadful crisis; and that these signs of disturbance were not confined to the island of Ichna, but were common to the adjoining continent, and were noted in the observatory at Rome. They consisted of slight shocks of earthquake, considerable diminution in the water supply both at the wells and the sulphur springs, white water at one place usually cold, issued from the earth in boiling condition. Only two years ago similar phenomena preceded the earthquake which then wrecked this unfortunate Casanuco. It would seem to us that after such terrible lessons, the Italians would organise some system of earthquake warnings, on the plan of those storm warnings which other nations are doing their best to bring to perfection. Professor Row suggested such a course after the occurrence of the first disaster at Casanuco, recommending

that several places, including the island of Ichna, should be embraced in a telegraphic network, with its chief office at Rome. This advice was unheeded, and there is too much reason to fear that human selfishness of the grossest description was the cause. Like our own seaside resorts, the island of Ichna and many other places like it are dependent upon the harvest which can be gathered during the season from tourists. Now, if earthquake warnings were issued, these tourists would on the first alarm forsake their hotels and seek pastures new. The authorities of towns subject to such terrors will find it to their advantage to encourage such warnings by the establishment of local observatories, for it is very certain that in the future, tourists will refuse to visit places unprotected by such means.

Accounts of a still more alarming catastrophe come from Java. On Sunday the 26th of August a violent eruption took place in the volcanic island of Krakatoa, situated in the Sunda Strait, which separates the large islands of Java and Sumatra. The eruption continued into the following day, with tremendous results. Some of the towns have entirely disappeared, the coast line of the Straits has been so altered as not to be recognizable, and altogether the loss of life is variously estimated at from seventy five thousand to one hundred thousand persons.

A volume has just been published by the Indian government on the subject of Beekeeping in India, from which it appears that, for some reason or another, bees were almost unknown in that country. The people over the greater part of the land are content with the impurity they afforded by the wild varieties of bees, and will not exert what is necessary to improve the quality of the product by careful cultivation. But (as before in its neighbours) must be mentioned as an exception to the general rule is the bee culture in Java, to give it perfection and the simple way in which the bees are contained and the honey gathered might even be imitated with advantage here at home. As each hive is built upon a cell in the walls of a hut fourteen inches diameter and two feet deep - the usual thickness of walls. Each of these cells is lined with a mixture of mud, clay, and chopped straw, and is closed at the end with a flat tile, which can be easily removed from the mouth of the house. This is done by the householder when the time comes for removing the honey, the tile being manipulated with one hand, while the other is engaged in holding a wisp of smouldering straw, whose smoke is blown through the hive. The bees thereupon leave their home until the operation is over. The same colonies occupy the same hives generation after generation, and the honey obtained is said to be equal to that produced in any other part of the world.

The remains of what is believed to be the largest unworked vein examined in America have been found by some workmen, excavating at a depth of thirteen feet from the surface, in a gravel pit at Syracuse, New York. These veins consist of a tooth twelve inches long and weighing twenty five pounds, and of a tusk five feet long, weighing one hundred and fifty pounds. This tusk is not entire, but is supposed to have formed part of one measuring ten or eleven feet long. From the calculation of experts, it is believed

that the creature when living must have been at least fourteen feet high.

A correspondent kindly draws our attention to some researches by M. de Candolle of Geneva into the phenomena of ripple marks formed on sand by the action of water. These markings, familiar enough to visitors to any seaside place with a sandy shore, have been produced artificially by M. de Candolle with very simple apparatus, and by acting upon fine powders suspended in water. Similar experiments may be repeated by any one by the employment of a glass basin to hold the water and pulverised material, with a sheet of glass to cover the whole, to prevent splashes. A slight to and fro circular motion given to the basin will cause the solid matter to form ridges radiating from a central point. It has been found that any liquid denser in a similar manner on any other liquid denser than itself, and the laws that govern the height, shape, and distance apart of the ridges are invariable, and depend on the density of the respective fluids, their depths and the nature of the motion to which they have been subjected. M. de Candolle believes that the complete elucidation of the theory of the action of liquids upon one another will enable him to attack the problem of the nature of cell formation in plants from a new standpoint.

It is often a matter of importance to ascertain with accuracy the weight of a loaded railway truck or locomotive. This is generally done by taking the truck to a scale to be weighed in the weighing machine, the visible part of which consists of a flat plate furnished with rails. To obviate the inconvenience represented by this course, a weighing machine, known as 'Fisher's Patent Portable Weighing Apparatus,' has been introduced, and is now in extensive use both here and on the continent. It consists of a modification of the truck, and is in effect a lever which can be applied to each wheel of the truck or locomotive to be weighed, lifting it completely from the rail upon which it rest. It is very exact in its work, and represents a great saving in time cost, for no foundations are required. It has, in a language, too, over other forms of weighing machines in showing the exact weight which each wheel has to bear. The inventors are Messrs James Scott and Son, Manchester.

The old notion that certain cities lead so surely to fortune that they may be described as being paved with the precious metal, has been realized in a certain road in Clinton County, state of New York. A contractor had undertaken to repair this road, and employed for the purpose such clinkers and refuse as a neighbouring smelting furnace conveniently afforded. Wayfarers along the improved thoroughfare soon began to notice certain glistening particles beneath their feet, which upon examination turned out to be pure silver. Inquiry into the matter showed that the metal was in the smelting furnace came from a mine traversed by an irregular vein of silver ore. No trouble had been taken to separate the one metal from the other, and the most valuable had been treated as waste.

An economical process of extracting sugar from beetroot molasses has for some time been secretly worked in Germany, but as probably the secret could be held no longer, the process has been

patented, and it is being adopted in various parts of the continent with great success. The value of the beetroot sugar annually imported into Britain is no less than ten thousand pounds sterling, and there seems no valid reason why the produce represented by this large sum should not be grown at home. Experiments giving satisfactory results were tried in different parts of Ireland some few years back, but capitalists did not respond, and the possibilities of beet culture have been forgotten. It would be as well to ascertain by fresh experiments whether the new process to which we have adverted will give still more hopeful results. An industry which would have a powerful effect upon the agriculture of Ireland would do more to settle the Irish question than many Acts of Parliament.

It is estimated that one half the manufactures of San Francisco are executed by Chinese labour. In spite of the restriction placed upon Chinese immigration, the number in the Chinese colony of that town seems to have increased rather than diminished. Taking up any particular trade, they soon monopolise it, and actually impose fines upon dealers trading with other people. In this way they have secured various monopolies, including washing, the cigar manufacture, the book and shoe industry and other manufactures relating to clothing. The Chinese are resolute and persevering, and owe their success to these good qualities and the scarcity of domestic servants and rapid increase of small factories. Perhaps, as partial recompense for this Chinese invasion, which of course affects many other cities of the New World besides San Francisco, the cultivation of the tapioca being seriously attempted in the United States, and the success of the experiments shows that it is an industry that can be profitably worked, at least in the South.

The Niagara rapids which Captain Webb was drowned, were described by him, just before he made the attempt to swim through them, as 'the narrowest bit of water in the world.' It is interesting to note that only three men have passed this terrible passage alive, and this was in 1861. They were on board a steam vessel furnished with an engine of one hundred horse power. This vessel, although specially chosen for the hazardous task, came out of the ordeal almost a wreck.

An important meeting of engineers was lately held in London, having originated in a suggestion by the Board of Trade that before regulations were made with regard to the control of steam tramways, those most interested should have an opportunity of expressing their views upon the subject. The late accidents which have occurred where steam motors are in use, naturally came under discussion, and rules were drawn up for their avoidance in the future. The type of engine was also an important point of discussion, for there are many already competing for public favour. It seems quite certain that in a few years' time, horses for tramway work will be things of the past. Steam has already been adopted in various cities. In London itself, a tramcar, driven by compressed air, is running upon one route, while in other places electro-motors have been submitted to critical experiment

Tramway work is said to take the life out of a horse in a very short time, and for this reason alone one would wish other modes of locomotion to be speedily adopted.

## OCCASIONAL NOTES

### AN INTERESTING BOOK

THE names of Mr and Mrs S O Hall have long

been known by her *Sketches of Irish Life* in the beginning of 1881, and Mr Hall, then living by himself, has completed and given to the world, in two volumes (London: Bentley), an account of their literary and other experiences, under the title of *A Prospect of a Long Life, from 1817 to 1883*. To the general reader, the book presents many points of interest, the somewhat miscellaneous and almost heterogeneous nature of its contents saving perhaps as a recommendation to this class of reader rather than a drawback. There are few eminent men or women of the century but were known to Mr Hall and his clever wife, and a great mass of anecdotes is here collected and woven into the narrative of the *Refract*. Mr Hall has in his later years become a convert to spiritualist fancies, and this has perhaps occasionally given a certain degree of distortion to his estimate of some of his contemporaries. But, upon the whole, the book is the product of an intelligent, lively hearted, benevolent man, and will not fail to attract many readers.

### THE ARTIFICIAL CULTURE OF OYSTERS

In our article on 'Oyster culture' (p. 602), we have made reference to the success of the artificial methods of culture in connection with the Portuguese oyster. This success, we are glad to say, has likewise been achieved in America. Professor Brown Gould, the United States Commissioner to the International Fisheries Exhibition, recently received a telegram from Professor Pond, United States Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, to the effect that Mr Byder, the embryologist of the Fish Commission, has successfully solved the problem of the culture of oysters from artificially impregnated eggs, in that on the 4th September, at the Government Station, Stockholm, Maryland there were many millions of young oysters, three quarters of an inch in diameter, hatched from eggs artificially impregnated forty-six days before. From a single oyster, it is added, seven millions of eggs can be obtained.

### DORMANT AND LATENT PLAGUES

In an article on this subject our contemporary, the *Full Mail Budget*, gives the following interesting information.

As far as we have been able to gather with some pains from Sir Bernard Burke's pages (*Dormant and Latent Plagues*), there have during the current century disappeared from the extant pedigrees of the three kingdoms five royal dukedoms, five dukedoms, eight marquises, sixty-seven earldoms, thirty-six viscounties, and a hundred and twenty-four baronies, many of which, of course, have been created afresh, or have been superior dignities which have dropped

off from inferior dignities, with wider limitations of descent. But this, perhaps, may diminish any astonishment which might be felt at the statements made by the Ulster King of Arms in his preface—namely, that 'all the English dukedoms created from the institution of the order down to the commencement of the reign of Charles II are gone, except only Norfolk and Somerset, and Cornwall, enjoyed by the Prince of Wales,' that 'Winchester and Worcester—the latter now merged in the dukedom of Beaufort—are the only existing English marquises older than the reign of George III,' and that although 'the earls coronet was very frequently bestowed on the Henrys and the Edwards—it was the favourite distinction, besides being the oldest—yet of all the English earldoms created by the Normans, the Plantagenets, and the Tudors, eleven only remain, and of these six are merged in higher honours, the only ones giving independent designation being Shrewsbury, Derby, Huntingdon, Pembroke, and Devon.' The present House of Lords, he adds, 'cannot claim among its members a single male descendant of any one of the barons who were chosen to enforce Magna Charta, or of any of the peers who are known to have fought at Agincourt, and the noble House of Wootton Bassett is the solitary existing family among the Lords, which can boast of a male descent from a founder of the Order of the Garter.' At the same time, the descendants in the female line from all these categories of distinguished persons are extremely numerous both in and out of the House of Lords. It is well known that the people who have a legitimate descent from one or other of the Plantagenet kings Henry III, Edward I, or Edward III, are to be counted by thousands, and, as the late Lord Farnham took the trouble to show, over a hundred peers have the assest of all 'royal descents,' that from Henry VII and Elizabeth of York. One potent reason why so many ancient dignities—baronies, at all events—have disappeared is that, being inheritable 'in fee,' they have passed from the hereditary, and have either fallen into abeyance among co-heirs, or have been accumulated by the marriage of heiresses in a single line of descent.

#### UNCLAIMED MONEY

In addition to the various accumulations of 'unclaimed money' mentioned in the article on that subject in a recent number of *Chambers Journal* (page 513), there are undoubtedly very considerable sums in the hands of bankers, which have lain at the credit of their clients for many years, and remain, with few exceptions, unclaimed by the representatives. As it is a common practice for depositors to leave their pass books for years together at their bankers—in some cases even never asking for them at all—there is in many instances no information in the possession of relatives of deceased persons, unless they happen to know of some such banking account. Any one not acquainted with the careless ways of persons of means who have deposits at banks, would hardly believe how these balances of customers are constantly accumulating. After the lapse of a few years, they are entered without particular under one heading in the ledger, or perhaps transferred to an account in the private

ledger, away from the inspection of the younger clerks of the staff.

Those who know anything of the unclaimed amounts would not run the risk of losing their employment by giving information to any one. One such case was, however, known to the writer, for when an application was made for the amount by the parties entitled to it, the unlucky clerk who gave the information was dismissed. At one bank, many years ago the Sundry Balances Account, as it was designated, extended over several pages of the ledger the year when transferred, the name of the client, and the amount, being all the particulars given. Some of these balances had belonged to public Companies which were defunct, but most of them belonged to private parties deceased, and many of them were of fifty years' standing. The total of the list amounted to several thousand pounds, which sum was, on the junction of the house with another banking house, divided among the partners, and transferred to their respective private banking accounts, the same thing being done by the other house with their list of unclaimed balances. With some banks, it is usual to have the old books cut up and sold to the manufacturing stationers in London, so that, beyond a certain date, there is really no remedy for claimants.

Besides the balances of depositors, there are in banks boxes of silver plate and other valuables left sometimes for many years in the vaults, and it seems probable that in some cases they may remain unclaimed by the owners. When the writer on one occasion was at a bank in London on business, one of the senior cashiers told him—in confidence—that having had occasion to go into one of the vaults, he noticed an iron box labelled with the name of some old relative of one of the firm which we then represented, and that the box had been in a corner for a great many years. Permission having been obtained to force it open, it was found to contain a quantity of old documents, but whether they were of any value or not, we never ascertained.

It would be a very desirable thing if such deposits were advertised, after the lapse of a certain number of years. At any rate, we presume that a person who could show his interest in such property could, with the aid of a solicitor, demand full particulars, and be allowed to inspect the books of the bank for that purpose.

It may be convenient for our readers to know that the material for our articles on Unclaimed Money and Crown Windfalls, which appeared in our issues of August 18th and August 29th, were culled from Mr. Edward Preston's curious little book, *Unclaimed Money*, published by E. W. Allen, 4 Abchurch Lane, London, & C. Price one shilling.

#### THE USE OF SALT ON LAND

The advertiser says an American paper, of using salt on land and in feeding all kinds of farming stock have often been discussed, and there is enough on record to satisfy the most incredulous, and to stimulate progressive farmers most sedulously to pursue agricultural tests of this substance in every way. The usefulness of

salt in curing hay and promoting the health of our domestic animals has long been known in the United States. The ancient writers often allude to it. Pliny the naturalist seems to have known little or nothing of the use of salt in agriculture, but he was well aware of its virtue in feeding cattle. 'Herds of cattle, says he, being covetous of a salt pasture, give a great deal more milk, and the same is much more agreeable in the making of cheese than where there is no such saline ground.' John Glauber, an eminent chemist of Amsterdam, who published several esteemed works on the practice of chemistry about two hundred and fifty years ago, was so thoroughly convinced of the economy of using salt in manure, that he obtained a patent from the government of the United States of Holland for the sole disposal of the privilege of applying this valuable mineral to the barren lands in that country. Giovanni Marckham, a learned writer in the reigns of James I and Charles I, who was equally noted for his skill in many foreign languages and for his knowledge of the various branches of agriculture, published a series of treatises on the management of land, and closed his agricultural labours by the publication of a work entitled *Marckham's Jurell to His Majesty*, in which the following passage occurs: 'If you be near unto any part of the sea coast, there fetch up the state of the salt sand, and with it cover your ground which hath been formerly plowed and hatched, allowing unto every acre of ground there one or fours or full bushels of sand, which is a very good and competent proportion, and thus sand thus laid shall be very well spread and mixed among the other broken earth. And herein is to be noted that not any other sand but the salt is good or available for this purpose, because it is the same and substance of the same which breedeth this fertility and fruitfulness in the earth, chalking the ground with all weeds, and giving strength, vigour, and comfort to all kinds of grain or pulses, or any fruit of better nature.'

When it comes to the effect of salt in feeding horses, cattle, and sheep, there can be no doubt. Dr Anderson unhesitatingly declares that there is no substance yet known which is so much relished by the whole order of gregarious animals as common salt. The wild animals of the forest are so fond of it, that whenever they discover a bank of earth impregnated with a small portion of salt, they come to it regularly ever after to lick the saline earth—hence these spots were known in our Western country as 'salt licks.' It is also admitted by all who have tried the experiment, that salt given along with the food of domestic animals (except fowls) tends very much to promote their health and accelerate their fattening, and although some persons who have been at a loss to account for this manner in which this stimulant could act as a nutritious substance, have affected to disregard the fact, yet no one has been able to bring the slightest show of evidence to invalidate the strong proofs which have been adduced in support of it. It is not, therefore, an extraordinary position to say that, by a proper use of common salt, the same quantity of forage might on many occasions be made to go twice as far as it could have done in feeding animals, had the salt been withheld from them.

If so, then we have here laid open to our view an easy mode of augmenting the produce of our fields to an amazing extent, for if the same quantity of forage can be made to go, not twice is far, but one twentieth part only farther than it now does, it would be the same thing as adding one twentieth part to the aggregate produce of our stock from domestic animals throughout the whole country. We are of the opinion that the salt given to corn fowls, and packed in cellars, has much to do in rendering it palatable.

But John Sinclair, one of the foremost agricultural writers of his or any other age, advocated the use of salt for the three following reasons: (1) That by allowing the sheep to lick it, the rot was effectually prevented, (2) that his cattle, to whom lumps of it were given to lick, were thereby protected from infectious disorders, and the cows, being thus rendered more healthy, and being induced to take a greater quantity of liquid, gave more milk, and (3) that a small quantity pounded was found very beneficial to horses when new oats were given them, if the oats were at all

NIGHT

Dark shadow twixt to-morrow morn and me—  
 If but a shadow my heart should fly from thee,  
 If but a heavy gloom on vale and height  
 If but a black shroud for thy sun's sweet light,  
 Loath like his wad were lying low for me—  
 O Night, I love thee not!

If I but a promise to the coming day,  
 If I but a waiting for the morn may  
 If I but a silence when the sun has  
 In his hand if the wings of morn's hawk  
 Over the babies with a cruel snare—  
 O Night, I did thee wrong!

If I but a crye from the toil of day  
 If I but a crye to take the way,  
 If but a time to shut the eyelid tight,  
 We slumber with evil in a deadly night,  
 If but a pillow white with a myr, descend—  
 O Night, thou art my friend!

If I but a time of promise of the Far,  
 If I but a waiting for the morn, star,  
 If I but dream's bright lining of a gorgeous morn,  
 Where life and love and joy are newly born,  
 If but a yearning for eternal light  
 Thou teachest well O Night!

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Printed and Published by W & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Peterborough Row, LONDON, and 349 High Street, EDINBURGH.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OR  
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fourth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

CONDUCTED BY R. CHAMBERS (S. L. CLUNTON)

No 1032—Vol. XV.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1883

PRICE 1½d

## NETHER LOCHABER

A MOUNTAIN county in summer and autumn is always charming and attractive. The atmosphere is delightfully fresh and cool, and as the clouds chase each other across the heavy sky, bright gleams and sudden shafts of sunshine light up the wide stretches of russet brown, or burnished amethyst, or glaucous in the vivid patches of green in the wooded ravines, or sparkle on the gleaming silver expanse of the solitary loch, or brimling, torrent leaping seaward through forests of birchen

Our mountain country in Great Britain is more picturesque or beautiful than that portion of the West Highlands described by the author of *Nether Lochaber* (the Rev. Alexander Stewart). The salt water lochs, Linnhe, Lavan, and Eal, and the mountains around them, compare favourably with the most picturesque scenery of continental Europe, and called forth a lively expression of admiration from the Queen, who says in her *Journal* that the scenery around Loch Linnhe is magnificent. Nothing can be more beautiful than the infinite variety of pictures which the hills present under the rapid atmospheric changes of the changeful sky. In early morning shrouded in mist, they look down like hoary sentinels upon the picturesque watered valleys at their feet, then, as the day progresses, the cloudy veil begins to rise, and the sun shines out, flooding the whole landscape with a glow of golden glory, lighting up the slumming green of the copse wood in the lower ravines, and glancing down into the deep gullies that intersect the rugged slopes of the hillsides, until the radiance melts away in the far distance into soft tints of gray and blue, to warm again in the broad blaze of the sunshine into vivid gleams of beauty. A glowing, shifting picture, always changing until night begins to darken down, and its shadowy mists sweep over and obliterate the picture.

Evening has, however, its own peculiar beauty, the autumnal sunsets on Loch Linnhe are

often, our author tells us, gorgeously magnificent. The loch, flooded in yellow light, glows like a great golden shield, 'while beyond rise in one unbroken range the mountains of Ardour, Kungeloch and Morven, bathed in a rich dark purple.' No pen can do justice to the rapid and magical gradations of colour that blend and interfuse into tints of exquisite beauty this picturesque assemblage of mountain peaks. The soft deep glow of purple warms into russet crimson and ruddy gold, which, as the sun deepens into dark and darker purple, which in its turn fades into somber slaty gray, as the fall of night falls dark and still over the mountains in its mind.

There is a great deal of superstition still all over the Western Highlands. The beautiful island of St Mungo, in Loch Linnhe, has been for centuries the burial place of the 'forefathers' of Nether Lochaber and Glencoe, and it is firmly believed by the country people that the spirit of the individual last buried there keeps watch night and day over the graveyard, and is only relieved from his charge when another death happens. The watching spirit is not believed to be happy in the discharge of this duty, and is supposed to look forward eagerly to the period when he shall be relieved from it.

Mr Stewart was once shown an ancient coin which he identified as a silver dollar of the time of Philip II of Spain, and which was regarded as an amulet sufficiently powerful to insure protection to its possessor. It had a curious history. One of the ships of the Spanish Armada, the *Alida*, was destroyed while at anchor off Tobermory, by a party of Mull and Moidart men, by whom she was blown up, and this Spanish coin was found about fifty years ago by the commander of a small coasting schooner. He was becalmed while passing through the Sound of Mull, and thought it best to come to anchor for the night. Next morning, when getting under weigh, the anchor, when drawn in, was found to have a large mass of Langle attached to it, and when clearing it away, the coin dropped out, and was handed to the captain, who put it into

his purse and preserved it carefully as a luck penny, which it was regarded to be from the fact that from that day he became an exceedingly prosperous man in all his undertakings. Until the day of his death, he carried the lucky coin about with him as a talisman to ward off ill fortune, and when he died, bequeathed it to his brother, who experienced the same happy results while possessing it. From the day he received the coin he was prosperous and successful as he had never been before, and never had a days illness—results which he gratefully attributed to the magical properties of the silver dollar. It is also believed all through Aethia Lochaber that ringworm can be cured by rubbing it over with a gold marriage ring, one made of what they call guinea gold is preferred, and the ring which of all others works the greatest number of cures in the district is that of a widow who was married to one husband for more than fifty years.

The habits of the population even in the most sequestered glens are changing very much. The people, in the opinion of the older men among them, are less industrious than they were. They have more money in their hands, but they do not make such a good use of it. This was the opinion entertained by one very intelligent patriarch with whom our author was fond of having a gossip. He himself adhered rigidly to the customs of his boyhood, and was often to be seen in the proper season gathering rushes, from which he extracted the pitch to make wicks for his lamp. He remembered, he said, when all the people of his hamlet gave a days work to the tenant of the adjoining farm, for leave to gather rushes for their lamps. The oil used was fish oil, and the lamps were often buckles shells of its largest size as could be found on the shore. The shell was suspended by a string to a hook of wood or iron projecting from the wall near the fire place, and filled with oil, then the rush pitch was inserted as a wick, and the lamp was complete. 'I recollect,' said the old man, with a smile, 'that my father—God rest him!—who was a very economical man, and hated everything like waste or extravagance, allowed us just a skilful of oil for the winter's night. When that much was spent, we had to tell our tales, sing our songs, and do what work we had to do, by the light of the blazing peat fire.'

Weasels abound in some parts of the district, and a few years ago an old man, who was employed by a neighbour to remove a small cairn of stones from the centre of a grass field, had rather a serious tussle with four or five of them. He began his work, and had wheeled away several barrowfuls of stones, when several weasels suddenly sprang out of the cairn and attacked him. They flew at his hands, chin, and cheeks, and at his throat, which was fortunately protected by several folds of a stout homespun cravat, and before he could defend himself he was severely bitten. One or two he tore off with his hands, and killed by trampling them under his feet, but the others stuck to him like leeches, and he had to run to a neighbouring house and get assistance to rid himself of his pertinacious little foes. It is not unusual, in the woods and deer parks, for the vicious little blood-sucker to kill the fawns of

the fallow deer when they are a few weeks old. The weasels fix themselves on the back of the neck in such a position that no struggling on the part of the victim can possibly dislodge them. Burying their muzzle deeply in the flesh, they drink the blood of the poor creature as it staggers along, until it falls faint and exhausted to the ground. In this manner also the weasel sometimes kills hares. A countryman passing through a green glade on a wooded hillside heard a sound like the crying of a child, and was surprised to find that it proceeded from a hare that was slowly with staggering steps struggling up the bric. Looking closer, he saw that the hare had a weasel on its back, and that the weasels sharp muzzle was buried in the poor creatures neck, and that as it rode along it was busily digging down, eating as it went and drinking up its blood thirsty fashion the blood of its luckless victim. He threw a stone, meaning to hit the weasel, but he hit the hare instead, which immediately fell dead, and before he could seize the weasel, it snaked off and made good its escape.

In inclement and severe winters, arctic swiftness swarms in the lochs and estuaries of the West Highlands, often venturing a considerable distance inland, and seeking for their food in the most sheltered bays. Rare birds are often shot along the shore, which, as the tide recedes, they visit in quest of breakfast or dinner, or vent their disappointment at the loss of some favourite morsel, in the wardens of streams.

The otter all over the West Highlands is regarded with a degree of superstitious reverence, and figures in most of the fireside tales of the ancient clansmen. It is easily tamed, and our author has often seen one belonging to the milkkeeper at the Baid of Tilt, which was very tame indeed, and was usually kept chained in an empty stall in the stable. It was very fond of the horses, which were its stable companions, and always went the full length of its chain to meet them when they returned from their days work, uttering its cry of welcome, which was a curious half whining bark. It was very docile and good tempered, and liked to be stroked and petted by the man, uttering, when being fondled, a loud purring sound like a cat. It was a very voracious fisher, and when taken out, with a long cord attached to a collar round its neck, to the river or to a moorland loch, it never failed to catch a number of fish. It drove all the fish before it into the corner of a pool, much as a collie would drive a flock of sheep, and then making a series of rapid dives, brought up in succession two or three of the best and biggest fish. It was very dainty and fastidious in its eating, and never devoured any part of the fish it captured, except a little bit at the back of the head and around the pectoral fins. It lapped milk readily like a dog, and seemed fond of it, but would taste nothing else except fish.

The districts of Ardgour and Sunart abound in adders and grass snakes, and these reptiles frequently attain a size unknown anywhere else in the West Highlands. They are very fond of water, and like to sun themselves in spring and summer on the grassy banks of a stream, or on the grassy margin of a peat bog. The fountains that often well up cool and sparkling

among the heather beside moss covered boulders, are also favourite resorts of thorns. Buds such a spring, sparkling like a diamond beneath a pale glimmer of sunshine. Mr Stewart once found three of these reptiles curled up into a sort of Gordian knot on a patch of vivid green moss just by the fountain's brink. He had knelt down to drink before he noticed them, and he took his draught of the pure sweet water first, and then attacked them with his stick. If taken unawares, and struck on a particular spot on the back of the neck, the adder is easily killed, but when he is on his guard, and his blood is up, he is a very dangerous creature indeed, with crooked crest and flashing eye, he studies himself to strike. The grass or ringed snake, on the contrary, is perfectly harmless.

In trenching the moss of Bilschultch in our author's near neighbourhood, an interesting archaeological discovery was recently made. At a depth of ten feet in the drift subsoil, underlying six or seven feet of moss, there were found the remains of what must have been in the far past a flint instrument manufactory on a large scale. There were several cartloads of chipping, a number of arrow heads, two roughly finished chisels, and hammers of a curious shape with a hole in the centre. Flint is of rare occurrence in Nether Lochaber, and the raw material for this manufactory must have been brought from a distance, and then manipulated and wrought into shape by a race of men who must have lived and worked there before the diluvial bed of drift and gravel, two feet in thickness, and underlying a deposit of moss six feet in thickness, was laid down above the scene of their labours.

Throughout the West Highlands, a wound from a stag's horn is believed to be very dangerous, it is difficult to cure, and often causes extreme debility and bad health. Gunkeepers, foresters, and their assistants, dread it extremely, and say that a dog which receives such a wound usually dies from gangrene or mortification of the sore, however slight it may have seemed at first. If he recovers, the result is almost equally unsatisfactory, the dog becomes paralytic in the wounded limb, or epileptic, or if he has been a wise and intelligent creature, he now becomes perfectly stupid. The author of *Nether Lochaber* was personally acquainted with a fine looking young man, an assiduous forester, who, in helping to take a dead stag off a hill pony's back, was accidentally wounded in the leg by one of the horns. He did not think much of the wound at the time. It was an ugly ragged gash, but not deep, and he had more than once had much more serious wounds which had healed at once quite easily, 'by the first intention,' as the doctors say. This wound from the dead stag's horn would not, however, heal, none of the salves or ointments or healing medicaments of the glen had the least effect upon it. It always became the longer the worse, and when Mr Stewart saw the young man, he was on his way to Glasgow, to see if the skill of the doctors there could counteract the dire effect of the stag's horn.

A Roman emperor once offered a reward to any one who should invent a new pleasure. Our author lays no claim to such a discovery, but he says that few things in the way of a holiday excursion can equal a drive through Lochaber and

Badenoch to Kingussie—except, perhaps, the drive back again. A bright clear day should be chosen for such an excursion, a day pleasantly genial and warm, for then the colours of the mountain scenery blend and interfuse in a manner suggestive of fairyland. A veil of pearly grey haze hovers above the distant mountain peaks, but around you in the broad blaze of the sunshine, the birch and oak copse, the ferny glades, the grassy knolls, the wide stretches of heather, and the clove of foam on the brawling aniter hued streamlets come out with a vivid distinctness that photographs them upon the memory. No scene can be more sublime and beautiful. The everlasting hills tower skywards in savage grandeur, the rushing torrents leap merrily downwards to join the river that murmurs hoarsely in the valley beneath, and on the grassy wayside slopes, the kindly sunshine lights up the purple spikes of foxglove, and the bonnie clumps of blue bell that nestle in rifts and crannies of the ancient moss grown crags. All, in short, in our author's words, 'that one can reasonably look for of grand or beautiful, is here, and to enhance each charm of the picturesque scene, a coachman as full of anecdotes and jokes and local tradition as an *est*, is full of meat, and when one is hungry, a substantial tea, or tea dinner rather, half way on the homeward route at the shepherd's house at Moy.' Could the most exacting tourist demand more?

## ONE FALSE, BOTH FAIR;

OR, A HARD KNOT

BY JAMES HARWOOD

## CHAPTER VI.—BY SPECIAL TRAIN

'If she will but own the truth,' said Mr Pontifex pitiously, and with something like a groan. It was in odd suggestion for a family solicitor so eminent to mope concerning one of his noblest clients, but then the circumstances were so exceptional. It was to Chinese Jack that he spoke the abhorrence which he felt for the foreign Countess, who, by her own statement, had been the manservant of the whole plot, deterred him from addressing a word to her, save under compulsion. But Chinese Jack, the lawyer felt, was on a different level in crime from his Russo-French temptress to evil. Hardened adventurer as he was, he yet shrank in his bearing something of the gentleman. And Mr Pontifex could remember Dr Vaughan, white haired, learned, solemn, at the old lord's table at Castel Vaux. And he recollected that the clergyman's sickly wife had been the Honourable Ellen Rollington. A very old title is that of Lord Rollington. This reckless fellow was, after all, a peer's grandson, and, on the mother's side, with a pedigree stretching to the First Crusade. So, in how, Mr Pontifex preferred to speak to Chinese Jack.

'I think she will,' said Chinese Jack, who probably guessed some of the little lawyer's thoughts, and was at any rate on his best behaviour. 'I think, from what I saw of her in Wales there, that the fortress will surrender at the first trumpet flourish. But—for I see that you still feel doubtful, Mr Pontifex—I have, or rather my wife has, an extra proof to produce. I had better mention that the true Marchioness, in Button Street, being



of a sensitive nature, and feeling averse to the unfair she was forced to carry on against the unscrupulous whom she has never ceased to love, tried to avoid painful details by delegating to my clever wife the task of dealing, with her active lawyer, Mr Sterling. And here is a letter of Mr Sterling, received a fortnight since, during my absence on my Paris trip. The Michonnes— I speak of the true one—knows its contents, and Countess Louise has satisfied herself that Sir Francis's note, in Linton Street, bears nothing on her wrist which corresponds with what is here set down.

And, as her husband finished speaking, Madame de Laloupe rose, and with grave composure placed a letter in the lawyer's hand. Mr Pontifax glanced at it and thus:

MADAM—In compliance with the request of Miss Carow, so called—otherwise, the Michonnes of Leominster—of Bruton Street, I beg to inform you that Detective Sergeant Drew has discovered a most important and, I think, almost crushing proof as to our client's identity. A former nurse has deposed to there being a slight but indelible scar on the inner part of the wrist of Miss Cora Cues, caused by the accidental burn inflicted by a candle, upon the morning of a dark winter day, when both sisters were christened. The mark is of a dull, bluish white, small, but easily to be seen. It is on the under side of the left wrist. On investigation, no doubt it would readily be recognised. Nurse Dawson—Jane Dawson—residing, in the hamlet of Monk's Hollow, Thornaby, Devon—avows that she never mentions the occurrence to any friend or fellow servant, being afraid of blame for her carelessness. Thus, I feel sure, if the old woman's nerves remain unshaken in cross-examination, and by the unwelcome bustle and excitement of a journey and a trial, will prove most important evidence—I remain, Madam, obediently yours,

WILLIAM STERLING

'Mr Sterling is right,' said Mr Pontifax, whose mind was quite made up now. 'The evidence is indeed important, nor will my unhappy client, wretched girl! hold out against this storm of crushing evidence. So much the better if by her confession the scandal of a trial can be spared—Now, with your leave, I will make copies of the documents on the table here, as my credentials when I reach Castel Vaux. The originals, of course, you will keep possession of until the Marquis arrives, unless the affair is earlier finished, as I hope.'

Chinese Jack, Madame de Laloupe, and Mary Ann Pinnett had no objection to urge against the attorney's reasonable request, and accordingly, Mr Pontifax, seating himself at his writing-table, carefully copied out each of the papers submitted to him, and then, folding the originals, with a formal bow returned them to Chinese Jack.

'You may be pretty certain of your object,' said the solicitor, half bitterly. 'Mine is, now, to avoid unnecessary disgrace to the noble family into which Miss Carow married. You will hear from myself, or from Her Ladyship, shortly, Mr Vaughan.—And, Madam, I may say as much to you. Your cards, with the address of each, I see, lie on my table—Permit me to offer you some refreshments, after your late drive.'

But Chinese Jack and his stately consort declined availing themselves of the lawyer's hospitality. They had done their errand, and now they took their leave, attended by the ex-lady's maid, and scarcely had the last sound of their carriage wheels grinding over the gravel died away, before Mr Pontifax started, as a new thought occurred to his bewildered mind. 'Why, bless my soul! the wedding—with Lord Falacy—is for to-morrow—for this very morning, and, at any cost, it must be stopped!' He looked at his watch. It was very late, or rather early, in the small hours, likely, and to trust to ordinary trains was idle. He rang the bell. 'I want one of the grooms, mounted, to go to London, he said to his butler, and to order me a special train, so as to reach Castel Vaux without delay. I will write the order, while George gets ready. Let him take the bicycle, and let Thomas get the carriage ready, and bring it round. I shall take a glass of sherry and a biscuit, James, and then start—called away on business. You must mention it to my daughters in the morning.'

Then James the butler, as he hurried to do his master's bidding, knew that something serious must have occurred, for the pretty bride, by with black points, was an expensive thousand, but, provided highly by Miss Pontifax, and a costly mount for a midnight messenger among the slippery streets.

Hastily Mr Pontifax wrote his letter to the London station master at the terminus, hastily he packed his portmanteau, nibbled his biscuit, and bowed off his sherry, while his mounted groom was speeding towards the metropolis. It was some time before the carriage came round to the door. As Mr Pontifax was bustling through the porch, an upper window was thrown up, and a feminine voice said softly, 'Papa, dear, are you going from home? Shall you see me to bed?'

'Yes, yes, Margaret, love,' cried the lawyer, as he jumped in. 'To-morrow, or next day. I'll write. Called off to Castel Vaux! Don't fret—And you, Thomas, drive fast, will you!'

It is one thing, when you do not happen to be a Royal Highness or Chairman of a Board of Directors, to order a special train at untimely hours and at short notice, and another to get one. Mr Pontifax, arriving hot and eager at the terminus, was chafed to find the acting manager so cool and so unresponsive, and so provokingly ready with unanswerable reasons why he must wait before he could be served with the expensive luxury he wanted. The time was not clear here, there was a lark somewhere else. The only engine driver who could be spared was off duty, the only available stoker was being hunted for in his lodgings, a mile away. It was bitterly cold, and the great deserted station was as cheerless as the catcombs.

At last Mr Pontifax got his special train. At last he was uncrowded, in solitary state, in the corner of a first class carriage, linked to the engine, that puffed and whoosed and smoked, as if it too, the steam horse, wanted being called into action at improper hours. The driver looked grim, the fireman sullen. The one or two sleepy officials on the platform seemed to regard Mr Pontifax as a personal enemy. Then the whistle sounded, and off went the special.

Very unattractive were the feelings of the little

lawyer as he was whisked along, in the cold and the gloom of the frosty night, in the raw chill of the foggy morning, when Nature herself seemed in the agonies of death, and all the world lay under an irregular winding sheet of snow, pure here, smothered there, with a pill of clouds above, and presently in the bright pale sunlight.

All the time, as he jolted and jumbled along, the light carriage bounding at the heels, as it were, of the rushing engine, he was consulting his watch by the light of the dim lamp—Should he be in time? He very much doubted it. Precious hours had been lost, and, for aught he could tell, a marriage, which would be, to two distinguished families, a serious misfortune, might have taken place before he could be there to interfere. Of course, he had longed to telegraph, but in such a case it was impossible. A living man must be there, at Castel Vaux, ready in hand, to put a stop to the proceedings of the day, not a mere slip of paper with pencilled words on it. To Sir P., in a letter, in Bruton Street, he had, from the London telegraph, telegraphed, briefly informing him that her cause was triumphant, and that her presence was early as possible at Castel Vaux would be on all grounds expedient.

When Mr. Pontifex reached the little Dinias Vaux station it was already past ten o'clock.

'Not a carriage, to be had, sir, for love or money, I'm sorry to say,' said the civil station master. 'There are traps and four-wheeled carriages always on hire at the Metropolitan Arms, but to-day, everything, on wheels has been wrapped up for the grand wedding.—My Lady's—up there at the church on the hill. We have your dog here, sir, to lay, which, perhaps, you have not heard of. And there is nothing to be had.'

'Then,' said Mr. Pontifex at last, after another hasty glance at his watch—'then I must use my feet.'

#### REMINISCENCES OF THORWALDSEN

In the middle of the wide court which forms the centre of the Thorwaldsen Museum in Copenhagen rises a simple grave. No monument is erected in commemoration of him who rests below, I could not even find a name carved on the plain stone slab, whose only ornament is the clustering leaves of the ever-living ivy which grows luxuriantly round its base. But resting peacefully of Bertel Thorwaldsen, simple and unassuming as the great hut which on earth throbbled out such noble reputations, given as the immortal memory of his transcendent genius. And round about him in the galleries which look down on the humble grave stand the monument-  
numerable which the masters raised to himself, through years of plodding industry, through disappointments and high hopes, and that ever-constant yearning after something higher still, which is at once the happiness and misery of true greatness. As I reverently stood by his grave under the golden eye of a bright spring morning, a little picture flashed upon me out of the past, a picture which had first evoked my interest in Bertel Thorwaldsen.

In an upper room of an old gabled house in one of the narrow streets of Copenhagen, an honest

wood-carver and his wife lie asleep. Beside their bed stands a child's cot, out of which a pair of bright blue eyes peep curiously. All is still, and the full yellow moon looks straight into the room. Presently, a small naked foot appears, then another, until the form of a little boy stands confessed. He shakes back his long blonde hair, and casts a furtive glance at the great bed. He is safe, for they are fast asleep, so the little one steals with fast beating heart to the corner, where, under the noisy Dutch clock, stands his mother's spinning wheel. Often has he watched the busy wheel spin round, and the inquiring brain has been lost in wonder as to how it all came about, whilst the active little hands have tangled to touch it and find out its secrets. So strongly has this detested possession of his growing mind, that to night he cannot sleep, and now here is his chance. Curiously he gives at the strange word thing, and puts out an eager hand. 'Whirrr!' goes the wheel under his touch, and mother is awake. 'What do you there, my little son!' And Bertel hangs his head and creeps back to his cot.

Do you not know the story, my readers? It was told to me and to you years ago, by Hans Christian Andersen, the king of story-tellers. And we see that 'the child was father of the man,' for the tall, thoughtful youth who at the age of seventeen—just ten years later—is receiving the silver medal for design at the Academy of Arts of his native town is none other than the tiny nephew whose extraordinary observing powers were thus early displayed.

Bertel Thorwaldsen, who lived to be the greatest of modern sculptors, is a striking example of genius early developed. Born in 1770, we hear of him as a marvellous child, resting his father in his calling as a wood-carver. On one occasion we are told how the boy was playing in the court, when his father Gottschalk, was at work on the stern-head of a ship. Presently the little fellow carried his play, and after observing his father for some time, he took up a piece of wood, and carved such an excellent representation of the head, that the father was struck by this exhibition of talent, and at once placed his son at the Eric School of Art. Here the unborn genius of the lad rapidly developed, he passionately loved art, and to pursue it soon became the sole aim and end of his existence. Thus at twenty he is awarded the small gold medal for his sketch of 'Heliocorus driven from the Temple,' at twenty-three, the first gold medal, along with a grant enabling him to reside abroad for three years, for the purpose of studying, which latter had long been the first great desire of his young life.

When we see him again, he is in an obscure lodging in Rome. The great commination is revealed, and the sunny skies of Italy, the home of Art, smile above him, but the youth, which had seemed so real a thing that he had but to stretch out his arms and grasp it, has almost faded, and the ardent young artist is struggling alone, without sympathy, and like other friendless in a strange land. He had gone, overflowing with that sanguine hope which is the legacy of youth, with his letter of introduction to his famous countryman Zoega, but had been coldly received, and the shy, retiring nature had shrunk back into itself, chilled and disappointed. But

not to sit down and repine in idleness, he could not have done so if he would, for the burning desire to create which dwells in the heart of genius was beating like an imprisoned eagle with powerful and untiring wings, at the bars of its cage. And then and thus it was, during long, solitary watches and cheerless days, with no friendly eye to commend, no encouraging voice to cheer, that Bertel Thorvaldsen executed his 'Jason with the Golden Fleece.'

Sweet must have been to him those first fruits of triumph when he saw his great effort recognized and appreciated, when the celebrated Cinova himself extended to him the hand of fellowship, and the artistic world rang with praises of the masterly production. But his troubles were not at an end, for although his 'Jason' received such universal admiration, for long no purchaser was to be found, and pecuniary difficulties increased upon him, until, crushed in spirit, he was obliged to contemplate the abandonment of his studios and a return to Denmark. No longer able to procure the materials for the carrying out of his great designs, he one morning utters a despondent in his studio, when, as if from the clouds, a letter arrived from his warm admirer Thomas Hope. It proved to be an order for a marble copy of the 'Jason,' for which the sculptor was to receive the magnificent sum of eight hundred ducats. This was the last struggle with poverty, and during Thorvaldsen's prolonged stay in Italy, commissions poured in upon him from every quarter. It were impossible to enumerate within the limits of a brief sketch the immense number of works which his indefatigable genius produced in the course of a long life, and a difficult task to select from the splendid collection in the Museum at Copenhagen the productions most worthy of notice. As we pass along the receding galleries, they stand, a mighty host of silent witnesses to his glory, looking down upon us in unlying beauty and ineffable grace. Here the fair and mystic spirits of mythology live before us, and the giant forms of god and hero rise towering in majestic manhood. But we pause before the speaking likeness of our poet and countryman Lord Byron, which is considered one of the best of Thorvaldsen's numerous statues of contemporaries, whilst we remember with pleasure that the original adorns the library of Trinity College, Cambridge.

Twenty three years had sped away before the sculptor returned to Denmark, which he had left a young man without fame or name. Now, his passage through Italy and Germany was like a triumphal procession. Everywhere the great master was met by the principal men of the different towns through which he passed, whilst the people flocked from their houses to get a sight of him. Arrived at Copenhagen, he was lodged in the palace of Charlottenburg, and public feasts and rejoicings went on for several days. But he could not settle in the bleak North after having known so long the genial climate of Italy, moreover, the passing years had bereft him of both his parents, consequently, the old home no longer existed to gladden the wanderer's return, and although the famous Thorvaldsen had found a warm reception even in the palace of his king, he missed the humble friends of his childhood, who were now dead or scattered, and

longed to be back to the land which had become endeared to him as the scene of his first struggles and ultimate triumph. Thus, within a year he is once more on the return journey to Rome, though he is months on the road. He had chosen the route through Berlin, Dresden, and Warsaw, at each of which places he was detained by numerous invitations to partake of the hospitality of men of talent and rank. At Warsaw he made the longest halt, for the purpose of making a bust of Alexander I, who, himself a patron of art, entertained the eminent sculptor with marked favour. All through his journey between Denmark and Rome, but especially at Warsaw, he received commissions which occupied him for long after his return. At this time, Thorvaldsen was in his fiftieth year, but of unimpaired vigour, his activity was something marvellous. After this period, independent of the private commissions which continually came in, he executed the elaborate decorations for the cathedral of Our Lady at Copenhagen, the principal of which were, 'Christ and the Twelve Apostles,' the group of 'John the Baptist preaching in the Wilderness,' the 'Procession to Golgotha, and several monuments of great men. He also completed extensive bas-reliefs for the palace of Christiansburg, of which Denmark is justly proud.

Absorbed in the production of these marvellous works, another long term of Thorvaldsen's life passed quickly away, until he saw his great undertaking fulfilled, and his next task was the superintending of their transport to Denmark, and their erection in the building for which they were intended. For this purpose, the Danish government placed a frigate at his disposal, and in 1838, when he was in his sixty-sixth year, he took ship to revisit for the last time the land of his birth. This time, there was a link for the active man, and each day saw him in his post directing the workmen engaged on the erection of the handsome Museum which was to bear his name, and within whose precincts the results of his life's labour were to be gathered. It was now the keen searching air of the land which had fostered his young genius no longer broad the frame of the man of more than threescore and ten, who had felt the balmy softness of nearly fifty Italian summers. How would he have spent his declining days in the home of his early associations, but each returning spring left him so reduced in health, that a return to Italy seemed inevitable, and in the early part of the year 1844, he began to make arrangements for leaving the North in the summer. But his first desire was destined to be gratified in a manner he least expected, for when taking his recreation in the theatre at Copenhagen on March 24, 1844, the swift summons came, and all suddenly. Without a pang, he was taken, and like a faithful servant who has finished his task, he 'entered into the joy of his Lord.' A special mercy, it seemed, to be thus called to rest and spared the burden of suffering. But great was the regret and sincere the grief of all who knew his name. All Europe mourned his loss, and to carry out his funeral obsequies with honour and distinction was now the unshared interest of his sorrowing countrymen. They had him in state in the large hall of the Academy of Arts, where, as the obscure workman's son, he had first stood forth to receive

the reward of his youthful endeavours. Thou sands went to take a last look at the calm, gentle face and still form, which lay as if taking a peaceful and dreamless sleep after a hard day's work. Then they buried him with many tears and great ceremony in the Cathedral Church, until the completion of his Museum, whether his body was removed, to be placed in the unique grave prepared for its reception.

And here, at his grave, I recall the pleasing sketch of this remarkable man which was furnished to me by an old lady, who had been in the habit of visiting his studio in Rome when he was in the full flush of his activity.

'He was tall of stature' she told me, 'but with slightly stooping shoulders. His countenance was of noble mould, and when in repose, was grave and thoughtful almost to sadness, but when he looked at you, it was with a pair of keen though very kindly blue eyes. His hair was light in colour and curly, it was frequently in disorder from a habit he had of running his fingers through it when engaged in thought. He was somewhat slovenly in his dress, and wore a loose smock when at work. His manners were naturally shy and reticent, and though he rarely invited his visitors to conversation, he was courteous and wonderfully patient with the many casual visitors who flocked to his studio from motives of curiosity. When in the society of friends and colleagues, however, he would frequently become very animated, at which time he was in the habit of taking up a bit of clay—sometimes plucking it from his pocket—and including it in his hand. He seemed to converse with greater ease when so employed, and this restless habit he retained through life. Art was the sole interest which possessed his mind, he read little, and detested to handle a pen, never doing so except when necessity compelled. He himself never learnt to write a legible letter or to spell correctly.

And as I quit the spot where rest his earthly remains, in the midst of the glorious achievements of a career of life, I rejoice to think that the laurels he striven for, won and worn with the humility of true greatness, are still as fresh and green as the ivy that clings round his tomb.

## THE ROSERY FOLK.

BY GEORGE MARSHALL FRY.

### CHAPTER I.—DOWN FROM TOWN.

'There's Kitty!' cried James Scarlett, leaning out of the carriage window and waving his hand little more than an hour before, he was in his dingy office in Leadenhall Street, where, young as he was, through succession to his father, he stood head of a large shipping business. He had been waiting for his cousin, Arthur Pringle, who was invited to spend a few days with him in the country. Then a cab was taken, the train caught, and in an hour they were whirled down to a station in Berkshire, where, in light, simple, summer dress, looking bright and attractive as the country round, sat Mrs. Scarlett, eagerly watching the platform from her seat in the little phaeton drawn by two handsome cobs, who tossed their heads impatiently, and threw the white foam from

their well-champed, brightly polished bits, to the bespecklement of the smart groom's hat and coat. Her face brightened as she caught sight of her husband, and fell a little as she saw that he was followed by his cousin, Arthur Pringle, but she smiled sweetly at their visitor, and held out her hand to him as he came up and raised his hat.

'I've brought Arthur down to get rid of the soot, Kitty, and Scarlett heartily. 'See how solemn he looks!'

'I am very glad to see him,' said Kate Scarlett, smiling, and colouring slightly.

'There, jump up beside Kitty, old man,' continued Scarlett. 'She'll soon rattles us home.'

'No, no dear, you'll drive.'

'What! In those lavender kids, and in this coat?' cried Scarlett laughingly. 'No, thanks—Jump in, Arthur. That's right. I'm up—Let 'em go, Tom—Now, my beauties.'

The handsome little pair of cobs shook their heads, and started off at a rapid trot, the groom catching the side of the phaeton as it passed him, and mounting, beside his master in the seat behind, when the brisk, sweet, summer air seemed to bring a little colour into the cheeks of Arthur Pringle, and a great deal into those of Mrs. Scarlett, as she guided the spirited little pair along the dusty road, and then in between the long stretch of fir wood, whence came clear and warm breathings of that knobby aromatic scent of the glowing pines brought forth by the mid-day sun.

'There, my lad, that's better than sitting in chambers,' cried Scarlett. 'Fellows' pooh pooh me for living out here. It is living, my boy. It is dying to shut your elf up in town.'

'Ah, yes, said Pringle with a sigh. 'It is very delicious.'

'Delicious! I should think it is,' cried Scarlett eagerly, and he stood up behind his wife, holding on by the back seat, as fine and manly a specimen of humanity as could be found in a day's march. He was fashionably dressed, tightly buttoned up, and had the orthodox flower in his button hole, but his bronzed face and fresh look told of country life, and down in Berkshire, the staid solemnity of his London ways were cast aside for a buoyant youthfulness that made his sedate cousin turn slightly to gaze at him through his half-closed eyes.

'Give them their heads, Kitty,' cried Scarlett, as they approached a hill and, as they heard the order, the cobs gave their crests a toss, and hissed into a canter, breasting the hill, and keeping up the speed to the very top, where they were checked for the descent upon the other side.

'There you are, old fellow,' cried Scarlett. 'There's the river winding in on the park, the grove and meadow. There's the Rosery, you can see it beautifully now. Do you see how the creeper has gone up the chimney-stalk! No, of course you can't from here—Gudny, my beauties, steady, steady, little rascals. Don't pull your nostrils as arms out by the roots.'

'A lovely view in kind, James said the visitor. 'It seems more beautiful every time I come.'

'Oh, every place looks at its best now,' said Scarlett heartily. 'I say, I've got down a new boat, we must have a pull up to the locks. That's the sort of thing to do you good, my boy.'

Prayle smiled, and shrugged his shoulders slightly.

'How long does it take you to drive to the station?' he said quickly.

'We allow five and twenty minutes,' said Scarlett. 'We shall do it in twenty to-day. I like to go fast, and these little ruffians enjoy it. They want it, they're getting too fat.'

The cobs tossed their heads again at this, and tried to break into another canter.

'Stealy, steady, you lucky little scoundrels— Give them a pull, Kitty. Oh, that's right, the gate's open.'

They were in sight of a rustic gateway banked with masses of rhododendrons and other flowering shrubs, and through this Miss Scarlett deftly guided the phaeton, which seemed suddenly to run more quietly along the pretty curved gravel drive, whose sides were lawn of the most velvet green, while flowers of the brightest hues filled the many beds. The grounds were extensive, though the house was small and cottage like, with its highly pitched gables, latticed windows, and red brick walls covered with magnificent specimens of creeping plants. On either side of the house were pretty extensive conservatories, and glimpses of other glass houses could be seen beyond a tall thick hedge of yew. In fact, it was just the best ideal of a pretty country home, with a steep slope down to the river.

'Here we are, old fellow,' cried Scarlett, as he leaped out and helped his wife to alight. 'Art they warm, Tom?'

'No, sir, not turned a hair, sir.'

'That's right—Now then, Arthur. Same room as you had before. Will you take anything after your ride?'

'O dear, no,' said Prayle, 'and if you'll allow me, I'll tinkle about till dinner.'

'Do just what you like, old man. There are cigars and cigarettes in the study. If there's anything else you want, just ring.'

'Oh, don't, pray don't,' said Prayle deprecatingly. 'You will spoil my visit if you make so much of me.'

'Make much of you, lad? Stuff!—Good bye, Buddy. good bye, Jen, he cried, putting the cobs under the care of them, Tom—Beauties, aren't they, Arthur? My present to Kate. Now then, come along.'

He led the visitor into the tiled hall, at every corner of which was some large jardiniere full of flowers, and up the broad staircase to the guest chamber, flowers being in the window even here, while the floor was covered with the softest carpets and rugs, and pictures and engravings of no little merit covered the walls.

'You have a magnificent place here, James,' said the visitor, with a sigh.

'Nonsense, man. Half the beauty is Nature's own doing, aided by your humble servant, Kitty, old John Monnick, and a couple of labourers. Why, I pay less for this pretty Elizabethan cottage than I should for some brick dungeon in a Bloomsbury square. Less? Why, I don't pay half. Now, I'm going to unrig.'

He nodded brightly at his guest, and left the room, when a scowl came over Prayle's face, and in a low voice he said between his teeth, 'Why should this booby be rolling in wealth, while I have to pinch and spare and contrive in my dim blank chambers? The world is not fair. Oh, it is not fair!'

As he stood there in the middle of the room, a distant sound made him turn his head sharply, and he caught sight of his frowning face in the dressing glass, when, smoothing away the wrinkles, he paid a few attentions to his personal appearance, and went down to stroll about the grounds.

#### CHAPTER II.—FARMER'S MAGAZINES.

'Have you brought my magazines, William?' and a bright faced, eager girl, with no slight pretensions to good looks, as she stood there in her neat, dark, closely fitting dress with white apron, collar and cuffs, and natty muslin cap with black ribbon, looking the very model of the new-fashioned Phyllis many people think so satisfactory for a parlour maid. The William addressed was a broad shouldered, heavy looking young man of three or four and thirty, dressed in brown velvet coat and vest, and drab cord trousers. He was very cleanly shaven, his fair crop hair closely cut, and he had evidently been paying a great deal of attention to his heavy boots. There was a sprig of south-western in his button hole, a smaller sprig in his mouth, and he held in one hand his soft felt hat, in the other, one of those ash, quarter staff looking implements, with a tiny spade at the end, known to farmers as a thick spud—a companion that served him as walking stick and a means of getting rid of the obnoxious weeds about his little farm. For Brother William, otherwise William Cissy, farmed the twenty acres that had been held by his ancestors for the last two hundred years, and it was his custom to walk over every Saturday to see how his sister Lanny was getting on, the said young lady having been in service at the Roselyn ever since James Scarlett's marriage. He always timed his visit so that he should get there just before Martha set out the tea things, and from regular usage, Martha always placed an extra cup—extra large, as well.

'Yes, here they be,' said Brother William, solemnly drawing a couple of the most rampant and highly flavoured of the punny weeklies of the day from his breast pocket, and opening and smoothing them out, so as to display to the best advantage the woodcuts on the front pages of each, white, remarkably similar in style, a very undulatory young lady in evening dress was listening to the attentions of a small headed, square shouldered gentleman of impossible height, with an enormous moustache, worn probably to make up for his paucity of cranial hair. 'Yes, here they be, and I don't think much of 'em either.'

'No! what do you know about them?' said the girl sharply. 'If it had been the *Farmer's Friend*, with its rubbish about crops and horsefalls and drenches, you would say it was good reading.'

'Hebbu,' said Brother William, placing his soft hat very carefully upon the rounded knob of his thick staff, and standing it up in a corner of the

room adjoining the kitchen. 'Mebbe, Fanny, my luv, but I don't see what good it is going to do you reading bout dooks and loids a-marrying housemaids, as they don't never do—do they, Martha?'

'I never knew of such a thing, Mr Cressy,' said Martha in a quiet demure way. 'I did once hear of a gentleman marrying his cook.'

'Yes,' said Brother William solemnly, 'I think I did hear of such a thing as that, and that might be sensible, but in them magicians they never marry the cooks—it is always the housemaids—and Fanny's getting her head full of stuff.'

'You mind your own business, William, and let me mind mine, if you please,' said the young lady warmly.

'Oh, all right, my dear, only, I'm your brother, you knw, and the yung man, hitching himself more comfortably into his chair. 'Got company, I see.'

'How did you know?' cried Fanny.

'I was ever at the station observing my bit o' what, when the master come in with that Mr Frayle. I don't think much of him.'

'And pray, why not?'

'Dunno. Seems too smooth and underhanded like. I didn't like to him when he come round my farm.'

'You are a very foolish, prejudiced fellow, William,' said Fanny warmly, and she whisked herself out of the room.

'That's what mother used to say,' said Brother William, then, helpfully rubbing his broad palms to and fro along the polished arms of the chair. 'She used to say, "William, my luv, thou art a judge of all I spose I am. That sort o' thing is in a man's nature, and I can only let him out in time—Is that most right, Martha Batts?'

Martha replied by filling up the teapot, and proceeding to cut some bread and butter, of both of which refreshing kinds of nutriment Brother William partook largely upon the return of his sister, who soon after hurried away to attend to her duties, that being a busy night.

#### CHAPTER III.—'JACK'

To 'unfit' with James Scullitt, meant to thoroughly change his intellectual arguments for an easy suit of flannel, such as he used for boatin', and gardenin', the latter part not being one of which he was particularly fond. He had begun by having a professed gardener, and ended by being his own head for the sharp professed gardener seemed to be imbued with the idea that the grounds and glass houses of the Rosery were his special property, out of whose abundance he judiciously allowed his master a few cut flowers, an occasional cucumber, now and then a melon, and at times a bunch of grapes, and a nectarine or peach.

'Hang the fellow, Kitty,' cried Scullitt one day, 'he bullies poor old Monnick, and smubs me, and I feel as if I were nobody but the pym-wick. It won't do. What's the good of living in the country with such a garden as this, if one can't have abundance of fruit and flowers for one's friends?'

'It does seem too bad, certainly, dear,' she replied. 'I don't, at half the flowers I should like.'

The result was that the professed gardener left,

saying that he wanted to be where the master was a gentleman, and not one who meddled in the garden like a jobbin' hand. Furthermore, he prophesied that the Rosery would go to ruin now, and when it did not go to ruin, but under its master's own management put forth such flowers and fruit as the place had never seen before, the decthonned month declared that it was scandalous for one who called himself a gentleman to suck a poor fellow's brains and then turn him out like a dog.

Unfitted, James Scullitt hurried out into the garden with his fair partner, and for a good hour was busy seeing how much certain plants had grown since the previous evening. Then there was an adjournment to the grape house, where the great black Hambros grew so well and in such abundance, without artificial heat, and here, about half an hour later, a very keen looking, plainly dressed man heard the sound of singing as he walked down the path from the house.

He paused and listened, with a pleasant smile coming upon his earnest face, and as he stood attent, a judge of humankind who had gazed upon his broad shoulders and lithe strong limbs, and the keen intelligent look in his face, would have said that Nature had meant him for a handsome man, but his altered her mind to make him look like one of the clever ones of earth.

He laughed, and after listening for a minute, went on softly into the doorway, looking up. The grape house with its span roof was covered with the sweetly scented leaves of the young vine growth, and everywhere hanging pendant bunches in their immature state, with bunches no larger than so many peas. It was not upon these that the visitors eyes were fixed, but upon a stout plank stretching from one arm of the grape house to another, for, perched upon this plank, to whose height approach was gained by a pair of steps, sat the owners of the place, with heads thrown back, holding each a bunch of grapes with one hand, a pair of pointed scissors with the other, which clacked as they snipped away, flumming out the superabundant berries, which kept on falling, and making a noise like the *avant garde* of a gentle hailstorm on a summer's day.

As they snipped, the grape-thinnas sang, duet after duet, throwing plenty of soul into the harmony which was formed by a pleasant soprano and deep tenor voice.

The visitor stood for fully five minutes, watching and listening silently, before he said aloud, 'What a place this is for birds.'

Mrs Scullitt started, her scissors fell tinkling upon the tiled floor, and her face followed suit with her name.

'Why, Jack!' shouted Scullitt, leaping off the board, and then holding it tightly as his wife uttered a cry of alarm—'All right, dear, you shan't fall. There, let me help you down.'

'I beg your pardon, Mrs Scullitt,' said the visitor apologetically. 'It was very thoughtless of me. I am sorry.'

'O Jack, old fellow, Kitty don't mind. It was only meant for a bit of fun. But how did you get down?'

'I ran, and walked as of course.'

'I am glad to see you, and heartily. 'Why didn't you say you were coming, and meet me at the station?'

'Didn't know I was coming till the last moment—Will you give me a bit of dinner, Mrs Scarlett?'

'Will we give you a bit of dinner?' cried Scarlett. 'Just hark at him! There, come along, never mind the grapes. I say, how's the practice—improving?'

'Pooh! No. I shall never get on. I can't stick to their old humdrum ways. I want to go forward and take advantage of the increased light science gives us, and consequently they say I'm unorthodox, and the fellows about won't meet me in consultation.'

'Well, you always were a bit of a quack, old boy,' said Scarlett, laughing.

'Always, always. I accept the soft impeachment. But is a man to run the chariot of his life down in the deeply worn rut made by his ancestors? I say, let us keep to the rut when it is true and good, but let us try and make new, hard, sensible tracks where we can improve upon the old. It is my honest conviction that in the noble practice of medicine, a man may—ha ha ha ha ha.' Just look at your husband's face, Mrs Scarlett,' cried their visitor, bursting into a hearty, uncontrollable fit of honest, contagious laughter.

'My face?' said Scarlett. 'Why, of course I hurry back home for country enjoyment, and you begin a confounded lecture on medical science. I'm quite well, thank you, doctor, and won't put out my tongue.'

'Well? Yes, you always are well,' said the other. 'I never saw such a man as your husband, Mrs Scarlett, he is disgustingly robust and hearty. Such men ought to be forced to take some complaint. Why, if there were many of them, my profession would become bankrupt.'

'You must be faint after your walk, Doctor Scates,' said Mrs Scarlett. 'Come in and have a glass of wine and a biscuit, it is some time yet to dinner.'

'Thanks. But may I choose for myself?'

'Of course.'

'Then I have a lively recollection of a lady with whom I fell in love last time I was here.'

'A lady—fell in love?'

'Yes. Let me see,' said the visitor. 'She is pretty well photographed upon my brain.'

'I say Jack, old boy, what do you mean?' cried Scarlett.

'By your leave, sir,' said the doctor, waving one strong brown hand. 'Let me see she had large, full, lustrous beaming eyes, which dwelt upon me kindly, her breath was odorous of the balmy meads.'—

'Why, the fellow's going to do a sonnet,' cried Scarlett. But the doctor paid no heed, and went on.

'Her lips were dewy, her mousey skin was glossy, her black horns curved, and as she ruminating stood.'—

'Why, he means Dolly,' cried Mrs Scarlett, clapping her hands.—'Jersey Dolly.—A glass of new milk, Doctor Scates!'

'The very culmination of my wishes, madam,' said the doctor, nodding.

'Then why couldn't you say so in plain English?' cried Scarlett, clapping him on the shoulder. 'What a fellow you are, Jack! I say, if you get talking in such a metaphorical manner

about salts and senna and indigestion, I don't wonder at the profession being dead against you.'

'Would you like to come round to the dairy, Doctor Scates?' said Mrs Scarlett.

'I'd rather go there than into the grandest palace in the world.'

'Then come along,' cried Scarlett, thrusting his arm through that of his old schoolfellow, and the little party went down a walk, through an opening in a laurel hedge, and entered a thickly thatched, shady, red brick building, with ruddy-tiled floor, and there, in front of them was a row of shallow glistening tins, brimming with rich milk, whose top was thick with yellow cream.

'Hah! how deliciously cool and fresh!' cried the doctor, as his eye ranged over the white churn and marble slabs. 'Some men are wonderfully proud of their wine cellars, but at a time like this I feel as if I would rather own a dairy and keep cows.'

'Now then, Kitty, give him his draught,' said Scarlett.

'Yes, just one glass,' cried the doctor, 'and here we are,' he said, pausing before a great shallow tin, beyond which was freshly chalked the word 'Dolly.' 'This is the well in the pleasant oasis from which I'd drink.'

'Give him some quickly, Kitty,' cried Scarlett; 'his metaphors will make me ill.'

'Then my visit will not have been in vain,' cried the doctor merrily. Then he ejaculated 'Hah!' very softly, and closed his eyes as he partook of the sweet rich draught, set down the glass, and after wiping his lips, exclaimed: 'Soberly calm, the epicure may say.'—

'O yes, I know,' said Scarlett, catching him up. 'Fate cannot harm me—I have dined to-day.' But you have not dined yet, old fellow, and you shall have such a salad! My own growing, Kitty's making. Come along now, and let's look round. Prayle's here.'

'Is he?' said the doctor, raising his eyebrows slightly, and his tone seemed to say 'I'm sorry to hear it.'

'Yes, poor fellow, he's working too hard, and I brought him down to stay over Sunday and Monday. Now you've come, and we'll have'—

'No, no, I must get back. None of your unmanly temptations. I'm going to catch the last up train to night.'

'One of your patients in a dangerous state, I suppose?' said Scarlett, with a humorous glance at his wife.

'No, worse luck! I've no patients waiting for me. I say, old fellow, you haven't a rich old countess about here—baroness would do—one who suffers from chronic spleen, as the French call it? Get me called in there, you know, and make me her confidential attendant.'

'Why, there's Lady Martlett,' said Scarlett, with another glance at his wife which plainly said 'Hold your tongue, dear.' 'Widow lady. Just the body. I daresay she'll be here on Monday.'

'Oh, but I'm off back to night.'

'Are you?' said Scarlett.—'Kitty, my dear, Jack Scates is your prisoner. You are the chateleine here, and as your superior, I order you to render him up to me safe and sound for transport back to town on Tuesday morning.'

'Oh, nonsense, I must go back.'  
'Yes, that's what all prisoners say or think,' said Scarlett, laughing—'Don't be too hard upon the poor fellow, dear. He may have as much milk as he likes. Soften his confinement as pleasantly as you can—Excuse me, Jack. There's Pringle.'

He nodded, and went off down one of the paths, and his departure seemed to have taken with it some of the freedom and ease of the conversation that had been carried on, the doctor's manner becoming colder, and the bright girlish look fading out of Mrs. Scarlett's face.

'This is very, very kind of you both,' he said, turning to her, 'but I really ought not to stay.'

'James will be quite hurt, I am sure, if you do not, she answered. 'He thinks so much of you.'

'I'm glad of it,' said the doctor earnestly, and Mrs. Scarlett's face brightened a little. 'He's one of the most frank and open-hearted fellows in the world. It's one of the bright streaks in my career that we have always remained friends. Heavily I envy him his home here, though I fear that I should be out of place in such a country life.'

'I do not think you would, Doctor Scates,' said his hostess, 'but of course he is busy the greater part of his time in town, and that makes the change so nice.'

'But you?' said the doctor. 'Do you not find it dull when he is away?'

'I? I find it dull!' she cried, with a girlish laugh. 'O dear, no. I did for the first month, but you have no idea how busy I am. James has made me such a gardener, and I superintend. Come and see my poultry and the cows.'

'To be sure I will,' said the doctor more warmly, as they walked on towards a fence which separated them from a meadow running down to the river, where three soft fawn-coloured Jersey cows were grazing, each of which raised its head slowly, and came up, munching the sweet grass, to put its deer-like head over the fence to feel the touch of its mistress's hand.

'Are they not beauties?' cried Mrs. Scarlett. 'There's your friend Dolly,' she continued, 'she won't hurt you.'

'I'm not afraid,' he said, smiling, and then a visit was paid to where the poultry came rushing up to be fed, and then follow their mistress, while the pigeons hovered about, and one more venetian than the others settled upon her head.

They saw no more of Scarlett till just before dinner, when they met him with Pringle, and now it was that, after feeling warmer and more friendly towards his young hostess than he ever had felt before, the unpleasant sense of distance and of chill came back, as the doctor was shown up into his room.

'I'm afraid I'm prejudiced,' he said. 'She's very charming, and the natural girlish manner comes in very nicely at times, but somehow, Kate Scarlett, I never thought you were quite the wife for my old friend—Let's play fair,' he said, as he stood contemplatively wiping his hands upon a towel that smelt of the pure Irish air. 'What have I to say against her?'

He remained silent for a few moments, and

then said aloud 'Nothing, only that she has always seemed to distrust me, and I have distressed her. Why, I believe we are jealous of each other's influence with poor old Jem.'

He laughed as he said these words, and then went down stairs, to find that his stay at the Roseary was to be more lively than he had anticipated, for, upon entering the drawing room, he was introduced by Mrs. Scarlett to a stern-looking, gray, elderly lady as 'my Aunt Sophia,' and to a rather pretty girl, 'Miss Naomi Raleigh,' the former of which two ladies he had to take in to dinner.

## LETTERS AND LETTER WRITING

PLAINLY there are few things on which we bestow less thought than on the writing and transit of our letters. This may arise from a thoughtless misconception of the important bearing which postal communication has upon the welfare and happiness of mankind. That the practice of letter-writing, and the system of postal communication were known to the ancients, both sacred and profane history attest. In sacred history we have the letters of Jerebail written in Ahab's name, and sealed with the king's seal, to the elders and nobles of the city in which Naboth dwelt. We have also the letter of the king of Syria to the king of Israel, recommending to his good offices his servant Naaman, and those of Ahasuerus sent by posts into all the king's provinces, and the post, we are told, went out, being hastened by the king's commandment. According to profane history, the Persians—to whom we seem to be indebted for the idea of posts—had at one time no other method of transmitting intelligence than by persons stationed at certain distances from each other—hence the name posts, which has been retained even to our day. These persons, it is said, passed from one to another, in a shrill clear voice, the communication with which they were charged.

This system is obviously primitive, and no doubt rapidly give place to the message being conveyed by swift runners, afterwards known as couriers. We know that these couriers existed at a very early date, and it was customary for them to dress according to the nature of their message—on description of dress denoting good tidings, another evil tidings. Among the Chinese, who had both horse and foot couriers, the footman's dress was adorned with a girdle of bells, which being heard at a distance, gave warning as the runner approached a village, and thus gave the next runner who was to take the message up, time to be in readiness, so that the despatch suffered no delay. We have a beautiful example of the expeditious manner in which intelligence could be conveyed in this way, given by Sir Walter Scott in his *Lady of the Lake*, where he describes the raising of the hero's boat. Each runner on receiving it was compelled in spite of all obstacles to carry it forward, delaying no longer than to hear the place of muster.

The master place in Lanark road,  
Speed forth the signal! cleasman, speed!

We are inclined to marvel at foot-couriers





whom you are writing. Don't rush thoughtlessly into the most ending terms, neither be too cold nor studiously polite. Be guided in this respect by the tenor of the lines which you have to write. It is not a little amusing, sometimes, to see how some address you as 'My dear Sir,' and then go on to threaten you with the utmost rigour of law, and after all subscribe themselves, 'Yours very truly.' Such a style of writing is, to say the least, incongruous. Let what is careful to avoid this error, we should be no less careful to avoid giving offence or causing pain by a distant and reserved manner of address. A friend is sometimes keenly alive to the manner conveyed in the manner by which he is addressed, and seeks to gather from it the warmth of friendship that glows in the breast of his correspondent. No one is more sensitive on this point than a lover. To fall from 'My dear Susan' to 'My dear Sir,' or to the more formal 'Sir' is bad enough, but to fall to 'My dearest Mary' to 'Madam' is cruel, and may cause many sleepless nights and sorrowful days. Let us beware, then, lest we unintentionally in the thoughtless way wound the feelings of those whom we address.

As we have already said, let the form of our salutation be in keeping with the tenor of the letter we have to write. Let the letter take its form from the circumstances that call it forth. If it be a business one, let it be brief. If it be a business one, let it be characterized by humility. If it be a friendly one, let it be in a friendly manner. If it be a love letter, let us while we are writing, let our mind's eye fix on the possibility of an action being used for breach of promise. As a specimen of beauty, perhaps the reader is aware, through Dean Humphrey's *Acmeus*, of the heroic epistles of the head keeper of Lud Treadwell's kennel, when forwarding to his lordship in London information of the condition of a favourite dog named Pickle. Three letters were written on the subject, and the whole three were composed in exactly the same letter—'Pickle a no well!' Second letter—'Pickle a no better.' Third letter—'Pickle a no best.'

But our letters long or short, however, they must have an end, and having reached the end, let us see to it that we state what we have written by our signature. Anonymous letters are like mice in the dark, that it is a want of manliness about them. If we have a statement to make, we should have the courage to avow it.

Another injunction which to many might seem needless, but which is nevertheless of great importance, is that having provided with your letter thus far, be sure you address it. 'Address it' does any one say? Who needs to be reminded of this? But astonishing as it may appear, it is true that many thousands of letters are posted every day without any address. These letters in most cases bear stamps. We have seen them with stamps affixed to the value of a shilling, and yet unaddressed. In addition to these blank missives, there are hundreds of thousands imperiously and incorrectly addressed as to baffie all attempts to deliver them. As an instance of insubordination we mention one which came from the other side of the Atlantic addressed to 'WIDOW MCCAFFERTY, 25 miles from Glasgow.'

How the writer of such a letter could for a moment suppose that there was the slightest hope of Widow McCafferty being found, it is difficult to understand. This, it must be borne in mind is no solitary instance of peculiarity of address, for there are many letters received daily, so absurdly addressed, that one is strongly inclined to believe the writers are much of the same mind as Katie, who, in writing to her sweetheart, refrained from putting his name outside, in case some prying neighbour should discover to whom her love had been given.

The last injunction we would give on the subject of address is, address your letters fully. It appears to be the opinion of most people residing in cities or large towns, that when they write to any one residing in the same town with themselves, it is quite unnecessary to give the name of the town as part of the address. Now, this is a grand mistake, for letters are not unfrequently carried out of their way by getting into the folds of some larger packet, and when they are found in another town from that in which they have been posted, simply addressed to a street, it is presumed that they have been posted at the place in which they are found, and consequently, in such a case there is nothing for it but to send them to the Returned Letter Office. It sometimes happens, too, that letters addressed to streets, such as Miller Street, for instance, without the post town being added, are sent to Miller-ton, or London St to London. A case of this nature occurred some time ago at Glasgow. A letter posted in that city, addressed 'Mr —, Consulate de France, and which should have been delivered at the French Consulate office an hour or so after being posted, was sorted instead to the foreign division, forwarded to London, thence to Paris, and only on its reaching the latter city was it discovered that it was intended for Glasgow, to which place it was ultimately returned. But this was not all, for as it bore only a penny stamp when posted, it was subjected to a severe penalty, as being insufficiently prepaid, and when at last it was offered to the addressee, he had not only to comply with some four or five days' delay, but also of being charged a severe penalty for a letter which should have been delivered free. All this, it will be seen, might have been prevented by adding the word 'Glasgow' to the address.

As to the treatment of a certain class of imperfectly addressed letters, there exists in the metropolitan office known as the 'Blind Letter Office.' It must not be supposed, however, that this office is blind, as its name implies, on the contrary, it is clothed with the power of bestowing sight. The letters on which it is called to operate belong to that class which are addressed after the style of 'Bill Stumps, his mark,' a style of writing which so puzzled the worthy Mr Pickwick. There are some missives, of course, somewhat blind, and such can receive no cure from the oculists of the department. A number of letters are rendered blind by the inability of many people to master the spelling of that English post town called by the foreign looking name of Ashby de la Zouch. By the illiterate class, as might be expected, this town never receives its correct orthography. 'Ash Bedles-or such' may be given as an instance of the desperate attempts to get at it. To remedy

the defect of vision in all such cases, is the work of the Blind Letter Office.

As we have now completed our imaginary letter, it follows, of course, that we should post it, and it might have been interesting to the uninitiated to have followed it through its various sortations, and watched its manner of treatment, but this space forbids. We will, therefore, drop it into the slit, and leave it to its fate. As it falls from our hands, we cannot help reflecting that the post office is much like the grave—a terrible leveller. Here the rich and the poor meet together—the servant and his master be side by side. Here the godly and the profane are brought into contact—the learned and the illiterate mingle freely. Here is the lovely pink, profusely perfumed love letter, just dropped from the hands of some beautiful and accomplished lady, and here the dirty fire-browned epistle of some unscrupulous demigod of the alcazar, sealed with cobbler's rosin and the application of a tumbledown key. All jostle each other in the general mill—all are favoured with the same knocks on the head by the official who stamps them, and all distinction continues to be set aside so long as they are in charge of the post office. But as soon as they pass out of its custody, the distinctions are again set up, for on receipt, some are unceremoniously cast aside, or carelessly thrust into the pocket of some shabby coat, and called on when occasion requires to do service in lighting a tobacco pipe. Others are carried into the parlour on a silver salver, by a trim waiting maid, and after being read over ever so many times, are laid carefully past as a piece of valued treasure, and long cherished as a memorial of some absent loved one and of some deliciously happy time.

### SLEEPLESSNESS

Nothing lowers the vital forces more than sleeplessness, which may generally be traced to one of four causes:—(1) Mental worry, (2) a disordered stomach, (3) excessive muscular exertion, (4) functional or organic disease. Loss of sleep is, when rightly understood, one of Nature's precautionary warnings that some of her physical laws have been violated. When we are troubled with sleeplessness, it becomes requisite to discover the primary cause, and then to adopt suitable means for its removal. When insomnia, or sleeplessness, arises from mental worry, it is indeed most difficult to remove. The best and perhaps only effectual plan under such circumstances is a spare diet, combined with plenty of outdoor exercise, thus to draw the blood from the brain, for it is as impossible for the brain to continue active without a due circulation of blood, as it is for an engine to move without steam.

When suffering from mental distress, a hot soap bath before retiring to rest is an invaluable agent for obtaining sleep, as by its means a more equable blood pressure becomes established, promoting a decrease of the heart's action and relaxation of the blood-vessels. Many a sleepless night owes its origin to the body's temperature being unequal. In mental worry, the head is often hot and the feet cold, the blood being

driven to the brain. The whole body should be well washed over with carbolic soap and sponged with very hot water. The blood then becomes diverted from the brain, owing to an adequate diffusion of circulation. Tea and coffee should not be taken of an evening when persons suffer from insomnia, as they directly induce sleeplessness, being nervous stimulants. A sharp walk of about twenty minutes is also very serviceable before going to bed.

Sleeplessness is sometimes engendered by a disordered stomach. Whenever this organ is overloaded, its powers are disordered, and wakefulness or a restless night is its usual accompaniment. Dr C. J. B. Williams, F.R.S., remarks that no food should be taken at least within one hour of bedtime. It cannot be too generally realised that the presence of undigested food in the stomach is one of the most prevailing causes of sleeplessness.

Persons suffering from either functional or organic disease are peculiarly liable to sleeplessness. When inability to sleep persistently occurs, and cannot be traced to any perverted mode of life or nutrition, there is good reason for surmising that some latent malady gives rise to so truly a distressing condition. Under these circumstances, instead of making bad worse, by swallowing deadly sleeping drugs, a scientific physician should be without delay consulted. Functional disorders of the stomach, liver, and heart, are often the primary source of otherwise unaccountable wakefulness.

Recently, the dangerous and lamentable habit of promiscuously taking sleeping draughts has unfortunately become very prevalent, causing misery and ill health to a terrible degree. Most persons addicted to this destructive practice erroneously think that it is better to take a sleeping draught than be awake. A greater mistake could hardly exist. All opiate, more or less occasion mischief, and even the state of stupor in which they induce utterly fails to bring about that revitalisation resulting from natural sleep. The physiological effect of hypnotics, or sleeping draughts, upon the system is briefly as follows:—(1) They paralyse the nerve centres and disorder the stomach, rendering it unfit for its duties, witness the sickness and loss of appetite consequent upon a debauch. Chloral, chloroform, opium, &c., act upon the system much in the same way as intoxication. (2) One and all anaesthetics introduced into the body have life-destroying properties in a low degree—proved by an overdose being fatal. (3) The condition they produce is not sleep, but a counterfeit state of unconsciousness. (4) They directly poison the blood, consequent upon its carbonisation, resulting from their action. While speaking of sedatives, we cannot omit drawing special attention to chloral. This powerful drug is popularly supposed to give a quiet night's rest, without any of the after-effects (headache, &c.) produced by various preparations of morphia. Now, chloral is what is termed cumulative in its action, which implies, that even the same dose persisted in for a certain length of time may cause death. Of all hypnotics, chloral is by far the most deadly, and should never, under any circumstances, be taken except under medical supervision.

To epitomize what has already been said regarding sleeplessness: its rational cure should be arrived at in each individual case by seeking out the cause, and then removing the morbid action, of which it is but a natural sequence.

Lastly, sleeplessness under no circumstances should be neglected, as it acts disastrously both on the mental and physical forces.

Another contributor sends us the following, which is appropriate to the subject of this article.

When the health is in a satisfactory state, and there is freedom from care and annoyance, sound and refreshing sleep may be expected. Under such favourable circumstances, I usually sleep well, but have always found it difficult, when returning to rest, to close my bedroom door on the cares and troubles of the day, and seek my pillow with thoughts of sleep alone. Whatever may have worried or caused recent annoyance is sure to intrude itself and be present in my thoughts when I endeavour to go to sleep, the brain is therefore kept active when it should be at rest, and consequently sleep is for a long time impossible. Towards morning, when the mind as well as the body has become wearied, some sleep may be obtained, but as the brain is not even then composed, it is generally unsound and unrefreshing.

Amongst the remedies that have been recommended for sleeplessness are—the repeating of poetry, counting up to a hundred several times, &c. I have never heard, however, that such remedies were at all useful, and the reason is, I think, obvious: they keep the brain engaged when it should be at rest. For a long time, therefore, I was anxious to discover some plan by which the tendency to mental activity would be lessened and a favourable condition for sleep secured.

I had frequently noticed that when engaged in deep thought, particularly at night, there seemed to be something, like a compression of the eyelids, the upper one especially, and the eyes themselves were apparently turned upwards, as if looking in that direction. This invariably occurred, and the moment that, by an effort, I arrested the course of thought, and freed the mind from the subject with which it was engaged, the eyes resumed their normal position, and the compression of the lids ceased. Now, it occurred to me one night that I would not allow the eyes to turn upwards, but keep them determinedly in the opposite position, as if looking down, and having done so for a short time, I found that the mind did not revert to the thoughts with which it had been occupied, and I soon fell asleep. I tried the plan again with the same result, and after an experience of two years, I can truly say that, unless when something specially annoying or worrying occurred, I have always been able to go to sleep very shortly after retiring to rest. There may occasionally be some difficulty in keeping the eyes in the position I have described, but a determined effort to do so is all that is required, and I am certain that if kept in the down-looking position, it will be found that composure and sleep will be the result.

It may be said that as the continued effort to keep the eyeballs in a certain position so diverts the attention as to free the mind from the

disagreeable subject with which it had been engaged, sleep will follow as a natural consequence. It is not improbable that this is to some extent correct, and if so, it is well that by means so simple and so easily adopted, such a desirable result can be secured. But I think this is not the only nor the principal reason. The position in which the eyes should be kept is the natural one, they are at ease in it, and when there is no compression of the lids or knitting of the brows, the muscles connected with and surrounding the eyes are relaxed. This condition is certainly much more favourable for sleep than for mental activity or deep thought.

## MALAGA RAISINS.

A SHORT description of how grapes are prepared for the market may be of interest to housekeepers, as very many, though constantly using raisins of various sorts, have but little idea of the way in which they are dried for use.

Malaga, Valencia, and Smyrna raisins derive their names from the places whence they come. Of these, the Smyrna black raisins are the cheapest, the Malaga being held in the highest estimation, and fetching fully a third more than any other description of raisin in Andalusia, in Spain, there are two distinct vines—the *Pero Jimenez*, which was imported in the first instance from the borders of the Rhine by a German some two hundred and fifty years ago, and the *Muscat*, which is indigenous. Opinion as to the respective merits of the two vines varies; but their cultivation is conducted in the same way, manure of great strength being liberally supplied. The growth of the vines is different from those of Southern Italy. In Andalusia, they creep along the surface of the ground as strawberries do, thus gathering all the atmospheric heat, the branches appear like roots, and the grapes, though white, have a golden tinge. The vintage is very carefully conducted, the fruit not being all gathered at once, but the same ground goes over three times, so that all the grapes are properly ripe when picked. As they are gathered they are placed in baskets, and carried, either in carts or on the back of mules and asses, to the places where they undergo the processes of drying. The fruit, however, is often much injured in transit, and as no broken grapes can be properly dried, the loss from this cause is considerable.

The grapes are prepared for the market in three different ways—by simply drying in the sun, by washing, and by steam-drying. In following the first method, which is the general process in Malaga, divisions are constructed of either brick or stone, in an inclined position, exposed to the sun's rays. These divisions are built in at one end with a triangle formed of masonry, and so arranged that the sun always shines on its contents. The interiors of these compartments are thickly spread with fine gravel, to absorb the heat. Directly the grapes are gathered, they are put into these divisions, and are fully exposed to the intense heat of the Andalusian sun. It is stated by experienced cultivators that during the month of August they attain a temperature of a hundred and forty-five degrees Fahrenheit. While drying, the grapes

which remain green are carefully picked out, as they are spoiled, the others are turned, each grape singly, so that the proper uniformity of colour is observed. At night the fruit is protected from the heavy dews or run by stout canvas being stretched over the tops of the divisions. Some people put on plinking instead of grapes take a longer time drying in this manner than by the malding plan, as then, they are ready in four days, but dried only by the sun's heat, they take ten days. This loss of time, however, is fully compensated for by the economy of the process.

In drying by washing, the following method is pursued. Linnaces of feeble drought are built, in which wood only is used as fuel, a lye is made from the residue or refuse of the grape after pressing, which is either that obtained from the present year's vintage, or what is left over from the last. The lye is put into a round kettle, capable of holding from three to four hundred litres. The grapes are then put into wire sieves or colanders with long handles, and plunged into the lye, boiling at a temperature of about two hundred and twelve degrees Fahrenheit. After the first immersion, the grapes are looked over, to see if the skins are shrivelled enough, if not sufficiently done, they are plunged into the lye a second time. Sometimes a third immersion is necessary, but this is rarely the case. This process is very delicate, and requires care and experience on the part of the operator. The time of immersion is regulated by the quality of the skins, as they must not be allowed to burst, or even crack. If the heat has been too great, those raisins which are very rich in sugar are liable to mould after packing.

Drying by steam is chiefly followed in the province of Demra, because there the heat of the sun cannot be depended upon, as in Malaga. In wet vintage seasons, this plan is also adopted in the south. In carrying out the process, the grapes are exposed to the sun's rays for twenty-four hours, after which they are placed on beds, and carried into a building with shelves in it from six to seven feet high. Heat is produced by steam, which circulates through the building in a non-tube. The heat is kept up to one hundred and sixty degrees Fahrenheit, and valves, which are placed along the floor, regulate the temperature. The drying generally takes about twenty-four hours, but as too great a change of temperature suddenly experienced would cause injury to the raisins, they are allowed to cool gradually in a room built for this purpose, and adjoining the steaming apartment. When quite cool, they are carried to the stores for packing.

Both these latter methods are inferior to the simple sun-drying process, because they are more expensive, involving outlay in buildings, furnaces, and steam pipes, and the raisins are, moreover, liable to the danger of fermentation during their transportation. Besides, they always have to be dried in the sun for a certain time before being ready to pack, whatever plan is pursued in carrying them other than the sun-drying process.

When the drying is thoroughly accomplished, by whatever plan pursued, the raisins, prior to being packed for exportation, require to be carefully looked over, and all those broken and bruised ones removed, as a drop of moisture from such

would very likely damage a whole box. After this comes the proper classification, by no means an easy affair, as merchants and cultivators differ, often very materially, on this subject.

The boxes are generally made by contract, and cost about sevenpence or sevenpence halfpenny each. The best are made from firwood, which is imported from Portugal. The producer provides and packs these boxes, which the merchants frequently re-pack, employing women and girls to perform this office. The boxes are generally divided into layers. Four layers will be contained in a whole box, representing, if of full size, about twenty-two pounds of fruit, the total weight with the filled box being from twenty-five to twenty-nine pounds.

Much of the above information is obtained from a Report recently published by Consul Munton of Malaga. It is very exhaustive, and gives interesting details respecting the trade, which is a rapidly increasing one. The crop of raisins in Malaga alone, from the vintage of 1880-81, was over two hundred thousand boxes, and the stock in the province, which a year ago was only estimated at fifty thousand boxes, is now stated to be about one hundred and fifty thousand boxes.

Leads the raisins already named, may be mentioned bulbina—the best kind to use in making puddings, cakes, &c., for children—Muscats, Lipari, Balvelera, Bloom or jar raisins, and Sun or Solis. The best kinds are imported in boxes and jars such as Malaga and Muscatel, while the inferior sorts are shipped in casks, barrels, frails, and mats.

## SONNETS

### LOVE STRONGER THAN DEATH

A MOTHER with her many a silent vow,  
Where restless, by her child's with burning brow,  
Fetured yet weak, too ill to requirè  
Her Mother's anxious care and yearning eyes  
One hour's nap, at, and Death's coil stiff embrace  
Had touched with icy chill the little face,  
But one omission of each needful cure,  
And the dread Angel had alighted there  
Yet still the Mother at her breast was found,  
While days and nights danced on their weary round,  
Then on the infant fell a restless sleep  
And happy tears the Mother's heart could weep  
The struggle o'er, in peace the babe drew breath,  
And life returned—for Love was strong as Death.

### LOVE STRONGER THAN DEATH

The wailing infant grew to man's estate,  
But here again Death's angel lay in wait,  
And when life's rainbow shone most bright and clear,  
Its colours faded as the fiend drew near  
No weak unconscious child might now await,  
What worldlings jolly call the stroke of fate,  
They judged it best the babe had lost the wife,  
Than lived to fade when clinging most to life,  
Unknowing how the young, but Christian soul  
Can face in hope and trust Heaven's distant goal  
Such faith had he—though his Mother's love was vain,  
She would not now recall her boy again,  
Still to her moaning heart his memory saith,  
'The Love and Life beyond shall conquer Death.'

X R.

Printed and Published by W & R CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 209 High Street, LOUISIANA, LA.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF  
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fourth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

CONDUCTED BY R. CHAMBERS (SECONDOUS)

No 1033—VOL. XX.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1883

Price 1½d

## HINTS FOR WINTER TRAVELLERS

THE time is fast approaching when many hundreds of dwellers in our sea-girt isle will have to face the problem of where to spend the winter months, and how best to escape the fogs and frosts of Britain, so that sensitive lungs may be healed, bronchial tubes have rest from the irritation produced by the smoke-laden atmosphere of our large towns, and the whole system regained and accumulate a store of strength for future use. The Italian and French Riviera, Davos Platz, Egypt, Sicily, Madeira, the Cape—which has its host of adherents, who enthusiastically maintain that no place can approach their favourite resort for restorative and health-giving properties. With the respective merits of these rival claimants we have just now nothing whatever to do, beyond the warning—almost too obvious to be needed—that what suits one patient will by no means necessarily benefit another, even though the main features of the complaint from which each is suffering may have a certain amount of verisimilitude. The disease itself has not alone to be taken into account, but differences of constitution, temperament, and those various minutæ which to the lay mind appear as mere trifling details, have all a direct bearing upon the point at issue, and in the eye of a medical man constitute important factors in that sum of diverse symptoms, the careful consideration of which will alone enable him accurately to diagnose the character of his patients' ailments, and to prescribe the remedy most appropriate for each. Perhaps the most exists no greater fallacy—as there is certainly none more harmful—than to suppose that because Davos Platz, for instance, has benefited A, therefore B must of necessity be cured by a few months' sojourn there. 'But,' says the latter, 'A had hæmorrhage from the lungs, and so had I, therefore what cured him cannot be bad for me.' Not quite so fast, my friend. You forget, or possibly do not know, that the hæmoptysis which is the *one* symptom common to both, may proceed from very different causes. In a particular

case, it may show itself because a certain more advanced stage of phthisis has been reached, while in another, it may be simply the result of a, so to speak accidental, combination of circumstances, and, not necessarily indicating any true organic lesion, will require for its treatment an altogether different set of surroundings.

Leaving, then, the question of where to go, which, after all, each one has to determine for himself, a decision more often than not based on many things besides simple fitness of climate, for convenient access, good water and drainage, English comforts, a possibility of obtaining cheerful society, fairly level ground to walk upon, are all at times of equal importance with climatic conditions, necessary though it be to pay a due share of attention to these—setting aside, then, for the present, all this, and supposing the initial inquiry *where*, to have been definitely, it is hoped satisfactorily, settled, it may not be out of place to name some few points which would appear to be but seldom insisted upon by physicians, probably because of their very simplicity, but the neglect of which injuriously militates against the good which might otherwise be gained.

The writer has frequently been struck by the small amount of knowledge on health matters which is possessed by the invalids or semi-invalids whom one so often meets abroad. It is as if the very alphabet of sanitary science were unknown to them. And the many foolish, not to say foolhardy things done by those who are professedly in search of health, will more than account for their frequent return home—supposing they live to reach England once more—in an even worse state of health than when they left. Surely doctors are in some degree to blame for this. A physician must not make his own perfect acquaintance with physiology and hygiene, gained after long years of study, the measure of his patients' knowledge, or rather want of knowledge, on such matters, and yet this is practically what too many do. They send a voyageur to a—to him unknown—country, and give him neither directions, nor accurate landmarks, nor any guiding

light by whose help he might, perchance, with many stumbles and much weakness, at length reach a haven of safety. If a mariner, on an unknown coast, needs not only to be told where to look for the different harbours, but wants a clearly drawn out chart, with shoals, and rocks, and the set of the currents, besides many other things, well nigh, so that he may avoid running into danger, how equally necessary is it that one who has, so to speak, cast aside all his old bearings, and adventured himself on new and untried ways, when he dith in the soil, but disease and death lurk in every lych, should at least have some glimmering ray of knowledge to keep him on the right course, instead of being at the mercy of each wind-blow. Will o the wisp, and so luridly treacherous bog and morass. And yet this is precisely the one thing which, as a rule, the traveller in search of health is apt to be without.

What, for instance, can be more delightful than to sit out of doors in the soft, sweet air of Southern Italy, and watch the setting sun with its train of golden splendour? Or on the shores of Greece, how pleasant it is to bask in the sun shine when a sea breeze the leaves around, and breaks the wavelets into rich lucid ripples, whose reflets have an almost kaleidoscopic effect. Such forms of lotos bathing cannot surely be harmful! The air is soft and balmy, and the passing gusts still warmer, almost like a douche of hot spray going down the spine. No treachery can lurk beneath so much of luxurious softness. How different from the dreaded Dory, whose chill breath freezes all it touches! And yet, it would really be far less perilous, well wrapped up, to struggle against the fierce north wind, than to linger exposed to the insidious sweetness of the desert breeze southward, or to inhale the moist laden vapours which attend our Mediterranean sunsets. If English people would but condescend to learn from the inhabitants of the different places they visit—who, by all rules of common sense, should be the best teachers of what is most fitting to be done in their own country—what a vast amount of misery might be spared. But no, the strange Briton has not yet got over his insular prejudices, and is apt to set down all 'foreigners' as a set of ignoramuses. In Italy or Greece, the inhabitants would no more think of encountering the risks daily and hourly run by our own countrymen—and still more, countrywomen—than they would of attempting to swim Niagara. They know well that the period of sunset—say an hour before, and the same time after—is just about the most dangerous part of the whole twenty-four hours, especially for those who are at all susceptible to damp and cold, and as such, if encountered at all, is only to be guarded against by an extra supply of wraps, and, more important still, some covering over the mouth. By those who have not actually had experience of it, the suddenness of the change from a clear dry atmosphere

to one heavily charged with moisture, can hardly be realised. In five minutes, the neck and wrists of a Mediterranean steamer will become so saturated with wet, that there will not be a place where it is possible to sit down, and all shawls and wraps have to be hastily picked up, and taken somewhere to dry, before they are again fit for use.

One hears so much of the warmth and bright sunshine of Italy, that it is hardly a matter for wonder if most travellers—certainly all in respect of enclosed ones—lose their warm fur and woollen garments at home in London. In fact, it is almost possible to tell in English persons by the smaller amount of wraps he or she will wear in winter. Amidst orange and lemon groves, when geraniums and myrtles are in bloom, and the prickly pear clothes the hillsides with verdure, it seems almost out of keeping with Nature herself, to don other than the lightest attire. And yet, cool days do come, and a slight fall in the temperature seems to produce more effect, than would in England be the case with a much greater accession of cold. Then, too, the hot sunbathing, delightful and revivifying as it is, constitutes an element of danger. The writer has known, in Genoa, days when, exposed to the sun's glare, the heat was almost unendurable, while the streets closed in by lofty palaces, the cold was so great, that unless a cloak or rug were in readiness to put on, it was impossible even to walk without shivering. It is just the same in alternations of temperature which are to be guarded against. The streets, say in London or Naples—still more in some parts of Sicily—are hot as a baker's oven. Enter a museum or a church with its muffled floor and lofty vaulted roof, and you feel as if going into an ice house. Thus it is at all times well to be provided with some extra covering, which can easily be put on as occasion requires, while woollen stockings should always be worn. At Naples, even so late as April, the Neapolitan ladies, when going for their afternoon drive, may be seen wrapped up in fur garments, while our countrywomen are conspicuous as wearing much less warm clothing.

The men, too, wrap up much more than we do in England, where you rarely see the fur-lined and trimmed coats which are so general in Italy. The cloaks worn by men in Spain seem admirably adapted to provide against sudden changes of temperature, besides being sufficiently picturesque to satisfy even an Oscar Wilde. In warm sunshine, they can be thrown open, when colder weather comes on, they are drawn closely around the figure and even over the mouth, thus forming a perfect protection from damp and cold. To our ideas, it seems a little strange, in the midst of orange trees and semi-tropical plants luxuriantly growing, in the open air, to see men wrapped up more than an Englishman would be in mid-winter. The mantilla, so gracefully worn by Spanish ladies, and a similar headscarf adopted by the daughters of Italy, give an impression of elegance and magnificent clothing, which is, after all, more in idea than anything else. The luxurious hair, an almost invariable attribute of every woman

one mass, does not need the addition of heavy straw or velvet, and the fine lace folds not only break the force of strong air currents, but, when worn over the mouth, act as a respirator of the very best kind, as not excluding, but gently filtering, the air in its passage to the lungs.

Heavy clothing, either here or abroad, is without doubt to be avoided, all garments should, on the contrary, be as light as possible, but each part of the body ought to be equally protected, and care taken to have some extra wrap always at hand, so as to avoid the sudden chill produced by going from a hot street into some cold marble palace, or the still greater risk incurred by sitting out at sunset. Woollen is generally recommended to be worn next the skin, but silk will be found far pleasanter and equally good, especially if a woollen garter or a merino vest be worn over the silk one. In the case of ladies, a combination garment of silk and one of a thin woollen material over it, would obviate the necessity of wearing any heavy petticoats. Silk garments, though costly at first, have the great advantage—no slight one, indeed—of washing well, and keeping their shape better than flannel, which after a few washings begins to thicken. The writer has had silk vests in constant use for five years, and they are good yet, notwithstanding the rough treatment of foreign washerwomen and men, in all sorts of out of the way places.

That such apparently simple matters as are insisted upon in this paper have an importance far greater than at first sight would appear, could be proved by numerous illustrations. One will suffice. A gentleman who had gone to try the effect of a short sea voyage to the Mediterranean, after a severe illness, at first improved rapidly, in fact continued to do so, until at length he had made all precautions, and in the delightful warmth of the lovely April weather seemed to think he could never again be ill. He then frequently warned against it, he would step out and enjoy the beauty of the sunset, which at that time of the year are, on the Mediterranean, singularly enchanting. The result was a severe cold taken, followed by an attack of hæmoptysis which brought him to death's door, and the complete undoing of all the good previously gained.

There are many other points which might well be noticed, as citizens in that necessity of well ventilated apartments, and so forth, but all these have received a full share of attention at the hands of every writer on the subject. The minute just marked upon are too apt to be overlooked entirely, and yet to the neglect of them are due innumerable colds taken—the patient does not seem to know how—and the consequent neutralizing of that benefit which would otherwise be obtained by a change of climate. *I perscrutabo aëdem*—but its feelings sometimes pass hurriedly—and if a few of its lessons can be as well learned vicariously, so much the better. Therefore, let those who intend to winter abroad, consult, if possible, some one who actually knows the climate of the particular place to which they may be going, and who can, from personal experience, inform them as to the special precautions which need to be taken. A little trouble in this matter will be well repaid by the greater good gained. Above all things, let them study the ways of the inhabitants, and be satisfied

to learn from those who have not only a lifelong experience, but also a literary one, so far as the necessities of their own climate are concerned.

## ONE FALSE, BOTH FAIR,

OR, A HARD KNOT

## CHAPTER XLV.—A MARRIAGE IN HOWELL'S

BRIGHTLY, if coldly, shone the wintry sun upon the gray stone balcony, which crusted, of the small, stately, ancient church that nestled so close to the rocks that were topped by feudal Castle Vawr. Eldon had that church witnessed as to a display of wealth, luxury, and fashion—to quote the *County Chronicle*—as it then beheld. Of course it had seen the espousals of noble brides and knightly warriors, but the owners of the castle had usually been married in London. Now, there were thirty carriages at the least, with rattling silver-mounted harness, and superb horses, that clamped the bit and fretted at their impaction, drawn up outside the moss-grown churchyard wall. There was crimson cloth laid down from the churchyard gate, outside which rose the first of a series of triumphal arches, twined with greenery and artificially reared blossoms, soon to fade, which extended to the castle itself. A double hedge of school children, girls, of course—boys on these occasions are shunned—waited, in their new white muslin frocks, with their new sashes of glistening pink silk, a basketful of noisome flowers on each young arm, outside the church door and all along the flagged path from church door to wicket gate, to do honour to the bride by throwing roses and lilies on her path.

Within the church, sat or stood a dense crowd of expectant sightseers, hidden guests for the most part. These narrow old aisles had rarely been so crammed by well-dressed people, and even the tiny organ loft was filled by fashionably attired ladies in bright apparel, with fans ready to flutter, and gold or silver topped smelling bottles, awaiting the arrival of the performers in the interesting ceremony that was about to be seen. Outside the church, and to some extent within it, stood those who were neither great nor fashionable—farmers and their wives and daughters, a few laborers in their Sunday best, and several of those old women whose delight in weddings is inexhaustible. Within the altar rails stood, in full canonical attire, with rustling robes and spotless lawn sleeves, the Bishop, mild, pink faced, and kindly. Near him was Archdeacon Crane, looking far more like a medieval prelate than did the actual wearer of the mitre, while the commonplace rector and pallid curate completed the ecclesiastical display.

Sir Timothy's spacious mansion had furnished a large contingent of those present, but it is wonderful how far Welsh gentry, and those English county families of the Marches who have so much of the Cymric blood in their veins, will drive to be present at ball or university meeting, and a wedding above all, so that most of those present were distant neighbours. Just outside the altar rails stood, resplendent, the jaunty bridegroom. His "best man," the Hon. Algernon March, and one or two other tall



young patricians, with vacuous faces, had gathered round him. There were times when these young men, born in the purple, forgot that Lord Putney was old, and not young as they were. At other times, a hazy sense of not ill-natured amusement titillated their somewhat stolid nerves at the recollection that the dapper little peer was really the senior of their own fathers. But, be it remarked, no one despised Lord Putney. Men are so very lenient when a man has never done a dishonourable act. The Viscount was often ridiculous, but his juniors, though they laughed, were indulgent in their laughter. 'Poor old Putney!' was about the worst thing ever said of him, and it was mildly spoken.

There was a good deal of delay. Time went on waiting, in vain, at the least, and looking on a heels not an agreeable pastime. The ladies in the pews and crowding the aisles grew impatient, opening their fans and shutting them up with a sharp snap. The heavy silver rustles clattered their anvil boots on the pavement. Lord Putney had too much tact to consult his watch, but the enamelled snuff box was in frequent requisition, and it each fresh pinch of the fragrant powder within there was a new anecdote, or a warmed-up epigram, with which the witty young dandies who clustered round him watch, but the enamelled snuff box was in frequent requisition, and it each fresh pinch of the fragrant powder within there was a new anecdote, or a warmed-up epigram, with which the witty young dandies who clustered round him. Click, click went the fans stamp, stamp went the iron-tipped boots on the dull grey marble beneath. Time went on. Watches were peeped at, stealthily at first, then openly. There certainly was a strange delay. Could it be that something was wrong, something amiss, up at Castel Vaux? Brides, of course, are not always in their bridal array to the moment, but still, it was odd how the minutes slipped away, and the patient Bishop and the frowning Archdeacon waited for the coming of the young bride. Marriage, no doubt, is a serious thing, yet it has a certain theatrical aspect, as even funerals have. And it did seem very much as if the other actors, dapper, elderly bridegroom, hewn-headed Bishop, and all, were waiting behind the footlights for the promised appearance of the prima donna. Waiting, none the less, is a fitful occupation, and soon there was a serious doubt in minds the most shallow and most frivolous as to whether something,—nobody could guess what, but still something,—had gone wrong at Castel Vaux.

Then at last came from afar the deep steady roll of carriages approaching—the Castel Vaux carriage, of course. They rolled up to the wicket gate one by one, and there was clamping of bits and stamping of hoofs, and next the well-drilled school children set up their shrill carol—a sort of epithalamium dashed with hymnology, of which the local schoolmaster, its author, was enormously proud, and which had been most painfully studied for some weeks—in welcome to the bride. Then, beneath the low, pointed arch of the church, her tiny hand resting on the sturdy arm of the Duke of Snowdon, the bride herself became visible, like a dawning comet on the horizon. Next came the Duchess, on the arm of the flurried present Marquis of Leominster, then Lady Barbara, a blaze of jewels, supported by Lord William Hill—so said the *Courtesy Chronicle*, but at any rate walking stiffly beside His Grace's useful brother. And

then poured in the eight bridesmaids, dressed alike, as so many sisters for the nonce, bright, fresh girls, all of them, and two, the Ladies Gwendoline and Flora, who led the maiden phalanx, absolutely handsome. They, and their silk and lace and gauze and well-assorted colours, and the lockets they all wore, in turquoise and brilliant—the gift of Lady Barbara—and the bracelets that glittered on all their wrists—a gift from Lord Putney, in brilliant and turquoise to match—were quite a principal feature in the show. A column of the *Morning Post* and any amount of the county newspapers would be necessary to set off the bravery of the display.

How lovely the bride looked! The calm beauty of her sweet young face—free now from every trace of the carking care that for months had clouded it—shone out, and lent a real lustre to the carmineal. Never before, perhaps, had the famous family diamonds of Leominster, which flashed like fire on her bosom, in her ears, around her wrists, and her shapely swan-like neck, been so fortunate in their wearer. Most of those who saw her forgot that she had been a widow, a young wife early left alone, and saw her but as the beautiful girl she looked. Her golden hair, wrapped around her well-shaped head, glistened in the bright winter sun. A superb tress of Parma violets and great diamonds rose above the white forehead; and the radiant face all smiles and blushes, and upheld the filmy veil of matchless lace. A strange contrast was this, in the bloom and glory of her youth, to the elderly little man, who now stepped briskly forward, with white-gloved hand outstretched, to claim his bride. What a Romeo was this for such a Juliet! But Lord Putney seemed quite unconscious of any incongruity in the situation. The rough, kind Duke of Snowdon fell back a little, and Lord Putney gracefully took his place beside the lovely bride. Would it not be his duty, pride, and privilege beneficent to be ever at her side, chattering and gawling her as a husband should? The fur column of bridesmaids passed trippingly on, and, rustling and whispering, formed in proper order behind the bride, hard by the altar. The World had done its part. Lord Putney was ready, so was the nuptial ring, in its envelope of silver paper, gripped in the muscular hand of the Hon. Almoner March, nervously anxious as to the safe custody of his precious trust. And now it was for the Church to do her share of the good work on hand of linking two human beings indissolubly together till death do them part. The Bishop was quite ready, so was the Venerable the Archdeacon, so was the incumbent of the parish, who wanted to 'assist,' and so, of course, was his subordinate the curate. The Bishop shook out his lawn sleeves, smiled benignly, and opened his book. 'Dearly beloved'—began his Right Reverend Lordship.

What was that, just as the fans were slowly flapping to and fro, as if to mark time to the words of the marriage service, impressively delivered in the Bishop's best double bass, which caused that dignified ecclesiastic, who alone, from where he stood, could see the door, to come to an awkward pause in his exordium, and to let the last syllable die away on his lips! What was it? An unseasonable noise, no doubt, as of scuffling, remonstrance, insistence, and then every

one turned to look towards the scene of the disturbance. Who was that excited little man, travel worn, breathless, who pushed his way up the crowded aisle, his hand uplifted, as if in token of warning? Who but Mr Pontifex?

The little lawyer came bustling forward, his hand held out, gasping painfully for breath, and no wonder, since he had found no conveyance at the railway station where he had alighted, and the uphill walk, hurriedly performed, would have been a severe trial to the limbs and lungs of better trained pedestrians than the eminent family solicitor had ever been. The Bishop looked aghast. There was no attempt to go on with the service. The bride was seen to tremble from head to foot, and to turn white visibly under her splendid veil, shrinking like a guilty thing, before a word had been uttered on either side. There was a general silence. Lord Putney seemed exceedingly uncomfortable. His Grace of Snowdon and the Marquis of Lomminster looked awkwardly at one another. Neither of the two felt privileged, by the ties of relationship or of old friendship, to interfere, as a father or a brother might have done.

Lady Barbara it was who stepped forth, anger glittering in her eyes. "Mr Pontifex," she indignantly exclaimed, "what can possibly have occurred to authorize this most unwarrantable intrusion?"

Mr Pontifex gaspingly, and in staccato sentences, replied: "A very painful task. As your Lordship's legal adviser—I felt it to be my duty—circumstances have come to light—undeniable proofs—I should prefer to speak in private, but and here the lawyer's broken voice grew peremptory and emphatic, "this marriage must not go on. I have telegraphed to Lady Lomminster, in Bruton Street." Then, lowering his voice till it could only be heard by Lady Barbara and the bride, he added: "I am afraid the proofs are but too clear that the Marchioness is now at her brother's in Bruton Street, and I opine, therefore, that the wedding to-day is impossible."

The bride uttered a low wailing cry, and staggered, and would have fallen, but not the Duke, with a presence of mind that surprised himself. Caught her as she was sinking to the floor. There was a murmur, a whisper of horror, pity, surprise. Lord Putney hurried up, red as anxiety in his face. But the bride seemed to have eyes for none but Lady Barbara at her side, and to whom she clung. "Take me away—home—home—but no from all these eyes!" she whispered, plaintively, and supported by the Duke on one side, and Lady Barbara on the other, she tottered, rather than walked, along the aisle and through the church door, Lord Putney following, embarrassed and uneasy. At sight of the bride the school children without set up their congratulatory carol—what mockery it sounded then—and began strewing fresh flowers, but they were hastily silenced and thrust back, and then the wicket gate of the churchyard was reached, and the carriage, with its noble horses bedecked with white favours, that awaited the bride. Shrieking, sobbing, half fainting, the unhappy girl allowed herself to be placed within it, Lady Barbara alone accompanying her. There did Lord Putney speak, but he received no answer by word or look.

"Home—to the castle!" said Lady Barbara

sharply, and the carriage swept rapidly off, under the long line of triumphal arches, to Castel Vawr.

Lord Putney went back into the church, and walked up to where stood Mr Pontifex, surrounded by those who were eager for an explanation of the extraordinary interruption to the proceedings of the day. But neither to Marquis, Duke, nor Bishop, nor even to the bridegroom elect, could Mr Pontifex be induced to tender any explanation. "My professional duty to my clients, in this place seals my lips," he said. "I have had a very painful office to perform, and can only be thankful that I arrived in time. At the castle, I shall be happy to make my meaning more plain to those who have a right to question me as to my interference to-day."

By this time there was a general hum of low-voiced talk, but, presently, the old church was left to its customary silence and repose, as the long line of carriages broke up and dispersed, bearing homeward the guests and the spectators. There would be no banqueting at the castle in honour of the bridal on that day—that was clear. Only Mr Pontifex and Lord Putney, in addition to those who were visitors there, took their places in the Castel Vawr carriages, which now dashed swiftly off. No joy bells were to ring, no more flowers were to be thrown, or songs sung, for the wedding ceremony, so strangely and so ominously broken off.

## THE MINERAL-OIL TRADE.

THE history of the mineral oil trade, which has developed in such an extraordinary manner within the last twenty years—whether viewed as an extensive and important industry, or as the means of producing a cheap fuel and a beautiful illuminator for the poor, or as regards the many subsidiary but important by-products produced in the process of its manufacture—forms, we think, one of the most interesting chapters in the whole history of national industries. We recur to the subject at present in view of the interest attached to the short notices which have appeared in the majority of the daily papers, touching upon it in connection with the recent death of Dr James Young, with whose name the industry has been inseparably connected in our own country.

Considerable confusion has all along existed in the nomenclature both of the sources and derivatives of the class of compounds producing oil, technically known as hydro carbons, the confusion arising doubtless partly from the numerous regions from which they are obtained, the variability of their constitution, the retention of old names to new products, and the general complexity and imperfect knowledge of the whole subject. Into this, however, we do not require to enter, further than to explain, where it is necessary, any seeming obscurity of the subject from the confusion of terms, as they may occur in our treatment of it.

The term bitumen is popularly applied to a mineral substance not unlike coal in its appearance, but, strictly speaking, the term also comprises a number of native hydro carbons, which are presented to us in a variety of forms, viscid and liquid as well as solid, the solid, however, in the majority of instances being liquefiable in

certain solvents, and also on the application of heat. The liquid forms of these compounds are mixtures of various oils, differing in volatility, and the changes produced in them by the evaporation of the more volatile oils on the one hand, and by oxidation on the other, probably account for their conversion on exposure into the viscid or more solid mineral. As will immediately be shown, this process of change was not only known to the ancients from earliest history, but it may also be seen at the present day taking place in certain natural sources from which the liquids are obtained. There is little doubt of the organic origin of the bituminous compounds, although their presence in the lowest fossiliferous strata shows that they have not been formed altogether from terrestrial vegetation, but may also in some cases owe their origin to marine growths as well. Dr STURDY HUNT, of the Geological Survey of Canada, in an interesting paper on this subject, is careful to insist upon the distinction between lignite (woody) and bituminous rocks, as many seem to think that the lignites are the source from which the natural bitumens are derived by a process of slow natural distillation. The result of a careful examination of the question led him to the conclusion, that the formation of the one excludes more or less completely that of the other, and that bitumen has been formed under conditions altogether different from those which have transformed organic matters into lignite and coal.

Bearing on this point Sir Charles Lyell remarks that 'the Grinnock has for ages been rolling down great quantities of woody and vegetable bodies into the surrounding sea, where, by the influence of currents and eddies, they may be arrested, and accumulated in particular places. The frequent occurrence of earthquakes and other indications of volcanic action in those parts, lend countenance to the opinion that these vegetable substances may have undergone, by the agency of subterranean fire, these transformations or chemical changes which produce petroleum, and thus may by the same cause be forced up to the surface, where, by exposure to the air, it becomes inspissated, and forms those different varieties of pure and earthy pitch or asphaltum so abundant in the island.' Confirming this speculation is the fact that asphaltum has been found on the shores of the Dead Sea from the most remote period, the bituminous substance being thrown up from below, and toward the centre of the sea, being found in the liquid form. The Dead Sea, it need scarcely be added, is supposed to be of volcanic origin and the explanation of the phenomenon is, that there is some connection between the sea and some internal volcano, from which the bitumen is thrown up in the liquid form, but probably, from evaporation and oxidation of the more volatile portions the bitumen hardens, and is ultimately carried to the shores in compact masses.

In like manner, asphaltum was procured from the fountains of Is from a very remote period, the springs in the rocks being conducted into large pits, where the oily matter was carefully removed, and solidified by exposure to the atmosphere. There is every reason to believe that the walls and stones of Babylon were cemented with this compound and from this very source

It would be needless to refer to all the different

localities from which bituminous compounds are derived, suffice it to say that springs of mineral oil—or as it is sometimes called, rock oil or petroleum—are to be found in the midst of a majority of them, and in the case of several, such as the Raugom oil, obtained from wells in the vicinity of the river Iravadi, in the Burman Empire, the oil has been obtained, and used as an article of commerce for a considerable period. Notwithstanding this fact, it was not until the year 1847 that Mr Young, then a chemist in Manchester, had his attention turned to a petroleum spring at Billings, in Derbyshire, the product from which he distilled, and obtained a finer oil which he used for lighting lamps, and a heavier and thicker oil which soon found its use as a lubricant for machinery. The spring, however, failing after a short time in its supply, and Mr Young having noticed the dripping of the oil from the roof of a coal mine, and finding that the oil had been produced by the action of heat on the coal set himself to produce it artificially by distilling the coal itself. That Mr Young succeeded in his endeavour, is now so well known and has become so much a matter of history, that we require not to enlarge upon it. The patent which Mr Young obtained, toward the end of 1850, for manufacturing the oils and the solid substance paraffin in the mineral liquid having expired in 1861, a whole school of wealthy Companies embarked in the industry, and the enterprise would doubtless still further have developed, had it not been that the attention of speculators and others been turned to the production of the oils from the abundant deposits of bitumen in various districts in the north-western states of America and Canada. Apparently the first idea was to extract the oils from the bituminous compounds by a process of distillation similar to that employed in the Young's patent for producing it from coal compounds, but it was quickly discovered that, by sinking wells in the clay beneath the bitumen, they could obtain it in great quantities in the fluid state. We have before us the United States Census Statistics for the year 1862, which give us the history of the trade from its beginning, and earliest infancy. In the year 1857, operations were begun at Titusville on Oil Creek, but it was not till two years later that a spring was reached by boring, at a depth of over a twenty feet which yielded from hundred gallons of crude oil daily. In the next of the following year (1860) the number of wells and borings was calculated at nearly two thousand, of which seventy-four of the larger ones were producing daily, by the help of pumps, an aggregate of eleven hundred and sixty-five barrels of crude oil. Wells were soon after this sunk to depths reaching even to six hundred feet, and the flow of petroleum increased to such an extent, that three thousand barrels were obtained daily from a single well, the less productive ones yielding an average of from fifteen to twenty barrels daily.

Previous to this, however, it should have been noticed that various Companies, such as the Kerosene Oil Company, formed in 1854, on Long Island, the Breckenridge Coal Oil Works, formed in 1861, on the Ohio, Kentucky, and many others, had been manufacturing the oils from canal coal brought from England, New York and other

parts of the United States, if not by Young's process, at least by a process in every respect similar. Altogether, there were, at the beginning of the year 1860, between fifty and sixty factories in the United States alone engaged in the production of the oil from coal, while between twelve and fifteen only appear to have been engaged at this time in extracting it from bituminous compounds. The extraordinary flows of crude oil obtained about this time from several of the wells, as already narrated, quickly brought on an 'oil fever,' and speculation for a time ran riot, with the usual result, that enormous fortunes were often quickly made and is quickly lost. Oil wells were sunk in every direction and locality where bituminous deposits were to be found, so that, with an ever increasing supply of crude oil, and a consequent cheapening of the product, a crisis quickly came in the rival industry, which, although not altogether disastrous in its result, at least permanently crippled for a time its extension. The nature of this crisis will at once be understood when we give the prices obtained in the earlier months of 1862 for both the crude and refined oils, quoting still from the same authority. On January 4, 1862, the price of crude petroleum in Philadelphia was from twenty-two and a half to twenty-three cents a gallon, and of refined oil from thirty-seven and a half to forty-five cents. On March 29, the prices had declined at the same place to ten and twelve cents for crude, and twenty-five to thirty-two cents for refined oil, while three months later still, the prices quoted were nine and nineteen cents respectively. At the present time, the production in the United States alone amounts to over two and a half millions of gallons daily, with a price ranging from ten to fifteen cents for the purified oil. We have not the returns for the petroleum exports for the last year at hand, but for the year previous they amounted to upwards of four hundred million gallons.

Notwithstanding this extraordinary production, and the consequent decrease in price, it only seems to have increased the demand, and the check which the rival British industry for a time received was only of a temporary kind, and not only can it now hold its own—even with the reduced price—but it has even within the last few years developed in directions less remunerative—namely, by obtaining the same product from bituminous shale.

Such is a very brief and imperfect account of the main features in the development of this very important industry. In what remains of our space, we will even more briefly touch upon some of the principal by-products obtained in the refining of the crude oils, and in doing so, we will be led also to refer to some of the distinctive properties of a safe and good burning oil.

From what has been said, it will be understood that the burning oil of commerce is derived in the crude state from a variety of sources, and afterwards purified. In the crude state, they all get the name of naphtha, in common with other liquid substances of an inflammable character produced from organic substances by dry distillation. To distinguish these from each other, they frequently take the name of the source from which they are derived, besides getting other fanciful

names. Thus, we have Boghead or Bathgate Naphtha, also called Photogene and Paraffine Oil, the name given to the oil originally obtained by distilling the Torbanehill 'mineral' or Boghead coal under Mr Young's patent. Any canal coal, and even bituminous shale, will under the same process give similar products, but those derived from the latter source are generally distinguished by the names shale naphtha or shale oil. Again, we have mineral or native naphtha, also called Petroleum, Rock oil, Earth oil, &c., and Burmah Naphtha (a Rangoon Tar—the former distinguished from the liquids issuing from the earth in Canada and the north eastern states of America, the latter, those obtained in a similar manner from Ran-oo, in the kingdom of Burmah). Chemically, all the foregoing naphthas are closely related, and from them may be derived, by simple fractional distillation, a whole series of commercial products, which may be roughly classified as follows: (1) volatile ethers, (2) burning oils, (3) lubricating oil, (4) paraffine.

The ethers are a very interesting class of compounds, and a whole series may be derived according to the temperature at which they are fractionated. One of the most volatile of these ethers is named Ethylene, and has been used as an anæsthetic. It distils at a temperature so low as from thirty to forty degrees. Another, named Kerosene (a Sherwood Oil, distils at from forty-five to sixty degrees, benzine, between seventy and one hundred and twenty degrees, and artificial turpentine oil (petroleum spirit) at from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and seventy degrees. This last has been largely used as a solvent in varnishes and lickers, and also as a substitute or partial substitute for turpentine. The others are well known in domestic economy as cleaning agents. It is from these lighter products that attempts have also been made to produce a gas for illuminating purposes, either directly or by enriching inferior gases produced from coal, and several Companies have been formed and are working patents for this purpose. It is only after these have been distilled, that the safety burning oil is obtained, the vapour from the most volatile products just mentioned being highly explosive when mixed with air on coming into contact with a flame. The portions of the residue that remains after the foregoing have been distilled are raised to a still higher heat—while superheated steam is passed through them—and give off the heavier oils, valuable as lubricants for machinery, while naphtha paraffine, so valuable for candle-making and in melting and numerous other purposes, is the final residue. In connection with this last process, any notice of the valuable products derived from this residual distillate would be incomplete without some reference to a remedial agent which, we believe, will now be known in almost every household—namely, vaseline. Vaseline is the empyreumatic of a purified semi-solid residue, and probably no preparation is more largely used, or more deservedly popular at the present time, as a soothing and healing remedy for broken or tender skins and similar purposes.

It will be understood from the foregoing that the safety of the burning oil depends upon the careful elimination of the most volatile portions, therefore, as in the case of other dangerous

compounds, government has wisely put certain restrictions, not only upon the transport and storing of the oil, but also upon its freedom from the more volatile and dangerous compounds. For this purpose, it has not only defined the test, but by a more recent Act of Parliament, also the kind of instrument for applying the test, with other minute details. The test applied is the flashing point of the oil, the more volatile portions giving off inflammable vapours even at ordinary temperatures, while the less volatile give them off at gradually increasing temperatures. Manifestly, a point will be reached which may practically be considered safe, and this point was formerly fixed at one hundred degrees Fahrenheit. That is to say, the oil was put into an open vessel, such as a cup, into which a thermometer was inserted. The cup in turn was placed into a pan containing water—on the 'blue pot' principle—and heat applied to the pan. The water getting heated, gradually raises the temperature of the oil, and a light being made to skim the cup from time to time at a small distance from the surface of the oil, the oil—or volatile vapours—'flashes,' immediately the point is reached at which inflammable vapours are given off. The temperature at which this occurs is of course determined by the thermometer in the cup. We give the particulars of this test in detail, because any one can easily improvise the apparatus required in its use, and apply it with little trouble, while it practically determines within safe limits what is and what is not a dangerous oil. By recent Act of Parliament, the test is much more scientific and accurate, and although the flashing point has been reduced to seventy-three degrees Fahrenheit, it should be carefully observed that this does not alter the standard of the oil, but simply conforms the flashing point to the instrument specially designed in the Act. No oil should be accepted as safe which will not stand an open flame at any temperature under a hundred degrees Fahrenheit without taking fire.

Such are a few of the principal features of and compounds derived from this very important substance in the crude state. We do not pretend to have exhausted the subject, or indeed to have done more than touched upon it in a cursory way, but we think we have at least said sufficient to justify our opening remarks, and that our readers will agree with us in saying, that as it is one of the most recent, so also is it one of the most interesting and important of national industries.

### THE ROSERY FOLK

#### CHAPTER IV.—THE DOCTOR ON ALKALIES

THE dinner at the Rosery was all that was pleasant and desirable, saying that Doctor Scales felt rather disappointed in having to take in Aunt Sophia. He was not a ladies' man, he said, when talking of such matters, and would have been better content to have gone in alone. He was not much pleased either at being very near Mr Arthur Prayle, to whom he at once took a decided dislike, being, as he acknowledged to himself, exceedingly ready to form antipathies, and prejudiced in the extreme.

'Ah,' he said to himself, 'one ought to be satisfied,' and he glanced round the prettily decorated table, and uttered a sigh of satisfaction as the sweet scents of the garden floated in through the open window. Then he uttered another similar sigh, for there were scents in the room more satisfying to a hungry man.

'Perhaps you'd like the window shut, auntie?' said Scalett.

'No, my dear, it would be a shame, the weather is so fine—You don't think it will give me rheumatism in the shoulder, do you, doctor?'

'No, madam, certainly not,' said Scales. 'You are not over heated.'

'Then we'll have it open,' said Aunt Sophia decisively.

'Do you consider that rheumatism always comes from colds, Doctor Scales?' said Arthur Prayle, leaning forward from his seat beside his hostess, and speaking in a bland smooth tone.

'That fellow's mouth seems to me as if it must be lined with black velvet,' thought the doctor. 'Bothur him! if I believed in metempsychosis, I should say he would turn into a black Tom-cat. He purrs and sets up his back, and seems as if he must have a tail hidden away under his coat—No, decidedly not,' he said aloud. 'I think people often suffer from a kind of rheumatic affection due to errors of diet.'

'Dear me! how strange!' 'Then we shall have Aunt Sophia laid up,' said Scalett, 'for she is always committing errors in diet.'

'Now, James!' began the lady in protestation. 'Now, auntie, you know you'd eat a whole cucumber on the sly, if you had the chance.'

'No, no, my dear, that is too bad. I confess that I do like cucumber, but not to that extent.'

'Well, Naomi, I hope you're ready for plenty of boating, now you have come down,' said Scalett. 'We must brown you a bit, you are too fair—Isn't she, Jack?'

'Not a bit, said the doctor, who was enjoying his salmon. 'A lady can't be too fair.'

Aunt Sophia looked at him sharply, but Jack Scales' eyes had not travelled in the direction of Naomi, and when he raised them to meet Aunt Sophia's, there was a frank ingenuous look in them that disarmed a disposition on the lady's part to set up her feathers and defend her niece.

'I think young ladies ought to be fair and pretty, don't you, ma'am?'

'Ye—es, in reason,' said Aunt Sophia, bristling slightly.

'I side with you, Jack,' said their host, with a tender look at his wife.

'Yes,' said Prayle slowly, 'one naturally expects a lady to be beautiful, but alas! how soon does beauty fade.'

'Yes, if you don't take care of it,' said Aunt Sophia sharply. 'Kindness is like a blight to a flower, and so is the misery of this world.'

'So,' said Scalett, 'the best thing is never to be unkind, auntie, and have nothing to do with misery.'

'If you can help it,' said the doctor. 'Or the doctors,' said Scalett, laughing—'always excepting Doctor Scales.'

About this time, Aunt Sophia, who had been very stiff and distant, began to soften a little towards the doctor, and listened attentively as the host seemed to be trying to draw him out.

'What are you doing now, Jack?' he said, after a glance round the table to see that all was going satisfactorily and well; while Mrs. Scarlett sat, flushed and tanned, troubled with the cares of the house, and wondering whether her husband was satisfied with the preparations that had been made.

'Eating,' said the doctor dryly, 'and to such an extent, that I am blushing inwardly for having such a dreadful appetite.'

'I suppose,' said Pringle, 'that a good appetite is a sign of good health.'

'Sometimes,' said the doctor, 'There are morbid forms of desire for food—What say?'

'I repeated my question,' said Scarlett, laughing.

'What are you doing now?'

'Well, I am devoting myself for the most part to the study of nervous diseases,' said the doctor. 'There seems to be more opening there than in any other branch of my profession, and unless a man goes in for a specialty, he has no chance.'

'Come, Aunt Sophia,' said Scarlett merrily, 'here's your opportunity. You are always complaining of your nerves.'

'Of course I am,' said the old lady sharply, 'and no wonder.'

'Well, then, why not engage Doctor Scates as your private physician, before he is snatched up?'

'Ah, before I'm snatched up, Miss Raleigh. Don't you have anything to do with me, madam. Follow your nephew's lead, and take to gardening. There is medicine in the scent of the newly turned earth, in the air you breathe, and in the exercise, that will do you more good than any drugs I can prescribe.'

'There you are, aunt, pay up.'

'Pay up! Bless the boy! what do you mean?' said Aunt Sophia.

'A guinea. Physician's fee.'

'Stuff and nonsense!' said Aunt Sophia. 'But I don't want to be rude to you, Doctor Scates, and I think it's worth the guinea far more than many a bill I've paid for what has done me no good.'

'I've got a case on now,' said the doctor, going on with his dinner, but finding time to talk.

'I've a poor fellow suffering from nervous shock. Fine looking, gentlemanly fellow as you'd wish to see, but completely off his balance.'

'Bless the man! don't talk about mad people,' said Aunt Sophia.

'No, ma'am, I will not. He's as sane as you are,' said the doctor; 'but his nerve is gone. He dare not trust himself outside the house, he cannot do the slightest calculation—write a letter—give a decisive answer. He would not take the shortest journey, or see any one on business. In fact, though he could do all these things as well as any of us, he doesn't, and, paradoxical as it may sound, can't.'

'But why not?' said Scarlett.

'Why not? Because his nerve has gone. He dare not sleep without some one in the next room. He could not bear to be in the dark. He cannot trust himself to do a single thing for fear he should do it wrong, or go anywhere lest some terrible accident should befall him.'

'What a dreadful man!' said Aunt Sophia. 'Not at all, my dear madam, he's a splendid fellow.'

'It must be terrible for his poor wife, Doctor Scates.'

'No, ma'am, it is not, because he has no wife; but it is very trying to his sweet sister.'

'I say, hark at that,' said Scarlett merrily—'his sweet sister.' Ahem, Jack! In confidence, eh?'

'What do you mean?' cried the doctor, as the ladies smiled.

'I say—you know—his sweet sister. Is that the immortal she?'

'What! My choice? Ha ha! Ha ha ha! Ha ha ha ha!' laughed the doctor, with infectious mirth. 'No, no, I'm cut out for a bachelor. No wedding for me. Bah! what's a poor doctor to do with a wife? No, sir, no, sir. I'm going to preserve myself free of domestic cares for the benefit of all who may seek my aid.'

'Well, for my part,' said Aunt Sophia, 'I think it must be a very terrible case.'

'Terrible, my dear madam.'

'But you will be able to cure him?'

'I hope so, but indeed that is all I can say. Such cases as this puzzle the greatest men.'

'I suppose,' said Arthur Pringle, in a smooth bland voice, 'that you administer tonic medicines—quinine and iron and the like?'

'O yes,' said the doctor grimly. 'That's exactly what we do, and it doesn't cure the patient in the least.'

'But you give him cold bathing and exercise, doctor?'

'O yes, Mr. Pringle, cold bathing and exercise, plenty of them, but they don't do any good.'

'Hah! that is singular,' said Pringle thoughtfully. 'Would the failure be from want of perseverance, do you think?'

'Perhaps so. One doesn't know how much to persevere, you see.'

'These matters are very strange—very well worthy of consideration and study, Doctor Scates.'

'Very well worthy of consideration indeed, Mr. Pringle,' said the doctor, and then to himself. 'This fellow gives me a nervous affection in the toes.'

'I trust my remarks do not worry you, Mrs. Scarlett?' said Pringle, in his smooth bland way.

'O no, not at all,' replied that lady. 'Pray, do not think we cannot appreciate a little serious talk.'

Pringle smiled as he looked at the speaker—a quiet sad smile, full of thankfulness, and it seemed to trouble Mrs. Scarlett, who hastened to join the conversation on the other hand, replying only in monosyllables afterwards to Pringle's remarks.

The dinner passed off very pleasantly, and at last the ladies rose and left the table, leaving the gentlemen to their wine, or rather to the modern substitute for the old custom—their coffee, after which they smoked their cigarettes in the veranda, and the conversation once more took a medical turn.

'I can't help thinking about that patient of yours, Jack,' said Scarlett. 'Poor fellow! What a shocking affair!'

'Yes, it must be a terrible life,' said Pringle.

'Loh, Arthur! it must be a sort of death.'

exclaimed Scarlett excitedly 'Poor fellow What a state!'

'Well, sympathy's all very well,' said the doctor, smiling in rather an amused way, 'but I don't see why you need get excited about it.'

'Oh, but it is horrible!'

'Dreadful!' echoed Pringle.

'Then I must have been an idiot to introduce it here, when all is so calm and peaceful, and the doctor 'Jancy what a shock it would give us all if we were suddenly to hear an omnibus go blundering by James Scarlett, you are a lucky man. You have everything a fellow could desire in this world—money, a delightful home, the best of health!—'

'The best of wives,' said Pringle softly.

'Thank you for that, Arthur,' said Scarlett, turning and smiling upon the speaker.

'Humph! Perhaps I was going to say that myself,' said the doctor sourly. 'Hah! you're a lucky man!'

'Well I don't grumble,' said Scarlett, laughing. 'You fellows come down here just when every thing's at its best, but there is such a season as winter, you know.'

'Of course there is, stupid!' said the doctor. 'If there wasn't, who would care for sickle spring?'

'May the winter of adversity never come to your home, cousin James,' said Pringle softly, and he looked at his frank, manly young host with something like pathetic interest as he spoke.

'Thank you, old fellow, thank you—Now, let's join the ladies!'

'That fellow wants to borrow fifty pounds,' growled Doctor Skales. 'There's that itching, again in my toes.'

#### CHAPTER V.—JACK SCALTS MEETS HIS FATE

'That's what I like in the country,' said Jack Skales to himself, as in an old suit of his friend's tweeds and cap to match, he thrust his hands into his pockets and strolled down one of the garden paths. 'Humph! Five o'clock, and people snoring in bed, when they might be up and out enjoying this lovely air, the sweet dewy scent of the flowers, and the clear sunshine, and be inhaling health with every breath they draw. Bah! I can't understand how people can lie in bed!—in the country. There is reason in stopping in peaceful thought upon one's pillow in town till nine.—Ah, gardener, morn'ing!'

'Beautiful morning, sir,' said John Monnick, touching his hat, and then going on with his task of carefully whetting a scythe, and sending a pleasant rattling sound out upon the sweet silence of the time.

'Grass cuts well, eh?' said the doctor.

'Yes, sir, crisp, as if there was a white frost on.'

'Ah, let's try,' said the doctor. 'I haven't handled a scythe for a good many years now.'

'No, sir, I s'pose not,' said Monnick, with a half-contemptuous smile. 'Mind you don't stick the pyrite into the ground, sir, and don't cut too deep. I like to keep my lawns regular. Mha.'

'Why don't you have a machine?' said the doctor, taking the scythe, and sweeping it round with a slow measured sweep that took off the grass and the dewy daisies to leave a velvet pile.

'Machine, sir? Oh, there's two in the potting shed, but I don't want no machines, sir. Noo-fun-kin' things that breaks a man's back to push 'em along. You has to put yourself in an ornamental position to work 'em, and when you've done it, the grass don't look like as if it had been mowed.—Well, you do s'prise me, sir, I didn't know as you could mow.'

'Didn't you, Monnick?' said the doctor, pausing to take the piece of carpet with which the old man wiped the blade, using it, and then reaching out his hand for the long gritty whet stone, with which he proceeded to sharpen the scythe in the most business-like way. 'Ah, you never know what a man can do till you try him. You see, Monnick, when I was a young fellow, I often used to cut the Rectory lawns at home.'

'He's a clever one,' muttered the old man, watching intently the rubber, as it was passed with quite a scientific touch up and down and from side to side of the long curved blade. 'Man who can mow like that must be a good doctor. I'll ask him about my legs.'

'There, I'm going for a walk. I'm out of condition too, and it touches my back.'

'Do it now, sir?' said the old man, smiling. 'Hah! that's where it lays hold o' me in a rheumatic sort o' way, sir. You couldn't tell me what'd be good for it, sir, could you? I've tried the iles, but it seems as if it was getting worse.'

'Oh, I'll give you something, Monnick,' said the doctor, laughing, 'but you know, there's a touch of old law in your complaint.'

'Lb, but I'm afraid there is, sir, but thank you kindly, and you'll forgive me making so bold as to ask.'

Of course, of course. Come to me after breakfast.—And look here, I want to get on the open ho'sty part, among the gorse and fir trees. Which road had I better take?

Well, sir, if you don't mind the wet grass, you'd best go across the meadows out into the lane, turn to the left past the church, take the first turning to the right, and go straight on.'

'Thanks, I shall find my way. Don't forget. I dare say I can get you right.' And the doctor went off at a swinging pace, crossed the meadows, where the soft-eyed cows paused to look up at him, then kept a gait, walked down the lane, had a look at the pretty old church, embowered in trees, and had nearly reached the open common-land, when the sharp cantering of a horse roused him from his pleasant morning reverie.

He looked round, to see that the cantering horse was ridden by a lady, whose long habit and misty felt hat set off what seemed in the distance to be a very graceful figure, while the oncoming group appeared to be advancing through an elongated telegraphic frame of green leaves and drooping branches, splashed with gold and blue.

'Here's one sensible woman, at all events. What a splendid horse!' His glance was almost momentary. Then, feeling that he was staring rudely, he went on with his walk, continuing

his way along the lane, and passing a gate that opened at once upon the furry common land.

Suddenly the horse was checked a short distance behind him, and an imperious voice called out, 'Here!—ha!—my man!

Jack Scales, M.D., felt amused. 'This is one of the haughty aristocrats we read about in books,' he said to himself, as he turned and saw a handsome, imperious-looking woman of eight and twenty or so, beckoning to him with the handle of her whip.

'The goddess Diana in a riding habit by Poole, and superbly mounted,' said the doctor to himself, as he stared wonderingly. He saw that her hair was dark, her cheeks slightly flushed with exercise, that there was a glint of very white teeth between two scarlet lips, that the figure was really what he had at the first glance imagined—all formal and graceful, if slightly too matured, and his first idea was to take off his hat and stand uncovered in the presence of so much beauty, his second, as he saw the curl of the lady's upper lip, and her imperious glance, to thrust his hands lower in his pockets and retain the haughty stare.

'Here, my man, come and open this gate.'

As she spoke, Scales saw her pass her whip into her bridle hand, draw off a tan coloured gauntlet glove, and a white and jewelled set of taper fingers go towards the little pocket in her saddle.

'Why, confound her impudence! she takes me for a yokel, and is going to give me a pint of beer,' said the doctor to himself, and he stood as if turned into stone.

'Do you hear?' she cried again sharply, and in the tones of one accustomed to the greatest deference. 'Come and open this gate.'

James Scales felt his dignity touched, for he too was accustomed to the greatest deference, such as a doctor generally receives. For a moment he felt disposed to turn upon his heel and walk away, but he did not, for he burst into a hearty laugh, and walked straight up to the speaker. The latter flushed crimson with anger at the insolence, as she mentally called it, of this stranger.

'How dare you?' she exclaimed. 'Open that gate,' and she retook her whip with her ungloried hand to point onward, while her splendid horse pawed the ground, and snorted and tossed its mane, as if indignant too.

'How dare I, my dear?' said the doctor coolly, as he mentally determined not to be set down.

'Ah!' exclaimed the lady, with a flash of her dark eyes that made its recipient think after wards that here was the style of woman who, in the good old times, would have handed him over to her serfs. 'Do you know whom you are addressing?'

'Not I,' said the doctor, 'unless you are some very beautiful edition in animated nature of the huntress Diana.'

'Oh!'

'And if you were not such a handsome woman, I should leave you to open the gate yourself, or leap the hedge, which seems more in your way.'

'How dare you?' she cried, utterly astounded at the speaker's words.

'How dare I?' said the doctor, smiling. 'Oh,

I'd dare anything now, to see those eyes sparkle and those cheeks flush. There,' he continued, unfastening the gate and throwing it back, 'the gate's open. *Adieu!*'

The lady seemed pettified. Then, giving her horse a sharp cut, she bounded through on to the furry heath, and went off over the rough ground like the wind.

The doctor stood gazing after them, half expecting to see the lady turn her head, but she rode straight on till she passed out of sight, when he reentered the gate.

'She might have given me the two-pence for that pint of beer,' he said mockingly. 'Why, she has!' he cried, stooping and picking up a sixpence that lay upon the bare earth close to the gate-post. 'Well, come, I'll keep you, my little friend, and give you back. We may meet again some day.'

It was a trifling incident, but it seemed to affect the doctor a good deal, for he walked on amidst the furze and heath, seeing no golden bloom and hearing no bird song, but giving vent every now and then to some short angry ejaculation. For he was ruffled and annoyed. He hardly knew why, unless it was at having been treated with such contemptuous disdain.

'And by a woman, too,' cried the doctor at last, stopping short, 'of all creatures in the world to outdo her impudence! I should just like to prescribe for her, upon my word.'

PRETENTIOUSNESS

THE writer of the present article has had three or four experiences lately which have connected themselves together in his mind. Some months ago, he was in one of the many British possessions beyond the seas. There he was asked to dinner by a gentleman holding a subordinate official position. The dinner was a very elaborate one. There was some warty soup, and several entrees, with finer names than flavour, and a couple of badly cooked joints, and a loaf, named, ill-made pudding. The wines were many, of which he can remember only the fiery sherry and the bad champagne. A short time afterwards, the writer had the honour to be asked by the governor of the province to dine with him privately. Here he had an excellent dinner, sharing with the great man a good leg of mutton, a delicious rice-pudding, and a bottle of sound claret.

On the return voyage, he was sitting the first day on the deck of the steamer, watching his fellow passengers promingling up and down. Two couples, each consisting evidently of man and wife, especially attracted his attention. In the first couple, the gentleman was dressed in a very light coloured tweed suit, evidently brand new, he had on lavender kid gloves and highly polished boots. The lady on his arm was dressed in a pale blue silk dress, with a gold band round her waist, and wearing gold bracelets and earrings, while a heavy necklace hung low down on her breast. They strutted along, very proud of their appearance, and apparently quite unaware of how foolish and out of place their dress really looked on board a steamer. The other couple had attracted the writer's attention by a certain high bred look and bearing, the more striking as the man was plain



in looks and small in person. This gentleman had on a rough pea jacket and a pair of brown leather boots. The lady with him wore a simple but very well made dress of blue shirting—the cloth from which sailors' shirts are made. It turned out that this couple held the very highest rank in English society. She was a lady of title, he, a man of princely and historic wealth. The first couple had just made some money by a fortunate speculation.

The writer is living just now in a small sea-side town, where he has rented a furnished house, the owner of which has gone abroad. It is one of these villas which are now so numerous in all the towns and cities of England. In this neighbourhood is a fine old castle, which is the showplace of the county side. This is thrown open to the public when the owners are away, and the writer went to visit it the other day. He passed through the drawing room and the dining room in ordinary use by the family. He found that these rooms were more plainly furnished than the corresponding rooms at the villa he occupied. To compare a few of the articles. The sofa and the easy chairs in the drawing room at the castle are of the simplest form, and covered with chintz. Those in the villa are of elaborate design, have much carving about them, and are covered with velvet. In the dining room at the villa is a chifferoni with many bends and curves, and machine-made mouldings, with mirrors let in here and mirrors let in there, and the chairs have curved backs and twisted legs and spindles, seats. In the dining room at the castle is a square oak press and some plain wooden chairs. The furniture at the castle does not look half so fine as that at the villa, but it is well made, and answers its purpose, which the other does not. The sofa at the castle is comfortable to recline upon, that at the villa is the reverse. You may throw yourself on the former, but have to disport yourself most carefully on the latter. The easy chairs at the castle are easy chairs, those at the villa would more appropriately be termed penitential ones. The oak press in one place is of sound solid workmanship, the chifferoni in the other is veneered without, and of bad woodwork within. The chairs in the dining room at the castle are easy and safe to sit upon, not one of those at the villa affords you a secure or comfortable resting place. This is due to the difference of workmanship, the joints and fittings of the one being well cut and well put together, those of the other ill made and carelessly joined. The furniture at the castle dates from about fifty years back, that at the villa is perfectly modern. The former is the work of a prior generation, the latter, of this one.

The difference between these things is not merely a superficial, but a deep seated and fundamental one, one not only of appearance, but of character, one not of form only, but of essence. It is the difference between sham and reality, falsehood and truth, seeming and being. A thing that does not do what it is meant to do, is a sham, a falsehood, and cannot, in any real or beneficial sense, be said to be.

It may be thought that here are many big words about a very small matter, a waste of thought and writing about unimportant things. But surely it is not so. For the three instances

or experiences that have been brought together point to falseness and pretentiousness in our ways and works. They are indications of a spirit which is now too prevalent, and which is very useful and harmful, and it may be added, demoralising. We may call it the spirit of dishonesty. To one who has been abroad for many years, the changes in his native land are more striking than they are to those over whom they have come gradually, and he may even be apt to exaggerate them. But it certainly seems to the writer that there is now more pretentious living and bad work in our country than formerly. In our houses, our furniture, our dress, our eating and drinking, our way of living generally, and in our handicrafts, there is more attention to the one element of show, than to the qualities of simplicity, solidity, propriety, goodness. In plain language, there is more dishonesty, and less honesty. There is now more regard for show than for substance. Formerly, we English prided ourselves on its being the reverse with us.

Let me take another illustration from the things around me. This villa is what is described in advertisements as an ornamental one, with a pleasing and handsome exterior. It is badly built from basement to roof. The masonry and woodwork, and almost every other kind of work in it, are scamped. The walls are cracked, the roof lets in the rain, the doors and windows do not keep out the wind. Now, all this bad work is very wasteful. The house and the furniture are continually undergoing repair. There is no soundness in them. Materials badly used are utterly wasted, and the labour bestowed upon them is thrown away. This sham fine house and sham fine furniture must be demolishing both to exhibitors and builders—to those who make it, and those who use it. To live in an atmosphere of pretentiousness cannot be wholesome, to live amidst false surroundings, must tend to produce falsity of thought, feeling, and character. The handicraftsman by bad work surches his title of honour. Higher talk to respect than work well done, can no man have. And as a handicraftsman's work makes up his life, if that is bad, poor, and false, his life must also be bad, poor, and false, with no honour in it. Bad work for wages taken involves lying and cheating. Then these things grow. It is astonishing how quickly the character of a nation will change for better or worse, and how soon one single quality will permeate a nation and characterise it. The lie can spread fast, and soon leavens the whole mass. Sloth or industry, extravagance or thrift, each of these may become the dominant quality of a nation. We see how many nations have sunk from enterprise into inactivity, and how, after attaining to the highest perfection in the arts, they have lost the capacity of doing any good work at all. This is the danger. Our national character may become demoralised. We may come to care more for the show than the substance of things. Showy and pretentious, instead of simple and solid living, may become the rule with us, and the whole national life become hollow. We may lose the habit of honest living and honest work.

Dishonest work leads to a dishonest spirit of work. The mason who puts bad work into the walls of a house, will put it into a sea wall or a

railway tunnel, the smith who puts bad rivets into a kitchen boiler, will put them into a railway viaduct, and thus we have much loss of money and life. Our goods and manufactures once commanded the markets of the world, because of their excellent workmanship—they were reliable in this respect, they are said to be losing the command, because they no longer bear the same character.

To bring together these three experiences. The governor's dinner was very simple, but it was good, the dress of the lady and gentleman of high position was plain, but the one best suited to the place and circumstances, the furniture at the castle was plain and simple, but answered its purposes thoroughly well. There is no reason why a lady should not wear a silk dress and jewellery, but they are out of place on the deck of a steamer. It is a good and valuable thing to have beauty and grace in our surroundings, but not at the expense of good work and usefulness.

It will be observed that in all these cases it was the people of the highest rank that ate simply, dressed quietly, and had simple surroundings. These three experiences were not brought together, but simply happened to have followed one another. At the same time it is not meant by their conjunction that these good qualities are only to be found among people of the highest rank. Honest living and honest surroundings are to be found as much in the cottages or the villas as in the castle. Foolish and extravagant living are not unknown, unfortunately, in the higher ranks of the community. In them, too, there are not infrequently taken the place of reality, and shadow is valued more than substance. But in them, too, nevertheless, the highest value is given to solid and to appropriate living. A nobleman may live a life of sustained splendour, to use Lord Beaconsfield's word, but there would be nothing pretentious in that, as it would be simply in accordance with his rank. When the American author, Mrs. Pecker Stone, visited England, she remarked, apparently with some surprise, the simple and unpretentious mode of living of some of our highest families. The three instances here given may help to correct the foolish notion that show and display are any necessary marks or indications of rank or position. It is from the prevalence of such notions that we have so much pretentious living, and it is probable that they prevail most in the great middle class, which constitutes the body of the nation.

VERBAL LAPSES

To err is human, and to make verbal lapses is especially human, hence, one thoroughly enjoys hearing a lingual *vous pas*. The amusement caused does not of necessity imply a sense of superiority in the listener, but rather a faculty of sympathy, as if knowing that at any moment he or she might make a similar mistake. The sentiment has much in common with the hearty laughter which invariably follows the reading of love letters in a batch of promise cases. The epistles are perhaps nonsensical enough intrinsically; but the ludicrous side of sympathy is roused—the audacious feeling that he himself has written, or might write, just some such foolish

sweetness to his lady love. To slips of the tongue, some persons are of course more prone than others, so much so, in fact, as to cause the weakness to be characterized as a mental defect. Nevertheless, it is, as we have said, a failing more or less inherent in human nature. These lapses may for the most part be attributed to one or other of four causes—haste, carelessness, innocence, and ignorance.

We have heard of the captain of a small ocean-steamer—a bluff, hearty sea dog, of Corkinny birth—who sometimes caused amusement to his passengers by his slips. He was in the habit of reading the Church of England service on Sunday morning, and his verbal vagaries were such as seriously to interfere with the devout attention of the passengers. On one occasion he read the epistle of 'Jud and Cessaree,' and prayed that the Queen might be 'en loved with eternal fidelity.' We were once perplexed by a frequent allusion to a steamer named the *Sky thea*, which turned out to be the *Scythia*. Again, the captain gravely remarked one day, as he was serving out some corn flour, that he 'didn't know why the pudding was called *blue munge*, seeing that it was always 'white.' Ignorant error is not, however, invariably 'at sea.' A man of the world be erudite order, on being accosted by a neighbour with, 'What a winny morning!' replied, 'Yes, it is blowing a perfect *tournement*.' The same 'decrangement of epistaphis' was noticeable in the letter of a country correspondent who wrote, 'Here I sit in this quiet *paratid no k*.'

Many laughable lapses have occurred in the pulpit. Naturally, most of these have resulted not from ignorance, but from that tendency to slips which no one can at all times avoid. The wonderful number of clerical errors which are current, arises, probably, from the fact that the opportunities of hearing them are more frequent than in the case of political or other speakers. A few Sundays ago, in a church which had recently been repaired, a venerable clergyman prayed 'that this building may stand eternally in many generations to come.' Another reverend gentleman wound up a glowing peroration with, 'Oh! my brethren, the bridge was gulfed—oh—that is, the gulf was bridged'—the phrase, hurried thus of the explanation completely rebelling the climax of its intended effect. Again, a clergyman solemnly enunciated the following pregnant truth: 'If these men had been born Hottentots, they'd have been Hottentots still.'

There is a story told of a minister who referred in his sermon to the 'Surrexes and Fadulexes,' and in the course of an announcement as to a certain meeting being 'held in the hall,' he mangled the vowels in the first and last word with a result which can only be mildly hinted at in a suggestive of Harles. At a clerical gathering in a certain town in Nova Scotia, an aged brother rose and remarked, 'We are all acquainted with the Scriptural injunction—thus say every man is expected to do his duty.' As the meeting dispersed, one of the clergymen spoke to the reverend lapse-maker, and informed him the quotation was from Shakespeare 'Shakespeare' implied the old minister, 'that can't be, for I've never read Shakespeare.'

It is but a step from the pulpit to the 'precentor's desk,' which is equally notorious in respect

in looks and small of the most absurd nature had on a rough pair was witnessed some years ago leather boots arch in Scotland. The precursor simple but very fellow, who followed the plough—the cloth sack, and whose only recommendation it turned out of psalmody leader was the possession of highest of lungs. The paraphrase, 'Ho! ye that of us,' had been chosen, and the buchan precursor Thaid to sing it to the music of the 'Old C'—a common metre hymn to a long metre tune. He began with stentorian stolidity, never dreaming of the metrical principle that lay immediately before him. The first line, 'Ho! ye that think, approach the spring,' passed off without mishap. Then came the second line, 'Where living waters flow.' No sooner had the unfortunate precursor reached the last word than he stood agape at the fact that there was more music but no more words! With the despairing look of a drowning man catching at a straw, he cast his eyes imploringly from side to side, prolonging the vowel sound of the last word into two groans of dismay, to the remaining notes of the line—'flow—oh—oh—oh!' Thereupon he collapsed into his seat, with the air of a betrayed and deeply injured man, amid the audible titters of the rural congregation.

Our Highland cousins have frequently caused amusement by their colloquial lapses, arising from imperfect knowledge of English. A Highlander who lives in a village not far from Paisley was one day followed by a bevy of mischievous boys when he turned sharply round and exclaimed, 'Oh, you'll make a fool of me as long as my back's behind me, but if my face was before me, you wouldn't do it!' Another, who had been similarly annoyed, afterwards told a friend that 'some bad boys came and threw ground at him.' A Highlander on a Glasgow quay, with a broken hammer in his hand, was heard shouting, 'Pull! How can I pull when the rope's in twice!' Two fresh arrivals from the Western Isles went to a city merchants' office, saying, 'This is Donald and me lookin' for a wrocht [for work], can you give us one?' 'No, I'm sorry to say that at present there's no vacancy.' 'Och,' replied the spokesman, 'never mind, it's y' richt whether or yes, as one door shuts, another closes. Good mornin'! The spirit of Mrs Malprop would seem to pervade all kindreds and tongues, and one might even imagine that some of that lively lined descendant's have settled in the west of Scotland. A native of Skye happened to be in Edinburgh a few years ago, when Chantrelle the poisoner lay under sentence of death, and when there was a rumour as to a reprieve. The Celt inquired of a friend, 'Did you think Chantrelle will get a reprieve?'

There are occasional slips of the tongue which can be traced only to accidental peculiarity, resulting in distorted meanings as was exemplified by the young lady who observed, 'Isn't it strange that we should get our tortoiseshell combs from an animal that hasn't got a hair on its head?'

Villages are proverbial for the development of character, or rather characteristics. In such small centres, peculiarities and eccentricities find scope and opportunity which are lacking amid the restrictions and larger interests of city life. A village orator eloquently perorated in a supposed

quotation of Keats 'A thing of beauty is a thing for ever.' A registrar of a certain town in Scotland informs us he was once startled by the statement 'If you please, sir, I've come to register the birth of a young woman.' In the same locality, an Irishwoman, wanting relief from the Parochial Board, said 'I would not tell a lie to that Prindgal Board for anything!'

The list of blunders might be indefinitely extended, so fruitful is the field. Indeed, we have scarcely glanced at one of the commonest forms of lapses—those which take place in every day conversation. Readers will be able to call to mind numbers of slips perpetrated either by themselves or by their friends—such, for instance, as inadvertently narrating an anecdote turning upon a physical peculiarity or defect possessed by some one in the company, addressing a newly married lady by her maiden name, looking over an album, and making humorous remarks on a photograph which you subsequently discover to be that of one of your host's near relations, or intelligently once talk with misapprehension or mispronounced foreign phrases. The moral would seem to be, to act and speak with circumspection. At first, this might impose a feeling of restraint, but in course of time it would become an easy fitting habit. If we were only a little more guarded in our conversation, much merriment might be lost to the world, but at the same time a great deal of pain and perplexity would be avoided.

#### DRAWING ROOM SONGS

THE circle of English people to whom music of one kind or another makes some appeal, is rapidly widening, and the drawing rooms in which singing, and playing, do not from time to time form the ostensible entertainment of the evening, are few and far between. The musical press pours forth a never ceasing flood of songs intended for performance on such occasions, few of them lasting beyond a season or two, and most of them revealing a very close similarity in idea and treatment. Such of them as happen to attain popularity will attract a long, list of imitations, in which any fault or any excellence in the original reappears in a more faulty and more embellished form. A composer puts forth a song about a dream. The tunes which are the victims of decay, find something very attractive in dreams set to music, and the same is a success. Suddenly, all the corners of the music vendors, all the contributors, and all the portfolios, are given up to dream songs. *I was Dreaming*, *The Verses are Dreaming*, *Ah, let me Dream*, *Dreams of Rapture*, *Can't it be a Dream?* *Dreams within Dreams*, come in quick succession one upon another. Young gentlemen stand at the pianoforte and dream of a face that is lost for ever, and young ladies dream of a love that will yet be theirs, till one would think that dreaming were either the highest pleasure or the sole duty in life. Gradually we awake out of this luxurious state of semi-soporolence, till one day a lucky composer betinks him of an angel! The trues are sceptical, but there is a certain condition of liberal minded geniality induced by ineludible

music in which it seems not unbecoming to recognise, at least for art purposes, the existence of these messengers from the unseen land, and the song is heard far and wide. Then everybody begins to see angels, an angel stands on every threshold, an angel whispers in every ear, an angel stoops from every cloud, an angel touches every brow, an angel closes all tired eyes, and troops of those celestial beings so fill the ways of the world, that an onlooker becomes apt to ask himself whether the frivolities of the social evening are not a little out of harmony with the solemnity of these visionary visitants.

And here is very naturally suggested another point worthy of remark in connection with this subject. Can any person, not being a singer, fail to have been struck by the occasionally ludicrous contrast presented between the sentiments expressed by a young lady in her conversation, and those which she selects for vocal illustration in the intervals of that conversation?

I am sitting by the side of Miss Gwendolen Martindale, a girl of two or three and twenty. She is tall, and carries her figure proudly and gracefully. She has hair of that shade of brown which turns into gold when the sun shines upon it, and behind the light and delicately curving fringes which shadow the upper part of her white forehead, she has bound it into a richly interwoven plait. Her eyes are gray—no, blue—you cannot say which, for they are both together and each by turns, and her presence exercises over me that fascination which I always experience from a manner that is expressive of innocent and womanly delight in life. Her conversation, it is true, is a little less than all this—it least unless in a *l'été* conversation, and on the present occasion there are some thirty or forty persons in the drawing-room.

'Who is that pale gentleman?' I have just asked her, evidently discussing with Miss Isbister the merits of that peacock feather handkerchief.

'Ah,' she replies, 'you have picked out my cousin. You will not think it strange that he should look pale, poor fellow, when you learn that he has drowned from Ostend to day, and has suffered a landman's martyrdom on the passage. I ought not to have told you, though, for I am sure he would feel your knowledge of the fact as a kind of humiliation. But you must hear of our glorious ride to day. We had barely got safely out upon the downs, when—'

At this point, while her eyes sparkled with the recollection of that exhilarating gallop on the spring turf, she was interrupted by the approach of our brother, who came to ask her to sing. She yielded without apparent reluctance, and after leading her to the piano, I retreated to my chair to listen, leaving an accomplished pianist to accompany her. Well—she sang a song the title of which I did not learn, but which might appropriately have been called *Nevermore*. She spoke throughout in the first person, and she assured her listeners, in the most thrilling tones of her rich soprano voice, that the days that had been would come back nevermore—that her light of life was quenched—that the pale cold hand of sorrow had drawn a pall over her, and none would lift it evermore—that her eyes ached with watching and her heart with yearning—and that

the serpent Despair had wound itself about her soul, and would uncoil nevermore.

I did not know what to make of it, and when, as a preliminary to hearing her own judgment upon the sentiments she had just been expressing, I thanked her for the song, she replied with a smile more sorrowless than the flash of a daffodil. 'I am glad you liked it, it is a pretty melody,' adding, 'and are not the words beautiful?'

I had not found any solution of the problem which this paradox had set me, when my ears were saluted with sounds as of a sturdy tar at the main sheet, or an able bodied seaman hauling on the in-horrible. A barytone voice, quite untrained, but with plenty of good quality, was trolling out a ditty of marlinespikes and tarpaulins and all the furniture of a frigate, and the frigate was running before the wind, or heaving up in the wind's eye, and all the sailors were great rough manly pious fellows, with a kind of pride in an oath, and a strong leaning towards tears, which they dashed out of their eyes with the back of their hard hands. I looked towards the piano, and saw that the voice proceeded from the pale passenger from Ostend, and I fear that the emotion I experienced at that moment betrayed itself on my features, for Miss Gwendolen, happening to catch my eye as it rolled wonderingly round, immediately concealed her face behind her fan.

There followed a selection of quaint pianoforte pieces by Grieg, really well rendered, with the freshness of interpretation demanded by those quaint compositions, and then came Miss Isbister's turn to sing. Miss Millicent Isbister was dancier, and these had begun to close when, earlier in the evening, I had exchanged a few words with her. She was but seventeen, and appeared so nervous that I also began to lose my self-possession, and when, in the course of our conversation, I happened to allude, in the most distant and delicate manner, to the marriage service of the English Church, the poor child blushed uncontrollably, and her eyes looked anywhere but towards me. What, then, was my surprise when I saw her standing at the piano and heard her warbling—very nervously, it is true—in her fibrous mezzo soprano voice, about walking beneath the light of the moon, under a roof of rustling leaves, of burning lips pressed to her own, and the passionate beat of two hearts made one? Again, I knew not what to think, and sought refuge from thought in the society of Miss Gwendolen and the contents of a claret-cup among the palms and azaleas.

Although it is true that whole budgets of the drawing-room songs now current may be referred to one or other of the classes above typified, it would be quite unfair to assert that other classes do not exist, or that there are not songs the individuality of which exempts them from any such classification. Again, there may occasionally be heard an *aria* detached from its context in some Italian or French opera, and in this instance, though the sentiment is generally either unbounded dependency or hysterical exultant joy, the use of the first person is more intelligible, seeing that the singer is avowedly assuming the character of the dramatic artist, the condition of whose mind is usually a not unnatural outcome of the very exceptional situation in which the

librettist has thought fit to place him or her. But no such explanation as this of the assumption of a character can be offered to solve the mystery of the almost universal choice of songs such as those above suggested, and knowing as we do the healthy and admirable nature of many of our friends who sing them to us for our delight, we cannot attribute that choice to a morbid love on their part for unwholesome and unnatural emotion.

Perhaps a true solution of the problem would be more readily arrived at by considering how far the unfortunate conditions of society require the suppression of *all* emotion, and whether there cannot be traced in the song a recognised loophole of escape from conversational restraint. To a girl of an ardent and impulsive nature, subject to a thousand emotions for which society offers and allows no room for expression, it is unquestionably a relief to be able to lift up her voice, and with its full power, utter, without check or curb, words charged with feeling not necessarily similar to her own, but at least of like depth and suffused with the same warmth of colour. Song becomes to her what it is to the thrush, and as, when restraint is once removed, extremes are usually sought, but what wonder if the songs selected are those that breathe the most spasmodic of raptures, the most maudlin of melancholies, the most unattainable of desires?

The above remarks have had reference rather to the words than to the music, and much remains to be said on both these important parts of the song, but this much only can here be said—that the authors of the words have but little to complain of in the work of the composers who adapt their verses to music, for the one salient feature of the songs of our time is the facility with which the music interprets the words, a condemnation or eulogy of the one implies in most cases censure or approbation of the other, and it would be exceedingly difficult to detect a name in most instances whether a song in these days owes its popularity in larger measure to the words or to the music. Blame, where blame is due, for compositions of the kind already alluded to must attach less to the composer of either words or music than to the public, whose demand is for work which it is at once easy and lucrative to supply, and who are content with songs that are sung for a season beneath every roof, and then pass out of mind, like last week's newspaper.

#### AMERICAN CATTLE BRANDS

The publication known as the *Texas Live stock Journal* is a literary curiosity in its way. At first sight, it looks like a very badly printed child's reading book, with its columns of dingy woodcuts of cattle and horses. On closer inspection, however, we soon perceive that its alphabetical arrangement of names and its rows of woodcuts are simply advertisements of the brands of cattle, with a letterpress notice, telling the ownership thereof. Without this brand, or some distinguishing mark of a like kind, the manager of a cattle ranch would be in a very helpless condition, and would be unable to pick out his strayed or stolen property from

among that of his neighbours. In winter, cattle belonging to different brands are sometimes allowed to range as will on the prairie, and so get mixed up with each other, though, at the 'round up' or separation, which takes place in spring, if the different herds are branded, it is a comparatively easy matter for each ranch manager to claim his own property. In these brand advertisements in the *Live stock Journal*, the marks or brands are cut out in white on the dark woodcuts, and are easily distinguishable. As a specimen of some of these brands, the cattle belonging to M. L. Martin have a large R on the ribs, and M on the hips. Those of E. A. Pankins are marked Pan on the hips, whilst initials, crosses, and round Os seem to be a very common form of marking.

#### LI N D

Dark—for ever dark, I go  
Through this world of want and woe,  
Imploping thy sweet charity  
Stay hurrying feet, O pity me!

No morning ray dispels my night,  
I may not see the blessed light,  
A daisies dark—a settled gloom,  
A foretaste of the coming tomb

No glory of a setting sun  
I miss my heaven when day is done,  
Morn' noon, or eve no solace bring,  
Night thro' long fol is her smile wing

I for me no moon, for me no star  
Send their greeting, from afar,  
I grope to find a friendly hand  
To guide me through this wazy land.

I lay me down in darkness night  
My dreams are of the heavenly light  
I wake to find that dreams below  
My only comfort here below

No more shall manhood's form divine,  
Or woman's softer beauty shine,  
Childhood's grace, decrepit old,  
From my sightless eyes withheld

The smile of joy, the tear of woe,  
Alike to me may come and go  
The dear old faces I now they meet  
Unmirrored o'er my darkened glass.

To help the weary in their strife,  
To ease the burdens of this life,  
No gift from me for while I live,  
Alas! I take, but cannot give

Dark—for ever dark, I go  
Through this world of want and woe,  
Imploping thy sweet charity  
Stay, hurrying feet, O pity me!

Printed and Published by W & E CHAMBERS, 47 Finsbury Square, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF  
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fourth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

CONDUCTED BY R. CHAMBERS (SECUNDUS)

No 1034—Vol. XX.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1883

PRICE 1½d.

## FEIGNED INSANITY.

VARIOUS cases of simulated madness are recorded from the time when it was feigned by Ulysses to avoid joining the Greek army in the expedition against Troy, but in civil life, they have nearly all been confined to persons who have pretended to be insane with the view of being acquitted of crimes for which they have been charged, and it was on this account assumed by Guiteau on his trial for the assassination of President Garfield. Common soldiers and sailors have also simulated mental aberration, not only for the same object, but to escape from the service. The facts concerning these malingerer cases are scattered through several medico-psychological publications, and although none appear to furnish us with anything like an exhaustive account of them, an approximate full collection of such are obtainable from Bucknill and Tuke's *Manual of Psychological Medicine* (fourth edition, London, 1879), Taylor's *Medical Jurisprudence* (third edition, London, 1883), Browne's *Medical Jurisprudence of Insanity* (second American edition, San Francisco, 1876), Wharton and Stillé's *Medical Jurisprudence* (third edition, Philadelphia, 1873), and the *Journal of Mental Science*. It is mostly from these publications that the following instances are given to our readers.

In their excellent *Manual of Psychological Medicine*, Drs Bucknill and Tuke state that 'all the features of every case of insanity form a consistent whole, and it requires as much intelligence to conceive and to represent, as it does not to conceive and represent, any dramatic character,' and in confirmation of this statement, they rightly add, that 'two of the most perfect pictures of insanity presented to us in the plays of Shakspeare are the madness of Hamlet—assumed to escape the machinations of his uncle—and that of Edgar in *Lear*, assumed to escape the persecutions of his brother. In both instances, however, the deception was practised by educated gentlemen, and on the authority of the great dramatic psychologist, it perhaps

may be accepted that the phenomena of insanity may be feigned by a skilful actor like Hamlet so perfectly that no flaw can be detected in the representation.

As it seldom happens that any but ignorant people attempt to simulate intellectual derangement, and as they generally entertain the erroneous idea that it consists of the most violent and absurd conduct, and that all the conditions and relations of those who suffer from it are entirely reversed, feigners of madness mostly overact or improperly play their part, and hence it is that, by their various peculiarities of conduct and mixing different forms of insanity together, never met with in real mental disease, their deceit is soon detected. On account of the supposed violent actions, vociferations, and absurd language of mania, this kind of madness is more frequently assumed than any other. Monomania is more difficult to simulate, and is easier to discover, but dementia, which consists in an entire cessation of intellectual power, is more easily feigned. As idocy and imbecility are conditions of congenital deficiency which have existed from birth, they are both exceedingly difficult to assume. We are told 'as an acute observer of the peculiarities of chronic mania may, if he be an excellent mimic, simulate it so as to deceive the most experienced medico-psychologist. It is also very difficult to ascertain whether a person who pretends to be insane is so or not, if he is continually passive and obstinately silent, but to succeed in this attempt, the impostor must have a very rare strength of will and patience, and the mental strain required to be undergone for this purpose is immense, and almost intolerable, as the dramatic powers of such a simulator must often for weeks at a time be kept on the stretch, in the faithful representation of manners and modes of thought far more difficult to imitate than those which are shown on the stage of a theatre. In the last edition of Taylor's *Medical Jurisprudence* (1883), we are told that 'in real insanity a person will not admit that he is insane, in the feigned

state, all his attempts are directed to make people believe that he is mad.' Thus, it is stated that, in a case that occurred in Edinburgh some years ago, as it was doubtful whether an individual was simulating madness or not, those who had charge of him in prison were quite convinced, from his clear statements and coherence, that he was perfectly sane, and that his strange conduct was merely eccentricity, or his usual attempts to act in a deranged manner. There was no doubt, however, that he was insane, although he made desperate attempts to convince the court that he was not, and made very clear and quick observations upon the testimony of medical men against his sanity, and when one leading medical psychologist said that he thought him entirely unable to give information to counsel and agents for conducting his defence, he instantly said 'Then why do you advise me to apply to and see counsel and agents?' Dr Laurent, in the *Annales d'Hygiène* (1866), says that persons who have for some days or weeks pretended that they were mad, have in the end really become so. In support of the assertion, he quotes the case of two sailors who in a very successful manner had for a short time simulated mental alienation, to escape imprisonment, but ultimately they became insane.

In the *Allgemeine Zeitschrift für Psychiatrie* for December 1856, Dr Snell states that at the House of Correction at Eberbach, a prisoner endeavoured for some years to escape punishment by feigning madness. He would not work. He danced round his cell, sang unconnected words and melodies, and made a peculiar booming sound. To any one who went into his cell, he put on a forced stupid look, and glanced at people sideways, but generally fixed his eyes on the floor or on the wall. He either gave no replies to questions, or entirely wrong answers, nor would he recognise the people he constantly saw. This is a remarkable instance of a simulator greatly overacting the part of a madman. At the Lewis winter assizes, a prisoner sentenced to fifteen years' transportation for burglary, after being committed to jail, deceived three of the visiting magistrates and two medical men by feigning insanity, and a certificate was about to be signed for his removal as a supposed lunatic, when his imposture was discovered by his making a confidant of one of his fellow-prisoners. He had previously been sentenced to two years' transportation for robbery at Leicester, and on being sent to Millbank prison, he deceived the medical officers there by pretending to be insane, so that they certified him to be such, and he was taken to Bethlehem Hospital, commonly called Bedlam, where he stayed two years, and then received a ticket of leave. A case is mentioned in the *Journal of Mental Science* for October 1861, by Dr Robertson, Physician to the City Prochnal Asylum and Hospital, Glasgow, of a Thomas Dolan, who was tried for the murder of Edward Devine at Glasgow in July 1860. After his arrest, the prisoner feigned insanity for about four months, and then confessed, the day before his trial, to Drs Robertson and Yellowlee, that he had been assuming mad-

ness. As the jury returned a verdict of culpable homicide in the terms of the prisoner's confession, he was sentenced to fifteen years' penal servitude. Dr Robertson properly adds, that 'it is satisfactory to think that the prisoner's attempt at imposture was exposed. Had it been successful, there would have been a serious miscarriage of justice, and other criminals would have been encouraged to practise similar deception in future cases.'

We are told that epilepsy, which is sometimes connected with insanity, can be, and is imitated, and that beggars live by fits, one detected in this deceit confessing that he had been taught the trick by his father, who had studied the symptoms in a book. A case of well simulated epilepsy is mentioned by Legrand du Sault. That great French psychological physician, Esquirol, boasted that no cunning could prevent him from detecting a case of assumed epilepsy. One of his pupils shortly afterwards fell suddenly, was convulsed, and presented all the severer symptoms of this disease. Esquirol, looking with deep anxiety, turned to those around, saying 'Ah, poor boy, he is an epileptic. His pupil lies spring to his feet, crying 'You see, my master, that we can simulate an attack of epilepsy.' That feigner was Calmel, the greatest authority upon general paralysis. Sutors who prefer deck work to going aloft frequently simulate this disease. An examination of the hands, however, during the seizure is generally a true test whether it is real or not as the thumb of the real epileptic is invariably held down into the palm by the other fingers. A practitioner should also be able to distinguish the peculiar form which always accompanies the seizure. Mr Wharton, the famous American writer upon medical jurisprudence, states that at a recent German trial, the parents of two young girls, one eleven and the other fifteen, claimed public relief on account of the children being subject to epileptic fits for a long time, they were under close medical examination, and even received into a hospital, where they were under continued notice. The elder girl was afflicted by this disease in its worst shape, being prostrated by convulsive attacks of extraordinary violence, which afterwards left her in a state of absolute exhaustion. As suspicion was roused respecting the sincerity of these patients, one of the officers at the hospital, much against the objections of the medical attendants, threatened the elder of the two with severe discipline if she had another fit. The threat was successful, no fit was repeated, and the children confessed that, to evade sympathy and obtain money, they had simulated this disease.

Several rules have been given by medical psychologists for the discovery of feigned insanity. One is, that in real mental aberration, there is generally some probable cause for such, but not in that which is simulated, and that, while the former is always sudden, the latter is seldom so. Schürmayer, in his *Theoretical-practical Compendium of Forensic Medicine*, says that 'close attention should be first directed to the entire exterior of the subject—his posture, his motions, his gestures, his eyes, his words, his intonation, and above all, the first impression produced upon his mind by the appearance of the physician. What most distinctly characterises a mental disease, and is never misunderstood by a skilful physician,

is the physiognomy of such a patient. The eye of a madman is the mirror of his soul. He looks the calm, unobtruded gaze peculiar to the sane, untouched by passion or excitement. Hanroth, another eminent German psychologist, in his System of Judicial Forensic Medicine, also states, in confirmation of the above statement, that 'the cunning leer of a lunatic, the savage glare of a maniac, the lack lustre eyes of a splenetic, or the meaningless stare of an imbecile, cannot be counterfeited.'

Great reliance is placed by all psychological physicians upon the physiognomy of the insane, which cannot be simulated, and which, in the absence of sleep, is generally characteristic of intellectual derangement, and is not observed in the impostor. The violence of a maniac continues whether he is alone or not, while the feigner only pretends to be insane when he thinks he is watched, therefore, by watching and continually looking at him when he thinks he is not observed, his deceit may soon be discovered. Dr Conolly, the resident physician at the county of Middlesex Lunatic Asylum at Hanwell, and who is said to have done more than any other medical man in this country for the rational treatment of the insane, says that he can hardly imagine a case of feigned madness which would elude an efficient system of observation. A man suffering from acute mania is furious both day and night, and sleeps but little, and very unequally, but a simulator of this disease sleeps from exhaustion as well as a healthy person.

Threats of corporal punishment have proved successful in the discovery of pretended mental aberration, but the administration of medicine is more justifiable, and is likely to be more efficient for this purpose, though there are few cases of imitated madness which require this for its detection, but a dose of opium may occasionally hinder the discovery, if sufficient means of patiently watching the suspected simulator are not available. Chloroform has recently been used in France for determining real from feigned insanity, as it is thought that during the intoxication produced by this drug, a real maniac will continue to rave on the subject of his delusions, and that one assuming this character will be overcome by its influence, and therefore his deceit will be manifest, but Drs Bucknill and Tuke entertain doubts upon both these points, and state, in their *Manual of Psychological Medicine*, that they had 'verified by repeated experiments that a real maniac under the influence of chloroform, administered to a degree short of producing coma, will sometimes, under its transient influence, become tranquil and docile.'

The main reason why there appear to have been so many successful imitations of insanity on the one hand, and why simulators of such have not been detected more frequently, or sooner than they have been, is owing to the very deficient knowledge which the majority of our medical men possess of insanity. This disadvantage is forcibly pointed out by Dr Blandford and other eminent medical psychologists, in their evidence before the Select Committee of the House of Commons on the Lunacy Laws in 1877, and also in the *Lancet* in 1879, which states that 'it is impossible to assume the existence of any special

competency to determine the difficult question of sanity or insanity on the part of medical men generally,' and that the testimony of an unskilled certifier of insanity 'is not simply useless, but a delusion and a snare.' The cause of this deplorable lack of psychological knowledge by the medical profession is owing, to the want of a good system of clinical lectures, upon mental disease in the wards of lunatic asylums, and the fact that insanity is not a compulsory subject for examination by any of the medical corporations. We are glad, however, to notice that the University of London, and the Royal College of Physicians of London, have given a little encouragement for the study of this disease by those who seek diplomas from these bodies, but little result appears to have been gained by this step. At the annual meeting of the Medical Psychological Association in 1879, it was unanimously resolved that 'this Association petition the General Medical Council to have mental diseases made a subject of examination for all degrees and licenses in medicine in the United Kingdom. Lord Shaftesbury and Mr Wilkes, two of the Joint Commissioners for England and Wales, in their testimony before the Select Committee just referred to, expressed their opinions in favour of clinical lectures being given to medical students upon insanity, while Dr J. Crichton Browne, one of the Lord Chancellor's Visitors in Lunacy told this Committee that he thought 'it would be a great improvement if it were made compulsory upon medical men to obtain some training in lunacy during their medical education.'

It is to be hoped that the important statements we have mentioned, and numerous others of a like kind, will soon cause proper means to be adopted materially to increase the knowledge of insanity among our medical men, generally, so as to render them far more competent to discharge the important duties and responsibilities intrusted to them in connection with this malady.

## ONE FALSE, BOTH FAIR;

OR, A HARD KNOT

CHAPTER XLII.—FORGIVENESS

THE servants at Castel Vawr had work enough to do, and matter enough to fill their puzzled minds to overflowing, on the eventful morning of the interrupted marriage. When bewildered Lady Barbara returned home from the church with the half-mad heiress bride, she found an urgent telegram awaiting her. It was a happy thought on the part of Sir Pagan Carew to send that telegram. It simply announced the early arrival, per such and such a train, of himself and his sister, and requested that a carriage might be in waiting at the station. Lady Barbara frowned, but she had her iron nerves under strong control, and she gave orders as distinctly as one of the Great Frederick's highly trained officers might have done, had that will crushing monarch commanded him to make the necessary arrangements for his own military execution and unceremonious funeral.

'It is Sir Pagan—Sir Pagan Carew—and Har Ladyship, his sister, whom you are to wait for at the station,' she said, in her sternest tone.



She could not bring herself to tell the hibernated serving man that it was his true mistress, the genuine Marchioness of Leominster, who was to be conveyed to Castel Vawr in her own carriage, but servants know far more than we tell them, and the respectful 'Yes, My Lady,' of the man addressed, meant more than mere mechanical obedience.

Within the castle for a time, something like anarchy reigned. The best drilled household, like the best drilled regiment, is capable of being disorganised by violent excitement, and then, too, the mansion contained many who were not servants, but decorations, assistant cooks and pastry cooks, artificers in fire-works, florists—all called in to be useful in the festivities. There was much disappointment. There was even more of curiosity. The few dignified guests—Duke and Duchess, the Marquis, the Bishop, with exalted Lord Putney, and Lady Barbara—were shut up in the Painted Room, in solemn conclave with Mr Pontifex, who alone held the key of the entrance. The lawyer, of course, had to relate, as candidly as professional etiquette and a sense of duty dictated, the real history of the great Leominster case—to set down, briefly, the proofs that had caused his client's cause to collapse like a burst bubble and to make clear to prejudiced minds and dull wits how very complete was the solution of the mystery. But Mr Pontifex found his task unexpectedly easy. The guilt-stricken demagogue, the utter prostration of the hapless bride, had done more to damage her cause in popular estimation than the most cogent arguments and the most convincing array of witnesses could have done.

'It has been very much on your account, Lord Putney, that I ventured on a step so unusual, so distressing, but so necessary,' said the little lawyer.

And Lord Putney, with real tears in his wrinkled old eyes, and looking as though by art magic he had aged a score of years within two hours, but still tapping the invaluable enamelled snuff box that had been a gift from royalty, stammered out that he was 'monsieur's obliged' to Mr Pontifex. He was the first to depart from the castle where he had thought, with a lovely young wife on his padded arm, to return as master, first to the hospitable mansion of Sir Timothy, and then, as soon as possible, to his bachelor abode in deserted London. Bishop, Marquis, Duke, and Duchess, were all busy with their preparations for a start.

Meanwhile, the unhappy bride remained in the seclusion of her own splendidly furnished suite of apartments, as Lady Barbara had left her. There is a well-spring of womanly kindness towards another weeping woman, which it takes a strong motive, such as bitter personal jealousy or a sharp sense of wrong, to dry up. In Lady Barbara's instance it was a sharp sense of wrong. She, who piqued herself on her wisdom, had been cruelly deceived. She had been paraded before the whole country side as the friend and partner of a proved impostor. For she, with feminine intuition, had not wanted for Mr Pontifex to tell his tale, before her name was made up. The conduct of the bride was to her fancy as complete a confession, before the lawyer spoke, as ever penitent uttered, with or

without the stimulus of rack or thumbcrew. So, when she brought her almost helpless charge back to Castel Vawr, she left her to the care of servants. 'Your women will look to your comfort,' she said coldly, as she withdrew.

Presently—it was not very long, by the mere prosaic measurement of hours and minutes, but it seemed an age to those who waited—there came the deep roll of the expected carriage, and the clash of hoofs and spurring of gravel, as the foam flecked horses stopped in front of the stately main entrance of Castel Vawr. There was Sir Pagan, apologetic and uncomfortable, and there, in her plain black garb, was the lovely young Marchioness, the rightful sovereign, come back from unjust exile, from loneliness, suffering, suspicion undeserved, to take possession of her own. But there was no sparkle of triumph in those pure, clear eyes, no pride in the sad smile with which Clara of Leominster acknowledged the greetings of the obsequious servants, drawn up in double file to welcome their real mistress.

'My sister—where is my sister?'—that was all she said.

And when crestfallen Lady Barbara came almost penitentially to meet her and to crave her forgiveness for a great injury unwittingly done, and when the present Marquis, who alone, of privileged wedding guests, lingered for a while, came up to say some good natured words, Clara insisted to both of these lately pined personages was such because her 'I thank you for your kind words, my lord,' she said gratefully to the Marquis, who could never forget that he had been Dolly Montgomery, 'and I hope, some day, we may be friends. At any rate, on my side, as on yours, I am sure that is no feeling which is not mutually.'

To Lady Barbara she simply said 'Do not, I beg of you, take it so much to heart. I never, Lady Barbara, looked on you as really my enemy. You stood for the right, as matters seemed. But now, forgive me, I can have but one thought—my master.'

'Poor thing—poor thing! I hope, Lady Leominster, you will consider,' stammered out the kind, fat, blundering Marquis, riddening to the roots of his dyed hair, in a manner that made even rough Sir Pagan, speechless in the background, feel himself a stone and a man of the world in comparison. Very soft-hearted was weak Dolly Montgomery, and yet so shy, that it had caused him a painful effort to intercede for the offender. He had done his duty, however, and it was with a sense of relief that he turned upon Sir Pagan, whom he had met in many a resort of London men, and told the baronet first that he was awfully glad, and then that he was awfully sorry, and in fact was glibly incoherent. But Sir Pagan understood him perfectly well.

'Your sister, Lady Leominster, is up stairs,' replied Lady Barbara, with extra stiffness. 'In bringing her back—overcome as she was by emotion, due to her own having found her out—from the church which her presence disgraced, I felt that my acquaintance with Miss Carew closed. In your hands I leave her; for, under present circumstances, even with your Ladyship's permission, Castel Vawr could be no longer a home for me. Preparations, then, for

my departure have already commenced. As for your miserable sister!—

'Miserable, yes, unhappy, yes. But spare me words of blame, where she is concerned, I pray you, Lady Barbara,' answered Clare gently, but proudly. 'Be sure that she, poor thing, suffers the most. It is not for us to break a bruised reed.'

Then the eyes of Lady Barbara, imperious eyes, angry, exacting, met those pure steadfast ones of Clare, Marchioness of Leominster, gentle, good, and merciful, in that hour of sudden success, that intoxicates so many with the fierce thrill and passion of triumph, but which merely served to show the girl's noble nature at its best. In her seemed realised some of the highest attributes of the chivalrous race from which she sprang—that tenderness to a worn-out servant, an old horse, an old hound, a feeble falcon that could hawk no more, that the decayed House she sprang from had been noted for of old. And as with consideration for a disabled retainer or a dumb friend put his work, so was it with open foes. More than one knight of the Carews, victorious after a sharp struggle, had held up his lance in the flush of the pursuit, and bidden his men, hot in chase after the runaways, 'spare Christian blood, and let the poor knaves go free.'

Lady Barbara was of another mould. The *les fatons* was dear to her, and she had some what of Draco's austere spirit about her. She did like the unman to suffer for his sin. The haughty spinster would have made a pattern squaw of the Sioux or the Comanches, always ready to inflict inexorably, or to endure unflinchingly, the tortures of the stake, nor did she see why culprits should not pay their penalty, richly deserved. But, somehow, she understood that in Clare she had met with a nature superior to her own, and, with a few confused words, she gave way to the new mistress of Castel Vaux.

Clare went to her sister. It was no easy matter to rick her. The unhappy pseudo Marchioness retained enough of authority to enable her to deny admission to the apartments which she still occupied. For a time the trembling women who guarded her door kept to their post. 'Her Ladyship's orders—please, My Lady,' they repeated, with the instinct of long purchased obedience. But, after one or two repulses, Clare put them aside, gently but firmly. She went in, alone, through the pretty rooms, to where her conquered rival, in her last stronghold, awaited the decided coming of the sister whom she had injured, and who was now to be her judge. The bride elect lay on her bed—her pile, a stained face half hidden by the curtains, that were partly drawn, still in her bridal finery, a heap, as it were, of glimmering whiteness and swining gems, cast recklessly down—in an attitude of despair. A bright fire of crackling logs burned in front of the bed, and by its light—for already clouds were dimming the fitful sunbeams of the short wintry day—the famous diamonds of the House of Leominster, stones that had a history, shone like stars on the head, the bosom, the slender arms, of the vanquished usurper, whose air of utter prostration seemed the more complete because of its contrast with the splendour of her wedding array.

'I said I would not see you—I gave orders that I should not be disturbed,' she said sullenly.

'I had to force my way to you,' answered the

silvery tones of Clare, as she bent over the bed. 'I am at home now, you know, Cora, dear, and it is for me to meet,' she added, half playfully, half tearfully, as she tried to take one of the bride's cold hands in hers.

Resentfully, her sister pushed her back. 'How you must hate me!' she cried out shrilly, as she raised her head, and looked with wild eyes at the intruder, like a hunted animal driven to bay.

'I hate you, dear sister.' Clare hite Cora—her other self, the dear one that grew up at her side, when we two were poor neglected young things, after our mother died, in our Devon home! and the sweet, kind voice, and, somehow, the girl who lay upon the bed, gorgeous in her bridal attire, winced at every soft word as at a blow.

'You—must hate me—as I deserve!' she said, sinking back and trying—so it seemed—to hide her face among the pillows.

'Believe me, my own sister, Cora dear, I loved you through, out, and in spite of all,' went on the Marchioness. 'Nor even when, in that memorable interview in Leominster House, she had appealed in vain to her usurping, sister's better nature, had there been such pathos and such music in her voice—never had she pleaded before as she pleaded now—now, when all were won over to her side, now in the hour of success.' 'Had it not been for Wilfred's sake— But never mind that now. Come, Cora, let all be forgotten and forgiven. Let us kiss and be friends!' It has been a dreadful dream—a painful time. Poor Clare has been very sad and very lonely, nor have you, dear, been happy, I am sure, but now I have come home it will be all right, and we two shall be loving sisters, as before, as I—

'Is it possible?' cried the girl, looking up, and thrusting back from her temples the diabolical gold of her hair. 'Can you forgive me even that—or are you mocking me? Her eyes, swimming in tears, met those eyes of Clare's, which might have been the eyes of an angel, glorious, merciful, looking down upon her, and for the first time, her heart, warped, but not hardened, was touched. She hid her face—'Clare, (Clare) she broke out passionately, 'I was wicked, I was mad—a false sister, a wicked friend.' All that may now be said of me is true, and I acknowledge the great wrong I did you. But it was because I was weak, and let myself be lured on by the persuasions of that French temptress, of the wily intriguer, who first whispered in my ear how easy would success be, and how great the prize to be won. But, sister, your wretched Cora has been punished already. Indeed, indeed, I have repented, ever since, of that wickedness. I was too buckled in my stubborn pride—we Carews are proud—and too much ashamed, to own the truth, often as I longed to tell it. Often and often, in the stillness of the night, "Oh, would that I had never done it!" has been my cry, as it might have been that of a lost spirit. I felt like one. I did not dare to pray. And yet, I was obstinate in my evil path. Never, I fear, should I have had the grace to own the truth, but now I am glad—yes, sister, glad, that the mask is torn off, and my sin has found me out, and men know me for the hateful thing I am! And—and I will go away, and not be a sorrow or disgrace to those who bear my name, any more.'

Very gently, soothingly, and with infinite patience—such patience as love alone confers—her nobler sister embraced, with kisses and tender words, the passionate sorrow of the wild and wayward girl. 'All is forgiven, let all be forgotten, and let us two be as before. Come, Cousin, dear—for all Clares sake.'

And at last the frantic outburst of grief and self-upbraiding was hushed, and, calling her women, and leaving them to disrobe her, Clare left her unhappy sister, broken in spirit indeed, but not utterly desperate, now that the dreaded meeting had taken place. And then the Marquis went, and even Lily Bubba departed, and only Mr Pontifex and Sir Fagan stayed on with the sisters at Castle Vaux.

### THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE OF PORT ROYAL

ONE of the most common popular ideas connected with Jamaica is, that it is periodically afflicted with earthquakes and hurricanes, whose ravages are of the most appalling character, and on the most extensive scale. To this absurd impression the Creoles have themselves in some degree contributed, for having once been visited with one of the most severe earthquakes on record—that which destroyed the flourishing town of Port Royal in 1692—and having suffered on the 28th of August 1712 and the same day in 1722, from an unusually destructive hurricane, they continued for more than a hundred and fifty years to impress these facts upon the public mind, by observing the anniversaries of these two disastrous events as solemn fasts. It was not till 1867 that the obligatory observance of these anniversaries was rendered permissive by the Legislature.

But if earthquakes are not so common in Jamaica, or mild in any of the West Indian islands, as to cause that normal dread of them which prevails in Peru and some other countries, their occurrence is still a sufficiently ordinary event to justify the alteration of the well-known supplication in the litany in all the Anglican churches throughout the colony into, 'From earthquake, lightning, and tempest, good Lord, deliver us!' One, two, or perhaps three, take place annually, and if unusually severe, a kitchen chimney may be thrown down, or an ill constructed wall of an outside building slightly cracked. But accidents are extremely rare, and beyond a notice of a few lines in a local paper the following day, the earthquake is forgotten almost as soon as it is over.

No one, however, who has once experienced a sharp shock of earthquake, will desire its more frequent recurrence. For the most part, these shocks occur during the night, and whether it is that the silence and solemnity of the hour contribute to the unpleasantness of the vibrations which they produce, their effect upon all living things is of the most painful and aw-inspiring description. Just before an earthquake happens, an indescribable stillness, easily recognisable by an experienced observer, seems to fall upon nature. The very wind appears to hold its breath, and with the rest of creation, animate and inanimate, to wait in terror for the approaching convulsion. Then comes a low and deep rolling

noise, gradually growing louder, till it resembles a number of heavily laden wagons crushing down the stones on a roughly metalled road. The house begins to rock, doors fly open, crockery rattles, furniture is moved from its place, and a feeling of the most abject and utter powerlessness and insignificance seizes one, which is closely allied to fear, and which is apparently shared by the lower animals as well as by mankind. In a moment all is over, and then, as by a sudden impulse, dogs begin to bark, cocks to crow, horses to neigh, and cattle to low, and you spring from your bed, probably to discover that you are feeling very sick, headachy, and uncomfortable. Creoles say that the first shock of an earthquake seldom does damage. It is the succeeding ones which they fear. The remark appears to derive confirmation from the story of the great earthquake which reduced Port Royal to ruins.

Towards the end of the seventeenth century, Port Royal was the principal town in Jamaica, and for a place of its size, probably the richest spot in the world at the time. Spanish Town—or as it was then called, St Jago de la Vega—had ceased to be the capital. As for Kingston, it was but a petty village, and the now populous plains of Lausanne were barren and barren—covered with wild brush, with a few negro huts dotted about over the wide expanse of scrub and grass, with here and there clumps of cedar and other timber trees, of which no traces now remain.

Port Royal was founded in 1667 by General Brayne, and was at first known by the name of Point Lagway or Cagua, a corruption probably of *osvequa*, the Indian name of the corrito or great lagoon, which overspreads the adjacent town Pan Hill. The little promontory on which the town was built resembled the figure of a scorpion. Between its two antennæ lay its noble harbour, in which a thousand till ships might, except in hurricane, ride in safety. Its rise had been as rapid as had been the fall of its great rival St Jago de la Vega. In 1661, when it was visited by Captain Hackingrill, its sandy bay was covered with only about five hundred houses. In 1672 the number of residences had increased to eight hundred and fifty. In 1673 its population was estimated at nineteen hundred and seventy-seven souls, of which three hundred and twelve were negroes, and the remainder were whites. Twenty years later, when it was at the height of its prosperity, the number of its houses was calculated at two thousand, and its population had increased to three thousand five hundred.

Yet the town possessed few natural advantages. It had neither earth, wood, nor water. Very little of it could boast of even a solid foundation, the greater part of it being built on sand. The spit of land on which it stood was joined on to the coral reef of the Palisades by a mere ridge of the same unstable material. Yet on this shifting base, enlarged and strengthened by piles and wharfs driven into the beach, stood the larger portion of the town. Here were the principal streets, the King's House, where the Governor resided, the school, the church, and the Navy Yard. Here stood three of the forts which guarded it. With the exception of Fort Charles and a few of the houses on the southern side, which were built on a rock, all rested on the same uncertain foundation.

Jamaica was very proud of Port-Royal in those days. Its houses were sound, substantial buildings, built of brick, and as high as the houses of London were at the same period. Its principal fort carried sixty pieces of ordnance, 'as good as any that London could afford.' It exported ginger, annatto, cacao, cotton, pimento, fustic, mahogany, and lignum vitæ, and the bulk of its population consisted of a monopoly, or at least a money-making class—merchants, tavern keepers, vintners, and 'retailers of punch.' The last formed an unusually large body. Their shops were much frequented by the Spaniards, and they were under the especial patronage of the buccaniers, who at that time swarmed in the island. The old Historians are full of not very edifying stories of the orgies which used to take place in these close and filthy haunts. One man is reported to have spent in one of them seven hundred and fifty pounds sterling in a month. After the town was reduced to ruins, there were not wanting those who attributed to these disorderly houses the calamity which had swallowed up the innocent with the guilty.

The 7th of June 1692 was a hot, clear, sunny day. Scarcely a cloud was to be seen, and not a breath of air relieved the intensity of the heat. About twenty minutes to twelve, a very slight trembling of the ground was perceived, which was at once recognised as a shock of earthquake. A second shock, stronger than the preceding, accompanied with a hollow rumbling noise, immediately succeeded, followed almost without a moment's cessation by a third, which lasted about a minute. In two minutes from the commencement of the first shock, the city was in ruins. All the principal streets—which were next to the water—sank at once, and with them the people who were on them. A high rolling wave closed over them, and in an instant, sixteen hundred human beings—amongst them the Attorney general, the Provost marshal, and the Lord Secretary—found a grave. Incredible as it may almost appear, one of those who thus descended into the pit was permitted to return to the land of the living. This was Louis Galdy, a Frenchman. Swallowed up by the second shock, he was by the third thrown into the sea, where he saved himself by swimming until a boat took him up. He lived for forty four years after wards, becoming a member of the House of Assembly, and subsequently Churchwarden for Port Royal. He was buried at Green Bay, adjoining the Apostles Bittety, and there, on his tombstone, on a white marble slab, bearing his arms, with the motto, 'Dieu sur tout, is still to be read the following inscription, which gives the particulars of his miraculous escape: 'Here lies the body of LOUIS GALDY, Esquire, who departed this life at Port Royal, the 22d December 1736, aged eighty. He was born at Montpellier, in France, but left that country for his religion, and came to settle in this land, where he was swallowed up in the great earthquake in the year 1692, and, by the providence of God, was by another shock thrown into the sea, and miraculously saved by swimming until a boat took him up. He lived many years after, in great reputation, beloved by all who knew him, and much lamented at his death.

The bank of sand which reached from the fort

to the Palisades was submerged along its whole length. Some of the streets were laid several fathoms under water, and the sea rose as high as the upper stories of the houses which remained. It was supposed that the weight of so many brick houses contributed to their downfall, for—as was also observed in the great earthquake which ravaged Syracuse and other towns in Sicily in the following year—the ground gave way as far as the houses rested on a sandy foundation, and no farther.

The sea was no less agitated than the land. The harbour presented all the appearance of a storm. Huge waves rolling on to the shore, snapped the cables of large ships, drove some of them from their moorings, and upset others. The *Suon* frigate, which was lying by the wharf to careen, was driven over the tops of the highest houses, and was thus providentially the means of saving some hundreds of the inhabitants. Dead bodies covered the surf, and for days and weeks afterwards floated up into Kingston harbour, or were found strewn along the coast.

Fortunately for us, we possess in two letters, written by the then Rector of Port-Royal, one of the most graphic and at the same time touching accounts of this dreadful catastrophe.

'On Wednesday the 7th,' he writes on the 22d June 1692, to a friend, 'I had been at prayers, which I did every day since I was Rector of Port Royal, to keep up some show of religion amongst a most ungodly and debauched people, and was gone to a place near the church where merchants used to meet, and where the President of the Council then was. To this gentleman's friendship, under the direction of the gracious and overruling will of Providence, I ascribe my own happy and miraculous escape, for by pressing instances I was prevailed upon to decline an invitation which I had before accepted, to dine with [a gentleman] whose house upon the first concussion sank into the sea, and with it his wife, his children, himself, and all the guests who were with him—every soul perished in this general, this dreadful devastation.' Had I been of the number of his guests, my fate had been involved in theirs. But to return. We had scarce dined at the President's, before I began to feel the earth heave and roll under me. I said, "Lord, art what's this?" He replied composedly, "It is an earthquake, be not afraid, it will soon be over." But it increased, and we heard the church\* and tower fall upon which we ran to save our lives. I quickly lost him, and made towards Morjan's Fort, which, being a wide, open place, I thought to be there secure from the falling houses, but as I made towards it, I saw the earth open and swallow up a multitude of people, and the sea mounting in upon us over the fortification. I then had sunk all hope of escaping, and resolved to make towards my own lodgings, there to meet death in as good a posture as I could. From the place where I was forced to cross through two or three very narrow streets, the houses and walls fell on each side of me. Some of the bricks came rolling over my feet, but never hurt me. When I came to my lodgings, I found all things in the order I left them. I

\* The cracked bell of the church of old Port Royal is still preserved in the Public Museum, Kingston.

then went to the balcony, to view the street in which our house stood, and saw never a house down there nor the ground as much as cracked. The people, seeing me, cried out to come and pray with them. When I came into the street, every one laid hold of my clothes and embraced me, so that I was almost stifled with their kindness. I persuaded them at last to kneel down and make a large ring, which they did. I prayed with them near an hour, when I was almost spent with the heat of the sun and the exercise. They then brought me a chair—the earth working all the while with new motion, and trembling like the rolling of the sea—inasmuch that when I was at prayers I could hardly keep upon my knees. By the time I had been half an hour longer with them, sitting before them their sins and previous provocations, and seriously exhorting them to repentance, there came merchants of the place, who desired me to go on board some ship to refresh myself, telling me that they had a boat to carry me off. I found that the sea had swallowed up the wharf and all the goodly brick houses upon it, most of them as fine as those at Chesapeake, and two entire streets beyond that. From the tops of some houses which lay level with the water, I first got into a canoe, and then in a long boat, which put me on board a ship called the *Siena Merckant*. There I found the President safe, who was overjoyed to see me. I continued in it that night, but could not sleep for the returns of the earthquake almost every hour, which made all the guns of the ship to jar and rattle.

Next day I went from ship to ship to visit those who were buried and dying, also to do the last office at the sinking of several corpses which came floating from the Point. This, indeed, has been my sorrowful employment ever since I came on board this ship. Besides, the people being so desperately waked, it makes me afraid to stay in the place, for every day this terrible earthquake happened as soon as night came on.

A company of lewd rogues whom they called Privateers fell to breaking open warehouses and houses despoiled, and to rifle their neighbours, while the earth trembled under them, and the houses fell on some of them in the act . . .

'The day when all this befell us was very clear, and afforded not the suspicion of the least evil, but in the space of three minutes, about half an hour after eleven in the morning, Port-Royal, then the finest town of the English plantations, the best emporium and mart of this part of the world, rich, plentiful of all good things, was shaken and shattered to pieces, sunk into and covered, for the greatest part, by the sea. Few of the houses are left whole, and every day we hear them fall.'

Out of the whole town, the fort and about two hundred houses were all that was left standing. Upwards of two thousand people, whites and negroes, perished.

In a subsequent letter, the Rector writes: 'It is a sad sight to see this harbour—one of the finest I ever saw—covered with dead bodies of people of all conditions, floating up and down without burial; for our burying-place was destroyed by the earthquake, which dashed to pieces tombs; and the sea washed the carcases

of those who have been buried out of their graves. We have had accounts from several parts of the island, but none suffered like Port-Royal; whole streets with their inhabitants were swallowed up by the opening of the earth, which, when shut upon them, squeezed the people to death, and in that manner several are left with their heads above ground, only some heads the dogs have eaten, the others are covered with dust and earth by the people who yet remain in the place.'

Few persons, however, remained. By far the greater portion of the survivors precipitately left the town, and took refuge in the plains of Laguanea. There, exposed to the noxious vapours with which the air was poisoned, dwelling in wretched huts, which scarcely protected them from the sun or from the rain, with insufficient food, scared minds, and debilitated bodies, it is not surprising that malignant fever broke out amongst them, and that those whom the earthquake left, the pestilence devoured. The plague, in fact, became general. Three thousand persons are said to have died of it. At Kington, five hundred graves were dug in a month, and two or three bodies buried in each grave.

For more than a month afterwards, slight shocks continued to be felt. 'During these convulsions,' says Long, 'the most offensive odours were emitted from every fissure and opening made in the sand near the harbour. The sky became dull and reddish, which indicated a plentiful discharge of vapours from the earth; the weather grew hotter than had been observed before the shock; and such swarms of mosquitoes infected the coasts as to astonish the inhabitants; the beauty of the mountains was quite effaced, and instead of the lively, youthful verdure, they appeared dotted with fragments, bare and furrowed.' Browne, speaking of the same event, says, 'The mountains rumbled, cracked, and opened in several places,' and Sir Hans Sloane observes, 'I have seen in the mountains afar off bare spots, which the inhabitants told me were the effects of earthquakes throwing down part of the hills, which continued bare and steep.'

Other districts of the island besides Port-Royal suffered severely from the earthquake. On the north side, upwards of a thousand acres of land were sunk and thirteen persons ingulfed. It left not a house standing at Passage Fort, and only one in Laguanea. It destroyed most of the planters' habitations in the country, and all in St Jago de la Vega, except those which had been built by the Spaniards, which were very low, were 'of ground rooms only,' and rested 'on posts, which were as much buried underground as they stood above.' Nay, even the eternal hills were believed to have been affected by it. 'Some were of opinion that they had sunk a little; others, that the whole island had somewhat subsided; for they observed that several wells in Laguanea did not require so long a rope by two or three feet as they did before the earthquake. However,' adds Long, 'it is more natural to account for the change to suppose that the water had risen higher; for in all these violent convulsions of the earth, it is well known that springs are mostly affected.'

Little by little, as their fears wore off, the inhabitants began to return. But when they came to examine the extent of the injuries which

their town had received, it was found that the sand on its south side had sunk so low that it was feared the sea would encroach too fast, and endanger the few houses that were still left standing there. To guard against this, the legislature enacted that this portion of the town should be rebuilt on its old site. But those who could do so, erected their houses on a more stable foundation, and accordingly round the rock where the principal fort used to stand, rose the second and still existing town of Port Royal.

THE ROSEY FOLK

CHAPTER VI—AUNT SOPHIA ON BOATS

THE encounter completely spoiled the doctor's walk, and he turned back sooner than he had intended, meeting Aunt Sophia and Naomi Raleigh in the garden, and accompanying them in to the breakfast table, where the matter was forgotten in the discussion that ensued respecting returns to town. Of these, Scarlett would hear nothing, for he had made his plans. He and they were to dine at five, and directly after, the boat would be ready, and they would pull up to the lock, and then float down home again by moon light.

'Well,' said Scates, with a shrug of the shoulders, 'you are master here.'

'No, no,' replied his host, 'yonder sits the master,' and he pointed to his wife.

'How many will the boat hold safely, dear?' said Mrs. Scarlett.

'Oh, a dozen, easily. Eighteen, if they would all sit still and not wink their eyes. We shan't be above seven, so that's all right.'

'You need not expect me to go,' said Aunt Sophia sharply. 'I'm not going to risk my life in a boat.'

'Pooh! auntie, there's no risk, and Scarlett. 'You'll better come.'

'No, I shall not!' said the lady very decisively.

'Why, auntie, how absurd!' said Scarlett, passing his arm round her waist. 'Now, what is the very worst that could happen?'

'Why, that boat would be sure to upset, James, and then we should all be drowned.'

'Now, my dear old auntie,' cried Scarlett, 'the boat is not at all likely to upset, in fact, I don't think we could upset her, and if she were, it does not follow that we should be drowned.'

'Why, we should certainly be, boy,' cried Aunt Sophia.—'Naomi, my dear, of course you have not thought of going!'

'Yes, aunt, dear, I should like to go very much,' said Naomi.

'Bless the child! Why?'

'The river is lovely, aunt, with the shadows of the trees falling upon it, and their branches reflected on its surface.'

'O yes, very poetical and pretty at your age, child,' cried Aunt Sophia. 'You never see the mud at the bottom, or think that it is wet and covered with nasty fog in winter. Well, I suppose you must go.'

'Really, Mrs. Raleigh, we will take the greatest care of her,' said Prayle.

'I really should like to take the greatest care of you,' muttered the doctor.

'Well, I suppose you must go, my dear,' said Aunt Sophia.

'Oh, thank you, aunt!' cried the girl gleefully.

'Now, look here, James,' said Aunt Sophia, 'you will be very, very careful!'

'Of course, auntie!'

'And you won't be dancing about in the boat or playing any tricks?'

'No—no—no,' said Scarlett, at intervals. 'I faithfully promise, though I do not know why.'

'You don't know why, James?'

'No, dear. I never do play tricks in a boat. No one does but a madman, or a fool. Besides, I don't want to drown my little wife.'

'Now, James, don't be absurd. Who ever thought you did?'

'No one, aunt, and Mrs. Scarlett. 'But you will go with us, will you not?'

'No, my dear, you know how I hate the water. It is not safe.'

'But James is so careful, aunt. I'd go any where with him.'

'Of course you would, my child,' said Aunt Sophia shortly. 'A wife should trust in her husband thoroughly and well.'

'So should a maiden aunt in her nephew,' said Scarlett, laughing. 'Come, auntie, you shan't be drowned.'

'Now, James, my dear, don't try to persuade me,' said the lady, pulling up her black lace mittens in a peculiar, nervous, twitchy way.

'I'll undertake to do the best for you, if you are drowned, Mrs. Raleigh,' said the doctor dully.

'I'm pretty successful with such cases.'

'Doctor Scates!' cried Aunt Sophia.

'Fact, my dear madam. An old friend of mine did the Royal Humane Society's business for them at the building, in Hyde Park, and one very severe winter when I helped him, we really brought back to life a good many whom you might have quite given up.'

'Doctor, you horrify me,' cried Aunt Sophia.—'Naomi, my child, come away.'

'No, no nonsense!' cried Scarlett. 'It's only Jack's joking way, auntie.'

'Joke!' cried the doctor, 'nonsense. The ice was unsafe, so of course the idiots insisted upon setting the police at defiance, and went on, to drown themselves as fast as they could.'

'How dreadful!' said Prayle.

'Very, for the poor doctors,' said Dr. Scates grimly. 'I nearly rubbed my arms out of the sockets.'

'Kitty, dear, you stop with Aunt Sophia, then,' said Scarlett. 'We won't be very long away.'

'Stop!' cried Aunt Sophia sternly. 'Where is it you are going?'

'Up to the lock and weir,' said Scarlett. 'You and Kitty can sit under the big medlar in the shade till we come back.'

'The lock and weir!' cried Aunt Sophia sharply. 'That's where the water comes running through a lot of stakes, isn't it?'

'Yes, aunt, that's the place.'

'And you've seen it before?'

'Scores of times, dear.'

'Then why do you want to go now?'

'Because it will be a pleasant row.'

'Noneone!' said Aunt Sophia shortly, 'pulling those oars and making blisters on your hands. Well, you must have your own way, I suppose.'

'All right, aunt. You won't think it queer of us to desert you?'

'Oh, you're not going to desert me, James?'

'Kitty will stay with you.'

'No, she will not,' said the old lady. 'I'm not going to deprive her of her treat.'

'I shant mind, indeed, aunt,' cried Mrs. Scarlett.

'Yes, you would, and you shall not be disappointed for I shall go too.'

'You will, aunt?' cried Scarlett.

'Yes, if you promise to be very careful. And you are sure the boat is safe?'

'As safe as being on this lawn, my dear aunt. You trust to me. I am glad you are going.'

Aunt Sophia looked at the frank manly face before her, saw the truth in the eager eyes, and her thin, yellow, careworn countenance relaxed into a smile.

'Well, I'm going, James, because I don't want to disappoint your little wife, she said to him in a low tone, 'but I don't see what pleasure it can give you to have a disagreeable old woman with you in the boat.'

They had moved off a little way from the others now, Scarlett having kept his arm round the old lady's waist, evidently greatly to her gratification, though, if it had been hinted at, she would have repudiated the fact with scorn.

'Can't you, auntie?' he said seriously. 'Well I'll tell you.' He paused then, and seemed to be thinking.

'Well! she said sharply, 'why is it? Now you are making up a flowery speech.'

'No,' he said softly. 'I was thinking of how precious little a young fellow thinks of his mother till she has gone. Auntie, every now and then, when I look at you, there is something that brings her back so much. That's why I like to have you.'

Aunt Sophia did not speak, but her hard sharp face softened more and more as she went into the house, to come out, ten minutes later, in one of the most fashionable Tuscan straw hats that ever covered the head of a maiden lady, and the marvel to her friends was that she should have been able to obtain so old-fashioned a production in these modern times.

#### CHAPTER VII.—UP TO THE WIFE

'That's the style. Hold her tight, Monnick—Now, auntie, you first. Steady, that's the way. You won't swamp her.'

'But it gives way so, James, my dear,' said Aunt Sophia nervously.

'There you are, but down at once. Never stand up in a boat—Is the cushion all right? That's the way—Now, Naomi—Hand her in, Jack—Come along, Kitty.'

Mrs. Scarlett gave her hand to her husband as soon as Naomi Raleigh was in, and stepped lightly from the gunwale to one thwart, and then took her place beside Aunt Sophia, Naomi being on the other.

'Arthur, old fellow, you'd better sit behind them and ship the rudder. Shorten the lines, and you can steer—Ready, Jack?' he said as Prayle stepped into the boat and sat down on a thwart behind the ladies.

'Oh!' cried Aunt Sophia with a little scream, 'take him out, he's too heavy. He'll sink the boat.'

'Hi! ha! ha!' laughed the doctor.

'It's all right, auntie, I tell you,' cried Scarlett, making the boat dance up and down as he stepped in, and, stripping off his flannel jacket, rolled up his sleeves over his arms.

The doctor stepped in and imitated his friend, both standing up, fine muscular specimens of humanity, though wonderfully unlike in aspect.

'Now, you told me it was dangerous to stand up in a boat, James,' cried Aunt Sophia. 'Pray, pray, take care. And look, look—the boat has broken loose.' For the gardener had dropped the chain into the forepart, and it was drifting slowly with the stream.

'Ah, so she has,' cried Scarlett merrily, 'and if we don't stop her, she'll take us right to London before we know where we are.'

'But do, pray, sit down, my dear.'

'All right, auntie,' said Scarlett, dropping into his place, the doctor following suit.

'Oh, oh!' cried Aunt Sophia, catching tightly hold of her companions on each side, 'the boat's on an over.'

'No, no, aunt, dear,' said Mrs. Scarlett, 'it is quite safe.'

'But why did it rock?' cried the old lady tremulously. 'And look, look, there are only two of them there, and we are four at this end! We shall sink it, I'm sure.'

'Now, auntie, it's too bad of you to set up for a stout old lady, when you are as light as a cork,' cried Scarlett, dropping his oar with a splash—'Ready, Jack?'

'Ready, ay, ready,' said the doctor, following suit, but his oar only swept the sedge.

'Gently,' said Scarlett, 'don't break the oar—'

'That's better, now you have it,' he said, as the head of the pig turned more and more, the doctor's oar took a good hold of the water, and in a few moments they were well out from the shore, the steady vigorous strokes sending them past the sloping lawn of the Rosery, which looked its best from the river.

'Place looks pretty from the water, doesn't it, Arthur?' shouted Scarlett.

'Delightful. A most charming home—charming, charming,' said Prayle, lowering his voice with each word, till it was heard as in a whisper by those on the seat in front.

'Don't feel afraid now, do you, auntie?' cried Scarlett to Aunt Sophia.

'N—not quite so much, my dear. But won't you make yourself very hot and tired?'

'Do him good, ma'am,' said the doctor, 'and me too—Gently, old fellow, or you'll pull her head round. I'm not in your trim.'

Scarlett laughed, and pulled a little less vigorously, so that they rode on and on between the lovely banks, passing villa after villa, with its boat house, lawn, and trimly kept garden. Then came a patch of trees leaving their drooping branches in the stream, then a sweep of wood, climbing higher and higher into the background.

on one hand, while on the other the hills receded, leaving a lawn like stretch of meadow land, rich in the summer wild flowers, and whose river edge was dense with flag and sedge and willow herb of lilac pink. The marsh marigold shone golden, and the water plantains spread their candelabra here and there. Great patches of tansy displayed their beautifully cut foliage, while in sheltered pools, the yellow water lilies sent up their leaves to float upon the calm surface, with here and there a round green ball in every grade of effort to escape from the whitening scales to form a golden chalice on the silver stream.

By degrees the beauty of the scene lulled Aunt Sophia's fears to rest, and she found sufficient faith in the safety of the boat to loosen her clutch upon the radius on either side, to admire some rustic cottage, or the sweep of many tinted verdure, drooping to the water's edge, while here and there, at a word from Scarlett, the rowers let the boat go forward by its own impetus, slowly and more slowly, against the stream, so that its occupants could gaze upon some lovely reach. Then, as they sat in silence, watching the beauty spread around, the boat grew stationary, hung for a moment on the balance, and began drifting back, gliding with increasing pace, till the oars were dipped again.

'The evening is so lovely,' said Scarlett, breaking a long silence, 'that I think we might go through the lock.'

'Right,' cried the doctor. 'I am just warming to my work.'

'I think it would be delightful,' said Mrs. Scarlett.

'O yes,' said Naomi. 'Those islands are so beautiful.'

'I don't think any part could be more beautiful than when we are,' said Aunt Sophia, rather shortly.

'O yes, it is, aunt dear,' said Scarlett. 'There you trust to me.'

'Well, it seems I must, for we women are very helpless here.'

'Oh, you may trust us, aunt. We won't take you into any danger.'

As they were speaking, the boat was rowed round a sharp curve to where the river on each side was embowered in trees, and stretching apparently like a bridge from side to side was one of the many weirs that cross the stream, while from between its piles, in graceful curves, a row of little waterfalls flowed down, each arc of water glistening golden and many tinted in the evening sun.

'There!' cried Scarlett. 'Easy, Jack—What do you think of that, aunt, for a view?'

'Yes,' said the old lady thoughtfully, 'it is very sweet.'

'A very poet's dream,' said Pryle softly, as he rested his elbow on the gunwale of the boat, his chin upon his hand.

'It is one of my husband's favourite bits,' said Mrs. Scarlett, smiling in the face of him she named—'Look, Naomi, that is the fishing cottage, there on the left.'

'I have not seen the weir for years—twenty years,' said Aunt Sophia thoughtfully, 'and then it was from the carriage, as we drove along the road.'

'Not half so good a view as this,' said Scarlett.

'—Now, then, we'll go through the lock, row up for a mile by the Dell woods, and then back.'

'But you will be tired, my dear,' said Aunt Sophia, whom the beauty of the scene seemed to have softened, and her worn sharp face looked wistful and strange.

'Tired?' said Mrs. Scarlett, laughing. 'O no, aunt, he's never tired.'

'Well,' said Scarlett, with a bright look at his wife, 'I'll promise one thing—when we're tired, we'll turn back.'

'Yes, dear, but there's all the way to return.'

'Oh, the river takes us back itself, aunt,' said Mrs. Scarlett merrily. 'Row up, and then float back.'

'Ah, well, my dears, I am in your hands,' said Aunt Sophia softly, 'but don't take me into danger, please.'

'All right, auntie—Here's one of the prettiest bits,' he added, pointing to where the trees on the right bank opened, showing a view of the hills beyond—'Now, Jack, pull!'

Ten minutes' sharp rowing brought them up to the stout piles that guarded the entrance to the lock, whose slimy doors were open, and as they approached, they could see the further pair, with the water hissing and spitting through in tiny streams, making a strange echo from the perpendicular stone walls that rose up a dozen feet on either side.

'Look, look, lock, lock!' shouted Scarlett in his mellow tones, as the boat glided in between the walls, and Aunt Sophia turned pale.

'They shut us up here, don't they, James, and then let the water in?'

'Till we are on a level with the river above, and then open the other pair,' said Scarlett quietly. 'Don't be alarmed.'

'But I am, my dear, and the old lady earnestly. 'My nerves are not what they were.'

'Of course not, said the doctor kindly—'I wouldn't go through, old fellow, he continued to Scarlett. 'Let's paddle about below the weir.'

'To be sure,' said Scarlett, as he saw his aunt's alarm. 'I'll bring you out to enjoy yourselves—Here—ho!' he cried, standing up in the boat, and making Aunt Sophia lean forward, as if to catch him and save him from going overboard—'All right, auntie—Hi—catch!' he cried to the lock-keeper, throwing him a shilling. 'We won't go through.'

The man did not make an effort to catch the money, but stooped in a heavy dreamy manner to pick it up, staring stolidly at the occupants of the boat.

Aunt Sophia uttered a sigh of relief, one that seemed to be echoed from behind her, where Arthur Frayle was seated, looking of a sallow sickly gray, but with his colour rapidly coming back as they reached the open space below the weir, where the water at once seemed to seize the boat and to sweep it downwards, but only to be checked and rowed upwards again towards the weir.

'There, auntie, look over the side,' cried Scarlett. 'Can you see the stones?'

'Yes, my dear,' said Aunt Sophia, who was evidently mastering a poor deal of trepidation. 'Is it all shallow like this?'

'O no. Up yonder, towards the piles, there



are plenty of holes fifteen and twenty feet deep, scoured out by the falling water when it comes over in a flood. See how clear and bright it is.

Aunt Sophia sat up rigidly, but her two companions leaned over on each side to look down through the lurid rushing stream at the stones and gravel, over which shot away, in fear, shoal after shoal of silvery dace, with here and there some bigger, darker fish that had been lying head to stream, patiently waiting for whatever good might come.

'Yes, my dears, it is very beautiful,' said Aunt Sophia. 'But you are gone, very near the falling water, James. It will be tumbling in the boat.'

'Oh, we'll take care of that, auntie,' said Scarlett merrily. 'Trust to your boatman in this, and he will take you safe.—What say, Arthur?'

'I say, are there any large fish here?'

'Large fish, my boy? Wait a moment.—Pull, Jack. They rowed close up to a clump of pines, driven in to save the bank from the constant washing of the stream.—Now, look down, old fellow, continued Scarlett, 'close in by the pines. It's getting too late to see them well. It ought to be when the sun is high.—Well, what can you see?'

'A number of dark shadowy forms close to the bottom,' said Prayle.

'Av, shoals of them. Big barbel, some as long as your arm, my lad—ten and twelve pounders. Come down some day and we'll have a good try for them.'

'Don't go too near, dear,' said Aunt Sophia.

'All right, auntie.—Here, Jack, take the boat hook, and hold on a moment while I get out the cigars and matches.—Ladies, may we smoke? Our work is done.'

'A bad habit, James,' said Aunt Sophia, shaking her head at him.

'But he has no few bad habits, aunt,' said Mrs. Scarlett, smiling.

'And you encourage him in those, my dear, said Aunt Sophia.—'There, sir, go on.'

'Went you have a cigar, Arthur?'

'Thank you, no,' said Prayle, with a grave smile. 'I never smoke.'

'Good young man!' said the doctor to himself as he lit up.

'Man after your own heart, aunt, said Scarlett merrily, as he resumed his oar, and for the next half hour they rowed about over the swiftly running water, now dyed with many a hue, the reflections from the gorgeous clouds that hovered over the ruddy sinking sun. The dancing wavelets flashed and sparkled with orange and gold, the shadows grew more intense beneath the trees, while in one portion of the weir, where a pile of logs had been worn away, the water ran down in one smooth soft curve, like so much molten metal poured from some mighty furnace into the hissing, boiling stream below.

'I never saw it so beautiful before,' cried Scarlett excitedly. 'It is lovely indeed.—Look, aunt.—Why, Arthur, it was worth a journey to see.'

'The place is like one seen in some vision of the night,' said Prayle softly.

'Hah! yes,' exclaimed the doctor thoughtfully, 'it is enough to tempt a man to give up town.'

'Do, old fellow, and you shall have us for patients,' cried Scarlett. 'We never want a doctor, and I hope we never shall.'

'Amen to that!' said Scaler, in a low serious tone. 'Ah!' he continued, 'what a pity it seems that we have so few of these heavenly days.'

'Oh, I don't know, said Scarlett. 'Makes us appreciate them all the more.'

'I think these things are best as they are,' said Prayle, in his soft dreamy tenor. 'Yes, all is for the best.'

Mrs. Scarlett looked at him uneasily, and Aunt Sophia tightened her lips.

'I should like to duck that fellow, and fish him out with the boat hook,' thought the doctor.

Then the conversation ceased. Words seemed to be a trouble in the beauty of that evening scene, one so imprinted in the breasts of the spectators that it was never forgotten. The boat was kept from floating down with the quick racing current by a sharp dip of the oars just given now and then, while every touch of the long blue blades seemed to be into liquid gold and silver and ruddy gems. The wind had sunk, and, saving the occasional distance softened lowing from the meads, no sound came from the shore, but always like distant thunder, heard upon the summer breeze, came the never ceasing, low-pitched roar of the falling water at the weir.

The silence was at last broken by Scarlett, who said suddenly, making his hearers start. 'Now then, Jack, one row round by the piles, and then home.'

'Right,' said the doctor, throwing the end of his cigar into the water, where it fell with a luss, and, bending to his oar, the light boat was sent up against the running water nearer and nearer to the weir.

The ladies joined hands, as if there was danger, but became reassured as they saw their protectors smile, and soon after, quite near to where the water came thundering down from where it was six feet above their heads, instead of the stream forcing them away, the water seemed comparatively still, the eddy setting slightly towards the weir.

'Here's one of the deep places,' said Scarlett. 'I fished here once, and my plummet went down over twenty feet.'

'And you didn't catch a gudgeon?' said the doctor.

'Not one,' replied Scarlett.

'How deep and black it looks!' said Prayle softly, as he laid one soft white hand in the water.

'Enough to make it,' said Scarlett.—'deep as that I say, what a place for a header?'

'Ah, splendid!' said the doctor, 'only, you mustn't dive on to pile or stone. I say, hadn't we better keep off a little more?'

'Yes,' said Scarlett, rising, oar in hand. 'I never knew the eddy set in so sharply before.—Why, auntie, if we went much nearer, it would carry us right in beneath the falling water, and we should be filled.'

'Pray, take care, James.'

'To be sure I will, my dear auntie,' he said, as he stood up there in the soft evening light. 'I'll take care of you all, my precious freight,' and waiting his time, he thrust the blade of his

oar against a pile, placed one foot upon the gun wale, and pressing heavily, he sent the boat steadily farther and farther away.

'Back water, Jack,' he said—'Now!' As he spoke, he gave one more thrust, but in the act there was a sharp crack as the frail ashen oar snapped in twain, a shriek of horror from Mrs. Scarlett as she started up, and a dull, heavy plunge, making the water foam up, as James Scarlett went in head foremost and disappeared.

### ACTING IN EARNEST

It is well known that during those hours which the late Mr. Charles Dickens devoted to literary labour, so thoroughly did he throw himself into the different characters of his works, that for the time being he thought, plotted, spoke, and acted only in their respective persons, forgetting altogether that he was either a novelist or Charles Dickens, or indeed any other than that particular individual whose portrait had so long by mental intercourses become indelibly implanted on his mind. To the habitual practice of this trait, therefore, a very large proportion of his success is to be attributed, for it must always be maintained that in the truthful delineation of character—and each individual character embodies a variety of the human passions—all the genius of an exceptionally qualified novelist or dramatist is to be traced, and he who can so completely identify himself with the creations of his imagination as to sink in them the consciousness of his own personality, must needs present a charm of characterization, is natural as it will be imposing, and attractive.

And if this be true of an author, with how much greater force must it not apply to an actor, who becomes at once the instrument or the interpreter of the dramatist, and whose business it is to represent faithfully all those emotions which have been allotted to the character that he impersonates? It is therefore not only necessary that the actor act his part with all due intelligence, and with every attention to details in the matter of costume and other accessories, but he must actually feel the character—to lose himself so completely, that, for the time present, he become in turn Othello, Macbeth, Romeo, or any other of those personages which his art calls upon him to assume.

A characteristic anecdote, ably illustrating this fact, has lately been reported—on the authority of Miss Jules Claretie—touching upon Salvini's conception of Othello. It appears that one evening, the great tragedian was sorely pressed by a party of friends to give them as a recitation the last monologue of Othello. At length he consented, and after a few moments' repose, and began in that fine resonant voice with which few members of his profession have been so gifted. But suddenly, and in the middle of a line, he paused, then, with a gesture significant of disappointment, exclaimed 'No, it is impossible! I am not in the situation. I am not prepared for this supreme anguish. In

order to render the frantic despair of Othello, I need to have passed through all his tortures. I need to have played the whole part. But to enter thus the soul of a character without having gradually penetrated into it—I cannot, it is impossible!' Salvini is moved by the associations of his part, and from the moment that he steps on the stage, he is no longer Salvini, but Othello, Lear, or any other of Shakespeare's masterpieces. It is jocularly said in Italy, that Salvini always carries in his pocket a free pardon, signed by Victor Emmanuel, and countersigned by the Minister of Justice, in case when he plays Othello, of his smothering Desdemona in downright earnest.

Another impassioned actor of the very highest class was the late Mr. Macready. 'I have often watched him,' writes Mr. George Augustus Sala, 'from the first before he went on, standing at the wing, apparently lashing himself into the proper frame of excitement needed for the particular part which he was playing, and muttering meanwhile in a seemingly incoherent manner to himself. But I have been assured that these utterances were by no means incoherent, and that thoroughly identifying himself with the part, he unfeignedly believed himself, for the nonce, to be Hamlet, Macbeth, or what not, and would hold the most passionate discourse with himself, touching the guilt of Claudius, the gray hairs of Duncan, and the potency, gravity, and reverence of the Signor of Venice, his very noble and approved good master. On one occasion, immediately after the curtain had been rung up on the first act of *Macbeth*, an unlucky actor in the company chanced to stumble upon the tragedian during his passionate preparations, the consequences of which was that Macready, quite unwittingly, dealt him a blow on the hand with such force that the blood flowed forth, and as at that instant the victim was to make his entrance on the scene, he impersonated the 'bleeding' victim only too naturally, and much to the astonishment of the other actors.

Talma, also, was so realistic an actor, that, in order to work up his grand bursts of passion, he would seize upon any unfortunate upon whom he came upon behind the scenes, and shake him until he himself had become breathless, and the man frightened beyond all control at his assumed violence. Nevertheless, the peculiarities both of Macready and Talma were only in accordance with that precedent furnished in ancient history, though with less disastrous results. According to Plutarch, Æeop, the Roman actor, so interested himself in the characters he undertook, that one day when he played Atreus, he, in that scene where it falls to his lot to consider how he might best destroy the tyrant Thyestes, worked himself up into such a pitch of ungoddarnable rage that he struck one of the minor performers with his sceptre and laid him dead at his feet.

From the earliest days of the Greek theatre,

the drama held a foremost position among the arts, and was considered solely as in importance with oratory. Nor during its reign among the Romans, at a later period, was this high estimation of the tragic muse suffered to abate. The ancients infused such an intense earnestness and zeal into their acting, that no effort or sacrifice was ever deemed too great, if, by its employment, the interests of their art could be in anywise enhanced. And how well these interpretations of the dramatists of old acquitted themselves on all occasions has been fully exemplified in the instance of Pulvis, who, on the very day on which he was to impersonate Electra in one of the heroines of Sophocles, deeply mourned the death of his only son, yet this did not inspire him with sufficient cause to tear himself from the theatre and his duties towards the public as an actor. And since, by a peculiar dramatic coincidence, the part he was to play was an exact resemblance of his own condition, a fond father bewailing the loss of his child—he, in order to render his grief the more poignant and natural, employed on the stage the identical funeral urn containing the ashes of his lamented son, at which he was not only visibly affected himself, but the entire assembly were touched unto tears at this exhibition so harrowing in its reality, so intensely soul inspiring in its sorrow.

Descending at once to the time of Shakspeare, and continuing our survey through the whole history of the modern drama, we discover the same earnestness that characterised the acting of the ancients. Of *Becketton*, the contemporary of the Immortal Bard, it has been recorded, that none was ever more qualified by nature and by genius to act what Shakspeare wrote, and that he never for a single moment while on the stage, conducted himself as an actor but as the character he represented. We are told also that whenever he played Hamlet he was actually soon to turn pale as the ghost appeared, so thoroughly did he enter into the feelings of the *tragic role*, so deeply could he allow his imagination to drink in the horrors of such a situation.

Garrick possessed the same powers of realisation. A grocer in Litchfield Garrick's native place—on the occasion of a brief visit to London, was desired by his neighbour, Peter Garrick, to wait upon his brother at Drury Lane Theatre on his behalf, for which purpose he furnished him with a letter of introduction. In due course he arrived, yet, before presenting himself at the stage door, the grocer thought he would first see the performance, as he wished to satisfy himself at the outset as to the personal appearance of David Garrick. The theatre was crowded in every part, and when the roll of the public came on the stage as Abel Druggier, their enthusiasm knew no bounds. The consequence of this visit, however, was that the grocer returned to Litchfield without having presented his letter. He thus explained himself to Peter: 'Your brother may be rich, as I dare say the man who lives like him must be, but though he be your brother, he is one of the shabbiest, meanest, and most pitiful hounds I ever saw in the whole course of my life.'

A worthy successor to Garrick, more especially perhaps in Shakspearean roles, was Spranger Barry. So terrible did he appear in the jealous

scene of *Othello*, that as he pronounced the words, 'I'll tear her all in pieces' his muscles visibly stiffened, his veins distended, his eyes almost forced themselves from their orbits, and every fibre of his body partook of that passion which carried all before it. Men and women in all parts of the house were equally affected, the frail sex shrieking outright, while Bernard, in his *Recollections*, confesses that he could not sleep all night after having witnessed such a performance.

Speaking of Barry's earnestness in this particular passage, we cannot refrain from calling to mind Mr Edwin Booth's experience in the same portion of the tragedy, as, when only a year or two ago, while performing in a theatre at Fort George in the Far West, the audience were so carried away by his terrific earnestness of purpose, that at this point they rose to a man, and drawing their bow-knives and revolvers, declared that 'if he did not drop his diabolical game at once, they would make dead meat of him'—upon which revelation, the tragedian dropped his acting, and the manager dropped the curtain.

Throughout all such scenes in *Othello* and other plays, Barry was himself so intensely moved, that his powers of utterance were considerably weakened, and real tears often gushed forth from his eyes. A proof of this subject, too, Charles Kimble once told Mr Adolphus that as often as he (Kimble) acted *Cassio*, on his brother John's pronouncing the words as only he could pronounce them, 'I do believe it, and I ask your pardon,' he caused the tears to flow ruddily from his eyes. 'One must feel to make others feel' once uttered by an eminent actress, who often shed tears when excitedly in the situations in which the heroine of her performance found herself, and Miss Kelly used to relate how she felt the hot tears dropping from Mrs Siddons's eyes when playing one of her most pathetic parts.

Nowadays, weeping plays are not quite so popular as formerly. At one time, people seem to have frequented the theatre as readily as men to be made sorrowful as to be amused, and when a particularly touching incident was represented, pocket handkerchiefs were plentifully brought into requisition. As often as Mrs Siddons appeared on the stage, she worked upon their sensibilities so earnestly, that they would be in momentary expectation of something being a matter of course. As an amusing instance, therefore, of mistaken pathos, Mr Croker Wilks tells the story of a lady who went all through Mrs Siddons's *Rosalind*, in *As You Like It*, thinking it was *Jane Shore*!

Edmund Kean was wont to portray his characters with terrible force. It has been stated that when whetting the knife in the *Merchant of Venice*, the great tragedian was so terribly earnest, that Young, who played Antonio, used to tremble for his very life! A parallel story to this, in which a fellow-a-tor found a wise reason to tremble indeed, is related of George Frederick Cooke. One night, Cooke, after having during the day quarrelled with one of the company, was observed to be intently sharpening the edge of his sword in the greenroom. This was a few minutes before going on the stage as Hamlet, and being questioned, he returned 'Yes, I and Mr Laertes will settle our little

dispute to night' As he was popularly known to be rancorous and violent on such occasions, this news startled his intended victim, yet, as no possible excuse could prevent him from going on the scene and engaging Hamlet in the proper order of the play, he stood so far on the defensive, that flinging himself upon his adversary, and seizing him by the collar, he threw him down on his back on the stage, and planting his knee upon his chest, solemnly swore that he would not suffer him to rise or the play proceed until he had received his positive assurance of doing him no mischief either there or on any future occasion We need scarcely add that many among the audience must have been somewhat struck upon beholding this new reading of Shakespeare's text!

Stage fighting is at all times attended with more or less danger, no matter how proficient the combatants may have become by training At the very first representation of *Michael Strouff* at the Adelphi Theatre, Mr Charles Warner received a serious sword slash across the hand, which put him to very considerable inconvenience.

Even more serious accidents are to be found in the annals of the stage Quite recently, a case was brought to light at a theatre at Pontreue, in France, where, during a performance of *Les Femmes de Saasne*, an actor was shot dead by his fellow Whether the fatal issue of this catastrophe was to be attributed to accident, carelessness, or design, has never been discovered, nor as in all similar instances—have the most rigid legal inquiries provided of the last and in solving the mystery as to how such a firearm could be charged with a bullet while the 'property master,' whose business it is to superintend all such arrangements—is well as to himself load the same with powder and paper only—voluntarily avers his utter ignorance of the circumstance.

Accidents of another kind, again, are frequent, and at times attended with great danger. Notably these are to be met with in elaborate settings, where scaffolding, a complex system of rostrum, ladders, terraces, embankments, or other elevated portions of framework are employed, which are liable to give way at any moment beneath the weight of an actor, and precipitating him to an immense depth on, or even below the stage, are generally attended with great personal injuries. It will not be necessary to recur to these facts more particularly in this place—our own stage experience might indeed furnish a few examples—yet, going back to ancient history, we even there discover sufficient precedent for such catastrophes. In those spectacular tragedies, for instance, in which the gods descend in chariots from the roof of the stage, the accents of heroes to the realms of bliss on the backs of eagles, and the use of other such extravagant machinery was called into aid—these often afforded the means of unfolding a tragedy in the night, and yet the performers entered so thoroughly into their parts that they paid little heed to the hazardous risks which they thereby encountered. Suetonius tells us of an actor who undertook the part of Icarus, in the presence of Nero and thousands of spectators in one of the largest of the Roman theatres, and so exerted himself, 'that though he fabled the character, he realised the catastrophe, for, falling from

a prodigious height, he was dashed to pieces, and the Emperor was covered by his blood' This was certainly acting in earnest.

Touching for a moment upon the lyric drama, Sir John Hawkins has told us, in his *History of Music*, how that celebrated songstress, Mrs Tofts, whose triumphant success was first signalled by her rendering of Camilla in the Italian opera of that name, was so affected by the regal dignity which she had to assume in that character, that it excited a disastrous effect upon her mind. She ultimately, however, regained her proper frame of mind, and again resumed her lyric representations, to the delight and admiration of all who heard her.

Sometimes natural feelings conquer those that are artificial in the actor. On the occasion of the Olympic Gaiety Company, with Mr John Nelson as leading artist, visiting Aberdeen, a large and fashionable audience had assembled on the opening night to witness his highly extolled impersonation of Frank Faraday, in the romantic and touching drama *Driven from Home*, and Joe the outcast in *The Ocean Wave*. During the first named play, all went well, and the deep pathos which the actor assumed in his character of the oppressed son, exiled from his own family, and subjected to every possible disaster, though innocent of any crime, made itself manifest in the eyes of many among the audience, though they were little aware that his seemingly artificial sorrow was only too real. In the second piece, he found it difficult to conquer his rising emotions, and soon, faltering in his delivery, he sank back into a chair sobbing aloud, and completely broke down. In a few incoherent words, he then told the audience that he had all the evening been suffering from a very painful illness, consequent upon the sudden death of his brother, of which he had only been informed whilst in the theatre, it had been with extreme difficulty that he had dragged through the former piece, but now he could proceed no further. At this juncture, he was led off the stage, nor for some moments afterwards were his hysterical sobs sufficiently subdued to prevent them reaching the audience from behind the scenes.

Another incident even more distressing happened during the performance of a comedy. The actor was a low comedian already high in the public estimation. His business was, therefore, to amuse the audience by his antics, but unhappily, his whole bearing was on this particular night so unsuited to his part, and so foreign to the general conception of his talents, that popular indignation was kindled against him, nor could the audience account for the change, except on the supposition that he must be intoxicated. Some even protested against his being allowed to appear before them in such a state. At length, the actor it need be to the centre of the theatre, and explained to the audience in a few terms, the cause of his bad acting. 'My wife, he said, 'died an hour ago.'

Verily, might not many a member of an actor's profession exclaim with Mohr:—'My life is a sad comedy in five short and acts. It is very dull to the people in front, but it is bitter to the man behind the scenes.'

## COMMON SHELLFISH

ALZHOUGH, as a well to do fishmonger's, the humble mussel, periwinkle, cockle, whelk, &c., are rarely seen, they really form an article of considerable commercial value in many districts, especially in the east end of London and in seaport towns. Of those enumerated above, the mussel is probably the least in repute, although, doubtless, the time is not far distant when it will be as carefully cultivated, and held in as much estimation amongst us, as it is in France, where every cookery book contains a large number of recipes for converting this bivalve into soup and every kind of savoury dish. At present, although this mollusc is cultivated here, it is principally for but, but in some parts of France, where it is much appreciated, the same care is bestowed on the production of the mussel as on that of the oyster, and this trade forms a large branch of industry. For several centuries, there have been mussel farms, or *bouchots*, on the coast of France, and those situated in the Bay of Angoulon are especially noted. These farms afford occupation to the *bouchotiers*, who hand over their cages of shellfish, when returning from the gathering grounds, to be cleaned and packed by their women and children. This mollusc is propagated in shallow bays on piles or wattles, upon which the spit is deposited, and where, with proper care and attention, it proves eventually most profitable. When of sufficient size, the mussels are taken off in carts, which distribute, to all the accessible towns and villages, the rich salt water harvest.

Mussel culture is extensively carried on at various places on the coast of Scotland, as well as of England, being a necessity as bait for many kinds of fishing. In some seaports, the supply is not equal to the demand, and large quantities are imported from Hamburg. At Lyme, the propagation of the mussel is thought of sufficient importance to be under the control of the town corporation, as at some places the mussel beds have been destroyed by their being carried away for manure, although they are not very efficacious for this purpose. It is principally in the large manufacturing towns that mussels are consumed in any large quantities, as, generally speaking, a prejudice exists against their use, owing to symptoms of poisoning having sometimes followed after eating them, although it has only occurred after their being taken off copper shathing, or from being gathered from a spot polluted with sewage.

Mussels soon after planting yield a profitable crop, and they are always wholesome when they are obtained from a spot where the water is pure. If a feeling could be roused as to their not being a dangerous food, no doubt they would soon come into repute as an edible in England.

Cockles are also cultivated in what are called by courtesy 'gardens' at Starcross and other places, and command a ready sale, as, besides being, in the estimation of some connoisseurs, a toothsome morsel, the shells are useful when broken up for repairing paths. Cockles will not bear a long transport successfully, as it is difficult to reproduce them *Aspidat* while on voyage.

The limpet when boiled is edible, but it is seldom eaten, except by the roughest of the Irish

and Orkney seafaring population, though in times of famine, the limpet has been largely employed by the starving people.

Periwinkles, or winkles, are of course old favourites amongst those to whom the aristocratic oyster is an unattainable luxury. The best are those gathered off rocks, and the larger they are, the higher the price they fetch. Their collection along the Irish and Scotch coasts affords a living to hundreds of persons.

Although the whelk is a still coarser mollusc, it affords food for the poor. But it is as a bait that it is of the greatest importance. Scallops are, of course, very good eating, and served hot and well cooked, form a most palatable dish. But in America, there is no shellfish held in such repute as the clam, which for hundreds of years, served in some form or another, has been the national dish. Proofs are left of the way in which the ancient inhabitants of America have utilised shellfish for food, in the large heaps of shells which are found in all the old villages along the coast.

Inland, snail 'gardens' are to be found in several continental countries. Here, various species are cultivated with the greatest assiduity, and are fattened for sale before sending to the markets. They are in the greatest demand before Lent, when thousands of the largest kinds are sent off to the convents and monasteries, for the sustenance of their inhabitants during the prescribed period of fasting.

## OCTOBER

Windy swallows dream of southern skies,  
When round the giant unsightly bones  
Of waxy wood's October moose.  
A voice within me wakes and cries  
'Go, count the churchyard stones.'

Strange with what speed my task wheels round,  
So strange, I oftimes deem that I  
Stand by this yaw eternally,  
As I watch each fresh memorial mound  
Lay—an embedded sigh.

Ah Change unchanging, deathless Death,  
Your shadows fall across our ways  
As erst in golden Grecian days  
They fell, and froze the lyric breath  
Of warm Ionia's lays.

Yet not when Spring fresh crowned with hope  
Bids meadows break in song and flower,  
Or Summer a dim Lethæan hour  
Draws peaceful breath from slope to slope,  
Know I your giant power,

Nor when the great world's nakedness  
Chaste Winter's fingers draps with snow,  
And all the Northern tempests blow,  
Till lands are reeling with their storm,  
'Comes this reckless woo

But only when the last leaves swing,  
And tattered Autumn blows her stave,  
Like wanderer in a loveless cave  
I grope, and cry 'Ah, Death, thy stang,  
Thy victory, O grave'

L. J. G.

Printed and Published by W & R. CHAMBERS, 67 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 330 High Street, EDINBURGH.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF  
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fourth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

CONDUCTED BY R. CHAMBERS (SENIOR)

No 1035—Vol. XX.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1893

Price 1d

## 'ESQUIRES' AND 'GENTLEMEN'

The question is often asked 'Shall I call him Mr Jones, or Jones, Esq?' and the answer is 'Oh, put Jones, Esq., everybody is an Esquire now-a-days, and it may offend him to put Mr Jones.'

Now, whether it is offensive to Jones or not, is immaterial, because he either has a right to the title of Esquire, or he has no right to it and this depends upon the social position in life of Jones. In looking over the list of persons present at a levee, we never see any Esquires mentioned but a list of 'Messieurs' is given, a title not found in any title of precedence in England, but on reference to the most authentic tables, we find after knights' younger sons, come esquires, gentlemen, yeomen, tradesmen, artificers, labourers. Thus, it appears that an esquire comes above a 'gentleman,' and below the younger sons of knights.

The word esquire is derived from the French *écu*, and the Latin *scutum*, meaning a shield, or rather, the hide of which shields were anciently made, and afterwards covered. An esquire was originally he who attended a knight in the time of war and carried his shield, whence he was called *scuter* in Latin, and *scutifer* or *armiger* in Italian. The following extract from an old work on Heraldry, shows that in former days the title of Esquire was held only by persons who came under the rules which gave a man the title, and not, as in the present day, by anybody who considers himself entitled to it. 'In the reign of Henry V, by a statute passed in the first year of his reign, it was enacted that in all cases of outlawry, the additions of the estate, degree or profession of the defendant, should be inserted in the process, and it thus became necessary to ascertain who were entitled to the degree of Esquire, and it was determined by the most learned in the degree of honour that there were seven sorts of esquires—namely (1) Esquires of the king's body, limited to four, they keep the door of the king's bedchamber whenever he shall please to go to

bed, with a certain and have precedence of all knights younger sons (2) The eldest sons of knights and their eldest sons successively (3) The eldest sons of the younger sons of barons, and others of the great nobility (4) Such as the king invests with collars of SS, as the kings of arms, heralds, &c, or shall go out silver or white spurs, the eldest son of the last mentioned only could bear the title of esquire (5) Esquires to the knights of the Bath being their attendants on their institution these must wear countenance, a collar, & the law of arms, an esquire for life, and do their duties, and have the same privilege as the esquires of the king's body (6) Sheriffs of counties, judges of the peace (with this distinction that a sheriff, in regard to the duties of his office, is an esquire for life, but a justice of the peace only so long as he continues in the commission) and those who bear a special office in the king's household, as gentlemen of the king's chamber, carvers, sewers, cupbearers, pincers, sergeant at arms, and all that have any near or especial dependence on the king's royal person, and are not knighted, also captains in the war, recorded in the king's lists (7) Councilors at law, bachelors of divinity, law, and physic, mayors of towns, reputed esquires or equal to esquires (though not really esquires), also the king's pennon-bearer, who is a person that carries the king's flag, either at sea or at a funeral.

Camden, in his *Britannia*, makes out only four sorts of esquire—(1) The eldest sons of knights, and their eldest son in perpetual succession (2) The eldest sons of younger sons of peers, and their eldest sons in like perpetual succession (3) Esquires created by the king's letters patent or other investiture, and their eldest sons. This creation has long been disused (4) Esquires by virtue of their office, as justices of the peace, and others who bear any office of trust under the Crown, if styled esquires by the king in their commissions and appointments.

'Esquires of the king's' mentioned in the previous list, are now disused. Purveyors at law are now fully possessed of the title 'Esquire;' but

it seems that the degree of barrister at law is of greater worth than the title 'Esquire' or degree of M.A. The Court of Common Pleas—a great many years ago—refused to hear an affidavit read because a barrister named in it was not called Esquire.

The real reason why there are so many Esquires in the present day is easily explained by the fact, that just as people use arms who have no heraldic right to do so, so they choose the highest title they can decorate their names with, and as the investiture of a knight or Esquire has now become obsolete, there is not the same reason why a man should not call himself Esquire, as there is to prevent him calling himself 'Sir' or 'Lord'.

Nearly a hundred years ago, it seems that those who wished to preserve the title or dignity of Esquire for those who came within the rules before mentioned, were much vexed at the common use of the title. One writer says: 'There is a general opinion that every gentleman of landed property that has three hundred pounds a year is an esquire, which is a vulgar error, for no money whatsoever, or landed property, will give a man properly this title unless he come within the rules, and no person can receive this title where it is not due, there being no difficulty in drawing the line. But the mercenary rinks of the people, who know no better, do often basely prostitute this title, and, to the great confusion of all rank and precedence, every man who in dress a decent appearance, but from thinking himself in any way entitled by finding the superscription of his letters thus decorated, is fully gratified by such address. Shakespeare says: 'Let none presume to wear an unlooked-for dignity.'

Let us now return to our friend Jones, and if he is not to be addressed as Esquire, what shall we call him? We must say Mr Jones, for that is the title of a 'gentleman.' Who, then, are gentlemen? Under this name, all are included who are not yeomen, tradesmen, ushers, or labourers. The word is from the French *gentil*, and the Saxon *man*—that is, a man well born, or one that has done something worthy either in peace or war, whereby he deserves to bear arms and to be counted a gentleman. The following extract from Guillim's *Display of Heraldry* is worthy of notice: 'In these days he is a gentleman who is commonly so taken, and whosoever studieth the laws of this realm, who studieth in the university, who professeth liberal sciences, and, to be short, who can live without manual labour, and will bear the port, charge, and countenance of a gentleman, he shall be called "Master," and shall be taken for a gentleman.'

A few years ago, a difficulty arose in one of the police courts in London. A person described as 'a gentleman' was charged with swearing, and he was also charged with disorderly conduct. But the charge of swearing was under a statute of George II., which enacts 'that every labourer, sailor, or soldier, profanely swearing, shall forfeit one shilling, every other person under the degree of a gentleman, two shillings, and every gentleman or person of superior rank, five shillings to the poor of the parish wherein such offence was committed.' The case was proved. 'But,' said the magistrate, 'you are not a labourer, soldier,

or sailor, and it is certain you are not a gentleman.' So he was fined two shillings, as being of the class 'every other person.'

Degrees of nobility and gentry were in use before the Norman Conquest, for the Saxons admitted to the estate of gentry only those who had increased their wealth or gains by honest husbandry or as merchants. In Saxon times, there were the earl and thyrle, theyne and under theyne, and in Lambert's *Psalms of King* it is stated: 'If a thyrle so thyrved that he had fully five hides of land of his own, a church and a kitchen, a bellhouse and a gate, a seat and several office in the king's hall, then he was thenceforth the theyne right worthy. And if a theyne so thyrved that he served the king on his journey, rode in his household, if he then had a theyne which him followed, who to the king's expectations had five hides, and in the king's palace his lord served, and three with an errand had gone to the king, he might afterwards by his lord's part at any need, so a theyne could become an earl, and an earl could become an earl right worthy. And if a merchantman so thyrved that he possessed over the wide sea three of his own craft, he was thenceforth the theyne right worthy. And if a scholar so thyrved in such learning that he had degree and served Christ, he was thenceforth of dignity and power so much worth as thenceunto belonged, unless he forfeit, so that he lose the use of his degrees.'

It is a common thing to find in old church records the names of persons on tombstones followed by the word 'gent' or 'gentleman,' which shows that in those days the title was more thought of than it is now. According to the laws of honour, gentlemen had certain privileges, but, like the esquires, there is now no certainty as to the right of a person to call himself either 'esquire' or 'gentleman.'

There is yet another class of people, the yeomen. Sir Edward Coke says: 'A yeoman is he that hath free land of forty shillings by the year, who was anciently thereby qualified to serve on juries, vote for knights of the shire, and do any other act, where the law requires one that is *probus et legalis homo*.'

The yeomanry were famous in olden times for archery and manhood. Our infantry, which so often conquered the French and repulsed the Scots, was composed of yeomen, but in the old days, the yeomanry, though in some parts they are more disciplined and better drilled than in other districts, cannot surpass in valour and hardiness the yeomen of days gone by.

It seems hard to class tradesmen, artificers, and labourers together as 'the rest of the commonalty,' for under the head of 'tradesmen' we have some of the wealthiest and wisest men in the country, but just as many of our nobility are traders, so many of our manufacturers are, by virtue of public offices held by them, endowed with titles of honour. A man may be 'Mr' in his private business, and a Right Honourable as a public man.

The people of England are divided into certain ranks and degrees, and it is good and necessary that those ranks and degrees should be preserved. It has been said that 'All men are by nature equal,' but this is a false proposition, for all men are by nature unequal, and very unequal. We

may discover within a few weeks after a child is born a marked difference between it and other children, and as it grows in years, and its mind and body become developed under a course of 'education,' the difference or inequality of nature becomes more distinct every day, even if other children have the same and equal advantages. All men have an equal right to justice or to their own property, but one man has rights and claims which another has not, for the various blood relationships show this, father and son, husband and wife, have equal, but different rights, and in short, whenever one man is set over another, there are equal rights, but the things they have a right to are manifestly unequal. That all men should be equal, is contrary to nature, and so the condition of things would bring about much misery and decay all hypotheses. The experiment has been tried, but the result has been assassination, murder, and anarchy. In England, so excellent is our form of government, that the son of the poor t and humble t man may rise to the highest position in the church, law, army, navy, or any other department, and there is no limit to the wealth and honour a man may achieve by honest industry.

## ONE FALSE, BOTH FAIR,

OR, A HARD KNIFE

## CHAPTER VIII—CONCLUSION

THE time of those most eminent family solitors Pounce and Pontifex was too valuable for Mr Pontifex, the real, if not the titular, head of the firm, to spare more than two or three days even to so important a client as the Marchioness of Leominster, mistress of Castel Yvris. It is with these veteran legal advisers of the great, as it was of old in Normandy, France with mayors of the palace—the man who knows all must manage all, for the comfort of His Grace or the Earl. Even Clive, careful as she felt to her own lawyer, Mr Sterling, for his good service and faith in her cause, as it is to be splendidly recompensed, and never forgotten, felt that Pounce and Pontifex must still keep the talk deals and transact the business of the almost princely House of which her husband had been chief. The Lincoln Inn solitors were like grand functionaries of state, true to the reigning sovereign, and to displace them would have been almost as much an act of vandalism as to modify the Norman Castel Yvris with terra cotta pottery and encaustic tiles.

Mr Pontifex stayed for his instructions. The only one of them to which he demurred was the order to pay into the hands, the false gilly hands, of Countess Louise de Lalouve the lump sum of money which Clare had promised her.

'Such a foreign adventure as that must be paid for her trouble, of course, but strictly not, Lady Leominster, enriched so unmercifully. A more moderate sum would amply'—

'I promised, Mr Pontifex, and I must keep my word to the letter, no matter how the guardianship has been earned, or how base may be the receipt,' interrupted Clive.

Mr Pontifex seemed as if still inclined to remonstrate, but at that moment a servant entered the room and delivered him a letter

He opened and read it. It was from Mr Sterling, and was very kind.

DEAR SIR—It will be unnecessary for Her Ladyship the Marchioness of Leominster to trouble herself further in the matter of the reward promised to the foreign Countess de Lalouve. She and her husband were yesterday apprehended in London by two French agents of police, on a charge, which, if proved against them, will render them liable to possibly long imprisonment. I have also learned much as to that wretched woman's proceedings in the painful case in which I have had the honour to act for her Ladyship, and I find that even a few days ago the Countess's husband offered, if the husband were ruined by the side which you then represented, to withdraw from the business made with my late client, and leave her to her fate. In these circumstances—which I think can be verified by Miss Clara Carew—her Ladyship may consider herself fully exonerated from any promise which in good faith she may have made to that worthless and treacherous woman.

And so this matter was settled as Mr Pontifex had wished.

It was a bad time for Sir Pagan when the little lawyer went away from Castel Yvris. Mr Pontifex was not a general company for the half-educated baronet of sport, tastes but, at any rate, he was a man and gentleman of Sir Pagan's degree of culture and intelligence can only talk to men. The cut at Clive was that of Clive had promised his sister Clara that he would stay with her at her Lincolnshire estate as long as his presence would be a relief in a protection to her, and he kept his word, though time hung very heavily on his hands, and to stroll and smoke about the still, and take counsel with the veterinary surgeon about a sick horse and chat with neighbouring farmers over a priming of the back of a buck, or a billy, were his only resources. It was not for very long, that Sir Pagan was to be condemned to lead a solitary life at Castel Yvris. Clive was soon to have, in Arthur Talbot a protector and a companion for the rest of her days, and a few before two months were over, a very quiet wedding, without pomp or glitter or ceremony, and in which the Rectory of the parish was denied of sufficient parson power to tie the marriage knot, without episcopal or even archiepiscopal aid, took place in the little church which had witnessed the interrupted espousals of the pseudo Marchioness and Lord Putnam. And then Arthur Talbot and Clive of Leominster were man and wife, and the castle had a new master, and Sir Pagan was free to go back to his bachelor bower in Dunton Street.

Sir Pagan did not go alone. On one point all Clara's persuasions had failed. Clara Carew was inexorable. In vain did the Marchioness plead with the master who had for a time supplanted her to let the prettiness, then, and to live with her, cherished and beloved, until such time as she should herself marry.

'You are very, very kind, my own dear, noble Clive, answered the countess, 'it is like you to wish it, and like you to urge it, but it can never be. I shall be no more a wife now, young as I am. I have worn the bride's veil and the bridal



white for the first and last time. Yesterday, I went to Lord Putney's very humble letter, craving his pardon for the injury I had been about to do him. He was abundant in some respects, but he was honest. I owed him that much of reputation. Nor ever again shall I look Society in the face—Yes, I forgot, she added quickly, and with a sudden light in her sad eyes, 'when I am on my way, as I shall often be, I hope, to smooth a sufferer's pillow and minister by a bed of pain, then I may meet the ornate eyes of those who knew me, and not be ashamed.'

Nothing which her sister could say, no entreaty, no argument, could make Cora flinch from her purpose. 'No, Clue, don't,' she replied resolutely, 'I see my road before me now clearly, and the future with me must help to atone for the past. If I was obstinate in women, now I shall be steadfast for my conscience's sake, in what I believe to be right. And not even your dear voice can make me swerve from the line I have chosen.'

Coro therefore lives at her brother's house in Bruton Street, enjoying the same rooms which her sister formerly inhabited, and giving up her days and her thoughts to works of mercy. Of the three thousand and a year which she receives from the bounty of the Marchioness, she had, by arrangement, given to Sir Percival, and thereby greatly lighted the burdens and promoted the comfort of that impetuous but well-meaning Lucretia, while the remainder is expended, almost to the last shilling, in the good works for which a vast city offers only too extended a field. In the equalled far West of London, where poverty is rife, and the wolf preys even at the doors of myriads, Cora's plain little bonnet and Cora's simple attire, and her lovely face, thin and care-worn it is, but with a soft earnestness in the blue eyes, are familiar sights. And blessings follow her as she goes for she has lightened many a heavy heart and brightened many a desolate hearth. Her only visits are to the poor and the afflicted. She has kept her word. Society will never again see Cora Clue attempt to take her place in its ranks.

For Madame de Lalouve and her husband, Nicolas, as we have already intimated, was waiting. The perfidians are not a whit more timid on their guard against the possible treachery of others than it was in this case. The confession of a foreign partner of theirs in a former crime had turned evidence against them, and they were, as we know, apprehended. Their trial in Paris shortly followed, and they were both sentenced to a period of twenty years' imprisonment, which sentence, if still alive, they are at the present moment working out in one of the convict establishments of France.

There is so much of him and so much of folly and of frivolity to mingle with the wholesome bits of life, that it is not very likely that Sir Melville, now principal of the Private Inquiry Office, will soon find his occupation gone.

Mrs. Dawson's last year was spent in comfort, thanks to the bounty of her former charge the Marchioness, of whom the old woman thought and spoke constantly as dear Miss Clue. A less interesting person, Mary Ann Pinnett, disappeared about the time of the Countess de Lalouve's apprehension, and we have no desire to seek out her whereabouts.

As a matter of form, the notice of action was withdrawn, and the case of Leominster, otherwise Clue v. Clue, otherwise Leominster, expunged from the assize roll at Maitland's court-house. The gentlemen of the long robe of course had their retaining fees and their 'refreshers,' to console them for the loss of an opportunity for forensic display.

Of Clara and Arthur, loving and beloved, and making a wise and noble use of the gifts of fortune, there is not much to tell. There are happy homes with which the chronicler feels as if he had no right to meddle, and it may suffice to say that never had any charming Marchioness of Leominster been so loved and honoured by rich and poor around. Clue's Viceroy was Clara, the castle's bright and beautiful young mistress. The present Marquis and his wife—for Dolly Montmarry has it long consented to become a Leominster—in on friendly terms there, and even grand Lady Barbara is an occasional visitor.

And Lord Putney! There were those who thought that what had occurred would have been enough to break his withered heart, or supplant that organ to be too tough for such a catastrophe, and all at once dump his buoyant spirits. He did certainly go abroad for a time, but after a short visitation in Paris, Nice, Cannes, he returned, in the early flush of the London season, at his club. The veteran dandy would appear us to mental distress and unconscious of ridicule. There he was, tipping as lightly as ever on the points of his varnished boots, staring as pertinaciously as ever through his gold-rimmed eye-glasses, still tipping his immaculate snuff-box, and retaining, his well-worn monocle, as of old. 'I really don't think I shall marry, really, now,' was his only answer to a blundering attempt at condolence on the part of some well-intentioned friend. And perhaps, at his time of life, and after the recent shipwreck of his hopes of continental felicity, his lordship's prospects as a marrying man were nil.

THE END

PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF AN INDIAN OFFICIAL.

I HAVE two objects in view in placing some of my experiences before the public. One is, to bring home to those who 'stay at home' the responsibilities and difficulties that often devolve upon their countrymen in India, many of whom are very young men. I do so in the hope of lessening the tendency to censure and to find fault with those who work in bad climates and far away from home. Their hands, indeed, should be strengthened, so that in taking responsibilities upon themselves, they may do so cheerfully, with the feeling that their countrymen will regard their work with a kindly eye as 'done for the best.' How often have Indian officials been deeply hurt by disputing remarks with reference to their work made in the House of Parliament by individuals who, from want of Indian experience, were quite incapable of forming a correct opinion on the subjects they handled so freely.

My second object is, to show to young men who are drawn towards India, that industry in

their work will invariably be successful. In fact, a man with special knowledge of any subject will sooner or later be sure to find the advantage of it. I knew an Englishman who obtained a civil appointment of between seven and eight hundred pounds per annum, simply because he had made himself in some measure fit for it by working at engineering at leisure times. So a knowledge of geology, botany, or of any natural science has often greatly promoted a man's career. Even a good voice, or musical ability, has drawn attention to a man, and opened a door of advancement. Industry and steadiness are the preliminaries of success. I need hardly mention the necessity of extreme moderation in the use of alcoholic drinks. Perhaps 'abstinence' might be the better recommendation, at all events, every one should give it a fair trial, extending over a considerable period. Certainly those whose duty takes them out much in the sun should be more than moderate. Provided men have constitutions fully suited to a hot climate, and take proper precautions, the sun need not be feared.

It is not the man with brilliant showy qualities that India wants. Take Outram, Havelock, the Lawrenses, and many other striking men—their success was due to their strong sense of duty, and to the honesty and determination of their characters. Steady characters they were indeed, rarely perturbed by the responsibilities thrown upon them early in life. Strong in themselves, and stronger in their reliance on a Higher Power, they were ready, when the time came, to act, and they acted not in vain. So a steady persistence in the work that comes to the hand of any one in India will most surely meet with its reward. There was a private soldier at the taking of Seringapatam, who eventually gained a commission, in which he held a staff appointment of great responsibility. He had a large family, and all his domestic and official duties were discharged with the most scrupulous care, after distinguished careers in the army, being now general officer. His success was due simply to a conscientious sense of duty and integrity of character. The power of acting in emergencies was wonderfully exemplified in his case, when, arising one morning at the General Arsenal, which was under his charge, he found one of his subalterns out of his mind, talking about a magazine of ammunition smoking a large cigar. Quickly entering into conversation with the man, he walked slowly with him towards the door, and once outside, he watched the cigar away and crushed it between his hands until every spark was extinguished.

In spite of all that detractors say of the little good English rule has done for India, it is certain that every English official has great power for good or for evil. How many well known instances have existed, and still exist, of the popularity of civilians, who, though firm and strict, are nevertheless just and kind in dealing with natives. There are still military officers whom their men will follow through fire and water. Let those, then, who think of Indian service, take it to their heart that they are undertaking a career that may be good and noble if they will. As their opportunities of doing good will be very great, so will their responsibilities be heavy. But

if they will pursue a steady consistent course of duty, treating natives as they would wish to be treated themselves, were their places reversed, the reward will come. The natives of India very much resemble children in character, and require similar treatment, and there are no people in the world more amenable to kindness. Once gain their affections and confidence, and anything may be done with them. Cases are not unknown of the civilian collector being greeted joyfully throughout his district tours. And if there is a reverse side to the picture, so much the more incumbent is it upon those who desire India's welfare to work with all their might to counteract the defects that necessarily appertain to a foreign rule. We have our national defects, making us more or less unpopular with foreign nations, and many characters wanting in discipline find their way to India. But as our treatment of natives generally has much improved and is improving, we may hope that at no distant day there will be little to say against us on this head.

I will now relate one of my earliest experiences of Indian life, which made a deep impression upon me. The story is strictly true, with the possible exception of some minor details, as, having made no notes at the time, I tell it from memory.

Some thirty years ago, the adjutant of one of the Indian cavalry regiments was killed under very peculiar circumstances. He was standing leaning against a post at his dinner table one evening after dusk, when a muffled explosion sprung into the room from the veranda behind him, and he disappeared as quickly as he entered. The poor officer, who was alone with his wife at the time, received a mortal wound, and soon died. The usual inquiries took place, for some time unavailingly, until at last a list of the names of persons who were charged with the crime. Curiously enough, however, he had caused a strong feeling to prevail both for and against him in the station, where the murder was committed in consequence of which a court-martial was ordered to try the case at a large station some two hundred miles distant, and there, prisoner, with his wife and all concerned, was ordered to proceed. I was then a young officer, doing duty at this very station, and was ordered, by way of gaining experience, to attend the court throughout the trial. As it extended over two or three weeks, it gave me an excellent opportunity of becoming acquainted with the forms and manner of conducting the proceedings of courts-martial. The scene was indeed imposing on the first day of its assembling. The president and members of it, some thirteen or fifteen in number, were all held officers, in full dress. The judge advocate, who presided, was an officer of great legal experience, and the interpreter was an English officer who lived entirely among natives. He was brought in from a distant station in consequence of his being a perfect linguist. Most truly he deserved the distinction of being directed to supercede all the interpreters at the station, one of whom, under ordinary circumstances, would have been ordered to perform the duty. He used to take a paper written in English, full of legal phrases and technical terms, and without ever having seen it before translate it into the pure Hindustani, reading it off, as it seemed, from the paper before him.

On the first day of the court martial, after all the formalities had been fulfilled, orders for the assembly having been read, president, members, judge, advocates, and interpreters, all sworn, the prisoner was ordered into court. I shall never lose the impression made upon me by his entrance. A man almost of the first appearance, I ever saw in any country, perhaps six feet four inches in height, dressed in the handsome light blue uniform of the Indian cavalry, walked in. His bearing was truly noble as he took his place at the further end of the room between the two English soldiers who guarded him. When asked if he was 'guilty or not guilty' of the crime laid to his charge, he replied in a calm, clear voice, 'Yik kum mere hiah se nubeen hua.' (I did not do this work.) The trial then proceeded. One witness deposed to having seen the prisoner running towards his house, in a some what bent position, as if hiding something under his clothes, assumed to be a gun, on the night the adjutant was shot. Other evidence stated that pieces of a man, apparently newly buried, had been found under the soil of a garden close to the prisoner's house. More witnesses swore that the prisoner, who had been reduced from the grade of lieutenant (sergeant) by the action of the deceased adjutant, had in their presence threatened to do for him, and so on. At first sight, the evidence, though only circumstantial, seemed overwhelming against the prisoner, but the setting considerably changed the complexion of the case.

The prisoner was able and enthusiastically defended by a young officer, who before entering the army had studied law. Owing to the efficient manner in which the defence was conducted, much of the evidence was shaken, and it was proved that the bullet found in the deceased officer's body, and produced in court, could never have been fired from the gun found buried in the garden near the prisoner's house. The breakdown of what was thought to be the strongest evidence created a great sensation, but still the prisoner was pushed on, and in the end the prisoner was found guilty, and sentenced to death. A very strong feeling, however, prevailed in some minds that he was not the actual perpetrator of the deed. Such seemed to be the opinion of the commander in chief, or rather of his legal adviser, for after a long delay, though the finding of the court was confirmed, the sentence was commuted to transportation with hard labour for life. Some remarks were added, not very judiciously, to the effect that such a punishment was worse than death—that the prisoner would linger out a miserable existence in prison, and so on. The attempt to excuse the alteration of the sentence was unwise, because, as the sequel will show, on convicts reaching the penal settlement, they become subject to the rules there made for them. They were treated according to their conduct after arrival, not according to the crime for which they were transported. The truth is there was just a doubt, in the absence of any direct proof, about the prisoner being the actual murderer, and hence it was decided not to carry out the extreme penalty of the law.

During the time—some four months, I think—before the sentence was published, the prisoner might be seen taking his daily walk before the

main guard of the station, with two soldiers guarding him. He retained always the same dignified and noble bearing, and his behaviour rather increased the sympathy that had been exhibited in his favour. At last the matter was ended by the publication of the sentence, and the prisoner was removed to the penal settlement of Penang, in the Straits of Malacca.

Soon after, I proceeded to join my regiment, and for the next two years I was more or less travelling in different parts of India. At the end of this period, I found myself at Singapore, acting as adjutant and interpreter of a wing of my regiment, sent over on account of some disturbances among the Chinese. Singapore is about two days steaming from Penang. From notices of interest, I inquired and ascertained that the good conduct of the cavalry trooper, who had been sent there, had commended him to his superiors. Some six or seven months afterwards, I was pleased to find that I had been selected to fill the appointment of Superintendent of Convicts and Executive Engineer Officer at Penang. This success was due to my having passed as interpreter in the Hindustani language and to having some engineering knowledge. On taking up the appointment, I found the situation to be as follows: Some six months previously, during a flogging parade, one of the convicts had attacked and killed the English sergeant who superintended the jail. He then proceeded to attack other officials, and would have succeeded in killing them, had it not been for the conduct of the serjeant and one other convict. At the risk of their lives, they seized the murderer and took him to the guard. All the petty officers, themselves convicts, promoted for good behaviour, ran off and returned when the execution was over. It naturally became an urgent upon the authorities to reward the two men who had behaved well, and they were promoted to the lowest grade of petty officer. This was a sort of probationary position only, but it was thought best to be cautious in improving the cavalry soldiers' status, as the newspapers had already commented on the very different treatment he was receiving compared with that described in the sentence of the commander in chief.

I saw the convict trooper for the first time in Penang one morning while visiting the brick fields. He was superintending a body of convicts breaking clay in a large pit for bricks, work to which the worst characters—namely, those who had committed serious crimes since they had entered the convict establishment—were put. These men all wore blue and brown ponny leggings, and terrible looking ruffins they were. Many of them were Indian Thugs, who could probably be traced to the store, caught in the days when Colonel Slemmon broke up their society. Then there were dacoits from Bengal, Sikhs from the Punjab, Puneses from Bombay, and perhaps the greatest villains of all were Chinese pirates from Hongkong. But to return to our convict, whom I could not recognise in the least degree. He seemed entirely altered—had shrunk away, and his bright cheerful manner was gone. I thought it best that neither he nor any of the other officials of the establishment should know that I was personally acquainted with his antecedents. I heard, however, that he always

declared his innocence, and complained that his life had been spoiled. His behaviour as convict and as petty officer had been simply perfect—in reality he was the most satisfactory man among a body of fourteen hundred convicts.

Further acquaintance with the establishment showed the system of management to be a mixture of laxity and severity. Convicts of good conduct got tickets of leave in two or three years after arrival, and were allowed to live in the town, keep shops, and so on. Many of them were rich, and all had money. They were, however, subject to be recalled into jail, failing good behaviour, and were liable to the same punishments as other convicts. There was a ring of robbers among those in the jail, who, with the connivance of some of the petty officers, were let out by a back entrance to commit robberies in the town. Under these circumstances, it was most important to promote the sale of petty officer any man who could in the least degree be trusted. The cooper was the first on the list for promotion. The superintendent had nothing to do with the crime for which he was transported, and his claims could not in justice be overlooked. On stating the facts of the case to the representative of the Straits Government, I was directed to promote the man, the only reservation being that the belt and silver plate, the badge of office, should not be used in the public streets. This was to prevent, as far as possible, public attention being drawn to the case, for Indian newspapers, often in want of subjects, were in those days not very scrupulous as regards the dressing up of a story, provided it could be made interesting. As long as I remained, he showed himself to be fully worthy of promotion, returning his services though respectful demeanour, and seemed to think of nothing but his duty. After a time, the effects of a fever, caught long before, went on to England and I saw the tropic no more. But what says the reader. Guilty or not guilty?

Later on, I was much and long occupied in judicial matters, and accustomed to weigh and sift evidence, but after many years of reflection, I have still never been able to form a conclusion as to this man's guilt or innocence, and the case remains in my memory as one 'Not proven.'

## THE ROSERY FOLK

### CHAPTER VIII.—THE DOCTOR ABOARD

THE thrust given by Scarlett before the breaking of the oar, added by the impetus given by his feet as he fell, sent the boat back into the rapid stream beyond the eddy, and in spite of the doctor's efforts, he could not check its course, till suddenly starting up, he used his oar as a pole, directing their downward course as he scanned the surface towards the pile.

'Sit down, Mrs Scarlett!' he cried in a voice of thunder.—'Hollo her, or she will be over.'

Aunt Sophia had already said Mrs Scarlett dress, and was dragging her back, the three women sitting, with blanched faces and parted ash lips, gazing at the place where Scarlett had gone down.

'Don't be alarmed, he swims like a fish,'

said the doctor, though grave apprehension was changing to the hue of his own countenance, as he stood watching for the reappearance of his friend.

'Help! help!' cried Mrs Scarlett suddenly; and her voice went echoing over the water.

'Hush! be calm, cried the doctor.—'Here, quick—you—Mr Prayle! Come and shove down the boat hook here. She's drifting! Mial man, mind!' he cried, as Prayle, trembling visibly, nearly fell over as he stooped to get out the boat hook.

He thrust it down into the water, but in a trill, helpless way.

'Put it down!' cried the doctor, and then, seizing an oar by the middle, he used it as a paddle, just in time, to keep the boat from being swept away.

They were twenty yards at least from where Scarlett went down, but had he possessed the power to urge the boat forward, scales dried not have sent it nearer to the piles with that freight on board. And still these terrible moments went on, lengthening, first into one and then into a second minute, until a wicket did not reappear.

'Why does he not come up?' said Prayle, in a hush whisper.

'Silence man! Wut' cried the doctor hoarsely, as he saw Mrs Scarlett's wild imploring eyes.

'He must have struck his head against a stone or pile,' thought the doctor, 'and is stunned!' And then the horrible rain came upon him, that his poor friend was being kept down by the tons and tons of falling water, every time he would have risen to the top. Two minutes—three minutes had passed and as in sympathy with the horror that had fallen upon the group, the noise of the tumbling waters seemed to grow more loud, and the orange glow of sunset was giving place quickly to a dull grey light.

Aunt Sophia was the next to speak. 'Do something, man! she cried, in a passionate imploring voice. But the doctor did not heed, he only scanned the surface of the foamy pool.

'There, there there!' shrieked Mrs Scarlett. 'There, help!—James! Husband! Help!'

She would have flung herself from the boat, as she gazed wildly in quite a different direction, and the doctor dropping the oar across the boat, saw the frail vessel lack from him, rocking heavily, for he had plunged from it headlong into the rushing water, but only to rise directly, and they saw him swimming rapidly towards where something creamy looking was being slowly carried by the current back towards the piles.

The doctor was a powerful swimmer, but he was weary from his exertions. He swam on, though rapidly nearing the object of his search, until it by the flannel shirt, made a few tremendous strokes, to get beyond the back set of the current, and then turned a ghastly face upward to the air. The gig was fifty yards away now, Prayle being helpless to stay its course, and though the doctor looked round, that was nothing would not burst in sight to give them help.

It was a hard fight but the doctor won, for some thirty or forty strokes, given with all his might, brought him into the shallow stream, and then the rest was easy, he had but to keep his friend's face above the water while he tried to

overtake the boat. For a moment he thought of landing, but no help was near without curving his helpless burden perhaps a mile, the lock being on the other side, its keeper perhaps asleep, for he made no sign.

'Cannot that boat stop the boat?' he groaned. 'At last—at last!' He uttered those words with a cry of satisfaction, for Pringle was making some pretence of forcing the boat up stream once more.

The doctor was skilful enough to direct his course so that they were swept down to the bows, and grasping the gunwale with one hand, he panted forth 'Down with that boat hook! Now, take him by the shoulders. Lean back to the other side and draw him in.'

The swimmer could lend but little help, and Pringle would have failed in his effort, and probably overturned the boat, but for Aunt Sophia, whose dexterity of the water seemed to have passed away as she came forward, and between them they dragged Skellett over the side.

The doctor followed, with the water streaming from him, and gave a glance to right and left in search of a place to land.

'It will be no use,' he said quickly. 'While we were waiting him to come here, a dull minute would be gone—Now, Miss Skellett, for heaven's sake, be calm!'

'Oh, he is dead—he is dead!' moaned the wretched woman, on her knees.

'That's more than you know, or I know,' cried the doctor, who was working busily all the time. 'Be calm, and help me—You too, Miss Sophia—Pringle, get out of the way!'

At last Pringle floundered and went for ever! Mrs Skellett made a supreme effort to be calm, while Aunt Sophia, with her lips pressed tightly together, felt that a watchful and ready, as the doctor tumbled on 'he it was who, unheeded, passed him the cushions which he had beneath the apparently drowned man, and, at a word, was the first to step away the cushions from his feet and apply friction, while Skellett was hard at work trying to produce artificial respiration by movements of his patient's arms.

'Don't be down hearted,' he said, 'only work. We want warmth and friction to induce the circulation to return. There's plenty of hope in your efforts, and, with God's help, we'll have him back to life!'

There was no sign of life in the figure that lay there inert and motionless, but no heed was paid to that. Animated by the doctor's example, aunt and niece laboured on in silence, while the boat rocked from their efforts, and the water that had streamed from the garments of the doctor and his patient washed to and fro.

For the doctor's face was white with his exertions, and the great drops of perspiration stood now side by side with the water that still trickled from his crisp hair.

'Don't slacken,' he cried cheerily. 'I've brought fellows to, after being four or five times as long under water, in the depth of winter too. We shall have a ficker of life before long, I'll be sworn. Is he still as cold? I can't stop to feel!'

Aunt Sophia laid her hand upon the bare white chest of her nephew in the region of his heart, and then, as her eyes met the doctor's, her lips tightened just a little—that was all.

'Too soon to expect it yet—Don't be despondent, Miss Skellett. Be a brave, true, little wife. That's right!' He nodded at her so encouragingly, that, in the face of what he was doing, Mrs Skellett felt that all little distance between them was for ever at an end, and that she had a wife's love for this true, earnest man.

'Where are we?' he said at last, toiling more slowly now, from sheer exhaustion.

'Very nearly down to the cottage,' replied Pringle, and the doctor muttered an inaudible 'Thank God!' It was not loud enough for wife or aunt to hear, or it would have earned with it a despair far greater than that they felt.

'Can you run her into the landing place?'

'I'll try,' said Pringle, but in so doubting a tone, that the doctor uttered a low ejaculation, full of impatient anger, and Kate Skellett looked up.

'Narrow! Quick! Here!' she cried 'knock down, and take my place!'

'Yes, warmth is life,' panted the doctor, who was hours now and faint. 'Poor woman! she's fainting! Be thoughtful! But still she is his wife! There was a feeling of uncertainty in his breast as he thought thus, a sensation of inner agony he hated Skellett, who ought to have died at her feet, he felt, sooner than give it up to another. But the next moment he gave a sigh of satisfaction and relief, as he saw her rise and step lightly to where Pringle was fumbling with the oar.

'Sit down!' she said in a quick imperious manner, and, slipping the oar over the stern, she cleverly sculled with it, as her husband had taught her in happier times, so that she sent the boat nearer and nearer to the shore. But in spite of her efforts, they would have been swept by and had not the old gardener, wishing their return, waded in to get hold of the bows of the grass boat and to the side. As it grazed against the landing place, the doctor summoned all the strength that he had left, to bend down, lift his friend over his shoulder, and then stagger to the house.

CHAPTER IX.—A HARD NIGHT'S WORK

'Yes,' said Skellett excitedly, as he bent over his patient, whom he had placed upon the floor of the study, after ordering fresh medical help to be fetched at once—'yes—there is hope!'

As he spoke, Kate Skellett uttered a low wail, and Aunt Sophia caught her in her arms, but the stricken wife struggled to get free. 'No, no, I shall not give way,' she panted, 'I will be brave, and help! For, as the doctor slowly continued his efforts to restore the circulation, there came at last a faint gasp, and soon after, the medical man from the village came in, cool and calm, to take in the situation at a glance.

By this time, Skellett was breathing with some approach to the normal strength, and Skellett turned to his confidant. 'Will you—' he began. He could say no more, from utter exhaustion and excitement, but left the newcomers to complete his task.

It was not a long one now, for soon after, James Skellett opened his eyes and moved about; but the limit of reason had not yet returned.

'He's dying!' wailed Mrs Skellett, as she saw her husband's eyes slowly close once more.

'No, no!' said Skellett quickly. 'It is exhaustion



was you,' he panted, and he closed his eyes again.—'Don't leave me, dear—don't leave me!' It kept me down,' he said, with another shudder, and speaking as if to himself 'It kept me down till I felt that I was drowning.—Jack Scates' he cried aloud, 'how does a man feel when he is drowned?'

'Don't know, old fellow. Never was drowned,' said the doctor cheerily.—'Now, look here, it's only just sunrise, so you'd better go to sleep again, and then you'll wake up as lively as a cricket.'

'Sunrise?—sunrise?' said Scates excitedly—'sunrise?' And as he spoke, he looked round first in one to the other. 'Why, you've been sitting up all night!' Then, clinging tightly to his wife's hand, he closed his eyes once more, and lay muttering for a time.

Mrs Scates kept following the doctor's every movement with her watchful eyes till he was in a whisper 'Let him sleep, and I'll come back presently.'

'Don't you leave me, Kate,' said Scates, shuddering;

'No, no, dear,' she said tentatively, and the poor fellow uttered a low sigh, and resumed with his eyes closed, as the doctor softly left the room, beckoning to Aunt Sophia to follow him.

'I'm going to get a prescription made up,' he said 'I'll send off the groom on one of the horses, there will be a place open in the town by the time he gets there.'

'Stop a moment, said Aunt Sophia, clutching at his arm 'Tell me what this means. Why is he like this?'

'Oh, it is only the reaction—the shock to his nerves. Poor fellow!' he muttered to himself, 'he has been five to six with death.'

'Doctor Scates,' said Aunt Sophia, with her hand tightening upon his arm—'shock to his nerves! He is not going to be like that patient of yours you spoke of the other day?'

The sun was up, and streaming in upon them where they stood in the plant bedded hall, and it seemed as if its light had sent a flash into the soul of John Scates, M.D., as he gazed sharply into his quizzist's eyes and then shuddered. For in these moments he seemed to see the owner of that delightful English home, him who, but a few hours before, had been all that was perfect in manly vigour and mental strength, changed into a stricken, nerveless, helpless man, clinging to his wife in the extremity of his child-like dread.

'No, no! Absurd, absurd! Only a few hours' rest, and he'll be himself.' He hurried into the study, and hastily wrote his prescription, taking it out directly to where the groom was just unfastening the stable doors.

'Ride over to the town, sir? Yes, sir—But, beg pardon, sir—muster, sir? Is he all right?'

'Oh, getting over it nicely, my man. Be quick.'

'I'll be off in five minutes, sir,' cried the groom, and within the specified time, the horse's hoofs were clattering over the stable yard as the man rode off.

'Like my patient of whom I spoke!' said the doctor to himself. 'Oh, it would be too horrible! Bah! What an idiot I am, thinking like that weak old lady there. What nonsense, to be sure!'

But as he softly re-entered the room, he hardly dared to meet the young wife's questioning eyes, as she besought him silently to help her in this time of need.

(To be continued.)

## THE MONTH

### SCIENCE AND ARTS

Those who have taken the trouble to read the Reports of the various sections of the British Association, published in connection with their recent successful meeting at Southport, will have gained a very good insight into the progress of scientific research. They certainly cannot complain that the fare provided is limited in quantity, nor can they say of it that it is of so technical a nature that only very few can easily digest it. The subjects discussed are indeed of a varied nature, and many of them are of exceptional popular interest. The time has happily come by when science was only another name for 'dry dust' theories, and the British Association for its advertisement are doing a good work when they bring before the public matters which command something more than mere advancement of knowledge. There are not wanting those who hint that the proceedings are too much of a social character, and that the intellectual visit of the Association to Canada next year smacks so much of festive proceedings, that the real aim of the meeting will be lost sight of. Let them remember that 'All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy,' and that what is still the true of our youngsters at school, may possibly be true also of children of a larger growth. The next meeting of the British Association will be held at Montreal, in August 1883, and, from all accounts, the Canadians are determined to give the members a royal welcome. The legislature has voted a liberal sum to defray expenses, and railway and steamboat Companies are making generous arrangements for excursions to distant localities. In 1882, the Association met at Aberdeen.

From the last volume of trade Reports published by the Foreign Office we gather some interesting information regarding Panama, a city which is perhaps destined, when the interoceanic canal is completed, to become one of the most important places on the earth. Since the establishment of the canal works, the population has increased enormously. Including Colon and Panama, the Atlantic and Pacific termini of the canal, together with the villages between them, there exists a population of thirty or thirty-four thousand people, half of whom are French. The climate during the dry season—December to April—exhibits a steady temperature of about eighty-two degrees Fahrenheit, but during the rest of the year, when rain and storms prevail, it is much hotter. Accidents from lightning are common, and are likely to remain so, for in the city of Panama there is not to be found a lightning rod. There is no mutton in the country, and when any lucky resident is able to procure a pound, he invites his friends to partake of the unusual delicacy. The Indian equivalent for the word Panama is 'plenty of fish,' and plenty there is, with the curious difference, that those which are taken from the Atlantic side of the Isthmus are

far superior to those on the Pacific side, which later are not firm, and become tarried very soon after they leave the water. The Isthmus for fifty years had been free from earthquake shocks, but in September last year, the pleasant sense of security which long immunity had cherished was suddenly shaken. On that occasion, many buildings were thrown down, and since that time the inhabitants have had unpleasant reminders—in the shape of three to five shocks per month—that they are not exempt from the influence of those subterranean forces which form such a terror to dwellers in Central America.

Much has lately been written concerning another projected canal, namely, that which its promoters say can be made to connect the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, by utilizing the valley of the Jordan. From all accounts, the scheme, which at present exists only on paper, is likely to stop at that primary stage. No one can say that the project is impracticable, because in those days of advanced engineering and powerful appliances, very little is absolutely impossible. But it is evident that the cost of the undertaking must be prohibitory. A large portion of the route lies at a level of about seven hundred and fifty feet above the sea, and is composed of hard rock. A competent authority calculates that the excavation of one mile of the channel having this height, and a bottom width of three hundred feet, with sloping sides, would represent more than double the whole contents estimated for the Panama Canal. If we suppose that the country through which the canal was to be cut was as flat as Holland, the route would be so long in comparison with that of Suez, that ships would have to be canoed by low tides. The older Company would of course at once lower there to the same amount, and they are so rich that they must win in the end. Apart from these considerations, there is another objection to the flooding of the Jordan Valley—we mean the annihilation of such places as Libanus, the Lake of Gennesareth, Bethsaida, and Capernaum, which represent to most of us something more than mere historic interest.

Bacon Nordenskjöld's expedition to Greenland has come to an end, and although his surmise, that the interior of that continent would present a succession of vibrant plains, and that 'Greenland's icy mountains' only held true of its inhospitable coast, turns out to be incorrect, the voyage has by no means been a failure of results. His search for cosmic dust was not a difficult one, for dust there was in plenty on the endless snow fields which cover the country. Whether this dust is of cosmic origin or not, will of course form the subject of careful inquiry. The expedition has secured rich collections of mineral, zoological, and geological specimens, and has penetrated farther into the continent of Greenland than any of its predecessors.

The subject of the interesting Ontario has lately been occupying the government of that province, at whose instance a Report has been compiled by Mr R. W. Pluips of Toronto, dealing in an exhaustive manner with the whole question. This Report opens with an account of the wealth represented by forests of the province at the time when the earliest settlers came upon the scene. Pine, maple, oak, beech, ash, and many other trees were abundant, but the ground

had to be cleared, there was no use for the trees, and so the forests were simply burned down, a process which was regularly carried on for many years. Ontario is now in many parts almost denuded of trees, and wood for use has to be brought from a distance. Mr Pluips recommends replanting, precautions against fire, and economy in dealing with the forests which still remain. The government have distributed this Report gratuitously among the farmers of the province, and there is every reason to believe that they will take speedy measures to comply with its recommendations.

We may remind our readers that an international Forestry Exhibition is to be held in Edinburgh next year. The executive Committee have for some time been busy in classifying the various sections and exhibits, and have obtained many promises of support from both home districts and foreign countries. If the success of the enterprise could be measured by the importance of the subject with which it deals, it will be successful indeed.

Mr L. J. Lowe, F.R.S., who for many years has been engaged in meteorological observations, has lately made a most generous offer to the nation. Recognising the importance of regular observations on our western coasts, where barometrical waves can be carefully watched on their arrival across the Atlantic, and before they get modified in character by journeying over Britain, he proposes the erection of an observatory near Chepstow. He offers to give the site, to find lime and stone for building purposes, to present his valuable collection of instruments, books, and papers to the proposed establishment, and to start the enterprise with his guidance and advice—on condition that a sufficient sum be raised to build the observatory, and to endow it with in some amount for the maintenance of a limited staff of assistants. Before this offer was made public, Mr Lowe gave notice of his intention to the Meteorological Office, who sent down their Secretary to view the proposed site and to report upon the same. The report having been satisfactory in every way, the department will endeavour to help the scheme to the best of their power, and will undertake to publish returns for this Bristol Channel Observatory, when complete. It only now remains for the public to bid Mr Lowe's generous action, not only with their mere approval, but in a more substantial manner.

Our American friends have lately been much excited concerning some supposed human footprints in a volcanic dissection in Nevada. Perhaps their excitement has been increased by the knowledge that two eminent authorities differ in their readings of this story of the rocks—one maintaining that the footprints were those made by a man of big, broad men, and the other being so confident that a large sloth is responsible for them. The latter view would seem to be the most probable. Each footprint measures from eighteen to twenty inches in length and is about eight inches wide. It is considered that their width—and more especially the distance between the right and left series, about eighteen inches—is strong evidence that they are not of human origin. Photographs and casts of the footprints, which have since been carefully examined, confirm this view.



Some very interesting and successful experiments have lately been made in the *Zuider Zee* with Professor Holmes's Siren Fog-horn, which point to the conclusion that collisions can be rendered almost impossible by its use. The object of the experiments was to ascertain how far the apparatus was available for carrying on a conversation between two ships by means of short and long sounds, on the dot-and-dash or Morse alphabet system. Two vessels were chosen for these experiments, and on each was a fog-horn blown by steam and worked by a telegraph clerk. The ships separated until they were out of one another's sight, but in spite of this a conversation was briskly kept up, and was readily read off and understood. We can easily understand how by means of such an equipment a ship, on hearing another's fog-horn, could inquire what course she was steering, and other particulars which would happily prevent all chance of collision. An amusing incident occurred during the progress of the experiments referred to. The captain of an outward-bound steamer fancying that the unusual sounds represented the screams of anguish of a vessel in distress, bore down on one of the signalling vessels to render prompt assistance. When he found out the real cause of the unwonted noise, he turned back, and winked his disgust in no measured terms.

Any foreign artist visiting the English metropolis with a view to studying the statues of our great men that he finds among the streets and squares of the city, would soon be prompted to exclaim that they do not come up to a very high standard. Many of them appear to be of one pattern, which exhibits a gentleman in a frock coat and high collar, with his right leg bent forward, and his extended right hand holding what purports to be a roll of paper, but which might pass for a policeman's truncheon. The equestrian statue of the Iron Duke has now happily been let down, and it is announced that competitive designs for a new statue of the great General will shortly be invited. Commenting upon this, 'An Enquirer,' and evidently a severely practical one, writes to the *Times*, and suggests that as a good statue of Wellington, modified from life, is already available at Edinburgh, the best course to pursue would be to cast another from it. He argues, that in his profession, where a good model already exists, it is copied, and that the result is generally much better than if a new design were attempted. The idea is original, and will probably be received with disgust by rising artists. But although the proposal will hardly be seriously entertained, it will do good in reminding our sculptors, that if they cannot produce first-class work, there is a means at hand of duplicating the works of acknowledged masters which we already possess.

A proposed statue to another great man is also just now exciting public attention, we allude to the scheme for keeping green the memory of William Murdoch, the inventor of gas-lighting and many other things besides. Associated for nearly the whole of his life with Boulton and Watt at the famous Soho works, he stamped his genius on many a contrivance which brought fame and profit to others, whilst their inventor remained almost unknown. But his chief work was the discovery of the system of gas-lighting,

which, however much we are tempted to complain of, with the glories of electricity before us, has been of vast importance to the world at large. It seems curious that the inventor of such an important system should have remained almost unknown for so many years. He gave his invention freely to the community, whereas, had he selfishly protected it by patents and royalties, his fame would have been noised abroad. It is now proposed to erect a statue to his honour on the Thames Embankment, and to purchase his residence at Birmingham for the establishment of an International Gas Museum, combined with a Reading room and Library for the use of the working classes. A Committee has been formed with that laudable object, under the presidency of Sir William Siemens.

In the middle of last month there sailed from the Thames two vessels, the *Decca* and the *Interrational*, both belonging to the Telegraph Works Company, whose mission it was to survey the route, and to lay a new cable between Cadix and the Canary Islands. The different continents of the world are now so connected with these ocean lines of communication, that the expedition referred to may not be considered to have any special interest attached to it. This might be the case if cable laying were the only purpose contemplated, but on this occasion the expedition carries a scientist, Mr J. Y. Buchanan, whose experience as a member of the *Challenger* Expedition qualifies him for the work he has to do. It is intended to combine the commercial purposes of the voyage with a systematic course of scientific observations. Although much has been done by other governments in deep-sea research, nothing has been done by Britain since the cruise of the *Challenger*. The Telegraph Company are now determined to take up the matter as a private enterprise, and they are entitled to all honour for doing so. It is intended to land at the Salvage Islands—a little known group, lying between Madeira and the Canary Islands—to collect specimens there, and to ascertain whether these points of land have any connection with certain submarine banks or plateaus discovered by recent soundings.

Some new life-saving appliances lately formed the subject of certain interesting experiments in the Thames. Copeman's Seat Lift buoy consists of deck seating in eight feet lengths, furnished underneath with metal cylinders nine inches in diameter, which form air-chambers. The seat is hinged, so that it will, when required, open out and form a floating raft. In the experiments referred to, which took place from a Thames steamer, several men jumped into the water, and quickly found a resting place on the buoys thrown to them. The seats can also be joined together to form a life raft, which can be arranged for use, as was demonstrated, by four men in as many minutes. This life raft was boarded by eight men, and exhibited great buoyancy and handiness. It can be fitted with a sail if required. These rafts are intended for large vessels, and have already been adopted by the Peninsular and Oriental Company. The seat buoys are more especially constructed for river and channel work, and will no doubt be largely adopted.

We learn from the *Standard* that Dr Ayres, a colonial surgeon, has made an official Report on

the subject of Opium smoking, which has caused no little stir at Hongkong. He asserts his belief that, contrary to preconceived ideas, the habit of opium smoking has no effect whatever upon the human body in a medical sense. He himself has smoked twelve pipes at a time, and has carefully watched Europeans who have indulged in the habit to the same degree. There is, he says, no alteration in the pulse, temperature, or cerebral faculties. He believes that the noxious properties of the drug are destroyed in the process of combustion, and that beyond the habit being a very mischievous one for those who cannot stand the illness which it entails, he looks upon it as being harmless. Views of a similar nature have been held by others, but it would be as well if, in the interests of science, some authoritative trials were made as to the effect of the drug when used habitually. Of course, no one questions its poisonous properties when simply eaten.

We are indebted to the journal named *The Dyers* for some interesting notes relative to the artificial colouring of growing flowers by applying dye stuffs to the mould in the pots, and changing the tints of cut flowers by allowing their stems to sink in weak dye solutions. The colour can, it is said, be altered at will by these means without in any way impairing the fragrance or perfume of the flowers. Beautiful effects are produced by prepared lakes, but the exact preparation is unfortunately not described. Flowers will absorb some tints in preference to others, and when treated with a secondary colour like purple—made up of blue and red—will in some cases separate the constituents, and exhibit blue and red tints. It would seem that these curious experiments open up a field of inquiry which has been very little touched upon, and no doubt some of our readers will be anxious to try their hands at painting, or rather dyeing, the lily.

Mr. Henkman, the eminent artist, is engaged in establishing at Bashee, near Watford, an Art School, which will be unique so far as this country is concerned. It will be for him a labour of love, for although he will be the sole master, his services will be given gratuitously to the sixty students whom he intends to gather round him. No one will receive payment for services rendered, except the necessary servants and the models employed. On such liberal conditions the expenses for the students will be little. Indeed, for a fee of eighteen pounds one can be made free of the establishment for nine months, that period being the minimum time for which a student must engage to work with Mr. Henkman. Every student is required to send in specimens of his work, for the school is not intended for mere learners. The work will be chiefly from living figures, and life-sized studies will be chiefly encouraged. It is obvious that only very few of the hundreds of applicants who will endeavour to gain admission, can be enrolled on Mr. Henkman's staff. Such admissions will be entirely governed by the proficiency shown in the works sent in.

Mr. Serrill, a young American of New York, has just received a gold medal from the Lyons Academy for an ingenious machine he has invented for the automatic reeling of silk from cocoons by means of electricity, which has been warmly received by the French silk manu-

facturers. By the employment of this contrivance, silk can now be wound off the cocoons, which was previously impracticable, on account of the heavy cost of the labour expended on the work.

Musicians will be glad to hear that a neat and simple little contrivance for tuning, over the pages of music, has been invented by an American mechanic named Lyphman, and patented in several European countries. This small apparatus is worked silently by a treadle, and gently picks up the paper, which it lays smoothly on the opposite one. It can be applied to any ordinary music stand, and will doubtless be of great use in churches, avoiding by its use the noise and slipping of leaves, when the violin players have to wait an instant over the pages of their music.

Mr. Litchell, a Scotch chemist, has ascertained by a delicate analysis that a great deal of milk sold to the public, in addition to being adulterated with water and a large amount of glucose mixed with it. This glucose has the effect of lowering the milk up to its normal density, and therefore defies detection by the use of an ordinary lactometer.

A patriotic manufacturer at Bashee has designed some handkerchiefs for the purpose of diffusing military knowledge. They are printed on linen in an inextinguishable black. The information was compiled by two officers of high position, and besides comprising a complete system of drill, valuable hygienic information is given, and all sorts of instruction appear as to the best means of rendering a soldier to the wind, and how to help a comrade who is injured. Great joy and encouragement is enjoined, and sound advice given as to hunger, thirst, sleeping, marching, &c. In fact, nothing is forgotten, and the whole forms a complete encyclopedia of military information. Patriotism is encouraged by such sentences as, 'Love your country before everything, always be ready for defence,' 'Never forget that the true soldier is like a lion when fighting, and a lamb after victory.'

Last month we referred to the Siamese process of extracting sugar from betroot molasses, and stated that the value of betroot sugar imported into England annually was ten thousand pounds sterling. This sum should have been ten million pounds. The increase of this import during the last ten years has been very great. In 1870, one hundred and sixty-five thousand tons of beet root sugar were imported to this country, and in 1882 the quantity had risen to four hundred thousand tons.

## BOOK GOSSIP

A VERY entertaining little production entitled *Sea Monsters Unmasked*, forms one of the series of handbooks issued in connection with the Great International Fisheries Exhibition. It is written by Mr. Henry Lee, sometime naturalist of the Brighton Aquarium. He begins with a brief account of ancient legends and traditions as to the monstrous marine animals which were popularly believed to exist in the less travelled regions of ocean. The subject of many of these old superstitions was the same fabulous kraken, which is referred to in a Norwegian manuscript as far

back as AD 1180. It has been spoken of by many writers since, some of whom tell us that it was of such enormous dimensions that a regiment of soldiers could conveniently manoeuvre on its back. By a learned Duke we are informed that on one occasion a certain bishop found the kraken quietly reposing on the shore, and mistaking the enormous creature for a huge rock, erected an altar upon it, and performed mass. 'The kraken respectfully waited till the ceremony was concluded, and the reverend priests safe on shore, and then sank beneath the waves.' The back or upper part of the kraken was believed to be an English mile and a half in circumference, and one old naturalist who mentions this, adds 'Some say more, but I chuse the least for greater certainty.' The same writer, describing the kraken as seen rising to the surface of the sea, says it 'looks at first like a number of small islands surrounded with something that floats and fluctuates like sea weeds.' The probability is, as Mr Lee suggests, that the story of this monstrous animal was nothing more than an exaggerated account of some octopus or other large animal of the cuttle fish tribe.

Immense cuttle fishes have certainly been seen, and those who are interested in the octopus and such like, will find many curious and striking incidents connected with them related in Mr Lee's pages. That modern mystery, the Great Sea Serpent, also receives from the author a very fair degree of attention, and the historical notes which he has collected on the subject afford reading of an attractive kind. Mr Lee's conclusions as respects this wonder of the sea, are (1) That without straining, resemblances, or creating a doubt upon narratives not proved to be erroneous, the various appearances of the supposed 'Great Sea Serpent' may now be truly accounted for by the forms and habits of known animals; but (2) That to assume that naturalists have perfect means of every existing marine animal of large size would be quite unwarrantable; therefore, it is not impossible that among these animals may be marine snakes of greater dimensions than we are aware of. On more than one occasion the latter theory has been supported in this *Journal*.

Another handbook issued under the same auspices as the foregoing, deals with the subject of *The Salmon Fisheries*. It is written by Mr Charles L. Taylor, and will be of much use to all who take an interest in the propagation of salmon and the increase of our salmon supply. The handbook deals with such matters as the fecundity of the salmon, its life history, the various changes the fish undergoes from the egg to the full-grown animal, through its different stages of parr, smolt, and grise. Attention is also given to the various legal enactments which have been framed for the better regulation of salmon fisheries and the prevention of abuses. The cause of the deterioration of these fisheries is discussed, and suggestions made for their improvement and extension, including the whole machinery of weirs, mill-dams, salmon ladders or passes, as well as the artificial propagation of the fry. Both

this and the before noticed handbook are, it may be added, carefully illustrated, and each is published at the price of one shilling.

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In the prime days of our old friend *Fraser's Magazine*, there appeared in its pages, between 1830 and 1838, a series of eighty one portraits and groups, under the title of 'A Gallery of Illustrious Literary Characters,' the greater number of which portraits were from the graphic pencil of the late distinguished artist, Daniel Maclise, R.A. On two former occasions these portraits were collected in whole or in part, and separately published, the public quickly buying up the editions, and now a third collection has been made and published by Messrs Chatto and Windus, London, under the title of *The Maclise Portrait Gallery*. In this edition the portraits have been reproduced in a reduced, but avowedly accurate form, and are accompanied by notes, biographical and critical, by Mr William Bates, B.A.

The book will be acceptable to many, yet it is not altogether to be commended. In the first place, it is to be regretted that the portraits have been reduced, as they thus at once fall in value as compared with former issues than the notes are needlessly extensive, they occupy five hundred closely printed pages in small type, and seem to us to be prolix and unmethodical. But apart from these obvious defects, the volume will always command much interest. The portraits are uniformly drawn, and generally highly characteristic, especially those of Lord Harcourt, Rogers, Talfourd, H. G. Benjamin Disraeli (the Lord Palmerston), Thomas Carlyle, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, and some others. Any one who is content to look at the portraits, and only take an occasional dip into the somewhat chaotic text, will find amusement and pleasure for many a quiet half hour.

## OCCASIONAL NOTES

WORKMEN'S HOMES AND PUBLIC HOUSES—  
A PRACTICAL WORK.

SINCE the publication of 'Workmen's Homes and Public Houses,' in last month's issue of this *Journal*, we have received the gratifying intelligence that there is at least one Abstinence Society which, in the words of our informant, is 'walking on the lines suggested by the writer of our article.' This is the Glasgow Abstinence Union, the twenty ninth annual Report of which is before us. For the guidance of others interested in the work of social reform, we may state what are the objects of the Union referred to, as given in this Report. They are (1) A Domestic Mission, to improve the condition and increase the comforts of the working man's home, (2) Cookery Classes, to endeavour to remove one of the recognised causes of intemperance—unsuitable and badly cooked food, (3) Public houses without the Drink, to provide comfortable places of resort for working-men in the evenings, and during the day substantial well-cooked meals; (4) A Sea-side Home, to help in restoring to

health industrious poor people who are unable to help themselves or those depending on them, by reason of weakness or ill health, (5) Saturday Evening Concerts, to provide popular and innocent entertainment for the masses of the people on Saturday night, and to promote a taste for good music, (6) Asylum Concerts, to promote in some small measure the enjoyment and well being of the patients, and (7) the Abstinence Pledge, to assist personal efforts to overcome drinking habits, and to provide a safeguard against the forming of such.

In connection with the second of these objects—cooking classes—it is pleasing to observe that the work of the Glasgow Abstinence Union has taken a very practical shape, in respect that they hold in April last, and are again to hold in January next, an Exhibition and Competition of Plum Household Cookery. The prospectus states that the Directors of the Union, in their efforts to lessen and counteract the evil influence and attractions of the public houses, endeavour through their Domestic Mission Agencies to improve the condition and increase the comforts of the working man's home, and believe that, amongst other things, if substantial, well cooked, and healthily set meals were more common, there would be much less drinking. They have for some time past conducted Cookery Classes in their mission districts, and in order

to make arrangements for a second competition in January. The prize list is well appointed and encourages competition in the making of broth, pea soup, rice soup from bones, lentil soup, Irish stew, &c. in the boiling of beef, potatoes, &c. in the cooking of tripe, steak, mutton chop, and the like, as also of baking potato, wheat meal, and barley meal cakes, and a number of other dishes suitable to the working man's table and within his means. The objects of this Union are of great practical value, and we have no doubt that those who wish to know more of its organization and working will receive the requisite information by applying to the secretary, Mr James Aulie, 58 Bith Street, Glasgow.

#### OIL ON THE WALLS—AN ANCIENT MIRACLE

The use of oil in allaying stormy weather is not a modern discovery, as will be seen by the following extract from Bulk's *Religious History* (book in chap. 15 (Bohn's edition, p. 133)) 'It was the merits of Aidun were who made manifest by the all-seeing Judge, with the testimony of miracles, what of it will suffice to mention three as a memorial. A certain priest, whose name was Uta, a man of great gravity and sincerity, and on that account honoured by all men, even the princes of the world, being ordered to Kent, to bring from thence, as wife for King Oswy, Eanfida, the daughter of King Edwin, who had been carried thither when her father was killed, and intending to go thither by land, but to return with the virgin by sea, repaired to Bishop Aidan, entreaching him to offer up his

prayers to our Lord for him and his company, who were then to set out on their journey. He, blessing them and recommending them to our Lord, at the same time gave them some holy oil, saying "I know that when you go abroad you will meet with a storm and contrary wind, but do you remember to cast this oil upon you into the sea, and the wind shall cease immediately, you will have pleasant, calm weather, and return home safe." All which fell out as the bishop had predicted. For, in the first place, the winds rising, the sailors endeavoured to ride it out at anchor, but all to no purpose, for the sea breaking in on all sides and the ship beginning to be filled with water, they all concluded that certain death was at hand. The priest at last remembering, the bishop's words, laid hold of the phial and cast some of the oil into the sea, which, as had been foretold, became presently calm. Thus it came to pass that the man of God, by the spirit of prophecy, foretold the storm that was to happen, and by virtue of the same spirit, though absent, appeared the same. Which miracle was not told me by a person of little credit, but by a renowned, most faithful priest of our church, who declared that it was related to him by Uta the priest, on and by whom the same was wrought.—It may be added that Bishop Aidan lived twelve and a half centuries ago.

#### DANGEROUS POTTERY

A communication has lately been made by M. Petrusson to the Academy of Sciences in Paris, calling attention to the danger to the public health by the use of pottery which has been finished off with a glaze in the manufacture of which white lead is used. It is desirable that this form of glaze should be replaced with one made of silicate of soda and borax, as it has been found that the acid of certain vegetables, and even of milk slightly turned, is sufficient to dissolve a portion of lead from the surface, if left in the vessel seven days. The origin of several mysterious cases of illness near Beauvais, with symptoms of slow poisoning, from apparently unknown causes, few people imagining that their sufferings were caused by the earthenware in general use. M. Petrusson is of opinion that if glazed vessels are placed in water kept at a heat of one hundred degrees for half an hour or so, they lose their dangerous properties, and are no longer acted upon by the acids contained in so many articles of food in daily use.

#### QUININE FROM GAS TAR

For some time we have been accustomed to the idea that the sweetest scents and most brilliant colours, besides powerful disinfectants, are obtained from gas tar. In addition to these manufactures, we now learn that from this material a useful medicine can be obtained. A long series of experiments carried on by Professor Fischer, an eminent chemist of Munich, has resulted in the discovery of a white powder in the residuum of gas tar which contains all the medical properties of quinine, added to the advantage that it assimilates more easily with the digestive organs than quinine itself. It has been proved to be wonderfully efficacious in subduing fever, ice being unnecessary. One great advantage of

this discovery will be the cheap rate at which it can be sold, by which means it would be brought within the reach of those poor people who require quinine, but who find it difficult to purchase so expensive a drug

PHOTOPHORE, AN ELECTRIC LAMP TO ILLUMINATE ORGANIC CANCERS

Surgery is likely to derive a substantial benefit by the happy application of an incandescent lamp by M. Hélot and M. Trouvé, as by its employment the hands are left untroubled for operating. This lamp is arranged so that the rays are concentrated and thrown forward, it is of light construction, and is fixed in the centre of the forehead on a band that encircles the head. As this invention is easily managed and gives a powerful light, it is expected to take the place of the various laryngoscopes in use, which, in spite of constant improvements, are always to a certain degree unsatisfactory and incomplete. This instrument will be of especial use in diseases of the throat, eyes, and ears, and in any place where an examination is difficult to make. The photophore can also be mounted on the top of a brass rod and placed on a table, and can be either doubled or quadrupled at pleasure, by which means the eyes of several patients could be examined at the same time.

THE HAUNTED CASTLE

Over my own time I go on here,  
Musing on things high and deep,  
As my creaking halls I traverse—  
Tossy tower and danger heap.

Here I tread all is familiar,  
Musing on the secrets of this place,  
Yet I think some clearer searching  
Lurks in my own mysteries, might to see.

Well I know each lofty chamber,  
Pillar-hall and shaft and cell,  
Yet it may be there are corners  
Where dark things unnoticed dwell.

Here are galleons of beauty,  
Where the glorious windows fall,  
The are corridors mysterious  
Tenanted by ghosts in the hall.

Haply you see winding staircases  
Leads to chambers unexplored,  
I would fain, my lamp to teazing  
See what articles there are stored.

What is here—a secret panel?  
Never this my gaze hath met,  
And I, pausing on the threshold,  
Hesitate to enter yet.

Oh! I've passed this very doorway,  
Smooth and perfect around the wall,  
But the lamplight, faint and waning,  
Glanced not where the shadows fall.

Courage, Soul! why so reluctant?  
Press the spring and enter in  
Ah, what fearful revelation  
Meets my gaze—a Secret Sin!

Scoldy is my spirit troubled  
By this unexpected night  
But this most unwelcomeurnate  
Must be drawn forth to the light!

What another—and another?  
This must be the haunted room!  
Hark! I hear the specters plinking  
For a respite from their doom.

'Truly you mistake our nature,  
I like intruders we are not  
Let us dwell in peace and quiet  
In this dim secluded spot.

'Know that all our names are not low—  
Self-reliance, Dignity,  
Moral Worth, Bravery, Duty,  
Intelligence, and Clemency.'

'False! I care not for all these titles—  
Will they let me see the searching light?'  
Then I turned the lamp full on them,  
And they cowered with affright.

One by one they shrank and quavered  
'Tis the surely bluen flame,  
And I see it on each specter,  
What is his—the real name?

Self-reliance was Pecuniary gain,  
Dignity a proud flesh and sin,  
Moral Worth Self-exaltation,  
And Intelligence Duty to man.

Pride, luxury, well-convenient falsehood,  
And false charity, self-love,  
Conscience a vain phantasm,  
How I should hate them as I read!

Quickly then from out its web I drew  
Forth my spirit's soul I drew,  
And thus I rid of evil impostors  
With its double-edged I drew.

Out then out and cleansed the chamber,  
Let him in a fresh air,  
And lo, seven other spirits—  
Pure and lovely—entered there!

In that cell a lamp now burneth  
With a light that ne'er shall cease,  
And the erewhile haunted chamber  
Is a home of joy and peace.

LIZABETH BOWDOEN

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Printed and Published by W & R CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 388 High Street, EDINBURGH.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fourth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

CONDUCTED BY R. CHAMBERS (SECONDLY)

No 1036—VOL. XX SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1863

Price 1½d

## FLORIDA 'CRACKERS'

A CRACKER is a poor white native of Florida. How this strange appellation came into existence does not seem clear. The Floridians say it originated in the habit the poor white wanderers had of cracking their cattle whips, as a sort of recall for the strayed members of their herds. Put the usage to a severe test, if it will, and, lo! the native steersmaster goes through the forest and hammocks in search of wandering calves, with a curious lowing whoop, that rings like a water-bell in the numerous solitudes. 'Cracker' has fallen to a term of unmitigated contempt, and is applied to the mean whites, as 'nigger' is to the blacks. And strange is the effect of this opprobrious word upon the negroes.

One day passing along the quay at Jacksonville—which has become the virtual capital of Florida—I observed two black men quarrelling. Amid the shower of epithets, the word 'cracker' struck my ear. The man thus called became furious, and fell upon his antagonist literally with tooth and nail. He evidently had been supremely insulted, and no verbal retaliation could satisfy him.

The first of the Cracker race that I saw was during a voyage up the St. Johns river. It was near sundown, and the last flux of yellow rays was blazing upon a bare and lonely swamp, making its sterile desolation the more melancholy, from the gloom. Almost suddenly, the light waned and fell out, giving place to a sombre bluish grey, as the steamer swept round a promontory. Standing rigid and oblong upon this promontory were four human figures—a man, two women, and a girl. Their eyes seemed to be fixed upon the westerling sun, yet the lack of lustre, vacancy of the stare, had no 'attribution' in it. A fir off, half-distraught, it was, such as I had never observed before. A party among our passengers were making the air ring with loud talk and louder laughter, but the four figures remained motionless, peering seaward, as if utterly unconscious of the rushing steamer

and its noisy merry-making. The swirl of the water rose into great curling billows at their feet, the dense smoke of the pine wood from the funnel swept by them, yet the four remained passive, giving no more sign of consciousness than the sheaf of palmetto trees behind them. From the place where I stood, on the upper deck, to these people was not more than twenty five or thirty feet, so that I had the fullest opportunity of noting their queer imperturbability, as the speed of the steamer was lessened in working round the point. Their clothing seemed much worn, and a haggard, weary expression seemed to rest upon their thin faces. This living apparition lasted but a minute, for after rounding the cape, the steamer quickly shot into a canal like reach of the river, and the four silent, unmoved beings were left in the dim, swift-flying, tropical night.

'Who are those singular people? I asked the captain, who happened to be standing by 'Cracker,' and he, as indifferently as if they had been turtles.

I saw much of these people subsequently, but the remembrance of the lonely family standing on the bank of the shadowy river, surrounded by deadly swamps, swarming with reptiles fierce and subtle, has continued among the most vivid of my Cracker souvenirs. Somewhere in the forest behind them doubtless was the den they called home. How rude and elementary a Cracker habitation can be, I found the next day, in my journey across the peninsula.

I had lost my way in going from one recent settlement to another a few miles distant. On every side dark pine trees extended, and now and then by little covert of oaks, where fires or the axe had made a small clearing. Through the thin crowns of the pines, the fierce heat of mid-day seemed to descend more oppressively than in an exposed plain. Now and then a blast of balsamic and burning air coming from the Gulf of Mexico swept through the woods, making them hum in a strange thrilling dissonance. Hugo butterflies waved about the cactus plants; great

yellow humble bees boomed busily among the scrub, dragon flies of many sizes shot across the path like piratical meteor. A sort of startling, jinky black, screamed harshly and fitfully from the topmost branches of the pines, and floating high in the pulsating air was a pair of buzzards sweeping in vast curves, without any apparent motion of their rigid wings.

The prostrating heat, the dismal uniformity of the pine trees, the fierce energy of nature, and the indifference of the living things about me, were oppressive to the last degree. For the insects that were visible upon the flowers remained quite out under my observation. Chameleons and lizards unblinkingly found the trunks of the trees, and descended their green threads until they became a web, as if in selfish mockery of man. The loneliness grew more than depressing,—it became stupefying. Had I not been anxious to get out of the labyrinth, into which a lumberer's track had misled me, I should have sat down magnetised, as it were, by the heat and the overpowering solitude.

After a long detour, I came to a small lake, and on the other side of it, I saw a thread of blue smoke ascending behind a knoll of young oaks. As I drew near, I perceived a small weather worn log hut, and beside it a man putting some sticks up in a smouldering fire. A sort of fish kettle was raved upon some stones over the fire. Although I came upon him unawares, the man did not manifest the least surprise. Nevertheless, he seemed shy, suspicious, and ill conditioned, being anything but pleased at my appearance. His age might have been forty, more or less, for I found afterwards that a Craker's face is no exact index of age. He was unwholesomely plump, having that curious waxy tissue peculiar to his species. His countenance was mainly unimpaired with yellow flesh, and was very contently provided with argument, a much and clumsily leached shirt, and a most effectually worn pair of pants, being his sole attire. His curly hair was matted, and his wavy beard was tangled and neglected. His eyes had the same vacant listless expression that had struck me in those of the group standing upon the river's bank. Even in the words my impertinence extorted from him, there was an accent of vague dreaminess, and he looked meditatively away from me, as in animal days when one attempts to examine its eyes. But he was not indifferent to my remarks, on the contrary, he was keenly anxious to know who and what I was, though he hid his feelings under the habitual mask of stolid distrust and inhospitable booriness. He listened to my story of his wanderment in the forest as impassively as a cow might have done, and when I finished and asked him in what direction my destination lay, he pointed nonchalantly towards the south.

I was thirsty, hungry, and tired. Having found a harbour of refuge, I desired to get repose and refreshment before resuming my journey. I therefore endeavoured to negotiate with the man for something to eat and his help as a guide. But the requests were churlishly received; to my demand for food he vouchsafed me a vague shake of the head, to my entreaty for a drink of water he pointed to the lake. I was confounded by the brutish selfishness of the fellow, and would

have left him in disgust; but I really needed his assistance to reach the little settlement hidden in this endless wilderness. After a time, he agreed to take me to the place I was seeking, for fifty cents. His misanthropy now yielded a little; and he condescended to inform me that he was engaged in boiling potatoes. During our previous conversation, or rather my monologue—for the Craker recluse had only bestowed upon me the curttest of answers to my inquiries—the fire had died out. Seeing this, he grew almost active in his efforts to rouse up the embers, and succeeded, by prolonged and skillful blowing from his thin blue lips, to restore the fire, soon the pine twigs were blazing, and the larger pieces began to ignite.

As this took place, I heard the light clinking of leaves near at hand, and turning round, saw two female forms approaching. The Craker paid no attention to them, and that suggested they must be members of his family. For an instant the women stared at me, then, with forward glances and in Indian file, they went towards the shanty. I was so glad of these new elements of society, that I hastened towards them, and by making for the door, I intercepted them upon the threshold. This brought them to a standstill. To my courteous good morning they made no answer, nor would they look me in the face. I asked permission to share the family dinner, for which I would pay. I hurriedly explained how I had lost my way, and that the gentleman striding by the fire was going to accompany me to my destination at his convenience.

Very well, said the eldest of the women, and straightway entered the hut. Her companion and I silently followed. Whether this pair of words was a general acknowledgment to my request for dinner, and a temporary enjoyment of intercourse with her household, I could not gather. However, I put the most general construction upon the phrase, and looked into the hut with something of a frontispiece's freedom. The women appeared to be mother and daughter, the first perhaps forty, withered and yellow, as though her vitality had been exhausted by chronic malaria and insufficiency of food. Her dress was dingy and tattered, her hair rudely bunched into an anomalous heap. The daughter might be twenty, though the age of young women is not guessable in the far South, some girls of fifteen look fully matured. This young Crakeress was as ill dressed and as untidy as her mother. A poor, ill washed, whitish grey gown seemed to be almost her sole clothing, except a pair of wretched gaiters. Her feet were unshodded, however, for through the rents of her shoes appeared many evidences of the fact. The sun, and the water with which she drewed her hair, had rendered it the colour of lustreless hay. It was warty, and tied in a loose knot. Her eyes were of a light gray, dull and unamiable, yet showing the quick ingenuity of a squirrel, when she was excited by a spirit of curiosity. Like her parents, she seemed debilitated by privation and swampy exhalations, and stunned by the savage seclusion of the woods and the absence of social communication. She was wholly bereft of the graces of manhood, nor had she a visible trace of those modest charms which sentimental

## FLORIDA 'CRACKERS'

theorists have supposed to be the gift of sequestered girls. A lonely, idle, purposeless life had reduced her to the mental condition of an Indian, and had she been copper complexioned instead of the unhealthy yellow, I would have believed her an aboriginal inhabitant of Florida.

The retrogression of the high bred, progressive Caucasian towards the inferior Red man is very striking among the Crackers, who have sprung from two or three generations of degenerated whites. The omnipotent influences of forest solitude, of climatic exhaustions, of bad water, and of an existence without ambitions, bear down body, mind, and morals to the level of the native savage. Such environments mentally debase all who are subject to them.

I could not resist the inference that, after the lapse of a century or two, the finest European race, if left to itself in Florida, would sink to perhaps a lower condition than the Indians themselves. For the developed intellect having gone chiefly towards the idle, declines, amid the vast realities of nature, to a level beneath that of the savage, who has progressed in his special way under such conditions. All the mental up-building which civilization has effected becomes impractical, when white people revert to a state from which their ancestors emerged ages ago. Hence, unless they keep up contact with external civilization, in time I apply its methods in their daily lives, they must become victims to the degeneracy of which we in England have no conception.

While I continued to speak to the Cracker women, who sat listlessly in the hut, they did not manifest my desire to make acquaintance with me. Had I addressed two or three Maltese-Tuscan miniature figures, they would have displayed as much interest as those before me. No doubt much that I said was utterly indifferent to them, perhaps my language was almost foreign to them, for the vocabulary of the Crackers is necessarily limited. They are mostly illiterate, and are not concerned with subjects that lie out of their contracted range. I bear the testimony of the ladies without effort, since I wished to study Cracker life as far as circumstances permitted. While talking, I examined the details of the miserable hovel in which their lives were passed. It was about sixteen feet square, built of small pine logs, and roofed with rough boards. Through the intervals between the logs the air and light came freely. It had no floor, being on the crown of the knoll, the rain flowed from it as it fell. There was no fireplace, for Cracker cooking is always done in the open. A clumsy shelf stood at one end of the hut, and upon it were placed a few plates and cups. In the middle of the dwelling was a sort of bench, though used as a table, beside it two or three rickety chairs. Such were all the visible household goods. When the family slept, or how they slept, was not apparent to my un instructed eyes. It was evident enough, however, that domestic conveniences were as little considered as domestic comforts. It was also evident that there was no accommodation for a belated guest, and that I must sleep on the ground, as I got lost again in the forest; for I did not doubt that Cracker habitations were pretty much alike. Whether my conversation grew oppressive, or whether the need of narcotic refreshment was

urgent, I could not determine, but after a while the lady of the house rose and said something which I did not understand, for it was muttered rather than uttered. Thinking it was the Cracker mode of terminating an interview, I retired, while the lady proceeded to the fire, and deliberately filled and lighted a short black pipe.

Her husband had meantime been successful in getting the kettle to boil, and stood contentedly plating his achievement with his back against a tree. He did not pay the slightest attention to his wife as she lit her pipe, but after a few clouds of the smoke had slowly roused him with its fragrance, he put his hand into the pocket of his pantaloons and drew forth a rope of rudely twisted tobacco leaves. From this he bit a mouthful, and began to masticate it with the quiet enjoyment of a ruminating animal. His eyes left the steaming kettle and dwelt upon his bare and dusty feet, as if they were a beautiful vision. The lady of the house went to the shady side of the hut and sat down upon an upturned box, there she inhaled the fumes of her pipe, coughing from time to time and expectorating copiously. Her daughter sat near her and gazed dreamily at the ground.

As a keenly interested observer of these rural occupations, I began to find them monotonous after a time, and finally to be intolerable, before dinner. My appetite had that peculiar accentuation well known to Floridians at midday, for the moment, I may remark, is notorious for the gastric energy of its inhabitants and visitors. I had breakfasted at half past six, had walked many miles, had come to terms for dinner, which was clearly ready, for the lid was removed from the kettle. Yet the women of the establishment seemed unconscious of the meal and the guest as though they were as foodless as wood. Happily, the old lady's tobacco pipe burst out at length, she coughed at her ease, put the pipe in her pocket, and then calmly bade her daughter "put out the pot-oo's."

The latter I saw still more calmly, and brought a much oxidized tin vessel, perforated with numerous miniature holes, probably made with a building nail into this vessel, the contents of the kettle were poured, at a short distance from the fire. The water being drained off the vessel was carried into the hut, whence issued some minutes afterwards a sultry whoop. It roused my host from the staidest contemplation of his feet, he pulled the tobacco from his mouth, placed it upon a log, and went towards the hut without saying a word to me. Taking the whoop as a comprehensive invitation to dinner, I followed the Cracker into his home, and found the family seated at table. With an austere gesture from his dirty index finger, my hostess assigned me the vacant seat beside herself. I took it, with thanks, and waited for further comment. But in vain. The members of the household resorted themselves to the potatoes, which stood in the same vessel upon the table, and which furnished the *pièce de résistance* and all besides. Neither fish, flesh, fowl, bread, nor even common salt was upon this frugal board. A simpler feast could not be imagined, a less inviting and satisfying one I have never heard of, out of a long-belonged country. The potatoes were not what the Americans call "Irish potatoes," from excess of politeness or



from botanical ignorance. Those before me were sweet potatoes, a sort of yam. I had tasted them before, and had been contented with a limited experience. Now they were all that I had to dine upon. As I was not invited to join my friends in disposing of the feast, I fell into Cracker modes, and helped myself to a couple of the sodden roots, and followed their example in stripping them longitudinally and throwing the skins up on the table, which I need scarcely say had no cloth upon it.

I bit the yellow starchy, starchy morsel, and endeavoured to make the best of things. But I was new to Cracker cuisine. I believe I could have swallowed as much soup as easily. Whether it was the earth adhering to the potato that caused the vile flavour, for I do not suppose that they were washed before cooking, or whether the kettle or the tin vessel were filthy with accumulated impurities, I cannot say, I left the table hurriedly, cooking thereby all the contempt that my entertainers were capable of. When I returned and I had a drink of water, they were still suffering from acute uneasiness and really stared at me without reserve. But they did not hesitate to give me water either through negligence, or because it was not the family custom to drink at dinner, there was no water upon the table. The mother bade the girl fetch some. Now, if it is not vehement in advanced American society, in the retarded, such as I then moved in, it is inappropriate to a stranger. At my table, the young lady paid not the slightest attention to her mother's request, but went on peeling and eating sweet potatoes with much relish. At length her father rose, and without other rebuke than that of example, he took a singularly unkind look, pulled him under the dining-table and gravely quitted the house. I felt grateful for his offence, but further experience of Cracker conduct induces me to believe that I was bestowing commendation upon an undeserving object. My host's individual thrust was most probably the cause of his journey to the lake. Soon he returned, placed the pul upon the table, and forth with helped himself therefrom. Then his wife drank from the tin can which supplied the place of glasses to the diners, then the young lady partook of a copious draught. I waited to this last. It was well that I did so, for I made another breach of good manners. I had again to hurry outside. The water was positively luscious. It was warm, brackish, and turbid, as though the pul had contained milk. Swallow it I could not.

Such was the dinner to which white people of my own race and speech had sat down and eaten. I do not think that omnivorous men partake of any food that so degrades him as the sweet potato, when it becomes the staple, as it is said to be, of Florida. Cracker husbandry for a large part of the year. Its nutritive value must be small, and it lacks the flavour of the tuber that is found upon the tables of British households. But it is easily cultivated, is an almost sure crop, and yields prolifically. In a climate like that of Florida, moist and hot, several crops can be got in the year. No doubt, this wretched diet is largely the cause of the physical deterioration of the Crackers. The solitude of their lives, their

apathetic indifference to all things external to their narrow sympathies, their suspicion of strangers, and the contact with negroes and Indians, are sufficient to deflect them into avenues of being far apart from those pursued by white people in the more settled parts of the United States, but their repulsive and monotonous food intensifies their degradation, and makes emancipation almost impossible. Events now taking place, however, will probably arrest the downward career of these people, and compel them to ply a part in the civilizing of their native state, or to perish in the stern onrush of an invading world.

Florida is the winter sanatorium of America, and it is becoming dotted with orange and lemon groves, wherever these fruits will flourish. Railways, steamboats, stage wagons, are penetrating further into the peninsula each year, and vast amounts of capital are flowing into the state. This brings with it Northern people, who are the antithesis of the torpid, furive, unsocial Cracker, and with whom they cannot have any but hostile relations. Let this century be spent, these mean whites will either be absorbed into the ranks of the new lords, or they will be confined to the malarious swamps of their native land. The downfall of negro slavery included the abolition of the poor white man's slave. Slavery caused the Cracker, freedom will destroy him, or rather let us hope, will win him back to the civility from which his father lapsed.

THE ROSERY FOLK

BY GEORGE MARSHALL LEECH

CHAPTER V.—AFTER THE WINDUP

SUCH an accident could not occur without the news spreading pretty quickly, and in the course of the morning several of the neighbours drove over to make inquiries, the trouble having been so far magnified that, as it travelled in different directions, the number of drowned had varied from one to half a dozen, the most sensational report having it that the pleasure boat had been drowned as well, and that men were busy at work trying to recover it up by the weir.

The groom had returned, the patient had partaken of his sedative draught and sunk into a heavy sleep, watched by his wife, while the doctor had gone to bed down for a few hours' rest, for, as he said, the excitement was in an evil, and all that was needful now was plenty of sleep. Arthur Prayle had taken him to the garden, where he read, moralized, and watched John Monnick, who in his turn, slept, moralized, and watched the visitor from beneath his overhanging brows.

Aunt Sophia and Naomi were in the drawing-room reading and answering letters, the former doing the reading, the latter the answering from dictation, for there was a cessation from the visiting that had gone on all the morning.

'Now I do hope they will leave us at peace,' said Aunt Sophia. 'Talk, talk, talk, and always in the same strain. I do hate country visiting-calls, and I will not have my correspondence get behind.—Now then, my dear, where were we?'

'Evet Boodle silver laid mines, said Naomi  
'Ah, of course. Expect to pay a dividend of  
twelve and a half per cent!'

'Yes, aunt dear,' said the girl, referring to a  
prospectus.

'Humph! That's very different from consols,  
I think I shall have some of those shares,  
Naomi.'

'Do you, aunt?'

'Do I, child? Why, of course. It's like  
throwing money in the gutter, to be content with  
three per cent when you can have twelve and a  
half. Write and tell Mr Saxby to buy me fifty  
shares.'

'Yes, aunt dear. But do you think it would  
be safe?'

'Safely, child? Yes, of course. You need what  
all these captains said—Captain Pincheon and  
Captain Trilium, and Captain Polwhuddle.'

'But Mr Saxby said, aunt, that some of these  
Gornish names were very risky speculations, don't  
you remember?'

'No, my dear, I don't. I wonder that  
remember anything, after yesterday's shock.'

But I remember, aunt dear, said the girl.  
'He said that if these names would pay such  
enormous dividends, was it likely that the shares  
would go down, and the owners be obliged to  
advertise to get them taken up?'

'Yes, and Captain Polwhuddle in his printed  
Report says that there is a deal of unexampled  
increase not yet tapped, though one would think  
the silver had been in a market state for them to  
have to tap it.'

'Yes, aunt dear, but Mr Saxby said that these  
people always have a bit of rich on 'em purpose  
to make a show.'

'I don't believe people would be so dishonest  
my dear, and as for Mr Saxby—he's a good  
man. No more course of speculation in him than a  
frog. Not so much. A frog will travel about  
and investigate things, while Mr Saxby sits  
boxed up in his office all day long, and as soon  
as a good opportunity occurs, he spoils it. I  
might have made a huge fortune by now, if it  
had not been for him. Write and tell him to  
buy me a hundred twenty pound shares.'

The letter was written, read over by Aunt  
Sophia, in a very judicial manner, through her  
gold-rimmed eye-glass, approved, and had just  
been addressed and stamped, when there was  
the sound of wheels on a cove, and the servant  
shortly after announced Lady Martlett.

At the same moment the visitor and Doctor  
Scates entered the drawing-room from opposite  
doors, the latter feeling bright and refreshed by  
his nip, and Aunt Sophia and Naomi looked on  
condemningly as Lady Martlett stopped short and  
the doctor smiled.

Her Ladyship was the first to recover herself,  
and walked towards Aunt Sophia with stately  
carriage and extended hand. 'I have only just  
heard of the accident,' she said in a sweet rich  
voice. 'My dear Miss Halough, I am indeed  
deeply grieved.' She bent forward and kissed  
Aunt Sophia, and then embraced Naomi, before  
drawing herself up in a stately statuesque manner,  
darting a quick flash of her fine eyes at the  
doctor and brightly waiting to be introduced.

'It's very kind of you, my dear Lady Martlett,'  
said Aunt Sophia—'very kind indeed, and I'm

glad to say that, thanks to Doctor Scates here,  
my poor nephew has nearly recovered from the  
shock.—But I forgot, you have not been intro-  
duced. Lady Martlett, Doctor Scates.'

Doctor Scates and I have had the pleasure of  
meeting before,' said Lady Martlett coldly.

'Yes,' said the doctor, 'I had the pleasure of  
being of a little assistance to her Ladyship,' and  
as he spoke he took a sixpence out of his pocket,  
turned it over, advanced a step with the coin  
between his finger and thumb, as if about to  
hand it to its former owner, but instead of doing  
so, he replaced it in his pocket and smiled.

Lady Martlett apparently paid no heed to this  
movement, but bowed and turned to Aunt Sophia,  
while the doctor said to himself: 'Now, that was  
very weak, and decidedly impertinent. I deserve  
a scold.'

'Doctor Scates and I met yesterday, the day  
before—really, I hardly recollect,' said Lady  
Martlett. 'It was while I was out for a morning  
ride. He was polite enough to open a gate for  
me.'

'Oh, indeed?' said Aunt Sophia quickly, and  
she wondered why the visitor should be so impres-  
sive about so trifling a matter.

'And now, tell me all about the accident,' said  
Lady Martlett, 'I am so fond of the water, and  
it seems so shocking for such an innocent unac-  
counted to be attended with so much risk.'

'I was always afraid of the water,' said Aunt  
Sophia, 'and not without reason, she added  
severely, 'but against my own convictions I  
went.'

'But Mr Scates is in no danger?'

'O dear, no,' said the doctor quickly.

'I am afraid of that, said the visitor, without  
turning her head, and taking the announcement  
as if it had come from Aunt Sophia.

Thanks to Doctor Scates' bravery and able  
treatment, said Aunt Sophia.

'Pray spare me,' said the doctor, looking. 'I  
am so accustomed to blame, that I cannot bear  
praise.'

'I am not praising you,' said Aunt Sophia,  
'but telling the simple truth—What do you say,  
Naomi?'

'I did not speak, aunt, replied the girl.

'But' child, who said you did?' cried Aunt  
Sophia peevishly. 'You know that the doctor  
saved your cousin's life.'

'O yes, indeed,' cried Naomi, flushing, and  
looking up brightly and gratefully, and then  
shinking and becoming conscious, as her eyes met  
those of the visitor gazing at her with an aspect  
mingled of contempt and anger—a look that in its  
gentle, little, quiet Naomi rarely as it were within  
herself, closing up her petals like some sensitive  
bud attacked by sun or rain.

The doctor saw it, and had his thoughts upon  
the matter, as upon his threatening to beat a  
retreat, Aunt Sophia said: 'Well, never mind,  
I can think what I please.'

'I think, then, by all means,' he said merrily—  
'Flattery is hard to bear, Lady Martlett.'

'I am not accustomed to flattery,' said the  
visitor coldly, and she turned away her head.

'That is a bit,' said the doctor to himself, as  
he watched the handsome woman intently. 'You  
are used to flattery—think I shall coarse flattery—  
to be told that you are extremely beautiful, and

to receive adulation of the most abject kind. You are very rich, and people make themselves your slaves, tell you think and look and move in that impudic way, and yet, some of these days, *ma belle dame*, you will be prostrate, and weak, and humble, and ready to implore Doctor somebody or another to restore you to health. Let's see, though I could you *la belle dame*. Rather suggestive, when she stands and pronounced after the old English fashion—'Well, Miss Ralfeigh, of what are you thinking?' he said aloud, as he turned and found Naomi watching him, Lady Mirelett having risen and walked with Aunt Sophia into the conservatory.

'I—I—' 'Ah, ah!' said the doctor, laughing. 'Come, confess, in omissions. You must always be frank with a medical man. Now then?'

'You would be wily with me if I were to tell you,' said the girl.

'Indeed, no. (Dear, I'll help you.' 'Oh, thank you—' said the girl with a sigh of relief, which seemed to mean 'You will never guess.'

'You were thinking, that I should Lady Mirelett.

'Yes.' 'How did you know?' cried the girl, starting.

'Did you see it, of course?' said the doctor, laughing. 'All you don't know how easily we medical men read sensitive young girls like you, and—' 'Oh, but they come back.'

In effect, Lady Mirelett and Aunt Sophia returned to the drawing-room, the former lady entirely ignoring the presence of the doctor till she left, which she did soon afterwards, leaving the kindest of messages for Mrs Scarelett, all full of cordiality, and quite accepting the apology for her non-appearance. Then there was the warmest of partings, while the doctor stood by, wondering whether he was to be noticed or passed over, the latter seeming to be likely, when, just as she reached the door, Lady Mirelett turned and bowed in the most distant way.

Then John Scarelett, M.D., stood alone in the drawing-room, listening to the voices in the hall as the door swung to.

'Humph!' he said to himself. 'What a woman! She's glorious! I like her pride and that cool haughty way of hers! And what a voice!'

'No, it won't do,' he muttered, after a short pause. 'I'm not a meddling man—not likely to be a marriage man, and if I were, her Ladyship would say, with all reason upon her side. "The man must be mad!" His insolence and assumption are not to be borne.'

'Talking to yourself, doctor?' said Mrs Scarelett, entering the room, looking very pale and anxious.

'Yes, Mrs Scarelett, it is one of my bad habits—How is my patient?'

'Sleeping pretty badly,' she said. 'I came to ask you to come and look at him, though.'

'What's the matter?' cried the doctor sharply, and he was half way to the door as he spoke.

'Nothing, I hope,' exclaimed Mrs Scarelett, trembling, 'but he alarms me. I—I am afraid that I am quite unnerved.'

The doctor did not make any comment till he had risen and examined the patient for a few minutes, Mrs Scarelett hardly daring to breathe

the while, then he turned to her with a satisfied nod. 'Only the catarrh. You are over-anxious, and must have some rest.'

#### CHAPTER XI.—MR SAXBAY COMES DOWN ON BUSINESS.

The next day and the next, James Scarelett seemed to be better. He was pale and suffering from the shock, speaking gravely to all about him, but evidently trying to make the visitors feel at their ease. He pressed them to stay, but the doctor had to get back to town, so had Fizzle, though the latter acknowledged the fact with great reluctance, and it was arranged that they were to be driven over to the station together.

That morning at breakfast, however, a visitor was announced in the person of Mr Frederick Saxby.

'Saxby? What does he want?' said Scarelett. 'Why, he must have come down from town this morning. Here, I'll fetch him in.' He rose and left the room, and the doctor noted that his manner was a good deal changed.

'Unpleasant business, perhaps,' he thought, and then, as his eyes met Mrs Scarelett's, 'She's thinking the same.'

Just then Scarelett returned, appearing in a good looking rather florid man of about thirty five, over-dressed, and giving the impression, from his glossy coat to his dinner jacket leather boots, that he was some thing in the City.

Mr Saxby was extremely polite to all before he took his place, bowing deferentially to the ladies, most reverentially to Naomi, and apologetically to the gentleman though, as soon as the constraint was over by his coming in as he did, he proved, he proved that he really was something in the City, displaying all the sharp dogmatic way of business men. He hunted a good deal upon subjects that he assumed to be likely to interest his audience—how Egyptians were down, Turkish war up, and Hudson's Bays were almost

an expression likely to confuse an unversed personage, who might have taken Hudson's Bays for some celebrated regiment of horse. He several times over tried to meet Aunt Sophia's eyes, but that lady rigidly kept them upon her coffee-cup, and not only looked very stern and uncompromising, but gave vent to an occasional sniff, that made Mr Saxby start, as though he looked upon it as a kind of challenge to the fight to

Despite the disturbing influences of Aunt Sophia's sniffs and the proximate presence of Naomi, by whom he was scolded, and to whom, in spite of his assumption, he found himself utterly unable to say a dozen sensible words, Mr Frederick Saxby, of the Stock Exchange, managed to partake of a most excellent breakfast—such a meal, in fact, as made Mr Scarelett glance inquiringly at him, and ask himself questions respecting his diet and the state of his general health.

It was now, as the breakfast party separated, some to enter the conservatory, others to stroll round the garden, that Aunt Sophia met Mr Saxby's eye, and nodding towards the drawing-room, said shortly, 'Go in there, Naomi, you can come too.'

Mr Saaby heard the first part of Aunt Sophia's speech as if it were an adverse sentence, the latter part as if it were a reproach, and after drawing back, to allow the ladies to pass, he found that he was expected to go first, and did so, feeling extremely uncomfortable, and as if Naomi must be criticizing his back—a very unpleasant feeling, by the way, to a sensitive man, especially if he be one who is exceedingly particular about his personal appearance, and wonders whether his coat fits, and the aforesaid back has been properly brushed.

Naomi noted Mr Saaby's uneasiness, and she also became aware of the fact that Arthur Prayle strolled slowly off into the conservatory, where he became deeply interested in the flowers, taking off a dead leaf here and there, and picking up fallen petals, accidentally getting near the open window the while.

'Now, Mr Saaby,' said Aunt Sophia sharply, 'you have brought me down those shares?'

'Well, no, Miss Raleigh,' he said, business-like now at once. 'I did not buy them, because—'

'You did not buy them?'

'No, ma'am. You see, shares of that kind—'

'Pay twelve and fifteen per cent, and I only get a pitiful three.'

'Every six, ma'am, regularly. Shares like those you want me to buy generally promise fifteen per cent at the rate of ten on the first half year—'

'Well, ten per cent, then,' said Aunt Sophia.

'Don't pay any dividend the second half year, and the shares remain upon the buyer's hands. No one will buy them at any price.'

'Oh, this is all stuff and nonsense, Mr Saaby,' cried Aunt Sophia angrily.

'Not a bit of it, ma'am,' cried the stockbroker firmly.

'But I say it is!' cried Aunt Sophia, with a stamp of her foot. 'I had set my mind upon having those shares.'

'And I had set my mind upon stopping you, ma'am. That's why I got up at six o'clock this morning and came down.'

'Mr Saaby?'

'No use for you to be cross with me. Fighting against my own interest in the present, but while I have your business to transact, ma'am, I won't see your little fortune frittered away.'

'Mr Saaby!' exclaimed Aunt Sophia again.

'I can't help it, ma'am, and of course you are perfectly at liberty to take your business elsewhere. I want to make all I can out of you by commission and brokerage, etc., etc., but I never allow a client of mine to run headlong and run himself, or herself, down a Cornish mine, without trying to skid the wheels.'

'You forget that you are addressing ladies, Mr Saaby.'

'Beg pardon; yes,' said the stockbroker, trying hard to recall what he had said. 'Very sorry.'

'And I think it is a very great piece of presumption on your part, Mr Saaby. You need not address my niece, sir, she does not understand these matters at all. Am I to understand, then, that you refuse to buy these shares for me?'

'Yes, ma'am, most distinctly. I wouldn't buy 'em for a client on any consideration.'

'Very well, sir, that will do,' said Aunt Sophia shortly. 'Good morning.'

'But, my dear madam—'

'I said that will do, Mr Saaby,' said Aunt Sophia stuffily. 'Good morning.'

Mr Saaby's lips moved, and he seemed to be trying to say something in his own defence, and he also turned towards Naomi, as if seeking for sympathy, but she only cast down her eyes.

'Perhaps Mr Saaby would like to walk round the garden before he goes away,' continued Aunt Sophia, looking at a statuette beneath a glass shade as she spoke. 'He will find my nephew and the doctor there—Naomi, my dear, come with me.'

'Really, madam—' began the stockbroker.

'Of course you will charge your expenses for this visit to me, Mr Saaby,' said Aunt Sophia coldly, and without another word, she swept out of the room.

'Well, if ever I—' Mr Saaby did not finish his sentence as he stood in the hall, but delivered a tremendous blow right into his hat, checking it in time to prevent injury to the glossy fabric; and then, sticking it sideways upon his head, and his hands beneath his coat tails, he strolled out into the garden.

Ten minutes later, Aunt Sophia returned into the drawing-room, and as she did so, a tall dark figure rose from where it was leaning over a book.

'Bless the man! how you made me jump,' cried Aunt Sophia.

'I beg your pardon—I'm extremely sorry, Mrs. Raleigh,' said Prayle softly. 'I was just looking through that little work.'

'Oh!' said Aunt Sophia shortly.

'By the way, Mrs. Raleigh—I am sure you will excuse me?'

'Certainly, Mr Prayle, certainly,' said Aunt Sophia, who evidently supposed that the speaker was about to leave the room.

'Thank you,' he said softly. 'I only wanted to observe that I'm engaged a great deal in the City, and—er—it often falls to my lot—er—to be aware of good opportunities for making investments.'

'Indeed,' said Aunt Sophia.

'Yes, not always, but at times,' continued Prayle. 'I thought I would name it to you, as you might perhaps feel disposed to take shares, say, in some object of philanthropic design. I find that these affairs generally pay good dividends, while the shareholders are perfectly safe.'

'Thank you, Mr Prayle,' said Aunt Sophia shortly. 'I don't know that I have any money to invest.'

'I'm very sorry,' exclaimed Prayle. 'Of course I did not for a moment suppose that for the present you would have, but still I thought I would name the matter to you. There is some difficulty in obtaining shares of this class. They are apportioned amongst a very few.'

'And do they pay a high percentage?'

'Very, very high. The shareholders have been known to divide as much as twenty per cent. amongst them.'

'Indeed, Mr Prayle.'

'Yes, madam, indeed,' said the young man, as solemnly as if it had been some religious question.

'That settles it then,' said Aunt Sophia cheerfully.

'My dear madam?'

'If they pay twenty per cent, the thing is not honest.'

'My dear madam, I am up to the hilt in no special undertaking,' said Phyle, 'only, generally.'

'Spoken of generally,' said Aunt Sophia dogmatically, 'any undertaking that pays more than five per cent is either exceptionally fortunate or exceptionally dishonest. Like my advice, Mr Phyle, and if ever you have any special case to invest, put it in bonds. The interest is low, but it is sure—Now, is you are soon going, I will say good bye.'

'The old girl is cunning,' said Arthur Phyle to himself, 'but she will bite, and I shall land her yet.'

'Ugh! How I do hate that smooth, dark, unpleasant man!' said Aunt Sophia, humming up to her bedroom. 'He always puts me in mind of a shiny snake.'

Moved by this idea, Aunt Sophia carefully washed her hands in two different waters, and even went so far as to smell her right hand afterwards, in happy assurance of the fact that snakes are not slimy, but have skins that are tolerably dry and clean. So she sniffed in an angry kind of way at the hand she washed though its scent was only that of old brown Windsor soap, which had for the time being, in her prejudiced mind, become in her symbolic of deceit and all that it was and did.

'Ah!' she exclaimed after another good rub, and another sniff, 'that's better now.'

An hour later, the doctor, Phyle, and Mr Saxby had taken their leave, the last fully under the impression that he had lost a very excellent client.

'Most pragmatic old lady,' he said to the doctor.

'Well, she has all the crochets of an old maid,' said Stales. 'Ought to have married thirty or forty years ago. I don't dislike her, though.'

'Humph! I didn't, yesterday, Doctor Stales,' said Saxby, 'to-day, I'm afraid I do. How she could ever have had such a niece.'

Phyle looked up quickly.

'Ah, it does seem curious,' said the doctor, with a dry look of amusement on his countenance. 'Would it not be more correct to say, one wonders that the young lady could ever have had such an aunt?'

'Ah? Yes! Of course you are right,' said Mr Saxby, nodding. 'Oh, no! Oh, no! That won't do, you know. Impossible! I was right. Eh? No, I was not. Tut—tut! How confusing these relationships are.'

Mr Saxby dismounted upon a horse right through the journey up, and Mr Phyle either assumed to, or really did go to sleep, only awakening to take an effusive farewell of his companions at the terminus, while Saxby, to the doctor's discomposure, took his arm, saying, 'I'm going your way,' and walked by his side, talking of the weather, till, turning suddenly, he said 'I say fair play's a jewel, doctor. Are we both—th—Miss Naomi?'

'What, I?—thinking of her? My dear sir, no!'

'Thank you, do for. First time I'm ill, I'll come to you. That's a load off my mind.'

'Put really, Mr Saxby, you should have asked Mr Phyle that question.'

'I'll. What? You don't think so, do you?'

'I should be sorry to pass my judgment upon the matter, Mr Saxby,' said the doctor quickly, 'and now we part. Good day.'

'Phyle, eh?' said Saxby. 'Well, I never thought of him, and— Ah, she's about the nicest, simplest, and sweetest girl I ever saw! But, Phyle!'

People wondered why the amply dressed City man stopped short and removed his glossy hat to rub one ear.

### WANTED, A PRODIGY

A large number of prodigies are duly wanted, and advertised for in the newspapers. Agents make a livelihood by procuring them or some thing like them. Salaries are offered, ranging from mere food and shelter, or twenty pounds a year, to upwards of a hundred for a special prodigy, or some hundreds a year for a prodigy not afraid of withering in a hot country. The advertisement runs somewhat in this style: Wanted, a (Governess to teach fluent conversational French and German, Italian or Spanish, elementary Latin and Sicilian. Must be a first class pianist, and teacher of singing, drawing, and painting, and must be willing to take entire charge of— Here the number of young hopefuls is stated, from one to half a dozen, and there is added in an inspiring claim for 'unexceptionable references, put in to secure some rest for the door bell and to save the letter box from shaking with answers.

'I wish I could earn money,' we once heard a well-educated girl say dolefully, 'but no one would have me as a governess, I am not a live polyglot dictionary.' A live polyglot dictionary is, in fact, what many employers wish to find for their children. Whether such human dictionaries are to be found, or whether the children would be the better for having them, is quite another thing. There certainly are to be found any number of attempts at playing the rôle of a polyglot dictionary governess, and any number of bewildered babies toddling straight out of the nursery to stagger and tumble about among the ruins of Babel. We can sympathise with that sharp little American boy, who, on hearing that a new government was coming, turned from meditatively snoring the window with his fingers, to declare that the Tower of Babel was a great mistake—evidently alive to the 'confusion of tongues' likely to be introduced along with the expected lady.

Children take delight in learning for the first time the words of a foreign language, it is one of the eccentricities of childhood that they will even try to make up a new language in play, and coin words and invent written alphabets that

would puzzle the memory of the Philological Society itself. But when more than one foreign tongue is taught to them; when each, seen in detached glimpses, is a despair provoking mystery; when it battles with rules and is entangled with rhym, all connected with classes of words not yet distinguishable even in the mother-tongue; when successive dictionaries are searched awkwardly for words like needles in the proverbial bundle of straw, when, as Hans Brattmann says, 'all the nouns live zshendly, and all the zshendls are laid'—then it becomes questionable whether young children in the midst of their two or three languages are not as confused, disheartened, and lost as ever was the hapless Babes in the Wood. Their delicate brain and sensitive nervous system are unequal to the strain of such lessons, and, as dull and idle scholars, they find the schoolroom an awful place of reluctant labour. The time of recreation comes, and there is hope of some chance of happy tuning, at least for undeveloped muscle and limb; but the primduly walk is almost as awful as lesson hours, for the brain is set to work again, the governess becomes a walking phrase-book to teach some foreign language conversationally. For some time it is entertaining to the children, but at last it may become burdensome for the mind to have any work to do during the free hour among grass, trees, and sunshine. Still the teacher must persist in her duty, sanctioned by custom; and so the children find themselves under the charge of a lady who has left her English at home, and who, among English ducks and other baped prattlers, by the innocent waters of an English pond, feigns an ignorance of the country's language as complete and hideous as if she were a shipwrecked mariner just landed on unknown shores.

It is one of the mysteries—and is it not one of the mistakes?—of the modern fashion of home education that foreign languages are the necessary qualification of any one who wishes to teach. Foreign languages are often the only things asked for in choosing a governess; and, in a word, foreign languages seem to be the children's first need in life, and the mother's first thought when she is advertising for a lady who will during the greater part of the day 'take entire charge' of her children. It is true that in these days a knowledge of French is taken for granted in the well educated; and the power of at least reading German as well, is becoming almost a necessity among the cultured, and even in business dealings in the commercial world. It is true, also, that familiarity with any foreign language is in itself a pleasure-giving possession; and that it is far more easily acquired in childhood and youth than in later life. But, however important it may be to learn languages eventually, or even to learn one aside with the mother-tongue almost from the beginning, the study of two or three at a time must always be

a labour of bondage and bewilderment for good young brains; and when we think what a noble, beautiful, and perfect work ought to be done in the 'building up' the education of a child, it becomes false and foolish on the face of it to say that the knowledge of foreign languages is the first qualification of an educator, and the last that ought to be used in choosing one.

When an impossible number of languages and acquisitions are not asked for, the next best thing to an English polyglot speaker—or perhaps a better thing—is supposed to be a foreign instructress, who can at least teach her own language, even if she can teach nothing else. All sorts of mistakes come in the train of this fashionable rage for having a foreign governess or nurse. It is well known that in Paris many of the English girls who have not sufficient position or education to offer themselves for the higher grade of *institutrice*, or, as we say, governess, and who take the place of *gouvernante* to little children, have never in their own country been accustomed to speak Queen's English; and teach bad grammar, provincialisms, and perhaps slang, to Marie and Julia, while Madame and Monsieur complacently believe the dear children are learning the English tongue in its native purity. Not long ago, an English gentleman, a resident in Paris, meeting some small friends of his on their way home with an English *gouvernante*, gave them a chance of showing off their new accomplishment, of which the little people were rather proud. 'What have you been?' he began. The small folks translated mentally, and at last said, 'We had to the house of grand-mamma, and we had to the Champ-Élysées.' The gentleman smiled, and the *gouvernante* translating the smile, explained to her young charges 'My dears, don't say we had; say, we was'—which was, truly enough, the idiom of the past tense in her own vocabulary. The converse may sometimes hold good, as regards foreign governesses in this country.

There is often injustice done to the children by giving languages the first place in instruction; but there is also injustice done even to the eligible and accomplished governess in expecting her to know perfectly a whole list of modern languages, to be capable of teaching two or three branches of the fine arts with excellence in each—to do all this while she is taking entire charge of her pupils and forming their character, so that no time is left to her for self-culture. But not even here do the requirements of employers cease. The prodigy wanted must combine with her polyglot powers and her union of talents as musician, artist, and living primer of sciences, an amount of self-abnegation and humble indifference to choice and comfort such as are seldom to be found in human nature. She must have unvarying patience under routine, readiness to forget her own tastes on every occasion, and will to bear any number of slights, and to assume any number of extra duties at the whim of her employers. The person of whom all this is expected is generally a lady, whose natural right

'Yrpect, to deference, and to courteous treat-  
solax, is still keenly felt, whose family misfor-  
tunes—the cause of her present position—while  
leaving her all her refinement, have only added  
to her sensitive power of suffering, and very  
often her years are those of inexperienced ardour,  
when disappointments are most painful, and when  
coldness or loneliness is most chilling, and above  
all, when youthful mistrust of her own money  
worth causes the strength to be overtaxed, and  
every concession to be given through the desire  
to please and to succeed. The woman of human  
limited intellect, and human need of sympathy  
and relaxation, who could surmount all difficulties,  
and know all, teach all, assume all responsibility  
worthily, and adapting herself to all circumstances,  
but all that is required of such a governess—  
would be a prodigy indeed.

When a popular author wrote *The Intentions of  
the Scattergood Family*, a good many years ago  
now, in describing Clara Scattergood's position  
'in a genteel family,' a piquant remark was intro-  
duced, which holds true of others besides poor  
Clara and her inconsiderate employers 'Society  
has the same links in the scale as the animal  
creation, and a governess in such a family was  
evidently considered the connecting tie between  
the family and the domestics.' That the educator  
of the children should be lowered by her office  
itself almost to the position of a servant, in her  
a false appreciation of the worth of the children  
and the nobility of the office of preparing them  
for life. Clara Scattergood's meeting with a  
kindly visitor, and the consequent pages of happy  
romance, are fiction, not fact—or a fact that  
hardly ever occurs in the routine of a teacher's  
life. At least in English life, her expectations, her  
hopes of eventual rest, and her possibilities of  
marriage are very few, and if she be on the  
lookout for romance, she makes a grave mistake  
in expecting to find it in her situation, as in the  
novel. She may marry abroad, but seldom will  
be given, or will chance to find, honourable  
admission while she is in the house of strangers  
on home soil.

But Clara's troubles are real and true to life.  
Vulgarity in command may yet perpetually upon  
the governess's refinement, the servants may feel  
it liberty to patronise or insult her, if she be  
poor, her poverty may become known, and the  
masters of the more fortunate may reach her,  
as the stage whisper of household talk. The  
children themselves, whom she yearns to love  
and make friends with, may catch up her words  
with their much admiring sharpness, and conscious  
of 'mamma's opinion of the new governess,' may  
make her heart sick with lack of respect, and  
with still more painful indifference to her kind-  
ness. Or if she escapes all these aggressive  
troubles, there are more passive ones in store for  
her. Even where a lady rules, where servants  
keep at a distance, and children are childlike  
and affectionately inclined, the lady in the school-  
room will often have, as the phrase goes, to put  
her pride in her pocket, and display sensitiveness  
as out of place. She will seldom meet with  
constant and sympathetic consideration from the  
beginning of her engagement to the final packing  
of her trunks, although it is true the whole time  
that she is a woman of education, kindness, and  
refinement, living in the home of another woman

similarly gifted, perhaps, but more favoured by  
fortune, and that these two are linked in their  
interests by one golden link—the children of the  
household. The children are, or ought to be,  
the most prized possession of one of these two  
women, the source of most of the tenderness which  
time has developed in her nature, and their  
future welfare her nearest and dearest hope, yet  
she pays to their guidance and instruction  
perhaps less than she affords to the maid who  
dresses her hair, or to the head servant in her  
kitchen, who her highest task is to prepare dinner,  
and the governess has little in return of her part  
or of her sincere courtesy than these surely,  
there is something wrong here, and yet this is  
the state of things in a thousand households.  
'Society has the same links in its scale as the  
animal creation, and a governess is considered  
the connecting tie between the family and the  
domestics.' The woman who could give entire  
satisfaction, holding such gifts and such an office,  
in such a position, would be a prodigy not only  
of intellect, but of more than human tact, and  
more than human self-forgetting virtue.

There are probably mistakes on both sides, in  
such a widely mistaken state of affairs. Is it not  
possible that part of the double mistake arises  
from a false and low idea of what education is?  
If a governess could teach with the untiring  
precision and perfection of a teaching machine,  
if she could impart to her pupils—without tiring  
them but give even in private days—a know-  
ledge of all the languages, and all the 'old arts,'  
make them familiar with all manner of music  
and painting that ever bewit her a drawing room,  
and jule on top of these studies, all other 'com-  
pulsions'—she would in the end have 'accom-  
plished' nothing whatever, unless a different  
kind of instruction and guidance were given as  
well French, German, piano and violin music  
and singing, and the use of pencil and palette,  
are not education in themselves, though they  
may be a useful and ornamental part of it. To  
mould soul, mind, and body for life's duties, to  
develop all that is noble in each, and to set firmly  
before the coming life the highest ideal of the  
good, the true, the beautiful—this is more like  
the solid work of education, and thus building up  
—upon which all the rest is merely decorative—  
depends upon homely and humble lessons from  
some one capable of teaching them from the heart,  
and making such teaching attractive. It is a  
great gift, this power of forming an ignorant,  
perhaps faulty child, to be what the poet called  
'a perfect woman a bly planned,' it is a gift  
given to few, and not to be tested by examinations  
or affirmed by a certificate. It is part of the  
mother's office, a part which in these busy days  
she has frequently to cede to another, she herself  
having neither time, nor perhaps teaching power,  
nor ability for the intellectual training which the  
child may have the capacity, and therefore the  
right to receive. And if it be part of the mother's  
office, there can hardly be a higher office on earth  
than that of education even in the home school-  
room.

If the fortune favoured woman would but have  
a sense of this, she would seek diligently in  
this occupation of the term for the best educator,  
would spare neither money nor considerable  
affliction in order to repay her, would remember

her, and keep her friendship for gratitude's sake, when the task of years was done. She would not expect perfection, nor superhuman freedom from fault or weakness, but she would share home life with her so far at least as to insure her enjoyment of a home, and she would bear in mind her own equal share of fault and imperfection, smoothing all difficulty because of the one aim, to prosper which these two would find themselves united. On the other hand, so confidential a position would require in her who held it a jealous regard for household secrets and for the family welfare of those whose roof she shared, and it would demand also from her a far higher purpose than the earning of a salary, and qualities of mind and heart such as can only be found when the teacher, in accordance with the mother's hopes and plans, loses all selfish aims in the pure desire of benefiting the children. She may prepare them for life brilliantly, but her highest duty is to prepare them well. The 'Education' advertisements suggest far other ideas than these, but then, the mercenary being who is 'wanted' is hardly a true educator, and we question if a satisfactory pedagogy has ever been discovered by the exacting class of advertisements, for the advertiser understands human nature as little as they understand the work of a worthy teacher, or the honour that is her due when that precious possession is found.

## THE BLATCHFORD BEQUEST

## IN FOUR CHAPTERS—CHAPTER I

THE waves were tumbling in heavily on Overseer beach. It was too dark to see the white line of surf, from the row of houses which fronted the sea, but the sullen roar of such a wave as it broke, and the sharp crash of the shingle as it followed the retreat of the flood, were audible at a much greater distance than Marine Park. The wind blew in fierce gusts, sending the rain against the window panes like a whip with a thousand lashes falling at the same moment. No one, except, perhaps, a passionate poet with a raging heart, and a constitution in good enough to defy cold and wet, would, of his own free will, be out of doors on such a night as this.

The Rev. Cuthbert Wrey, curate in charge of St. Nicholas, that little garrisoned iron shell of St. Mary's, Overseer, was not a poet, therefore, he felt heartily glad when he arrived at the door of his lodgings in Marine Parade, without having been flattened by the force of the gale against the low walls and railings which inclose those wind-swept little gardens facing the sea. He was afraid to unbutton his mackintosh, to get at his clothes—let the wind have one fur chance, and he expected to find the garment stripped from his shoulders and blown into ribbons—so he knocked, rather impatiently, at the door.

'An awful night, Mrs. Roberts,' he said to his landlady, when, by dint of united efforts, they had closed the door and barred out the uproarious wind.

'Yes, sir, an awful night,' replied Mrs. Roberts,

taking the dripping mackintosh and broad-brimmed hat. 'So awful, sir,' she added, apologetically, 'that I thought it better to read a sermon at home, instead of coming to hear you this evening.'

'Quite right. Did you more good, I daresay,' answered the curate pleasantly, and as one whose belief in the efficacy of sermons was not unassailable. 'I'm sure I wouldn't have gone to church to-night, if I could have helped it.'

Mrs. Roberts looked grave at hearing such sentiments proceed from the cloth. 'Your tea is quite ready, sir,' she said. 'Would you please take off your wet boots before you go up? They mark the stair covering and washing is so expensive.'

The Rev. Cuthbert complied. He went upstairs in his stockings, and having changed sundry dripping articles of attire, drew his chair to the table and commenced his tea or supper, or whatever the meal might be called.

Curates are not a well paid race, and the stipend allotted to the curate of St. Nicholas, in return for the assistance he gave the rector of that dreary little watering-place, Overseer, was hardly enough to provide delicate fare, such as in luxury people to indulge over their tables. He ate his cold meat with a healthy appetite, drained out the last drop from the tapers, tilted his pipe, and rang in the kitchen to be cleared. 'You may leave the kettle, Mrs. Roberts, he said. 'I think, after my waiting, I may indulge in a little of hot whisky and water.'

'Quite right, sir,' said the landlady. 'Ah, it's on a night like this, one pities the clerical life.'

'All extreme people must be pitied, Mrs. Roberts,' said the curate, smiling. 'I'll bring another glass with me, and I will give you some.'

Although the good lady murmured something about only taking spirits twice a week, a second glass made its appearance, and she left the room with the materials for a comfortable night's nap in her hand.

Cuthbert Wrey pushed back the table, wheeled his chair in front of the fire, put his feet on the fender, and clasping his hands behind his head, sat watching the smoke curling from his pipe. He felt that if any man had a right to enjoy perfect rest that evening, it was the curate of St. Nicholas. He had conducted two services, and attended the afternoon classes. He had visited his sick, and, so far as he knew, done all that duty demanded of him. Now let him take his ease for an hour or two. He saw nothing to interfere with it, unless the wind should blow the windows in.

Cuthbert Wrey was a man of about twenty-eight, tall, muscular, and good looking. His features, although strongly marked, were not irregular, indeed, a very little more would have made him a remarkably handsome man. Perhaps he looked at the worst, as we see him now with his face in repose. His expression was not quite



a happy one. It bore at times a kind of dissatisfied look—a look which, it seemed, might soon grow habitual. His brows had a trick of frowning until they almost met, and at the same time the corners of his mouth fell in a slightly scornful manner—whether in scorn at the world in general, or himself in particular, it is doubtful if he could have determined. Anyway, his face was not exactly the face of a happy, successful, or contented man. Yet, when he spoke, even when another's affairs occupied his mind, and he was not thinking of Cathbert Wiley, this expression completely vanished. His words were kind, and the smile which accompanied them always frank and pleasing as the words themselves. Altogether, he was a great favourite with both the rich and poor of Overton.

He did not look very clerical as he sat in the shabby unshorn. His long black coat had been replaced by a comfortable loose fitting garment, a relic of his Oxford days, and enough in its decay, but not in its hue.

Well pleased as his rest was, he did not seem to enjoy it much. He sat on his smoke clouds for a long time, and the dissatisfied expression on his face deepened. Then he started, and releasing his right hand, except at a word with a kind of hopeless gesture. His arm was a long one, and in the interval it made, came in contact with the black sermon case which he had deposited on the mantelpiece, and which contained the discourse he had so recently delivered to the society of negotiation who had braved the weather. It fell in his feet, and with a gam mule on his face, Cathbert let it lie.

'It is no use, he said to him, at the ill trade I sermon, and apparently addressing his remarks to it—'it is no use. How can I expect to convince others, if I can't convince myself? I wrote that sermon for myself, I preached it for myself, not for my flock, yet I am more full of it than that before. The hull walk, the penny, I did not mind, until I began to doubt. There must be an end to this. Why did I take orders? he continued, looking fiercely at the passive sermon case. 'Why did I take orders? Now, to answer that question, a man must know himself better than I do. I had to make my living in one profession or another. I was ambitious, and, I believed, clever. The Church was easy to enter, and I may have fancied there was a career there for a clever man. It was no wrong to think thus, for in those days I believed I could do my duty as a clergyman. Then my frame of mind at the time'—here his eyes grew sad and his voice dropped. 'My sister had just died. She never knew I loved her, but I knew it. And then, Travers—ah, Travers, Travers, my friend! with your sweet childlike trust in every old tradition—your silver tongue—you are answerable for my mistake. Those walks together, those arguments of yours, the fixed eloquence of which so moved me, that for a time I could see all things by your own light! In leaving the Church, I shall not be accused of self-interested motives. I have nothing in view. On the other hand, I don't make much sacrifice. Fifty shillings a week is not a great income for a man to earn. I will set about making the change at once—Well, Mrs Roberts, what is it?' he asked testily, as his landlady knocked,

entered, and cut short his meditations in a moment.

'Some one from "The Tolly," sir, with this note.'

'Mrs Blackford is worse, I suppose?' said the servant, opening the note. It contained a few hastily written lines from the doctor. 'I am afraid Mrs B cannot last out the night. She is anxious to see you. Come at once.'

'Poor woman!' ejaculated Cathbert. 'So much better she seemed yesterday, and now dying.'

'Is she indeed, poor thing?' said Mrs Roberts, with a sympathetic face.

'Yes, I must go at once.' He took off his long, black coat, preparatory to assuming his clerical garb. 'I don't know how I shall get there, though this weather.'

'There is a carriage waiting, sir.'

'Then go down, and say I shall be a minute.'

Cathbert attire himself as quickly as he could. Then, with a half sigh, he took his pocket communion service, and prepared himself for the solemn duty before him. He felt it no disgrace, to be called from his friends. Duty was clear enough, and no doubts harassed him on this score. He would have gone as willingly to the poorest member of his congregation, or any other, else, contented, who needed his aid, as he went to the richest lady in Overton, as Mrs Blackford was reputed to be. He spoke a pleasant word to the coachman, a sharpless bundle of wraps, on the box, and entered the broad-hum who he drove off as fast as his horse could draw it. It was not at a great rate of speed, for the road was steep and the gate still at its height, flowing the reins into a useful curve, commanding it the driver's hands, and ending at the horse's back, even it times threatening to overturn the carriage entirely.

The dying woman lay in a large house on the top of the hill overlooking Overton. In whatever part of the town you stood, you could see that house. When first built, it had been characterised some high sounding name, but that name had long since vanished. Necessaries often cling to people and to things much longer than their proper names, and for years this house had been known as 'The Tolly,' or sometimes as 'Barn Tolly.' The original lineage from whom it derived this distinction was a sanguine man, who had imbibed the notion that, with proper treatment, Overton was destined to become one of the most fashionable seaside resorts in England. He was a tradesman who had made money in the place, and claimed for it natural advantages which few others could be persuaded to see. His theory was, that if suitable residences were erected, people of station and importance would flock to them. The feeling was patriotic, honourable, and ruinous. He tested the truth of it by building a huge house on the very top of the hill. It cost him several thousands, and when finished, no one could be tempted either to buy or to rent it. Lacking a tenant, Mr Barnes lived there himself for some years—he could scarcely be said to occupy it, being a bachelor, his belongings and himself barely filled a corner. By and by, some other speculations went awry, Mr Barnes was ruined, and died, eventually, in the county union. Then the mortgages took possession, and finding another

sanguine man, sell him the house for about one third of the sum it cost Barnes. After that, it made a few intermittent, spasmodic, and unavailing efforts to earn a livelihood. At various times, it was a bowling house without bowlers, an hotel without guests, a school without pupils, and a hydropathic establishment without patients. Then it gave up the battle, and for several years lay void and lethargic—its only use in the world being that of serving as a capital landing to the Channel pilots, or a warning to speculators who might fancy that Oversea could be made anything of.

Shortly after Cuthbert Wray entered upon his duties as curate of St Nicholas, Barnes Tolly took a new start. The gossip of the place said that a rich widow, now the owner of the deserted mansion, had made up her mind to reside in it. It is not clear how Mrs Blatchford became possessed of such an undesirable property, probably it was by way of mortgage, but it had been hers for several years, and her intentions were as gossip asserted. The shuttered windows were once more opened, painters, plasterers, and paper-hangers spent a busy and profitable three months in the house, van loads of furniture arrived, and Barnes Tolly was again inhabited.

As no one save an eccentric person would have lived in such a house from chance, the Oversea folk were not surprised at finding that Mrs Blatchford was eccentric. She was a widow of about fifty five—without, so far as people knew, son, daughter, or near relative. She was haughty as a Spaniard, proud as Lucifer, and cold as the north wind. She lived in solitary solitude in the big house, neither going into society nor entering company. That she was rich, was self-evident, but no one knew the true extent of her wealth. To those of her own station with whom chance brought her into contact, she was repellently polite, to her inferiors, she was brutally just. She subscribed to the various local charities in a severe, business-like, but substantial manner, and, although living alone, her establishment was conducted on a liberal scale, not to consulting with the Oversea tradesmen. She dined about in her great carriage, a stately stately lady, and with the exception of Cuthbert Wray, no one in the neighbourhood could be said to stand on terms of friendship with her.

Curiously enough, between Mrs Blatchford and the curate something very much like friendship had existed for some years. As in duty bound, he had called upon her shortly after her arrival. It may be his natural manner and pleasant words had made an impression upon her—in any case, he had not found her so stern and repellent as she appeared to her other visitors. A little while afterwards, he had been able to render her a trifling service, or so it appeared, but it had in all probability saved her house from becoming the prey of burglars. Since then, the solitary lady had shown him decided marks of her favour. Cuthbert was a gentleman, and if a very poor one, perfectly independent—far too much so, to let the rich lady imagine she was in any way condescending by showing him friendship. More over, he was a clever, clear-headed man, such as a woman likes to consult when any difficulties arise in her business affairs. So Mrs Blatchford found not only his society entertaining, but, on

occasions, his help and advice valuable. Thus it was that he was the one person she seemed glad to see, and for a long time he had been, if not the only visitor, the only welcome visitor at The Tolly.

On his side, when he had penetrated the veil of reserve with which she covered herself, Cuthbert found her an intellectual, well-informed woman. From chance remarks, he decided that her nature had been spoiled, and her life soured by some great grief, and he soon found that she possessed an iron will, and determination to have her own way at any cost. Yet she was not exacting, or unkind, and to him, whose interests could in no wise clash with her own, she appeared a sincere, if somewhat undemonstrative friend. It can scarcely be said that he loved her—her nature was not a lovable one—perhaps it was good-natured pity at her loneliness that induced him to visit her so often, and to trouble himself about her affairs. Certainly it was with no thought of personal advantage—unless it were for the use of her well-stocked library. Although malicious people who knew not Cuthbert, would waggle ill-natured tongues, and prophesied that one day the strangely assorted pair of friends would forget the disparity of their years.

During the last few months, it had been the man's turn to want an adviser. His doubts as to his fitness for the profession he had chosen, seemed to be ventilated. Each day, the feeling that he must no longer remain in the Church grew stronger and stronger. Yet he dived taking the final step. Mrs Blatchford had given him good counsel, and advised him to act as honestly of purpose impelled him. Only the day before she was taken ill, she had said, with more feeling than he had ever known her exhibit, 'Mr Wray, you are my friend, perhaps my only friend. I can see you are troubled. Make up your mind to this, and be yourself once more. I am as old as you are, I am of my one in the world. I am old enough to be your mother. If you want money for a fresh start in life, you must take it from me.'

Cuthbert had declined the offer, firmly but gratefully. If he left the Church for conscience sake, he must make some sacrifice, or he would not feel right in his own mind. Still, he was led to think that this stern, proud woman was so kindly disposed towards him.

Since that day, he had not seen her. The next day, she was taken seriously ill, and doctors and nurses were summoned. Of course he had called regularly until to day, when his duties had been so heavy, he could not find time to mount the hill. And yesterday he had heard she was so much better.

The horses struggled bravely to the top of the hill on which The Tolly stood, braving the fury of the storm. A grave servant, whose face spoke of impending calamity, showed Cuthbert into the library, where the doctor joined him.

'She has been delirious all day, he said—' calling for her son.'

'Her son?' Has she a son? asked Cuthbert, surprised.

'She must have, and by the way she talks, I should think he had been but little joy to her. Conscience returned about an hour ago, but it means the end. She asks for you continually, and you are barely in time. Come with me.'

He was barely in time Mrs Blatchford was dying fast. Her aquatic features were shut up and drawn, but her face bore a weird expression than Cuthbert could remember having seen upon it. He knelt beside her and took her hand. "Seem, she strove to speak, but kept his ear close to her lips. 'Under my pillow, were the only words he could catch. He put his hand as directed, and drew forth a letter addressed to himself.

'Shall I read it?' he asked softly.

The slight movement she was able to make was a negative one. Cuthbert again bent down to catch her faint words. 'Read it, she whispered—'after my funeral—alone. Promise—swear you will obey it to the letter.'

'So far as I consistently can, I swear—I promise, on my honour as a gentleman.'

His words seemed to satisfy her. He felt the faintest pressure of her fingers, then, like one who has done with worldly things, she sank once more into stupor. The doctor, until now, had, from feelings of delicacy, drawn aside. He came near and shook his head ominously. Nothing more could be done.

Yet she awoke again. Her fingers tightened round Cuthbert's, and her disengaged hand seemed trying to find him through darkness. She even spoke again, and her voice, although faint, was distinct and pained. 'My son—my only child! You have come back at last—at last. But it is too late. I forgive, but I could not forget. I have done it for the last, darling.—He is a true man, and will keep his oath.—Good-bye. You have come back, and I fear nothing.'

So Honour Blatchford died, happy in the merciful delusion that the hand she held was that of the son with whom, years ago, she had parted in anger, and whom she had never seen.

### THE SENSE OF SMELL.

Of all the senses possessed by that 'protean animal' man, not one is more evenly distributed with him than that of smell. It must be within the experience of many of us to have met individuals enjoying good health, spirits, and intellectual activity, and yet quite devoid of the power of perceiving odours. Still, we may accept it as an axiom, that just as there is no waste and nothing unnecessary in the material world, so the deprivation of the faculty of smell is a loss of one source of pleasure, of one of the outworks of animal life, and without it we are all more liable to the intrusion of matters into our bodies of a hurtful character, often, perhaps, to the exclusion of material that might be useful, pleasurable, and necessary. The perfect animal is capable of most acute emotions both of pain and pleasure, but as experience teaches us that these terms are relative to each other, so we find that those organizations rendered imperfect by training, surroundings, or formation of unhealthy habits, are often pleasantly affected by circumstances which would cause distress, disease, or even death to the perfectly normal and healthy constitution. These observations of course hold true for all our senses, but confining our remarks strictly to the subject in hand, we

will jot down a few facts relating to what may be termed the healthy and unhealthy use of the olfactory organs.

A man blessed with the full power of smell goes through this world possessed, as we have already said, of a pleasure, sensual perhaps, but still a pleasure, hardly second to any afforded him by the other faculties. There is no mind, 'barbarian or Greek,' that is not—often unconsciously—influenced by the perfumes of the melodious that one may meet with in the daily course. Take the scents of the flowers. Who is there that proceeding along some lonely country lane, does not encounter a delicate odour, which irresistibly carries his memory back to days when, younger and freer from real care, he gambled amongst the gems of nature to which the suggestive perfume belings—

The smell of wild flowers had len in the green  
Pours back into my empty soul and frame  
The time when I remember I to have been  
Joyful and free from blame.

This power of association is indeed the most remarkable of all the phenomena which demand attention when studying this subject. An instance is on record of a lawyer whose delight was to get within range of a sunflower. And why? His childhood had been spent amid the sights, sounds, and scents that surround the farmhouse, and so the familiar ammoniacal exhalations carried him back to the green fields and rustic pleasures of his youthful home.

The water has himself met with an individual whom the noxious smell of sulphuric acid is as gratified and pleased. His explanation was, that many of his happiest days were spent as a student in a well known chemical laboratory, where certainly that smell prevailed to an unusual extent. A kindred smell, namely, that of retic acid, is highly appreciated by the Chinese, but this, of course, is rather a cultivated preference than one due to association.

Similarly, artificial and valerian are the delight of many Western nations. A French author tells us of a young lady who loved beyond all perfumes the smell of old books. Perhaps, with affectionate solicitude, she had been the constant attendant upon some old bookworm of a father or grandfather, and hence the leathery mustiness that she had to breathe when, quietly happy, she seemed to recognize in the dusty tomes living and trusty friends.

Many instances are mentioned by different authorities of persons being rendered faint or otherwise painfully affected, by such odours as musk, civet, and even in some cases by the more generally agreeable one of the rose. Otton, however, this effect is due more to imagination than to anything else. For example, Dr Carpini tells us of a lady who could not bear the smell of the rose, and actually fainted on receiving a visit from a friend who carried one, and yet the flower, the cause of all the trouble, was an artificial one, and quite innocent of scent.

Many uncivilized tribes, compelled by their lack of other resources to cultivate to perfection the animal sense, are able to smell as keenly as the bloodhound, and can track their objects of search for miles, aided only by the marvellous delicacy of their olfactory nerves. Blind persons also often experience this extraordinary exaltation

of the sense. A blind gentleman who had formed a morbid antipathy to cats, acquired thereby a sense of smell so keen, that he could tell the proximity of pussy even where several doors intervened between him and the object of his dislike, and when he had no means of acquiring a knowledge of its presence except by the curving of the nostrils of an ill

Some ingenious minds have thrown out a suggestion, that we might teach the blind to read by having an odour to represent each letter of the alphabet. Sydney Smith remarked 'We may even live to see the day when man may be taught to smell out their learning, and when a fine winter day shall be considered as one peculiarly favourable to study.' We are afraid, however, that the nose as an apparatus of odours is too delicate an organ, and is too readily dulled, to have so much thrown upon it. The constant smelling of one odour, as is well known, quickly destroys our perception of that particular one. Rheticus used to live in an atmosphere of perfume laden with probably to be painful to his visitors, whilst he himself was unconscious of the suspicion of a smell. More practical illustrations can be quoted from the personal experience of many of us. Go into the great majority of National, British, or Local Schools when they are thronged with the children and teachers, directly you enter, you are assailed by the repulsive, but very odorous smell by the organic exhalations from the bodies and of the inmates. You complain of the smell, and suggest a want of ventilation, but in numerous instances the master or mistress strenuously denies the existence of any smell whatever, and says that the ventilating appliances have met with the approval of the omniscient inspector, and evidently marks you down as a fastidious 'insect.'

Or call on a friend, one of whose unwritten laws is the avoidance of draughts. You are ushered into a hall redolent of all the dinners and other meals that have been consumed during the past week, and you gladly and hopefully pass on to the drawing room, which is fine, however, is also filled in an atmosphere the odour of which is indefinable, but decidedly not sweet. You endeavour to obtain your friends' views on smells and so forth, and gradually you discover, by cautious questioning, that he locks upon his abode as a model of what a well ventilated, modern residence should be. You sigh to yourself, and enter your host on your mental tablet as another example of one who has lost the power of appreciating certain disagreeable odours by too constant an exposure of them.

Those employed in occupations such as bone boiling, chemical manure making, and the like are able to exist amid smells of the most sickening character, in virtue of this same fact.

From these instances, we ought to be able to derive some notion of the advantages to be gained from the sense of smell. We are endowed with olfactory nerves to enable us to distinguish dangers to our health co-existing with odours repugnant to a normal sense of smell, and also to excite lively and pleasurable emotions, which may help to make an oftentimes weary struggle more bearable. At the same time, if we would fully avail ourselves of the services offered by our power to smell, we must carefully avoid too prolonged an indulgence

in any one odour; and we must remember, that although a bad smell in itself may not be specifically poisonous, it will yet have a tendency to lower the health, and it may be the forerunner, or at any rate the indicator of the existence of disease, or the conditions of disease.

BLUE FLOWERS AND BEES

We have long seen that Nature never sought to make a secret of the fact that insects owe their very life to flowers, and now it is no novelty to remark that the benefit is absolutely mutual, in that it without the industry of insects certain flowers would actually cease to exist. Both English and foreign naturalists have placed the matter beyond a doubt, and Darwin's convincing experiments upon the superiority of cross fertilised over self-fertilised flowers are fresh in every mind. The subject has been already touched on in this Journal and discovery leading on to discovery, some very curious facts have lately been elicited with regard to the preference shown by hitherto supposed illodorous creatures for certain colours.

It is true that close observers have long been aware that beetles, flies, and bees display marked likings for different kinds of plants, that certain flowers are only visited by certain insects, which will pass over many apparently tempting honey cups in a diligent search for the particular one they prefer, but by what rules they are habitually guided, it has been thought impossible to discover. Now, by some still more recent investigations we are led to think many insects are provided with a colour sense, that small flies as a rule prefer white most beetles yellow and that blue flowers are especially liked for visitation by bees, blue being the favourite colour of bees, and the adaptation having gone on *per passum* on both sides, so that as the bee flowers grew bluer, bees grew fonder and fonder of blue, and as they grew fonder of blue, they have more and more constantly preferred the blue flowers.

But before cutting up to this point, it must be understood that every plant has a long history of its own, and that this history leads us on through a wonderful series of continuous metamorphoses. In the earliest flowers, there were stammy leaves, stamens, and styles, the stamens and ovary being by origin whitish leaves. All stamens show a tendency to become flattened out into petals. In the centre of the whorlily—one of the simplest types of flowers—a regular gradation from the perfect stamen to the perfect petal may be traced. We find the ordinary stamen with stalks and yellow anthers and then the stalks grow broader, and pollen sacs less perfect, then a few stamens like petals, only they have imperfect anthers at the very top, and then the true petals. There are many other cases in which the stamens seem to have turned into petals, in almost all double flowers, the outer petals are produced from the inner stamens. Evolution is generally tractable, and the parent form does not always die out. The duckweed still exists the most primitive flower of all, consisting of a stamen and a pistil growing out of the edge of the leaf, and hardly to be seen without a lens, but the pistil contains true seeds, and it is thought that all existing flowering plants are descended from this inconspicuous original one. By degrees, insects

visiting the tiny flowers and cross-fertilising them, brought stamens and better blossoms to bloom. Several stamens and several carpels made compound flowers out of simple single ones, stamens gradually crowded out from the middle, became flattened into petals, and petals changed from their original white or yellow, beginning first to be variegated, various pigments being contained in the ordinary tissues of plants, and requiring but little modification to produce pink, purple, and blue.

These different hues being laid up in the tissues of plants—an example of which is familiar to us all in the varying tints of autumn leaves—a faint colour change is not an unlikely accident. Soil, climate, and cultivation are known to alter the original colour of flowers. The wild forget-me-not wanders from yellow to pink, from pink to blue, the wallflower turns from yellow to red, violet, and purple, and it is quite fair to believe that through the selective agency of insects, one particular colour being chiefly visited by them, either by chance or actual preference, that colour may be transmitted through generations, until it becomes a permanent one. Sir John Lubbock, after a series of experiments, arrives at the conclusion that blue is the favourite colour of bees. That they possess a sense of colour, there can be no manner of doubt. By placing honey on slips of glass resting on black, white, yellow, orange, blue, green, and red paper, he found that however often the slips might be transposed, the blue was the one preferred, yet in a list of plants best loved by bees, given in Wood's Manual for their management, not a single really blue flower finds a place. We know, however, that blue flowers are comparatively rare, and it would appear that the spontaneous variations which make towards blue are less frequent than those which make towards pink, red, purple, or orange. Monkshood, larkspur, and columbine are chiefly fertilised by bees, and Darwin, watching the flight of a humble bee from a tall larkspur in full flower to another plant of the same species at the distance of fifty yards, which had not yet a single flower open, thinks that they were able to recognise it by the buds, which showed a tinge of blue.

Colour would seem to vary most on the most curiously developed flowers, and those which have been most highly specialised are usually purple, blue, or blue. Now, bees and butterflies may be said to be highly specialised insects, and as Mr. Allen draws from this, that if the more specialised and modified flowers, which gradually fitted their form, and the position of their honey glands to the forms of bees or butterflies, showed a natural tendency to pass from yellow, through pink and red, to purple and blue, it would follow that the insects which were being evolved side by side with them, and which were aiding at the same time in their evolution, would grow to recognise these developed colours as the visible symbols of those flowers from which they could obtain the largest amount of honey with the least possible trouble.

Darwin unconsciously adds weight to a deduction which at first sight seems to be almost too poetic and fanciful, by remarking that self-fertilised flowers are generally uniform in tint, whilst it is the habit of cross-fertilised ones to become darker. Should we be able to follow them, arguments step

by step, there will no longer be any hesitation in the matter, we shall no longer find any difficulty in believing that since blue is the especial symbol of advancement, the aristocratic bee should constantly prefer it.

#### A 'POOR' RICH MAN

On a summer morn—long fair!  
Into distance of the Fens—  
In a chamber warm and shaded,  
By an awful gloom pervaded,  
A 'poor' rich man breathed his last.

'Mid the ontological beauty lying  
Round his fair and stately home,  
Soiled and lonely he lay dying—  
Only summer winds were sighing,  
Only rhapsods broke the gloom.

All around was wealth and splendour,  
Yet no woeper came to shed  
Tears of sorrow, true and tender—  
But his only love came tender—  
By his solitary bed!

Hirings set to watch, hri slumbered  
As his dying breath he drew,  
For they knew his hours were numbered,  
And they cared not nor were numbered  
With love's savings, kind and true.

(Love had stood, perchance, and wait'd  
To receive the dying breath,  
Till the agony abated  
Till the spirit worn, belated  
Fle into the arms of Death.)

With observance high and static,  
He was borne unto his tomb  
And hriid mourners all set to fly—  
Who had laugh'd should so hriid fly—  
Were long faces full of gloom!

While the muffled bells tolled slowly  
From the belfry over the hill,  
And the 'De Profundis' holy,  
Sung by voices melancholy  
Sounded, for the silent dead!

Only when his head was covered  
With the earth all brown and cold,  
Prying eyes at last discovered  
One poor worm in a form which hovered  
Over the silent, voiceless mould.

Only one he had forsaken  
And betrayed in her lost youth,  
Came to mourn—as if a traitor  
By her grief—as if to a sken  
Him to honour, love, and truth.

Yes, she wept as if despairing,  
With a heart by anguish torn,  
While the idle crowd, unhearing,  
Some with better joints unhearing,  
Mocked her 'pallid and forlorn'!

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

POPULAR  
LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fourth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

CONDUCTED BY R. CHAMBERS (SICOND)

No 1037—Vol. XX

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1883

PRICE 11d

## THE BYWAYS OF NATIONAL FINANCE

In an article on the National Ledger (No 990 of this *Journal*), we lately presented our readers with a brief account of the debit and credit sides of a balance sheet which deals with the vast sum of nearly one hundred millions sterling per annum and shows wherein this magnificent income is derived, and into what services it is divided, for the purpose of carrying on the Queen's Government. We, however dealt only with the immense sums received in the exchequer from various sources, and expended upon the various services or departments, into which the administrative power of the State is divided, and although we gave a few curious details with regard to some of the items which figure on both sides of the vast account, we by no means exhausted the stock of curiosities with which a long and tedious search into the byways of the national finance has made us familiar. Most of our readers are of course aware that although it is to his delight that the merchant turns to ascertain how his business stands, it is to the dyer, or rough accountant, that he must go to obtain a knowledge of those items which, like the bricks in a house, serve to build up the edifice of which he is justly proud. It is to the national daybook, therefore, that we now direct the attention of our readers, while, like patient showmen, we exhibit some of the facts and curiosities of the colossal work which is both the terror and pride of the British taxpayer.

The first principal portion of the national revenue is that which is described under the head of 'Customs.' Although comparatively few articles, amongst the 'boulders of merchandise' which are duly brought over shores, are subjected to a customs tariff, it is astonishing to find that this branch of the revenue creating departments of the government brings in no less a sum than twenty millions in round figures. Tobacco brings into the exchequer annually the largest sum of nine millions for customs duty alone, showing that the national pipe is a very capacious one, and that we ought first to glance about us

at home, ere calling the Germans a 'nation of smokers.' Nine millions! And the quantity imported for 1881-2 reached the surprising total of fifty millions eight hundred and thirty nine thousand two hundred and twenty nine pounds weight—of which only seventy pounds was snuff! The real value of this great quantity of tobacco is not more than about three millions sterling, and the duty raises it to nine. This means, that out of six, threepence paid for an ounce of tobacco, two pence goes to the government and only a penny to the dealer. Tea, at the moderate charge of sixpence a pound duty, produces a yearly sum of nearly four millions, the quantity total in 1881-2 being about two hundred and ten millions of pounds! Coffee, at twopenny duty on the pound, only brought in about two hundred thousand pounds. Rum, sugar, cocoa, chocolate, beer, wine, and spirits, are the other eatables and drinkables which have to pay custom to the State, but which some dry or another, will doubtless be admitted free of any duty. Gold and silver plate are also taxed by the customs authorities, and there is a heavy inland duty on the home produce of these precious metals.

The Excise duty on alcoholic drinks brings into the national exchequer twenty three millions sterling, but it is encouraging to the friends of temperance to find that this source of income is gradually and surely diminishing year by year.

The tax on dogs seems to have been a happy thought, for, by the energetic collection made by the inland revenue officers in the year 1881-2, the handsome sum of three hundred thousand pounds has accrued to the national exchequer. This tax, like all new taxes which are more than usually unpopular, was evaded to such an extent in the first year or two of its existence as to render it comparatively valueless. In the year 1878, however, the inland revenue authorities instituted some twenty thousand prosecutions, which soon had the desired effect. The result in the inland revenue department at Somerset

House in which the registers of the proceedings are kept is known by the name of the 'Dog's Office,' and the clerks employed therein are 'Jolly Dogs.' This tax has produced one great national advantage in the disappearance from our streets of numberless canine nuisances, and has thus been the means of reducing the risk run from that terrible and distressing disease, hydrophobia.

Under the head of 'Stamps' we find the postage and heavy duties—or, as some call them, the death duties—producing a sum of seven millions and these are perhaps the most justifiable and least resisting of all the national imposts. One item in this part of our dyabool has a very questionable complexion, and it is—or appears to be, to say the least of it—a heavy tax upon education. We refer to the sum of twelve thousand pounds, or thereabouts, which is received by the Civil Service Commission as 'examination fees.' These fees are taken from successful and unsuccessful candidates alike, and are never returned, although in many instances the few shillings required have been wiped up by them in the face of many untold hardships by the half starved, out of a situation city clerk. Of course, we speak here of the candidates for writingships, who, if they pass the examination, find that their fate is to be the slaves of the scavenger with plenty of hard work, but very little pay. The City merchant who would take advantage of the hundred of needy applicants for place by fining them two shillings and sixpence each, and so accumulating therefrom a handsome income, would be scouted from the society of decent traders, and yet this is exactly what the State does under the somewhat unflattering term of 'examination fees.' Until quite lately, the fee paid by candidates for writingships was five shillings.

Patient medicines and playing cards increase the national income by one hundred and fifty thousand pounds in the case of the former, and a few thousand in that of the latter, the net total for stamps used as 'fees' being about six hundred and fifty thousand pounds. While we are on this subject of fees, it is worthy of notice that a sum of about five thousand pounds annually is received by the Registrar General's Department (England) for copies of certificates of births, deaths, and marriages, supplied to the public for legal and other purposes.

The old window tax—or the tax upon light, as it used to be appropriately termed—finds a substitute nowadays in the inhabited house duty, which, with the land tax—known together as the Queen's taxes—brings into John Bull's capacious purse nearly three millions of money. But perhaps the most inquisitorial and annoying of all our imposts is the income tax, which is so elastic and of so handy a nature, that every Chancellor of the Exchequer finds to it, the moment an increase of revenue is required, for the purpose of restoring the financial equilibrium.

Without making any special reference to that most useful of all the public departments the Post office, we may remark that its receipts for stamps alone exceed eight millions sterling.

A curious item is that of discharge money, smut money, and forfeited pay from the army and navy, which for the year 1861-2 amounted to more than seventy thousand pounds. Discharges from the army are now obtained on payment of ten pounds, instead of twenty as formerly, while, if the soldier remains seven years with the colours, he is paid twenty one pounds by the State, or deferred pay, and permitted to retire into Civil life (in the Reserve), with a further payment of sixpence a day for five years longer, when he becomes free again. What an improvement on the old state of things!

The Broadmoor Criminal Lunatic Asylum shows a payment into the exchequer of seven thousand pounds 'for maintenance—money, we may presume, wrung by Act of Parliament from many a poor prison for the faults or misfortunes of others. In the same category we may place the receipts from the reformatories and industrial schools of the United Kingdom, with the many 'parental contributions for maintenance of children,' &c.—amount to the sum of twenty four thousand pounds.

Convict labour in England and the clerical remuneration to the extent of eight million pounds, and county courts pay the clerk just half a million, while the value of the old postage, 'Waste not, want not,' is exemplified by the fact that the Stationery Office saves the country by the sale of waste paper alone the sum of eleven thousand pounds! 'Vend' money orders save the State a nice little percent of five thousand pound, while perhaps the most curious of all these items is the repayment into Her Majesty's Treasury of two thousand pounds 'in any which the recipient did not deign to return.' We hope he may never have to ask for it again!

Having thus extracted from the debit side of this vast account some of the most interesting details, and pondered with our readers over the curious phenomena revealed, we will now glance at the credit items, which are quite as deserving of our close and serious attention. We cannot of course, in the brief space at our disposal, give one half of the interesting and instructive matter which the parliamentary blue books contain on this vital subject of the national accounts, and indeed, our purpose is only to give those of our readers who have no time to study the matter for themselves, some idea of the manner in which the large sums which form the revenue of the country are collected and expended.

For the receipt of custom alone, five thousand two hundred and twenty three clerks, collectors, and other officials were required in 1861-2, at an expense to the State of one million five hundred, &c., and for the collection of the inland revenue (excise, &c.), five thousand nine hundred and sixty five persons were employed, at an expenditure for salaries of nearly two millions. The largest of the national establishments is the Post office, which employs nearly fifty thousand

persons, at a cost of five millions and a half. The Education Department for England, though only employing eight hundred and six officials, shows an outlay of three millions of the public money. The Office of Works, with three thousand seven hundred officials, cost the country last year more than one million, and the Home Office, with only four hundred and twelve employees, a million and three quarters.

There are nearly eighty departments in all, in which a whole army of clerks and other officials are employed, at a cost for the current year of twenty five million two hundred and ninety two thousand two hundred and eighteen pounds. The Civil Service has been likened to a large beehive, and the comparison is, in one respect at least, a very good one. For instance, if we take any one of these huge Civil departments, we shall discover therein the usual appearance of a beehive, with its inhabitants divided into the same classes of workers and drones. But there is this great difference—that whereas in the beehive proper the 'workers' are the best treated, in the State beehives this very opposite principle too often is applied.

A very large hole is made in the national income by the Army and Navy, as represented by the Admiralty and War Office departments. For the current year, it is estimated that nearly thirty millions will be required to be expended on these two services alone. This wonderful sum of money if it could be applied to other uses, would suffice to relieve the land of pauperism, while if we joined to it the millions annually expended in detail, we should in a very few years be able to rid the world of more than half the human wretch-hedars it contains.

Amongst the greatest curiosities of the national accounts is the vast inquiry which is the result of folly in the policy of our ancestors, and which is popularly named the national debt. Here, again, the State is called upon to pay a yearly sum of twenty eight millions as interest alone. The 'debt,' which bore the Revolution of 1688 was called the 'King's Debt,' was at that time no larger than six hundred thousand pounds, but it increased by leaps and bounds as soon as it was made 'national,' until in 1883 it reached the enormous total of nearly eight hundred millions! Imagination fails to grasp the magnitude of such a sum, and cannot speculate as to how much better the world would have been had it been applied to higher and nobler purposes than the mere art of slaying our fellow men.

The grand total of payments during the past year on behalf of our royal family was in round numbers about nine hundred thousand pounds, including the cost of the royal parks, which would make the whole sum over a million.

Leaving the region of these immense sums we will now direct our attention to the real curiosities of the expenditure side of the day book, which are to be found in the numerous payments out of the public purse for purposes that cannot fail to amuse and surprise our readers. The pension list alone contains a mine of wealth of this description, one of the most curious items being the payment annually of sixteen hundred and twenty pounds four shillings (!) to the 'heirs of the Earl of Kinnoull.' The

story of this grant is as follows. In the year 1627, Charles I gave the Caribbee Islands in the West Indies to the Earl of Carlisle. At the death of Lord Carlisle's son, the grant devolved to his cousin the Earl of Kinnoull, from whom Charles II bought back the proprietary rights which his father had granted to the Earl of Carlisle, giving him in lieu thereof an annuity of a thousand pounds, payable from the four and a half per cent duties levied on exports from the islands. It is now charged to the consolidated fund. But it has long since been assigned out of the family to which it was granted, and the so-called 'heirs' to whom the money is now paid are persons who have bought the right to the annuity as one would buy ordinary railway shares.

Another curiosity in this way is a sum of sixty-two pounds nine shillings and sixpence, which was granted to the Duke of Grafton by Charles II as compensation for the loss of office as Clerk of the Pipe. This is also in arrears, a later Duke having been so ungracious as to call so curious an annuity out of the family. Yet another State curiosity is the annuity which is known as the Duke of Somb's annuity, and which amounts annually to nine hundred and eighty-four pounds. This money is paid to persons who are called the 'heirs of unremitted fractions.' The 'heirs' are six persons, whose shares vary from three hundred and fifty to fifty pounds.

There is one other under the Crown which is a highly curious transaction, to judge by the handsome pensions which John Bull pays to men who have only been a few years in his service. In the year 1800, for instance, no less than fifty-seven clerks under fifty years of age, and thirty-seven under forty, were pensioned off for various causes, in sums varying from one hundred and fifty to seven hundred pounds per annum! In fact, it has but to be once quite the fashion in the Civil Service for an office which wishes to be rid of a man of its employ at the expense of others, to apply to the Treasury for a recommendation. It presents a scheme which the Treasury either accepts in its entirety, or modifies or extenuates, as it sees best to the power that be. A rich man like John Bull, prize a few individual returns from the service on handsome pensions than they ought to have been paid as salaries, and with heavy bonuses beside, while their places are filled by Writers, who are compelled to do their transaction on their own with no other prospect or advantage—the work for which the retiring pensioners received splendid salaries. We will only give one instance of this kind of curiosity. It is the case of a clerk who elected to leave the service at forty-one years of age. He entered it at sixteen, served twenty-five years, and was receiving a salary of four hundred pounds a year. On leaving, he received a bonus of one thousand pounds, and a pension of two hundred and fifty. And this is but a simple case of the numerous of the pension list, indeed, it is crowded with them.

We trust we have written enough, however, to illumine to a certain extent the dim and narrow byways and recesses of English finance, or at least to create in the minds of our readers an inclination to search for themselves into the



musty records of the past, or the pleasant volumes which, clothed in the armor uniform of the State, ad in many a bookeller's stall in the streets of London

## THE ROSERY FOLK

### CHAPTER VII.—A WIFE'S AFFAIR

Two months of the life of John Scates passed away, during which he had three opportunities of gaining good additions to his practice, but in each case he set himself so thoroughly in opposition to the medical men with whom he was to be credited, that they one and all combined against him, and the heterodox professor of strange ideas of his own had the satisfaction of learning, that his services would be dispensed with.

'It doesn't matter,' he said to himself, 'I'm as dead hippicr as I am strange. I haven't heard from James Scarlett, by the way. I'll give him a look in at his office. What a purchase of a place the Rosery is! I wonder how the Duke's that I met—Lady Wutlett. If I were an artist, I should so well to paint her. As I'm a doctor, he added reflectively, 'I should like her as a patient.'

'I shall be ready to believe in being influenced, if this is it of things, yes, on, and the doctor, in a few hours later, as he read a letter from Mrs. Scarlett, gave him a long and painful account of his friend's state of health.

'Had I not different doctor down,' read Scates. 'Hum—h, of course—would have asked me to come too, but they refused to meet me. He! I'm getting a nice client, somehow. Why they can do no more. Humph. Wonder at that. Give me, moral I suppose. Might have made a twelve-month job of it. Humph! Cousin, Mr. Arthur Prayle, been so kind. Given up everything, to attend to dear James's affairs. I shouldn't like him to have anything to do with mine. Will I come down at once? James wishes it. Well, I suppose I must, poor old chap. They've been down, him to death. Poor old boy! The whole of that howling, could hardly have kept up till now.' The upshot of it was that the doctor went down that afternoon.

Next morning, on entering the study, he found Mrs. Scarlett and Prayle seated at the table, the latter leaning towards his cousin's wife, and apparently pointing to something, in a small enameled box, with the very sharply pointed pencil that he held in his hand.

Prayle started, and shifted his position quickly. Mrs. Scarlett did not move, beyond looking up at the doctor anxiously, as his stern face was turned towards her.

'I beg your pardon,' he said, 'I did not know that you were engaged.'

'Mr. Prayle was explaining some business matters to me,' said Mrs. Scarlett. 'Don't go away. You said you should like to talk to me this morning.'

'Yes,' replied the doctor coolly, 'but the business will keep.'

'O no, don't go,' said Mrs. Scarlett anxiously. 'Perhaps I shall be as stop,' said Prayle smoothly.

'Well, Mr. Prayle, perhaps you would kindly give me half an hour.'

'Certainly,' cried Prayle, with a great assumption of frankness.—'Mrs. Scarlett will tell me, perhaps, when she would like to go on with those accounts?'

'Oh, at any time, Arthur,' said Mrs. Scarlett anxiously. 'Pray, do not think I am slighting them, but this seems of so much more importance now.'

'When and where you please,' said Prayle softly. 'Don't study me. I have only my cousin's interest at heart.' He rose, smiling, and left the room, but the smile passed off Prayle's countenance as the door closed, and he went out in a sly look, and lifting his lip, to walk up and down the garden, turning from time to time to the back he held in his hand.

The doctor was very quiet and grave, as he took the chair pointed to by Mrs. Scarlett, and as he looked at her rather fixedly, his face seemed to harden.

'I am very glad you have come,' she said. 'James seems to be in a reasonable confidence, now you are here. He always thought so much of you.'

'We were such old companions, perhaps that is it.'

'Well, you have seen him again this morning. You said I was to give you time. Now, tell me what you think. You find him better?'

'I must be frank with you, Mrs. Scarlett, said the doctor: 'No, I do not.'

'And I was so hopeful,' said the poor woman pitaciously.

'It would be folly for me not to speak plainly—I think cruelly. I find him worse.'

Mrs. Scarlett let her head go down upon her hand, covering her face, and the doctor thought that she was weeping, but at the end of a minute, she raised her head again, and looked at her visitor, dry-eyed but pale. 'Go on, she said in a voice full of suppressed pain.

'I cannot help telling you plainly what I think.'

'No, of course not. Pray, hide nothing from me.'

'Well, it seems to me,' he continued, 'that in examining him back as it were to life, I left put of my work undone.'

'O no!' cried Mrs. Scarlett.

'Yes, I brought back his body to life and activity, but I went to have left behind much of his brain. That seems half dead. He is no longer the man he was.'

'No,' sighed Mrs. Scarlett. 'What you say is true, but surely,' she said, 'you can cure him now.'

The doctor remained silent and thoughtful for a few minutes. 'I think when I was down here—it the time of the accident—I told you at the table about a patient I was attending—a gentleman suffering from a peculiar nervous ailment.'

'O yes, yes!' cried Mrs. Scarlett. 'I remember. It seems to be hurried into my brain, and I've lain awake, night after night, thinking it was almost prophetic.'

'I've thought so too,' said the doctor dryly, 'though I never fancied that I was going to join the prophets.'

'But you cured your patient?'

'No, I am sorry to say that my efforts have been vain. It is one of my failures, and I think it would be a pity for me to take up poor Scarlett's case.'

'But he wishes it—I wish it.'

'You have quite ceased going to Sir Morton Laurent?'

'O yes. He did my husband no good, and the excitement of going up to town—the train—the carriage—and the cab—and then coming; the doctor, always upset him dreadfully. I am sure the visit did him a great deal of harm.'

'Perhaps so, in his nervous state. Maybe, under the circumstances, you were wise to give them up.'

'I am sure I was,' responded Mrs. Scarlett.

'And the local doctors?'

'He will not see them, he says they aggravate him with their stupid questions. And yet he must have medical advice.'

'How would it be if you took him abroad—say to some one or other of the baths? There you would get change of air, some, the tonic waters for him to drink, and medical attendance on the spot?'

'No, no, no, no, it is impossible! You shall judge for yourself,' cried Mrs. Scarlett. 'He would never bear the change. You will find that he is only satisfied when he is here at home—oh, he calls it, within the garden fences. He will not stir outside, and trembles even here at the slightest sound.'

'But surely you could hit upon some clever medical man who would be able to manage his case with skill, and in whom your friend would feel confidence?'

'Whom could I find? How could I find one?' exclaimed Mrs. Scarlett. 'There is no one but you to whom I can appeal.'

'Is this truth, or fancy?' thought Stokes.

'Why does she want me here?'

'I have thought it all out so carefully,' continued Mrs. Scarlett. 'You see he is alarmed at the very idea of a doctor coming near him.'

'And yet you bring me here?'

'Yes, you are his old schoolfellow, and he will welcome you as a friend! The fact of your being a doctor will not trouble him.'

'I see,' said Stokes.

'Then, while being constantly in his company, you can watch every change.'

'Nice treacherous plan, oh, Mrs. Scarlett!' said the doctor, laughing.

'Don't call it that,' she said pitifully. 'It is for his good.'

'Yes, yes; of course—of course. It's only giving him his powder in your after all. But, tell me, if I agree to take his case in hand?'

'Which you will?' interrupted Mrs. Scarlett.

'I don't know yet,' he replied dully. 'But supposing I do, how often would you want me to come down here?'

'How often?' echoed the lady, with her eyes dilating. 'I meant for you to come and live here until he is well.'

'Phew!' whistled the doctor, and he set back in his chair thinking and biting his nails. 'What does she mean? he thought. 'Am I too hard upon her? Is my dislike prejudices, or am I justified in thinking her a woman as deceitful

as she is bad? If I am right, I am wanted down here to help some one or other of her plans. I won't stop. I'm sorry for poor Scarlett, and I might do him good, but?'

'You have considered the matter, and you will stay, doctor, will you not?' said Mrs. Scarlett sweetly.

'No, madam, I do not think it would be fair to any of the parties concerned.'

'Doctor!' she cried appealingly, 'oh, pray, don't say that. Forgive me if I speak plainly. Is it a question of money? If it is, pray, speak. I'd give up half of what we have for my husband to be restored.'

'No, madam,' said the doctor bluntly, 'it is not a question of money. Several things combine to make me decline this offer, principally, I find I want of confidence in undertaking so grave a responsibility.'

'Doctor!' cried Mrs. Scarlett, rising and standing before him, with one hand resting upon the table, 'you are trying to deceive me.'

'Indeed, madam?'

'You never liked me, doctor, from the hour I was engaged, you have never liked me since.'

'My dear Mrs. Scarlett!'

'Listen to me, doctor. A woman is never deceived upon such points as this, she is readily notes the cut when a man deceives, as when he admits. I have never injured you.'

'Never, madam.'

'I have, for my dear husband's sake, always longed to be your friend, but—be frank with me, doctor, as I am with you—you never gave me a place in your esteem.'

The doctor was silent.

'I don't know why,' continued Mrs. Scarlett, with tears in her eyes, 'if I have always tried to win you to my side, but you have repelled me. You have been friendly and spoken kindly, but there was always a something behind. Doctor, why is all this? No, stop! Don't speak to me—don't say a word! What are my poor troubles, or your likes and dislikes, in the face of this terrible calamity? You dislike me, Doctor Stokes. I do not dislike you, for I believe you to be an honourable man. Let us sink all our differences. No, I beg—I pray of you to stop here—to give up everything else to the study of my poor husband's case. My only hope is in you.'

As she made this appeal with an intensity of earnestness that was almost dramatic in its bearing and action, the doctor imitated her movement and rose to his feet.

'Mrs. Scarlett,' he said coldly, 'you are excited now, and you have said several things that perhaps would have been as well left unaid. I will not reply to them, for I agree with you that the question of James Scarlett's health and restoration is one that should sweep away all petty differences. I trust that I have always treated my poor friend's wife with the greatest respect and deference, and that I always shall.'

'Yes, yes,' said Mrs. Scarlett dully, 'deference and respect,' and as she gazed at him, there was a pained and wistful look in her outflung eyes that seemed to make him hesitate for the moment; but as she added, rather bitterly—that is all, the way to his heart, that was beginning to open a little, reclosed, and he said sternly

'No, I feel certain that it would be far better that I should not monopolise the treatment of my friend's case, and that'—

'Hush!' exclaimed Mrs. Scarlett quickly, for the door opened, and the object of their conversation, looking thin, pale, and with a scared and anxious expression on his countenance, came quickly into the room.

'Ah, Jack, here you are then!' he exclaimed. 'I've been looking for you everywhere. Here, come and sit and talk to me.'

'All right,' said the doctor, in his blunt way. 'What do you say to having out the ponies and giving me a drive?'

'Drive!—a drive!' repeated Scarlett anxiously.

'No, no. It is not fine enough.'

'Lovely, my dear fellow, as soon as you get outside.

'No, not to-day, Jack. Don't ask me,' said Scarlett excitedly, as his wife sat down and took up a piece of work. 'The ponies are too fresh. They've done nothing lately, and one of them has developed a frightfully vicious temper. I shall have to sell them.'

'Let's go on the water, then, a row would do you good!'

Mrs. Scarlett darted an imploring look at the doctor, but if intended to stify his speech, it came too late.

'Row? No!' said Scarlett with a shudder. 'I never go on the water now. My last visit is so weak, I am afraid I have somehow spanned one of the tendons. Don't ask me to row.'

Mrs. Scarlett darted a second imploring look at the doctor, and he saw it, as it seemed to him, to say 'Pray, don't allude to the water,' but it was put off his endeavour to push his friend's mental wound to the quick, and he went on: 'Lawless, you sybaritic old humbug! Very well, then, I'll give up the rowing, and we'll have the punt, and go and fish.'

'Impossible, the water is too thick, and I don't think there are any butts ready.'

'How tiresome!' said the doctor. 'I had made up my mind for a try at the barbel before I went to bed.'

'Before you went back?' cried Scarlett excitedly, and he caught his friend by the arm—'before you went back?' What do you mean?'

'Mean, old fellow? Why, before I went back to London.'

'Why, you're not thinking of going back—of leaving me here alone—of leaving me—no—no— He turned off, leaving his sentence unfinished, and stood looking appealingly at his friend.

'Why, my dear boy, what nonsense you are talking! I phlegm! I have you—alone? Why, man, you've your aunt in your relatives. There's your cousin out there now.'

'Yes, yes—of course—I know. But don't go, Jack, I'm—I'm ill. I—I want you to sit—to set me right. Don't—don't go, and leave me, Jack.'

'Now, there's a wicked old impostor for you, Mrs. Scarlett!' cried the doctor, jumping down to his friend, catching him by both shoulders, giving him a bit of a shake, and then patting him on the chest and back. 'Not so stout as he was, but sound as a roach. Lungs without a weak spot. Heart pumping like a steam engine—eyes

clear—skin as fresh as a daisy—and tongue as clean. Get out, you sham Abiam!' pretending a pain to get me to stay.'

'Yes, of course. I'm quite well—quite well, Jack, but a trifle—just a trifle low. I thought you'd stop with me, and take—take care of me a bit until put me right. I'm—I'm so lonely down here now.'

Mrs. Scarlett did not speak, but there was a quiver of the lip, and a look in her eyes as she turned them upon the doctor, that disarmed him.

'She does care for him,' he said to himself. 'She must care for him.'

'I tell you what it is,' he said aloud, 'you've been overlooking it in the so confounded greenhouses of yours. Too much hot air, most carbonic acid gas, and that sort of thing—Mrs. Scarlett, he has been thinking a deal more of his melons than of his health.'

'Yes, he does devote a very, very great deal of attention to the management of Mrs. Scarlett eagerly.'

'To be sure, and it is not good for him—You must go up to town more and attend to his melons.'

'Yes, of course. I mean to—son,' said Scarlett, with his eyes wandering from one to the other.

'Here, you must bug off with Mrs. Scarlett, and come up with me.'

'With you? What? to town?'

'To be sure, and I will have a regular round of dissipation. Monday pops, the opera, and Saturday concerts at the Crystal Palace. What do you say?'

'No!' said Scarlett, in a sharp, harsh, peremptory way. 'I am not going to town again—at present.'

'Nonsense, man!—Tell him he may come, Mrs. Scarlett.'

'O yes, yes, I should be glad for him to go!' cried Mrs. Scarlett eagerly, and then she shrank and coloured as she saw the doctor's searching look.

'There, you hear?'

'Yes, I hear, but I cannot go. The glasshouses could not be left now.'

'What, not to our old friend Mr. Munnell?'

'No, certainly not, no,' said Scarlett hastily. 'Come out now—in the garden, Jack. I'll show you—Are you very busy in town—much practice?'

'Practice?—and Scudley's hanging, and thoroughly off his guard as to himself. Not a bit, my dear boy. I'm a regular outsider from professional circles. No practice for me.'

'Then there is nothing to take you back,' cried Scarlett quickly, 'and you must stay—hate, do you hear? I may be misty!'

There was an intense irritation in his manner as he said these words, and his wife looked up in a frightened way.

'Yes, yes, dear. Of course Doctor Scudley will stay.'

'Then why don't you ask him?' he continued in the same irritated manner. 'A man won't stop if the mistress of the house slight him.'

'But, my dear James,' cried Mrs. Scarlett, with the tears in her eyes, 'I have not slighted Doctor Scudley. On the contrary, I was begging that he would stay when you came in.'

'Why?—why?' exclaimed Scarlett, with increasing excitement. 'You must have had some

reason. Do you hear? Why did you ask him to stay?

'Because I knew you wished it,' said Mrs. Scarlett meekly, 'and I thought it would do you good to have him with you for a time, dear.'

'Do me good! Such sickly nonsense! Just as if I were ill! You put me out of patience, Kate, you do indeed! How can you be so childish!—Come into the garden, Jack. I'll be back directly I've got my cigar case.'

'Should I fetch it, dear?' asked Mrs. Scarlett anxiously.

'No, of course not. Any one would think I was an invalid,' and he left the room.

'Mrs. Scarlett,' said the doctor, as soon as they were alone, 'I will stay.'

'God bless you!' she cried, with a burst of sobbing, and she hurried away.

### AN INDIAN EPIC

SOME of our readers may have heard of Sourindro Mohun Tagore, the President of the Bengal School of Music, but probably few are acquainted with the *Uctoria Gita*, of which he is the author—a poem 'celebrating the deeds and the virtues of His Most Gracious Majesty the Queen Victoria and her renowned predecessors.' As will be seen, the scope of the epic is vast, and furthermore, he has been set to music, with which Sourindro Mohun Tagore is also to be credited. The composition, including its English translation, occupies no less than three hundred and seventy pages. However, this can scarcely be considered lengthy, when it is known that the poem commences with William the Conqueror, and closes with a fervent eulogy on the *Littérateur Telegraph*. The volume, which was first issued in 1877, is printed and published at Calcutta by a native firm, and is highly creditable, from a typographical point of view.

In the preface, the author states that in order to impart to Englishmen an insight into the nature of Indian rhythm, the poetry 'has been set to Hindu music, and, in doing so, *musical changes* and other Hindu musical *graces* have been omitted, partly because of the peculiar nature of European instruments, and partly of the absence of their proper signs and symbols in English music.' Without entering into an elaborate technical description of the Indian notation, we may remark that there are seven notes in Hindu music, named *sharja*, *reeta*, *gandhara*, *madhyama*, *panchama*, *dhavata*, and *nishada*. These are indicated by their initials, *sa*, *ri*, *ga*, *ma*, *pa*, *dha*, *ni*, corresponding to the English notes C, D, E, F, G, A, B. There is, however, no *stave* in the Hindu music, the notes being arranged in Indian filk, like the syllables of the solfa notation. A miniature semaphoric notation over a note signifies a sharp; an equally small pyramid or *danda* represents a flat, while 'o' placed over the respective symbols. Again, there are various devices for representing the simple, compound, and broken *metres*, or musical metres, but without the aid of examples, an explanation of these might not prove very intelligible.

It may be pertinent to the present subject to relate that during a recent visit to Calcutta we

met one or two Hindu instrumentalists, and were struck with the zealous manner in which they defended their musical system. Mr. Mookerjee, a highly educated native, and complete master of the English language, endeavoured to prove to us the immense superiority of Bengal over European music—stating that the former had twenty-two sounds in its scale, comprising quarter and one-third tones, while the latter had no lower subdivision than semi-tones. He further asserted that the Bengal scales were geometrically perfect, while those of European nations were formed by temperament. Mr. Mookerjee then showed us some ancient Sanskrit music, and one or two antique instruments regarded by him as 'considerably ahead of the piano'—amongst others, a large guitar, which he held to be identical with the ten-stringed psaltery of King David! We had seen some such guitar the previous Sunday at the Free Church native school, where Mr. Mookerjee was choir-leader, and where the instrument accompanied the hymns. There was also a wonderful long-bodied drum, the pitch of which was regulated by a piece of dough stuck on the tympanum, and from which the performer, by the alternate use of finger tips, knuckles, and palm, extracted a variety of unwarlike and at times ludicrous sounds.

Though a stranger might regard Indian instrumental music as rather unattractive, this quality does not arise from any lack of an orchestra fully equipped according to oriental ideas. In another volume, entitled *Tanaka Kasha*, also by Sourindro Mohun Tagore, we have a 'library of the musical instruments of ancient and modern India, and of various other countries.' This comprises the names of no less than one hundred and thirty-five instruments now or formerly in use in Hindustan. Many of these are played with the bow, and the antiquity of some of them has been dwelt upon by so great an authority as Antoine Stanislaus, who tells us that 'Hindustan has been the birthplace of the instruments played with the bow, and has made them known to other parts of Asia. This does not admit of a moment's doubt, the instruments are actually in existence, bearing unmistakable marks of their Indian origin. If we wish to find the instrument played with a bow in its original state, we must take it in its simplest form, where no art has been employed to render it more perfect. Thus we find it in the *rasanation*, formed of a cylinder of resonant wood, partly hollowed.' The same writer is also well-versed in Indian music: 'the extreme sensibility of the natives to the expression,' and that Indian poetry 'is eminently rich in all its branches.' Of the latter, the work of Sourindro Mohun Tagore may be taken as a fine modern example. We will therefore briefly glance at the literary aspect of the *Uctoria Gita*.

The translation of these Sanskrit verses has but too evidently been undertaken by a native hand, perhaps by the author himself, the defects of several passages being imputed by unfortunate misapprehensions as to English colloquial usage and fitness of epithet. A short flight over the contents of the book, with the help of a few quotations, will give the reader some idea of its merits. At the same time, it is but just to remember that what sounds awkward or inflated

in English may be rotund and dignified in the original, just as a Bengali does not appear to so great advantage in European costume as in his native cotton raiment and flowing muslin *chadda*. The poem commences with the following 'Salutation': 'To that Being, who is the Lord of the three worlds—who pervades all the objects in the universe, both animate and inanimate—who is Supreme and full of pure intelligence, has neither beginning nor end, and is invincible—from whom living things derive their existence, and in whom they live—and in whom men whose minds free from all earthly desires, are entirely taken up with Him, enjoy eternal bliss, I offer my salutations in the hope of being freed from the entanglements of the world. After this lofty and pious prelude, the author thus apostrophises the Queen: 'O my mother Victoria' who watchest over us like a guardian deity, sprung as thou art from a glorious ancestry, I intend to describe it before I dwell on thy virtues and deeds.'

In accordance with this announcement, we now find the poet singing that 'William the Conqueror, who was rich in honour, vice, and most powerful, and stood high in general estimation, was king of England. The thrones have much in common with the Bin Gaultier phrase depicting the fierce 'Phaulson as a 'most superior person.' William Rufus, again, was 'mild, peaceful, and well skilled in the art of government.' Henry I, 'the patron of the nobles, after protecting his subjects with fatherly care, was crushed by the jaws of Death and numbered among the gods.' Not the least curious feature of the *Victoria Gita* is the ingenious variety of terms in which the 'ruling king of terrors' is alluded to. For instance, Stephen 'relinquished the royal crown and ascended to heaven.' The 'mighty King Henry II left his frail body—the abode of sorrows and sufferings, and with it relinquished the exalted throne, and was rewarded by Indra with the enjoyment of unalloyed everlasting bliss.' King Richard, too, 'having enjoyed his kingdom after the example of Rama Chandra, died under the condition of existence and ascended to heaven.' 'A much esteemed John, we are told, was followed by the 'sacrosanct' Henry III, who 'laid the foundation of the British parliament,' a council which we are confidentially informed was 'as wise as Prihaspati.' Passing lightly over the reigns of the Edwards, and over the Black Prince, who, 'subject to the course of time, went to the region of the clouds, the poem states that 'there rose on the throne the moon of that race, Richard II.' In the next page, however, we find that this monarch 'set like a sun.' Henry IV in turn became king of England, 'a kingdom worthy of being coveted by the gods,' and further on the poet tells us that Henry V 'kissed this nether world and betook himself to heaven.'

Coming down to the reign of Henry VII, we glean that he was 'India-like powerful,' and that 'during his time the continent of America, equal in extent to half of the globe, was discovered. It is related to the credit of Henry VIII that he 'defeated in battle the unvanquished Scotch,' while it is chronicled of Edward VI that 'after having protected his subjects for a short time, he gave up his mortal tenement under the laws which govern mortal man.' No adjective is applied to

Queen Mary, but Queen Elizabeth was 'pious,' of 'exquisite beauty, and noble qualities.' 'When, for the desire of heaven, this noble hearted queen, worthy of universal applause, finished the career of human life—a variegated scene of happiness and misery—and with it renounced the vast empire, transitory riches, and numerous friends and relatives, the renowned Tudor family became extinct.' During the reign of James I, 'revered by the learned,' there was born, 'for the benefit of mankind, a celebrated historian of universal reputation, Sir Walter Raleigh.' King James 'having left his mortal mould, Charles I reigned in his stead.'

We have now reached the historically delicate question of the Commonwealth, but Sourindra Mohun Tagore finds his Muse conveniently complaisant. King Charles, 'suddenly falling in untimely victim to the intrigues of the wicked conspirators with whom England then abounded, and was bereft of king, she was left in the hands of the subject.' The 'sagacious' people then placed at the head of the Commonwealth Oliver Cromwell, 'wise and valiant famous in warlike exploits.' Charles II, 'possessed of political acumen, made the throne of England once again receive a king, and spared no efforts to establish the Royal Society of London.' A page or two later, we read that James II, 'after having reigned for some time in the heavenly kingdom of England, died and accepted the hospitality of the celestial regions.' John William and Mary ruled the land, and 'established a public treasury under the name of the Bank of London.' To them succeeded Queen Anne, 'the goddess incarnate of welfare and happiness,' by whom 'far famed England and wealthy Scotland were united.' Next it is remarkable that this 'generous Princess' in due course also 'abjures her mortal tenement.' In like manner it is put on record that 'that India-like sovereign George I, in the fullness of time had access to the enjoyment of heaven.' The reign of George II is amply dilated upon, and the British conquests in India are extolled with a warmth that should have no doubt as to the loyalty of the bard. The deeds of 'glorious' Warren Hastings, as well as those of his successor Lord Cornwallis, while the Muqims of Walleky is lauded because during his administration daily newspapers in Bengal were first published in India.

This brings us to remark one noteworthy point about this Indian epic. It is more than sufficiently diffuse in respect of warlike exploits, but likewise attaches considerable importance to the progress of art, science, and literature. 'Under the auspices of Charles I were published for the first time newspapers instrumental to the welfare of the subject, while 'there were also invented the thermometer and barometer,' those waving banners of wise scientific skill.' During the Commonwealth, Milton flourished, 'who acquired world wide celebrity for his verses flowing from the nectarous deep.' The reign of George II. was signified by the voyages of Admiral Anson, 'who, as it were like the sun, performed his circuit of the world.' In the days when 'intelligent George IV' was king, the 'most cruel suicide' was abolished, and 'Captain Johnson, travelling in a winged and swift-moving steamboat, performed for the first time a safe voyage

to India! Again, thanks to 'the wise king' William IV, 'steam carriages, swift as lightning, and travelling before the wind, capable of bearing an immense weight, and moving with a deep, tremendous roar like violent wind that blows on the day of universal dissolution, were set a-going! After this magnificent display of Queen's English, one scarcely marvels at the poet's gratitude to Lord William Bunsick for 'having spared no effort to introduce the English language into India—a language which is pregnant with manifold virtues, and which enables us to insure honour and wealth. By this means he has fettered us in the meshes of a debt of obligation, which we shall never be able to break through, not even in mistake.'

The poem concludes with a series of grandiloquent addresses to Her Majesty, descriptive of the manifold blessings which have accrued to India during her enlightened rule. For example, a useful but prosaic invention is thus poetically alluded to: 'O Mother Victoria! we are fastening our eyes with glee, which dims the rays of the moon—light by which thou hast made our roads comfortable to pass through during night—a light which has been made to defy even the most powerful wind.' Again, the following is worth quoting, if only for its amusing printer's error: 'The electric telegraph, of universal fame, which carries distant news in a moment through means of *electric signals*, has been for the first time exhibited to us by this.'

Somerset Maugham likewise commences his 'Conclusion' by observing that the people of India have in various ways attracted Her Majesty's attention—some by rebellion, some by heroism, some by effluence, and others 'by reaching the heavenly kingdom of England, after having crossed the vast ocean.' As for himself, he says 'With this little poem as my link in the vast solemn main, and through the favourable assistance of the Muse to meet its end—a goddess through whose kindness, in their, even the remotest ends, attain the bliss of speech, unskilful and illiterate though I am, I have included the feet of thy throne, O thou merciful Empress of India, and O I know not what would ultimately befall me by the will of the Almighty.'

Thus concludes our review of this interesting panorama of Indian history, as seen through Hindu eyes. The work certainly forms a unique tribute to the Queen, being printed on a scale which no poet of the United Kingdom has yet rivalled.

### THE BLATCHFORD BEQUEST

#### IN FOUR CHAPTERS—CHAPTER II

CUTHBERT rose, and gently disengaging his hand, left the room. The letter he placed in his breast, even in his great wondering what the contents could be. He waited down stairs until the doctor joined him.

'We can do nothing else,' that gentleman said. 'Let us go home.'

The carriage was in readiness, and took them to their respective abodes.

'Poor woman!' said the doctor as they parted,

'what a dreary, lonely death. She seemed to have no friend except you. If you know her lawyer's address, you had better telegraph the first thing in the morning. Who are her near relatives?'

'She has none. She told me once her relatives were all distant ones, and the likeliest name of them I will telegraph, as you say, just.'

'You will be certain to come in for a good thing,' continued the doctor, rather cautiously. Cuthbert started. He had not considered the probability, and felt annoyed at the remark. 'I neither believe nor expect it,' he said. 'We were friends, and that is all.'

'Well, what and then see—Good night, if you won't come in,' said the doctor, as the carriage stopped at his door.

Cuthbert went to his room, raked together his smouldering fire, and for a long time sat thinking over the disturbed scene. He felt truly sorry at the loss of a friend, and, with all her peculiarities, a true friend, yet, in his sorrow, he could not help wondering what the contents of that mysterious letter, lying before him, could be. It must have been written when Mrs Blatchford was in good health, as the writing on the cover was firm and powerful. Well he knew that plain but characteristic handwriting—just the sort one would have expected from a stern and strong-minded woman. But speculation was idle, for some days he must remain in ignorance of the wishes he had so lately promised to see carried out, so he looked the letter in his desk in company with the indicated sermon, which Mrs Roberts had picked up and accidentally placed on the table, then feeling worn out with the work of the day, he went to bed and slept an untroubled sleep.

At an early hour next morning, Mr Harding, solicitor, Lane Inn Fields, learned that one of his best clients was dead, and by the first possible train he made his appearance at Overton. He looked rather curiously at the curate as they met, and his manner was polite, if not deferential. Cuthbert was glad to see the legal adviser appear so promptly, thinking his advent would shut all responsibility from his shoulders.

'And what day will you fix for the funeral, Mr Wray? asked the solicitor, after hearing what little there was to hear about his client's rather sudden death.

'What day will I fix?'

'Yes. If you don't know it, I may as well tell you that unless Mrs Blatchford has made a fresh will within the last few months—a most unlikely event, as we were actually in her confidence—entirely—unless she has made a new will, you are the sole executor.'

'I am!'

'Yes, you, and I may add, a beneficiary to a considerable extent. Our client was a strange woman, Mr Wray—strange and eccentric, but perfectly sane—perfectly sane.'

'No one who knew her could doubt that.'

'No—fortunately, perhaps, for you—no. The will is in duplicate. You will find one copy in her sanctum, the other is at our office. For forms sake, you had better ask her relatives, although they are but distant ones.'

'I don't even know their names, so must leave it all to you, Mr Harding.'

'Then, I will send you a list Saturday would suit me very well, if you wish me to come down and pay the last tribute of respect to my poor client—I may say, friend.'

'Saturday be it, if it rests with me,' replied Cuthbert, who was longing to be alone and digest Mr Harding's intelligence.

What did it mean? The lawyer's enigmatical and impressive words—the promise given to the dying woman, and in the background the sealed letter? He thought about it long, earnestly, and anxiously. He guessed that the dead hand laid some heavy burden upon him, and he longed to know what it might be, feeling that no weight could be heavier than the suspense he must endure during the five days which must elapse before he could open that mysterious letter. But when he turned his head, as a true man, he would carry out in their entirety the wishes of the dead woman, though he longed for the day to come when he might set his mind at rest as to what was required of him.

It came at last. He had followed Mr Harding's instructions, and cousins bearing the name of Bluchford, and cousins bearing other names, assembled in Oversea. The rector, as was due to his richest parishioner, performed the ceremony, which, for the convenience of those who came from a distance, was held as late as the light would allow. Then the mournful party assembled in the large dining room at The Holly, and Mr Harding read the will. It was short—very short. If any of the hearers fostered hope, it only lived through fifty lines of clerical writing on a sheet of foolscap. The testatrix kept no one long in suspense. A few generous but not absurd legacies to old servants, a couple of charitable bequests, and then—whilst the most stolid of the relatives held his breath or filigged in his chair—the whole of the residue, real and personal, to my friend, Cuthbert Wrey, clerk in holy orders—he to be also sole executor. That was all, too plain, too simple, not to be fully understood by the most commonplace intelligence. There was no outward evidence of disappointment, no outcry, no passionate or scornful scene. No cousin had been sanguine enough to think his chance worth much, and each one had the consolation that if he got nothing, his kin were in the same plight. All had been prepared for disappointment. For many years Mrs Bluchford had held little communication with her family. She had responded, as a duty, to any appeals for assistance made by the most needy members, but no one had been foolish enough to expect the reversion of any part of her wealth. So, after all, the Rev Cuthbert Wrey was the most astonished of the party.

He seemed dazed. He scarcely heard the lawyer's whispered congratulations or his old rector's outspoken ones. He bowed mechanically as the majority of the cousins filed from the room. The very magnitude of the bequest told him that something lay behind the words of the will. Had he been given five, ten, even twenty thousand pounds, he might have recognised it as an act of generous friendship. But all—everything! The dead woman's last words rang in his ears; the letter, lying in his desk at home, rose before his eyes. Whatever that will might say, Cuthbert knew that its true meaning lay in that sealed cover, and his only wish was to get home and

learn his fate. He could bear the uncertainty no longer. The only persons left in the room were the lawyer, the rector, and two little knots of antagonistic cousins, who had recovered from their surprise, and were conversing in low but excited tones at opposite windows.

'I feel bewildered,' he said, rising and drumming a glass of wine. 'I must go home, and think it over quietly.'

'Quite right, my dear boy,' said the rector, whispering as he shook hands. 'Don't trouble about to-morrow. I will take the whole matter at the church, and Tinley shall come round to St Nicholas.'

'I dare say you will run up to town and see me next week,' suggested Mr Harding, 'or if you like, I will come down again.'

'Yes, yes, I will come up,' said Cuthbert. Then he left the house, and walked home to Marine Parade.

He went to his room, shut and locked the door, then took out the letter. From force of habit, he wheeled his chair round to its usual position in front of the fire, and prepared to set his mind at rest as to the true value of the will he had so lately heard read. He had actually torn the cover open—in another minute he would have known all—when a temptation rose, stood before him, and strove him in the face—a temptation so perfectly organised, with each feature so sharply and clearly defined, that it might have owned a palpable and tangible form. *Should he destroy the sacred letter?*

Cuthbert Wrey, like every other son of Adam, had many times in his life been tempted to sin, error, or folly, but never as yet to commit an act which would in his own eyes and in the eyes of the world rank as base dishonour. His first sentiment was that of surprise—surprise at such a thought presuming to invade his brain—so, in scorn and anger, he bade it be gone and trouble him no more. But the thought remained—it remained, and every moment gathered strength, purpose, and cohesion. It spoke with thrilling words, it woke old dreams, it unfolded wings, and bore him to the top of a mental mountain, and bade him gaze on the future and the glories thereof, whilst, like a strange rhythm, the words of the will beat upon his ears. 'All my real and personal estate to my dear friend, Cuthbert Wrey.' He sat motionless, the hall opened letter in his hand, in front of him the glowing coals, which in three seconds could reduce the paper he held to tinder.

The thoughts, the ideas, the visions which crowded his mind during the hours he sat there, unable to do what was right, and unwilling to do what was wrong, would fill a book. He knew enough of his friend's affairs to guess that the wealth she had to dispose of was great. It was not a question of a few paltry hundreds which tempted him, nor, to do him justice, was it the possession of great riches. It was the career there in his would open to him, for, although not a brilliant success in the calling he had chosen, Cuthbert Wrey had not lost faith in himself or his talents. It was not common greed that assailed him, although the stake, he knew, was a large one. He saw himself freed from the profession he had no love for; he saw wealth open the doors of public life to him, and the

dream of younger days realised. He even saw himself famous and wielding power. Yes; the winged thought showed him all this, and more, from the pinnacle which commanded the future, urging him, for the sake of these things, to laugh at scruples, and to turn his back on what men call honour. And hour after hour he sat with beads of perspiration on his brow; the letter trembling in his trembling hands; whilst below him, and so near, the fire threw out little sparks and darts of flame, as though urging him to commit the secret to its keeping, and let it be hidden for ever and ever in the depths of its wicked red heat.

He yielded again and again in theory, but he could not bring himself to do so in deed. However the conflict might end, there was one thing he felt he would not do—he would not read that letter before he destroyed it. Its message should perish with it. If he committed crime, he would remain in ignorance as to its extent and influence on other people's destinies. Only if right and honour conquered, would he read. So he sat on and on, making a good fight—sit until the fire died out. He would not trust himself to replenish it, and almost laughed as a fantastic thought came to him—how sullen and disappointed the half burned candles looked!

But the candles were living, and would do the work equily well. With a great effort of will, he rose and extinguished them. For some time he sat in darkness, then he found himself searching for his matches. Too well he knew why he wanted them. He struck one with an unsteady hand. It went out, but not before he caught sight of his white changed face reflected by the mirror. 'Shall I see my face like that all my lifetime,' he muttered, 'if I do this thing?' He threw the match box in his hand.

Yet the letter was still in his hand. It was as easy to tear it to pieces as to burn it. Although still mistrusting himself, he was growing stronger every minute. He groped his way to the secretary, placed the letter in its former resting place, turned the lock, and went to bed.

In the morning he was himself again, but feeling—if the mind may be compared to the body—as he had sometimes felt during a hard bout of football at Rugby—although rested and refreshed, with a sense of fatigue and recollection of a severe struggle still lingering.

'I will never laugh again at old Luther's battle with the Evil One,' he said, almost humbly. 'I see how easily an imaginative and superstitious man may believe in his personality.'

Cuthbert Wrey never forgot that night, ever afterwards he was lenient, perhaps too lenient, with transgressors; but before he continued, he thought of that glowing fire and the unrolled letter trembling in his hand.

After breakfast he took the letter, and in a calm business-like way sat down to read it. It was something like he had anticipated. It was dated some months back, carefully worded and written.

MY DEAR MR WREY—To day I have made my will. If I judge you rightly, no one will be more surprised than you at its contents. I leave you all, but I leave it in trust. Years ago, my son, my only child, left me—or I should

rather say I cast him off. The life he had led amply justified this step. But he is my son yet. I love him, but I dare not leave him money to work evil with. Where he is, I know not, having neither seen nor heard of him since we parted in anger. He may be changed, or he may change. If so—if you are satisfied that he is living even the life of an ordinary man, the income arising from my property must be his. If he marries, or is married, all must be settled on his children—all except five thousand pounds, which I beg you to accept as a token of friendship. Should my son be dead before me, and leave no children, take and use my wealth as your own, and may it bring you greater happiness than it has brought me. I trust you in this as few women of my age have ever trusted a man. If I urged you to keep faith, I should show doubt, and this letter would be waste paper. You will read this after my death, and will, I am pleased to think, regret a little your friend, HONORABLE BLATCHFORD.

P.S.—His name is Ralph.

It was as he had imagined—comparing her last words with the delivery of that letter—the gave with one hand and took away with the other. Knowing Mrs Blatchford's character so well, he could read plainly between the lines of that letter. He could see the pride which had kept her to the text, but not to the spirit of a determination she had vowed should be irrevocable. However much her son had wronged her, she had forgiven him in her heart, but having sworn she would not leave him a penny, had in this extraordinary way compounded with her respect.

Although the promise drawn of great wealth must come no more, Cuthbert could only feel thankful. He could with a clear conscience accept the five thousand pounds, the interest on which would give him about double the income he now enjoyed. He could free himself from his bonds, and make a fresh start under easy circumstances. So he felt very grateful, and vowed that the instructions that letter contained should be followed to the best of his ability. That Ralph Blatchford was dead, never entered his mind. He would hear of his mother's death, and make his appearance—next week, next month or next year, according to the distance at which his tent was pitched. Whether he would be fit to be trusted with the money, must be an after consideration. The decision would be a great responsibility, but he hoped, after last night's struggle, to be able to judge fairly. For himself, he was now a free man, with five thousand pounds, and Cuthbert went that evening to the little grivousd non apology for a church, and preached his last sermon with a thankful heart.

After such a turn of fortune's wheel, no one wondered at his leaving his profession immediately. Legal matters were settled, the will duly proved, and although creditors were threatened by sundry relatives, the threats came to nothing; and Cuthbert Wrey, to all appearance, stepped from a curate's stipend of one hundred and twenty pounds into rent, dividends, and interest, amounting at the least to four thousand pounds a year; and as yet Ralph Blatchford had made no sign.



Cuthbert's instructions, the notice of Mrs. Ashford's death was inserted in the newspapers of nearly every civilized country. Then, as nothing was heard of the will, the notice was changed into an advertisement requesting Ralph Blitchford to communicate with Messrs. Harding & Co., Solicitors, &c. Several impostors responded to it, and told incredible tales, but were in turn dismissed. So months went on, and readers of newspapers in all parts of the world found the repetition of the same advertisement growing monotonous and a trifle irritating.

Cuthbert meanwhile lived in London, occupying expensive rooms, and determined to limit his expenditures to the interest on the sum to which he was morally entitled. He strove to keep himself from bickering circles which might be shutted from him. He had catered for the bar, thinking that was the best opening for his ambition. The few people who knew him, and were acquainted with the terms of the will, wondered at his mode of life. Why should a man of his wealth wish to adopt a profession? He told no one, not even his solicitors, under what restriction he held the property. He worked hard, for it was his nature to do so, and managed to live contentedly enough for a year, willing to resign everything when called upon so to do. Then, gradually, he began to grow unsettled. No word or tidings came of Ralph Blitchford. Another year passed, and then, only then, Cuthbert Wrey thought—perhaps hoped—that Ralph Blitchford was known not in the land of the living.

After this, the advertisements appeared at intervals. Still Cuthbert feared to enter into his kingdom. 'I will wait another year,' he said. 'Then I shall be a barrister. If he turns up by that time, I will try and succeed in an advocate, if not, I must believe he is dead.'

In due time he was called to the bar, but never held a brief nor appeared in any court. Ralph Blitchford was still unheeded of, and Cuthbert made up his mind to use and enter into full enjoyment of his strangely acquired wealth.

### WHITE PIGMENTS

The term pigments is generally applied to coloured powders used in painting. We are not going to discuss the propriety of using the words 'white pigments'—whether white can be called a colour, and so on—but shall content ourselves by saying, that of all pigments the most important is white, and without this white pigment, few colours, if any, could be obtained.

There are two characters which determine the quality of any pigment—namely, tint and covering power or 'body.' In the case of a white pigment, for instance, the tint may be good or bad, that is, it may be a yellowish, bluish, or reddish white—in a word, not a pure white, and this quality, which has a considerable influence on the commercial value of the pigment, is not at all easy to detect by the unaided eye. The best means, perhaps, is to place a small quantity of the specimen to be tried upon half a sheet of ordinary blue note paper, by the side of a similar quantity of a perfectly pure white pigment, then, folding

the paper over both, and slightly pressing it down until the edges of the two specimens are brought into contact, any difference of tint will be at once detected when the fold is lifted up. We have seen this test applied successfully to several samples of white pigments which were very different in tint, but in which the eye alone—without the little device just mentioned—failed to detect any difference at all.

With regard to covering power or 'body,' it means the property of being able, when mixed with some fluid such as water or oil, to cover a large surface so as to render invisible the colour of the wood or stone beneath. In testing this property in pigments, it is usual to mix them with the requisite quantity of oil and apply them to a black board.

Another point of great importance to the colour dealer is the manner in which the white pigment compares itself with oil. Some mix badly with oil, others, however opaque as powders, become more or less transparent, and some form a soap, or 'saponify' the oil. This quality, which has the effect of rendering the paint less opaque than it should be, is observed to a certain extent with white lead and oxide of zinc.

Colours used as water colours or as a distemper, like the water colours of the artist, whitewash, and distempers for the walls of buildings, &c., are nothing more than the pigment in a state of fine powder mixed with the requisite quantity of water, together with a little size or gum, and made either into a solid paste, which is allowed to dry in moulds—water colours—or used in the form of fluid—whitewash, distemper. Many substances can be used for painting in this manner which are totally useless, or nearly so, as oil paints, on account of their want of 'body,' or covering power.

Oil colours are by far the more important, since they are much more largely used, they are more durable, and resist the action of the air and water. They are made by mixing the pigment with linseed oil and turpentine. Linseed oil is taken in preference to others, because it is a 'drying oil,' that is, it loses its fluidity by exposure to the air, forming a kind of varnish over the surface upon which it is spread. In this respect, linseed oil can be improved by an artificial treatment, which consists in boiling it with some metallic oxides and taking away the scum which rises.

Now, to show the great importance of a white pigment, we must state that it forms the basis of all oil colours, whatever may be their tints, it mixes with all the various yellows, greens, &c., and blues, the requisite covering power, and binds them to the desired shade. If these colours, such as red oxide of iron, vermilion, cobalt blue, &c., possessed sufficient body, and could be used by themselves, they would be too dark for most purposes. But as they possess very little body, and in some instances none at all to speak of, they must be mixed with the white pigment to form paints, so that the desired tint or shade and the requisite covering power are both obtained at the same time.

Hitherto, white lead has been the white pigment almost exclusively used for this important purpose. Its covering power is so remarkable that it can convert almost any colour into an oil paint, and, we need scarcely add, it is very largely used by itself

as a white colour. This white lead is said to have been known to the ancient Greeks and Romans, but we have some doubts on the subject, nevertheless, it has been an important branch of manufacture in Holland, Vienna, Paris, Brunswick, &c., since out of mind, and has found employment for millions of capital. Apart from the unhealthy nature of this manufacture, as well as the great danger of poisoning to which it exposes the men and women engaged in the works, as well as house painters and others who mix colours as a means of livelihood, it has other serious drawbacks. It turns a dirty yellow or brown colour where it is exposed to impure air. In the atmosphere of towns, there is always present a certain quantity of sulphur, and this attacks the white lead and discolors it. In the next place, white lead saponifies the linseed oil in the course of a comparatively short time, so that before many months have elapsed, it allows the painted surface to open through the colour in many places. All these things taken into consideration, but more especially its poisonous nature, have induced many practical men to enquire after a substitute for white lead.

In process of time, 'Kahlmann's White' appeared above the industrial horizon. This was sulphate of baryta, or baryta white produced in a new manner, by the late Prof. Kahlmann, then a wealthy chemical manufacturer at Lalle. This substance, which is beautifully white, has been long used to substitute white lead, but it has very little covering power as an oil paint. The same may be said of carbonate of lime (chalk) and carbonate of baryta, both of which are used for the same purpose. They mix well with the oil, but make it go further, but they cannot replace it.

Then came the antimony paint, 'Stenhouse's White,' the discovery of Dr Stenhouse, an eminent Scotch chemist, which made a great stir when it was first produced. At that time, large quantities of antimony ore were imported for the first time from Lunno, it was a new ore, an oxide of antimony, and splendid specimens of it were shipped to England. But it is not a pure white, though it does very well in mixed colours, and it is liable, like white lead, to darken by exposure to impure air in theatres, dining rooms, hotels, &c.

Oxide of zinc, produced by burning metallic zinc and condensing the fumes, is another white pigment of some importance. It was long ago proposed as a substitute for the dangerous white pigment. But the painters do not like it, it covers badly, it saponifies the oil, and is expensive, and in spite of all that has been said about it, it has not been able to supplant white lead. Nevertheless, it is a white pigment which well deserves the name, having considerable covering power, and is still largely used in spite of the defects attributed to it.

These are all the substances, save one, which can be ranked as white pigments, and are not to be considered, more or less, the requisite conditions of tint and covering power. The exception is the most important white pigment, known as 'Griffiths's White,' from the name of Mr Thomas Griffiths, F.C.S., of Liverpool, where it is manufactured by the Sanitary Paint Company. This white, which was described by us in a recent article

on 'Lead Poisoning' (No 1016), really appears to have solved the difficult problem referred to above. But the solution was not obtained without considerable labour and a large expenditure. Dr Thpson, in his Report to the International Congress, says: 'It is one of the most useful and ingenious discoveries of modern times,' and the Duke of Northumberland, Chairman of the Royal Sanitary Institute, in presenting the gold medal of that Society to Mr Griffiths, stated the new white pigment to be 'the greatest discovery ever made for preventing the dreadful suffering caused by the use of lead paint.' 'Griffiths's White,' a substance to which we have on a former occasion alluded, has for its base sulphide of zinc, which is combined with baryta and magnesia. It is produced in precipitating a solution of zinc by solutions of baryta and magnesia, submitting the product to certain washing, grinding, &c. It is a simple process enough, though rather too complicated in detail of chemical manufacture to be described here in detail, and does not require very great expensiveness on the part of the workman. But there is no dangerous poison in work with it, not a single case of illness from this cause has been known since the manufactory existed—now several years—and numerous experiments have shown that the covering power of this new white is a truly greater than that of white lead.

There is an old saying that 'it never rains but it pours,' and it is perfectly applicable to the present case. The new white pigment was found to be non-poisonous, and to be superior to white lead as a pigment, and more durable. It does not saponify the linseed oil, nor does it become discoloured by bad air. It is remained only the question of cost, and this was solved by showing, in house painting, for instance, that where white lead cost twenty three shillings, a hundredweight, and 'Griffiths's White' twenty seven shillings, there was an economy in favour of the latter of no less than ten shillings a hundredweight, on account of its marvellous covering power.

It can now be only a question of time to see the poisonous white lead industry superseded by the production of this new Liverpool white.

## ORANGE-FARMING

MAKING every allowance for the circumstance that nine or ten years must elapse between the periods of planting orange seed and gathering the crop—should grafting or budding not be resorted to—it will probably be found that, among the long catalogue of cultivated fruits, the orange tribe afford the most satisfactory financial results. Accordingly, it is not surprising that orange farming, in various parts of the world has hitherto been mainly confined to persons of capital, to whom a pleasant agricultural life was an object, and a few years spent in a waiting attitude a matter of little importance. At first sight, therefore, it may seem like a kind of cruel joke, or it all evinces a paradox, to recommend this industry to the immigrant with limited means, about to seek a home and an immediate income in northern New Zealand, yet the facts to be presently adduced appear to promise him considerable encouragement to occupy at least part of his time and land in orange farming.

When the orange race is thus alluded to, the reader is not to expect a treatise upon the different species so ably described by the eminent naturalist Kuseo, in his Natural History of the Orange, published in Paris in 1818—the Alima apple or foalilla fruit, the sweet orange or mullarosa, citron lemon, the sweet and acid lime, the sweet and bitter orange, and pomelo or pompelmoose—but only reference to a few prominent features connected with the pursuit generally in one or two places, upon which a favourable opinion, as regards promoting the industry at the antipodes, may be based.

The members of the orange family number fully two hundred varieties, and, although originally hailing from the tropical banks of an Indian river, these have spread into most lands, becoming rapidly acclimated or modified wherever they have been cultivated under even the most moderately favourable circumstances. Where, on the other hand, individuals of the family, such as the lime, in the West Indian land of Montserrat, have been introduced into a specially congenial climate and soil, they evince a degree of superiority that astonishes persons acquainted only with the limes of the East. This small island of eight miles in length by five in breadth, consisting of a cluster of mountain tops rising abruptly out of the depths of the Caribbean Sea, is now the principal home of the lime farming industry, which dates there only from the year 1822. An enterprising planter, Mr. Burke, commenced the first orchards, which at present, under the Montserrat Company, cover more than six hundred acres and contain one hundred and twenty thousand trees. It is said that no more beautiful sight can anywhere be witnessed than the two miles of road which intersect this orchard, when the limes are covered with fruit and the air filled with their fragrance. At first, the speculation was unprofitable, on account of the large outlay of capital required, but now, with an annual export of more than eighty thousand gallons of lime juice to this country alone, the industry is rightly regarded as both important and remunerative.

In the island of Trinidad, great attention has of late years been paid to orange cultivation, many good sorts, including the Portugal silver and St. Michael, having been imported. Such success has attended these efforts, that, in 1877, trial consignments shipped to London were pronounced the best then offered in the market, except similar varieties received about the same period from Brazil, the former selling for eight shillings a box of one hundred oranges, and the latter fetching eleven shillings. In Trinidad, the shrubs are reared about twenty five feet apart, thus admitting sixty five or seventy trees per acre. The smallest average yielded in unfortunate seasons is five hundred oranges per fruiting tree, and the highest average one thousand. Taking the lesser crop as an example, the whole harvest will seldom fall below thirty two thousand five hundred oranges, which, at the modest price on the spot of five shillings a hundred, shows a gross return of eighty-one pounds five shillings an acre. It is a curious circumstance connected with the rearing of this favourite fruit—which fits in admirably with the necessity which exists for plucking it in a green state when sent to a

distant market—that the trees from which unripe fruit is gathered bear plentifully every year, whereas those allowed to fully ripen their oranges, only yield abundant harvests during alternate years.

The great age to which the orange tree lives and bears, is an important consideration for the colonist, who might, by a little self-denial, and through a judicious first selection and expenditure upon an orange grove, virtually endow his posterity with an annually increasing income. Kuseo, in the work already alluded to, mentions that in the convent of St. Sabina, at Rome, there is an orange tree said to be six hundred years old; and at Nice, in 1789, there was another which usually bore between five and six thousand oranges, its trunk took two men to encircle it, its crown was more than fifty feet from the ground, and its age was lost in antiquity. Even in England, orange rearing, during a considerable portion of the year in the open air, has not been attended with much difficulty, as witness the Bolden tree in orchard in Surrey, of which Bishop Gibson, in his contributions to Camden's *Itinerary*, says it was one hundred years old in 1695; the Hampton Court orange trees, some of which are stated to be more than three hundred years old, and various gardens in South Devonshire, which, trained against the walls, and only protected with straw mats during winter, are specimens which have flourished for at least a century.

Whatever remarks may be made concerning the orange are equally applicable to the lemon, with the exception that the latter, being much more hardy, will grow freely in the open air in climates where the former would inevitably perish. In the south of England, when properly sheltered by walls and protected during winter, the lemon yields very fair crops of good fruit, and in cold Perthshire, as far north as the old cathedral city of Dunblane, lemon seedlings of about five feet high, in pots, may be seen in the approach to one of the villas in the neighbourhood during summer and autumn, filling the air with their exquisite perfume, especially after rain, and adding beauty to their surroundings by their glossy vegetation foliage. It may prove interesting to know that foreign cattle are particularly fond of lemons, and that in Brazil, where this favourite product is now naturalised, the herds eat greedily of the fallen fruit, their flesh acquiring an agreeable aromatic flavour from this dainty food.

It is mainly towards the New World that the intending planter and immigrant should look for gratifying financial results connected with orange and lemon raising. Certainly, it is in California that this industry at present shows statistics more extraordinary and encouraging than almost anywhere else. There, we are informed, an average tree yields, at the age of ten to twelve years, one thousand oranges, that forty oranges may be seen hanging from a single bough, which must be supported, to hinder it from breaking under the fragrant weight, that individual trees yield two thousand oranges, and one distinguished specimen three thousand oranges, per annum, that one man is capable of looking after a plantation of twenty acres, and that a fruiting orchard of ten acres is expected to return an annual profit of two thousand pounds. Pleasing reading as the above may possibly be to the intending farmer, even those cheerful figures are transcended as one

gets nearer to New Zealand. In New South Wales, there are certain orange plantations the annual gross return from which is given as five hundred pounds per acre, and single trees are pointed out to the inquiring traveller which, for more than twenty years, have rewarded the proprietor with each three hundred down of the finest fruit per annum.

It will naturally be objected, perhaps, that, although the foregoing information may be interesting enough, it offers no guarantee that orange culture is suitable for New Zealand, and that, in any case, no poor colonist could afford to wait nine or ten years for his first harvest. In reply to the first objection, we learn from an official source (Report of the New Zealand Colonial Industries Commission for 1880), that in the Auckland district—the one selected by some of our countrymen for the commencement and prosecution of tea and silk farming shortly, as well as for the industry advocated in this article—good oranges and lemons have been produced for many years although no attention has been paid to the selection of sorts or to special culture. Also, that the annual return per acre is estimated at a hundred pounds. As the capabilities of Auckland are not usually reckoned inferior to those of New South Wales, probably this moderate valuation of the orange crop will be found far under the truth, whilst the general warmth of the climate, the fairly copious and well distributed rainfall, and volcanic nature of the soil, clearly indicate this province as one likely to favour the growth of the lime to produce a great perfection as its more robust relatives the oranges and lemons.

To the second objection, it may be answered that by the well understood process of budding budding, fruiting trees from strong seedlings may now be obtained about or after the second year. It is not unlikely, besides, that the curious and interesting new French system of plant vaccination may be made available ere long to accomplish a crop even earlier. As, just grafting and budding, it is sometimes used that, as the fruiting orange or lemon tree thus produced will be a dwarf, although it may bear early, the produce will be limited. On the other hand, it is asserted that the grafted dwarf is likely to live longer than the ungrafted seedling, and that it yields choicer varieties of fruit.

Another question may still be asked with reference to the outlet, in a comparatively limited community like that of New Zealand, for all the oranges, lemons, limes, citrons, bergamots, pine loes, and forbidden fruit, the plants and immigrants of the future may hope to produce. To this final query, it will surely only be necessary to add, that at present the colonists pay importers the handsome sum of ninety thousand pounds a year for jams, jellies, and preserves of various kinds—of which a large proportion, if not all, might pass into the pockets of colonial growers, were facilities completed—which they doubtless soon will be—for preparing these luxuries, including marmalade, on the spot. On the whole, it seems plain that, equally with the planter of means, the active immigrant, having a taste for gardening and some little experience, may, in the intervals of his ordinary agriculture in New Zealand, soon surround his farmhouse or cottage

with fruiting oranges, lemons, and the rest of this valuable group, beables bringing forward thousands of seedlings in odd corners of his land, to become in time a source of wealth to his posterity, if not to himself.

### FUNNY SAYINGS OF CHILDREN

At a public meeting in Edinburgh some time ago, Professor P. A. Macdonald told his audience the following story: "A little boy at a presbytery examination was asked, 'What is the meaning of regeneration?' "Oh, to be born again," he replied—"Quite right, Tommy. You're a very good boy. Would you not like to be born again?" Tommy hesitated, but on being pressed for an answer, and "No," "Why, Tommy?" "For fear I might be born a lame!" he replied."

This appears to be an excellent illustration of the folly of asking children difficult theological questions before they are old enough to grasp the difference between worldly fact and divine allegory.

Much more to the point, and a splendid specimen of childlike repartee, was the reply of a little urchin, who, with his brothers and sisters, were always scolded by their grand father whenever they dared to invade the precincts of his library. "Will you like to go to heaven, Bertie?" his mother asked of him one evening, when she had been reading to him Mrs. Hemans's beautiful verses on the *Idler's* "No, mamma," was the quick response—"You wouldn't like to go to heaven, my son? Why?" "Why, grandpapa will be there, won't he?"—"Yes, I hope he will. Well, when he sees us children, he'll come scolding along and say 'Whew! whew! what are you all here for?' No, mamma, I don't want to go to heaven, if grandpapa is going to be there."

We call the following from one of the French papers. A little boy was sitting by the bed of his grandmother, who was very ill. "Ah, my poor child, she will die, I am very but, I am going to die. He looked very much distressed for a few minutes, and then suddenly exclaimed, "Why will you die? Does God want an old angel?"

"Grandpapa," said another intelligent little fellow, "who made those great dishes in your kitchen?"

"God, my dear."

"What did he make them for?"

"I don't know, Willie. Don't ask silly questions."

Willie was thoughtful for a few moments, and then said "I know now." Father can tell how old his cows are by the wrinkles on their horns. Is that what God put wrinkles on your brow for, grandpapa?"

Some remarkable answers are sometimes given by children in response to questions put to them in school. At a school at Wiltand, near New Zealand, the master asked a class of boys the



meaning of the word 'appetite,' and after a brief pause, one little boy said 'I know, sir, when I'm eaten, I'm 'appy, and when I'm done, I'm tight.'

Another teacher asked a bright little girl what country was opposite to us on the globe.

'I don't know, sir,' was the reply.

'Well, now,' pursued the teacher, 'if I were to bore a hole through the earth, and you were to go in at this end, where would you come out?'

'Out of the hole, sir,' replied the pupil with an air of triumph.

Children frequently put puzzling questions at home to their parents on various subjects, as is evinced by the one which a smart boy, who had been reading the newspaper, put to his father. 'Pa, has the world got a tail?' 'No, my boy, it is quite round,' replied his parent. 'Well,' persisted young hopeful, 'why do the papers say "so many of the world," if it ain't got a tail?'

As an instance of juvenile precocity, we may mention the stratagem employed by a little six-year-old fellow whose mother had told him that it was impolite to ask for cakes or other things which they might see being prepared, while visiting at other people's houses. Cuddling at a house in the neighbourhood where a cake was being made, he eyed the precious composition very wistfully for some time without speaking, but at last he ventured to cry in an undertone, 'Mother says it's not polite to ask for cake.' 'No, w is the reply, 'it does not look well for little boys to do so.'—But she didn't say I must not eat a piece, in case you gave it to me,' was the unanswerable rejoinder.

Of a similar kind was the suggestion of a little girl who, while it a party, had left upon the table half an orange. On passing the house the next morning, she thought of the orange, and feeling like hursling it, she entered and said to the lady 'Mrs W——, I left put of an orange here last night, and I have called to see about it. If you cannot find it, you needn't trouble yourself about it, as a whole small orange will do just as well.'

Children, if permitted, will sometimes try to argue a question, but it is seldom that they venture on closing an argument, when it is particularly addressed to them. A certain Aunt Betsy was, however, trying to persuade her little nephew to go to bed, and by way of argument, said that all the little chickens went to rest at sunset. 'Yes,' replied the boy, 'but the old hen always goes with them.'

A little girl who had heard that every one was made of dust, was one day standing at the window, and appeared to be very intently watching the eddies of that staple of creation as they were whirled up by the wind. Her mother, observing her, asked her what she was thinking about, and she responded in a very serious tone 'I thought, mamma, that there was going to be another little girl.' This, however, was not so precocious an answer as that wrung from another little girl who was reproved for playing with the boys, and was told that being seven years old, she was too big for that now. 'Why, grandma,' she replied, 'the bigger we grow, the better we like 'em.'

Some children are often amusing by reason of their conceit, as in the case of the young French gentleman of the mature age of five, who, on

being told that the baby wanted to kiss him, said 'Yes, he takes me for his papa.'

Amusing answers, also occur when attempts are made to tax a child's memory about things with which it may be imperfectly acquainted. In this category may be reckoned the two following incidents.

'Well, my child,' said a father to his little daughter, after she had been to church, 'will do you remember of all the preacher said?' 'Nothing,' was the laconic reply.—'Nothing,' he exclaimed in a severe tone. 'Now, remember, the next time you must tell me something of what he says, or you will have to be punished.' Next Sunday, the child came home with her eyes all wild with excitement. 'I remember something to-day, papa,' she cried eagerly. 'I am very glad of it,' said her father. 'What did he say?'—He said "A collection will now be made."

We will close our paper by an amusing example of childish scepticism. A little boy about four years of age was giving his prayers at his mother's knee, and when he had finished the Lord's Prayer, she said 'Now, Willie, ask God to make you a good boy.' The child raised his eyes to his mother's face for a few moments, as if in deep thought, and then started her with the reply 'It's no use, mamma. He won't do it. I've asked him a heap o' times.'

#### AFTERWARD.

O GRAVES O' sad perplexity,  
Blind groping, through the night,  
Forth from thy questions come to be  
An afterward of light!

O heavy sorrow, grief and tears,  
That all our hopes destroy,  
Say, shall there be in coming years  
An afterward of joy?

O hopes that turn to gull and rive,  
Sweet fruits that later prove,  
Is there an afterward of true  
And everlasting love?

O sorrows within, without,  
That longings for release,  
Is there to us a life and doubt  
An afterward of peace?

O restless war between the soul,  
In vain and fruitless strife,  
Where shall we find rest, O life,  
An afterward of rest?

O death, with whom we lord in vain  
To stave thy fatal knife,  
Is there beyond the reach of pain  
An afterward of life?

Ah yes, we know this seeming ill,  
When rightly understood,  
In God's own time and way fulfil  
His afterward of good.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF  
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fourth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1825

CONDUCTED BY R. CHAMBERS (SICONDUS)

No 1038—Vol. XX. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1887

Price 1 1/2d

## THE RECENT ECLIPSE OF THE SUN

THIRTEEN landed on our shores a few weeks since the two English observers bringing details of the results of the observation of the recent eclipse which they had been sent out to secure, for, as many of our readers are doubtless aware, an eclipse of the sun invisible in this country, but visible over the region of the South Pacific, took place on the sixth of last May. Such an event is always an important one for those who interest themselves in solar research, and many are the hopes built upon it, because it is at these not too frequently recurring periods, that the best opportunities for inquiry into the constitution of the solar orb present themselves. But this eclipse possessed more than the usual interest and importance, given with the hopes entertained concerning it, and it was more than ever necessary that observations of it should be secured. The reason for this is to be sought in the exceptional duration of the phenomenon on the occasion referred to, the length of totality—that is, the time during which the sun's disc was totally obscured—being, among the greatest of the present century.

In the eclipse which was observed last year in England, the length of totality was less than a minute, whereas in the South Pacific on the sixth of last May, the dark body of the moon totally eclipsed the sun's light during a period of nearly six minutes. This difference in the length of totality depends mainly upon the varying distance of the moon from the earth, and to a less extent upon the variation in the apparent diameter of the sun, consequent upon the elliptic form of the earth's orbit.

The moon in her course round the earth is not always at precisely the same distance from its primary, being at one time slightly beyond a mean distance, and at another as slightly within it, her apparent diameter of course being smaller or greater according as she occupies the former or the latter position. At her mean distance, the moon presents to us a disc whose diameter is nearly the same as that of the sun. When an

eclipse, therefore, occurs in that part of the lunar orbit, its duration is short. This was the case in Egypt last year. If, however, an eclipse take place when the moon is at a minimum distance from the earth, the length of time taken by the moon to travel the sun's disc, and consequently the duration of totality, is proportionally greater. As we have said, the varying diameter of the sun is not without its influence on the length of totality, nor must it be forgotten that when the moon is nearest the earth, she travels most quickly, but the effects of these causes are to a great extent neutralized by the more important one of the distance of the moon from the earth.

The eclipse, then, of the sixth of May had an exceptional duration, and this for the causes we have briefly indicated. It can easily be imagined that so valuable an opportunity was not to be allowed to pass unheeded, and in spite of the great distance it was necessary to go from home in order to secure observations, England, France, Austria, and Italy sent trained observers to the South Pacific, whilst the United States also sent a strong contingent to observe the phenomenon. The spot selected for the observation, and one well in the centre of totality, was Cook's Island. This is really not a single island, but a group of those little coral islets which form so much a feature of this portion of the Pacific. Covered with a luxuriant growth of the coconut palm, whose graceful outlines project themselves upon the blue sky beyond, the little group has a pleasing aspect when viewed from the sea. The islands in their irregular outlines fringe themselves around a central lagoon, whose waters gently lap the inner fringe of reef, whilst outside, the broad Pacific rolls its vast waters to where, on either hand, the blue sky mingles with the deeper tint of the waters to add the last touches to a pleasing scene.

Here, without accident, the polyglot band of earnest observers arrived. The landing of the instruments was effected with much difficulty, owing to the rocky nature of the shore. They were, however, landed without damage, and the

observers made ready for the eclipse. But when all this had been done, when observations had been fitted up, and instruments arranged, the momentous question of weather still remained. If it chanced to be unfavourable, should a thick bank of clouds blot out the sun from view, all the ability, all the enthusiasm, all the expense would have availed nothing. Nor were the fears on this head, as the event proved, altogether groundless. Early on the morning of the eclipse, the weather was very unsettled, and the sky by no means free from clouds. As the morning wore on, the clouds which thickened to prevent the observation dispersed somewhat, and as the time for the eclipse approached, the sky was moderately clear. These were anxious moments for the observers as they hastened to and fro, anxious to see that everything down to the minutest detail was in order, so that no fault in the arrangements might cause the loss of any of the precious minutes of observation.

At length the moment for the commencement of the eclipse arrived. The moon's dark body began to hide the brightly shining disc of the sun from view, and that darkness peculiar to eclipses spread itself over the face of nature. As the moon advanced in its steady course, this became more pronounced, but it was noticed by the observers that much of the weird colouring of the landscape usually seen was absent on this occasion. The dark shadow of the moon continued to sweep over the earth, and just before totality, the silvery light of the so-called corona appeared around the moon's edge. As the advancing moon cut off more of the sun's light, the silver glow became more distinct, surrounding the moon like the effulgence which the older painters placed around the heads of their saints. The rose-coloured prominences flamed, which at this period of an eclipse usually form so marked a feature, were conspicuously absent in the present one, only one or two small prominences being visible in the photographs taken by the English observers. This, combined with the absence of the lurid light which generally fills over the landscape, made this eclipse less a spectacle than is usually the case. The whole scene—the dark black moon, the beautiful glow of the corona, the weird light from the prominences—was usually one which for grandeur, interest, and impressiveness, may be said to stand alone.

The observations have now commenced, and the telescope and the spectroscopic, the photographic plate, and the eye of the trained observer, are each doing their utmost to unravel some of the mysteries of the constitution of that mighty orb which bears such potent sway over the earth and the other members of the system to which she belongs. Whilst the observers are thus engaged, a few moments may be profitably spent in considering the present state of solar research, so that the results which have been obtained may be the more easily understood, and their importance the more readily appreciated.

In the early history of mankind, these wonderful phenomena were regarded with the utmost terror, being looked upon as exhibitions of the divine anger of the deity men worshipped. But with the progress of civilization, these feelings were dispersed, and men began to observe such

phenomena in an intelligent manner, recording the facts which they observed for the benefit of those who should come after. Thus, the weird colouring to which we have alluded as being so characteristic and constant a feature in a solar eclipse, was remarked as long since as the year 810 A.D., and Kepler informs us that during the solar eclipse which took place in the autumn of 1690, the peasants in the fields of Styria were much struck by the strange hues of the autumn landscape. The corona and prominences to which we have alluded were also seen by these early observers. The earliest allusion to the corona is, we believe, that made by Philostratus, who mentions the fact that the death of the Emperor Domitian had been predicted by a total eclipse, "when a certain corona resembling an iris appeared around the sun." Many speculations were made regarding the true nature of this corona, and the prominence flames which flickered around the moon's edge. Kepler himself supposed the corona to be a lunar atmosphere—a theory which was held by many up to a very recent date—and many old observers suggested the possibility that the prominences were simply clouds floating in such an atmosphere. Unfortunately for this theory, later observations revealed the indubitable fact that the moon does not carry these prominences with her, but passes over them, and obscures them from view as she crosses the solar disc. Such an observation of course clearly proves that the prominence flames belong not to the moon, but to the sun which she eclipses. As to the corona, however, the dispute still went on. Some still asserted it to be the atmosphere of the moon, others held that it was produced by sunlight in our own air, whilst yet another class of theorists clung to the belief that the whole appearance was simply the effect of diffraction around the moon's edge. The magnificent demonstration, however, of the fact that the moon does not possess an atmosphere, gave the first theory its death blow, but it still remained a moot point how much of the corona belonged to the sun itself, and how much was due to optical causes.

In 1868, a new era in the history of eclipse observation may be said to have commenced. Wolfers and Fraunhofer, Kirchhoff and Pogson, had done their work, and their labours had resulted in the production of the spectroscopic instrument destined to almost revolutionise the science of astronomy. The spectroscopic was first employed in eclipse observation in the great Indian Eclipse of 1868, when Dr. Janssen examined the spectrum of the prominences to find that they consisted mainly of hydrogen vapour at an intense temperature. This was certainly a very definite and valuable addition to our then knowledge of the sun. Still, the question of the corona remained outstanding. It had been observed, however, that it gave a continuous spectrum, and this was something. The American Eclipse of 1869 advanced matters somewhat, but even then it was considered quite possible that the corona might have a terrestrial, or at least a non-solar, origin. The results of the observation of later eclipses, however, were to show that at all events the base of the corona belonged to the sun, these portions gave a spectrum resembling that of a cooled prominence, and therefore undoubtedly forming part of the solar atmosphere.

This being so, the constitution of the sun may be thus imaged. The spectroscope has demonstrated that the brightly shining disc of the un eclipsed sun is made of substances, many of them identical with terrestrial elements, in a state of intense heat. Next this photosphere—as this visible portion of the sun is designated—is an intensely heated atmosphere, consisting of the vapours of the substances which make up the photosphere, outside of all being the coronæ.

But it has been suggested that in this atmosphere there exist not the terrestrial elements themselves, but only the germs of them. It is, in fact, held by some that the bodies which we designate elements only appear to be such because our feeble temperatures are insufficient to further reduce them, but that the intense heat of the sun breaks them up into yet simpler forms, which exist at different heights in the solar atmosphere. It can readily be imagined that a view of so startling a nature, and one so opposed to current ideas, must receive strong confirmation ere it can be accepted by scientific men, and it so happens that the most stringent and crucial tests of the truth or worthlessness of this view can be applied only during an eclipse. The English observers, therefore, set themselves the task of recording the constitution of the various parts of the solar atmosphere successively brought within the searching analysis of the spectroscope by the moon in her passage, these observations being entirely photographic. The results obtained, however, are not altogether those which were looked for by the advocates of this new view, which must await a further test. Some beautiful photographs of the coronæ have been obtained which reveal much delicate detail, and the English observers also succeeded in photographing for the first time the fifth of bright lines seen immediately before and after totality. Professor Hastings of the American party devoted his attention to a spectroscopic examination of the coronæ, and his observation has led him to the belief that the greater part, if not indeed the whole of it, is an effect of diffraction about the sun's edge, but this view of the coronæ is one which, we think, will not be generally accepted. Part of the coronæ has undoubtedly a real existence at the sun, and although a small portion of it may be the result of diffraction, Professor Hastings has probably exaggerated the effects arising from such a cause.

The French observers took photographs of the whole region round the sun on a large scale, but although they were exposed during the whole of totality, they do not show more detail than the best of those taken on a smaller scale by the English observers, which were exposed only for two minutes. That Will of the wisp, the ultra-Mercatorial planet Vulcan, whose existence has been inferred from considerations connected with the movements of Mercury, was also diligently searched for during this eclipse. These observations have apparently been rewarded with success. M. Trouvelot saw a red star a few degrees to the north west of the sun during the eclipse, which he believes must be the hitherto hypothetical Vulcan. But this conclusion is one which certainly requires the confirmation and adhesion of the other observers who searched for such a planet.

It will thus be seen that much valuable work was done by the little band of observers at the Carolinas Islands, and new fields of thought and work open themselves to the gaze of the solar physicist. It must not be expected that the observation of every eclipse will result in the settlement of outstanding questions. Concerning this subject, the known is so little, the unknown so vast, that for some years to come the discovery of fresh difficulties and the propositions of new questions, rather than the settlement of old ones, must be looked for. There is, we think, no science more fascinating than that of astronomy, there is no grander problem in that science than that of the constitution of the sun, for it must not be forgotten that the spectroscope has revealed to us the fact that there are many stars of a general similar constitution to that star which we call the sun, and it may prove that the knowledge of its constitution will be the key to that of a whole group of stars, nay, it may even lead us to an intimate knowledge of the constitution of the universe itself.

## THE ROSERY FOLK

### CHAPTER VIII.—BROTHER WILLIAM AT HOME

BROTHER WILLIAM went very regularly to the Scarlette's, and to K. I. May's millinery, handing them to her always with an air of dignity, which resulted in their being snatched anxiously away. Then he would sit down, and in due time partake of tea, dwelling over it, as it were, in a very bovine manner—the remark hence being the stronger when ever there was watercress or lettuce upon the table. In fact, there was something remarkably ruminative in Brother William's slow, deliberate, contemplative way, while, to carry on the simile, there was a something almost in keeping in the manners of Martha Batts, a something that while you looked at the well-nurtured, smooth, pleasant, quiet woman, set the observer thinking of Mrs. Scarlett's gentle heavy cows, that came up, dewy lipped and sweet breasted, to link and brace their necks padded and ears pulled by those they knew.

In justice to Martha Batts, it must be said that she never allowed her neck to be patted nor her ears pinched by Brother William, and what was more, that stout yeoman farmer would never for a moment have thought of presuming to behave so to the Lily of his choice, and that she was the lady of his choice he one day showed. It was a pleasant afternoon, and Brother William had been greatly enjoying a delicious full hearted lecture that John Monnick had brought in expressly for the servants' tea. Perhaps it was the lecture which inspired the proposal that was made during the temporary absence of Lanny from the kitchen.

'Pretty girl, Fanny, ain't she, Martha?'

'Very, but I would not tell her so. She knows it quite enough.'

'She do,' said Brother William, 'and it's a pity, but I'm used to it. She always was like that, from quite a little on, and it fits me a bit when I get thim in, about her taking up with any one. You don't know of any one, do you?'

'Not that she's taken with,' said Martha, in the quietest way. 'There's the ironmongers



young man, and Colonel Sturt's Scotch aidant, but I anny won't notice them.

'No,' said Brother William, 'it is a great half moon out of a slit of light in the wall, and I'm looking at it regretfully, as much as I can.' 'See what havoc I have made—' 'No, she wouldn't I don't expect she'll have any one to it!'

'Oh, there's no knowing,' said Martha, refilling the visitor's cup.

'No, there's no knowing,' assented Prother William, and there was silence for a few minutes.

'You've never been over to see my farm, Martha Potts, and Brother William, then?

'No, I have never been,' assented Martha in her quiet way.

'I should like you to come over alone, and see it,' said Brother William, 'but I know you wouldn't.'

'No, I would not,' said Martha—'Was your last cup sweet enough?'

'Just right,' said Brother William thoughtfully—'But you would come along with Lanny, and have tea, and look round at the beasts and the crops?'

'Yes,' said Martha, in the most matter of fact manner, as if the proposal had not the least interest for her. 'But I anny would not care to

'I'll make her,' said Brother William quietly, and he went on ruminating and gazing sleepily at the peering genius of the tea-table. Then Lanny came back, took a magazine from her pocket, and went on reading and patting of her tea at the same time, till Brother William said suddenly 'Lanny, I've asked Martha Betts and you to come over to tea on Friday, at the farm. Be in good time. I'll walk back with you both.'

Lanny looked up sharply, and was about to decline the honour, when a thud, that struck her foot on the little hearth, and a quiet but firm look from her brother's eye, altered her intention, and she, to Martha's surprise, said calmly 'Oh, very well. We will be over by four—if we can get leave.'

There was no difficulty about getting leave, for Lanny took the first opportunity of asking her mistress, and that first opportunity was one day when Mrs Scarlett was busy in the study with Arthur Prayle.

Mrs Scarlett looked up as the girl passed and hesitated, after taking in a letter, and Arthur Prayle also looked up and gazed calmly at the changing colour in the husband's face.

'What is it, Fanny?' said Mrs Scarlett.

'I was going to ask, ma'am, if I might go with Martha—on Friday—to my brother's farm—to tea. My brother would bring us back by ten, or if you liked, ma'am, I could come back alone much sooner, if you wanted me.'

'Oh, certainly, Fanny. You can go. I like you to have a change sometimes.'

'And shall I come back, ma'am—about nine?' said the girl eagerly.

'O no, certainly not,' replied Mrs Scarlett. 'Come back with Martha, under your brother's eye.'

Mrs Scarlett inadvertently turned her face in anger toward Prayle, as she spoke, and found with a start upon her gravely, as he rested his

elbows on the table and kept his finger tips together.

'Certainly not, he said softly. 'You are quite right, I think, and he bowed his head in a quiet way, as if giving the matter his entire approval.'

Lanny said, 'Thank you, ma'am, and it might have been supposed that this extension of time would have afforded her gratification, but an analyst of the human countenance would have said that there was something almost spiteful in the look with which she bestowed upon Arthur Prayle, as she was about to leave the room.

In due time the visit was paid, Fanny and Martha bestowing no little attention on their outward appearance, and upon crossing the bridge and taking the meadow path, they were some little distance from the farm, when Brother William encountered them, with a very shiny face, as if polished for the occasion, and a rose in the button-hole of his velvet coat.

'How are you, Martha Lotts?' he said, with a very beautiful smile, and he shook hands almost too busily to be pleasant, even to one whose fingers were pretty well hardened with work—'How are you, Lanny, lass?' he continued, and he was about to bestow upon the grateful well-dressed little body, a fraternal hug and kiss, but she repelled him.

'No, don't, William. There, that will do. I'm very glad to see you, but I wish you would not be such a boy.'

'For, oh!' said Brother William, with a disappointed look. 'Why, I was only going to kiss you, lass. All right, he said, smiling again. 'But she mustn't think of having a sweetheart, Martha Betts, or he'll be wanting to hug her too.'

Brother William's face was a study as he let off this, in his way of thinking, very feeble remark. His beautiful smile expanded into an extremely broad grin, and he looked to Martha Betts for approval, but only to encounter so stern a glance as to look that his smile grew stiff, then he faded away into an expression of pain, which in turn gave way to one that was stolid and stately from hard.

'It's a nice day, isn't it?' he said at last, to break the unpleasant silence that had fallen upon the little group, as they walked on between hedgerows bright with wild roses, and over which the drizzly twined its long strands and spiced its air with leaves. There was the scent of the sweet meadow-plant as it raised its creamy blossoms from every moist ditch, and borne on the breeze came the low sweet music of the wren.

But somehow these various scents, sights, and sounds had grown common to the little party, or else that thought, with on other matters, for Lanny the pretty seemed to be looking eagerly across the meadow towards the river and down every lane, as if expecting to see some one on the way towards them. From time to time she hung back, to pick and make little bouquets of wild-flowers, but only to throw them pitilessly away, as she found that her brother and fellow servant kept coming to a full stop till she rejoined them, when they went on once more.

As for Brother William and Martha, they diligently avoided looking at one another, while their conversation was confined to a few words, and those were mostly from Brother William, who

and on each of these occasions 'Hain't we best wut for Fanny?'

To which Martha Betts responded 'Well, I suppose we had.'

Martha seemed in no wise delighted with the appearance of the pretty cottage farm, with its low thick thatch and dense ivy, which covered the walls like a cloak. Neither was she excited by the sight of the old fashioned garden, gay with homely flowers, but she did accept a rosebud, and a sprig of that pleasant herbaceous plant which Brother William called 'Old Man,' jannung them tightly at the top of her dress with a very large pin, which her host took out of the edge of his waistcoat.

'That is a pretty dress,' he said admiringly. 'One of my favourite colours. There's nowt like kylock and plum.'

'I'm jid you like it,' said Martha quickly, and she then followed Brother William into the clean, homely keeping room, where Jock's wife—Jock being one of Brother William's labourers—who did for him, as he expressed it, had prepared the tea, which was spread upon one of the whitest of cloths. Beside the ordinary preparations for the infusion of the Chinese leaf, there was an abundance of country delicacies—ham of the host's own growing and curing, rich moist ruddies, the yellowest of butter, so sweetly fresh as to be scented, the brownest of loaves, and the thickest of cream.

Martha looked round at the bright homely furniture of the room, the bees waxed chairs, the polished bureau of walnut and with legs, the ancient eight day clock, and the milk table with its gray and red check cotton cover, highly decorated with a variety of up picture fashion, and a few books.

'Ah,' said Brother William, seeing the direction of his visitor's eyes, 'I haven't got many books. That's the owd Bible. Got mine and I mny's butldays in That's m thers owd hymn book, and here's a book here, if you like. If I mny would jid that up by heart, stead of reeling them penny gimcracks, she'd be a doing her-self some good.' As he spoke, he took up a well used old book in a brown cover, which opened easily in his hand. 'That's Bowcott's *Immer's Compendium*, that is. I'll lend it to you, if you like. Steed full of receipts for cattle drinks and sheep dressings, and there's a gudness's olander in it too. I wouldn't take it paid for that book, Martha. There ain't many like it, even up at Mi Scarlitt's. I'll be bound that's a trichum, that is.'

Fanny did not enter with them. She preferred to have a good look at the garden, she said, and she lingered there for some time, her 'good look at the garden' taking in a cut of many pretty tul looks up and down the lane, each of which was followed by a disappointed aspect and a sigh.

'Don't you take off your bonnet and jacket, Martha Betts!' said Brother William. 'You can go up to Fanny's old bedroom, or you can hang on up behind the door on the par.'

Martha thought she would hang them up on the peg that was behind the door, and Brother William looked stolidly on, but in an admiring way, as he saw the quick deft manner in which his visitor directed herself of these outdoor articles of garb, made her hair smooth with a touch, and

then brought out an apron from her pocket, unrolled it, and from within, neatly folded so that it should not crease, one of those natty little scraps of lace that we pinned upon the top of the head and called by courtesy a cap.

'Hah!' said Brother William, as the cap was adjusted and the apron fastened on, 'the kettle is boiling, but we may as well look round before you make the tea.'

'Thank you,' said Martha calmly.

'This is the washbas, and Brother William, opening a door to display a particularly clean whitewashed place, with red brick floor. There was a copper in one corner, at one side, a great oil fish and open fireplace with clumsy iron dogs, and within this interpace, in what should have been the chimney corner, an iron door, nearly breast high.

'That's the tick oven,' said Brother William, noticing the bent of his visitor's eyes. 'We burn furr in it mostly, but any wood does. Them books is when we kill a pig. The water in that there pump over the sink's soft, there's a big tank outside. That other pump you see through the window's the drinking water. It never gets dry. Nice convenient washbas, isn't it?'

'Very,' said Martha quietly, 'only there ought to be a board put down front of the sink, for a bolt to stand on.'

'That is one outside Mrs Badley must ha' left it there when she cleaned up,' said Brother William calmly, and Martha said 'Oh!'

Then he led the way back into the keeping room, and opened a second door, while Martha's quick eyes were taking in everything, not an article of furniture escaped her gaze, not that she was admiring or calculating their quality or value, but as if she were in search of some particular thing that so far she had found absent, this object being a spot of dirt.

'This here's the dairy,' said Brother William, entering, and holding open the double doors of the cool, dark, shaly pier—brick floored, like the washhouse, but with a broad erection of red brick all round like a rough dresser, upon which stood rows of white lined pans, with a large white table in the middle, and the churn, scales, and beaters, and other utensils used in the preparation of the butter, along with the milk pail at one end.

Martha's wandering eyes were as fully off as Noah's dove in the early days after the flood, they could find no place to rest, for everything was scrupulously clean. The cream looked thick and heavy and almost tawny in its yellowness, and upon two large dishes were a couple of down rolls of delicious looking butter, reposing beneath a piece of white muslin, ready for taking to market on the following day.

'My wad coal, isn't it?' said Brother William. 'You see it's a sort of the north, and I've got eldiers to shade the window as well.'

Martha nodded, and continued her search for that spot of dirt which her reason told her must be somewhere, but certainly it was not hiding there.

'There's four cows in full milk now, Martha. Cream's rich, isn't it? Wait a moment.'

'Where do you get your hot water to scald the churn and them?' said Martha sharply, checking Brother William as he was moving towards the open door.

'There's a big byer in the kitchen,' said Brother William, eager to make the best of things, and then, as Martha said no more but went on with her dirt quest, he left the dairy, and came back directly after with an old-fashioned, much worn, silver tablespoon.

'I thought you wouldn't mind trying the cream, Martha. This here is 'bout the freshest,' he said, going to one of the broad shallow pans, inserting the spoon, which, Martha had seen at a glance, was beautifully clean, and gently drawing it, the cream slid down, so that it crinkled all over, so thick was it and rich, the spoon came out piled up as it were with the luscious produce of the little firm.

Martha's face was perfectly solemn, as she watched Brother William's acts, and she did not move a muscle till he spoke.

'Open your mouth, lie and solemnly—'wink.'

Martha obeyed, and did open her mouth—wink, for it was rather a large mouth, but the lips were well shaped and red, and the teeth within were even and white.

Brother William carefully placed the spoonful of cream within, and Martha closed her lips, solemnly nibbling the luscious spoonful, when, as a small portion was left visible at one corner, Brother William carefully removed it with an ornate silk pocket-handkerchief, and Martha quietly said 'Thank you.'

'Would you like to look at the cows now, or have tea?' said Brother William, whereupon Martha opined that it would be better to have tea, as Fanny would be expecting them.

But Fanny was evidently not expecting them, and did not come in until Martha had made the tea and cut the bread and butter, Brother William having his arms on the back of the big, well-used Windsor chair, and gazing at her busy fingers, as she spread the yellow butter and cut a plentiful slice.

'Seems just as if you were doing it at home,' said Brother William, 'only it looks nicer here.'

Then Fanny was summoned, and Martha made way for her to preside at the tea-table.

'No, you'd better pour out, she said absently 'I'd rather sit here.'

'Here' was where she could see through the open window out into the road, and thence she sat while the meal was discussed, little attention being paid to her by her brother, who divided his time between eating heartily himself, and pressing slices of ham upon Martha, who took her place in the most matter-of-fact way, and supplied her host's wants, which were frequent, as the portions were very small. In fact, so occupied with their meal were Brother William and Martha, that they did not notice a slow, deliberate step in the road, passing evidently down the lane, neither did they see that Fanny's face, as she bent lower over her cup, became deeply suffused, and that she did not look up till the step had died away, when she uttered a low sigh, as if a burden had been removed from her breast.

After that, though, they did notice that she became brighter and more willing to enter into conversation, seeming at last to take quite an interest in her brother's account of the loss of a sheep through its getting upside down in a ditch, and she also expressed a feeling of satisfaction upon hearing that hay would fetch a good price,

in the autumn, so many people having had theirs spoiled.

'Never mind me,' said Fanny, as soon as, between them, she and Martha had put away the tea things, 'I shall go into the garden and look round.'

Brother William evidently did not mind her, for, in his slow deliberate way, he took off Martha to introduce her to the cows, after which she had to scrape acquaintance with the pigs, visit the poultry, who were somewhat disturbed, inasmuch as they were sitting themselves in the positions that they were to occupy for the night, and made no little entry in consequence. Then there were the sheep, and there was last year's haystack, and this year's, both of which had to be smelt, Brother William pulling out a good handful from each, to show Martha that there was not a trace of damp in either. This done, a happy thought seemed to strike Brother William, who turned to Martha and exclaimed 'I wonder whether you could churn?'

'Let's try,' said Martha, with the air of one who would have made the same answer if it had been the question of making a steam engine at a watch.

Brother William gave one of his legs a vigorous slip, marched Martha Lick into the house, through into the dairy. Then he fetched a can of hot water to run out and warm the churn. There was a pot of lumpy cream already waiting, and this was carefully poured in, the lid duly replaced, with the addition of a cloth, to keep the cream from splashing out, and then he stood and watched Martha, who was busily panning up her dress all round. She then turned up her sleeves and took out a clean pocket-handkerchief, which she folded by laying one corner across to the other, and then tucked it over her head and under her chin, making her pleasant comely face look so provocative, that Brother William drew a long breath, took a step forward, and was going to catch Martha in his arms, but he recollected himself in time, gave a slow round, and caught hold of the churn handle instead, and thus he began to turn steadily round and round, as if intending to play a tune.

'I thought I was to make it,' said Martha, quietly.

'Oh, ah, yes, of course,' he said, resigning the handle, and then he drew back, as it was not suited for him to stand there and watch, while Martha steadily turned and turned, and the cream within the snowy white spinning-lass went 'wash wash, wash wash, wash wash,' playing, after all, a very delicious tune in the young farmer's ears, for it suggested yellow butter, and yellow butter suggested evenings, and evenings suggested home comforts and savings, and above all, the turning of that handle suggested the winning of just the very wit to occupy that home.

Five minutes, and there was a glow of colour in Martha's cheeks. Five minutes more, and the colour was in her brow as well.

'You are tired now,' said Brother William 'Let me turn.'

'No, I mean to make it,' she replied, tightening her lips and turning steadily away.

Another five minutes, and there was a very red spot on Martha's chin, and her lips were apart, but she turned away, with Brother

William quite rapt in admiration at the patient perseverance displayed, and in fact, if it had been a question of another hour, Martha would have kept on turning till she dropped. She did not speak, neither did Brother William, but his admiration increased. Their eyes never met, for Martha's were fixed steadfastly upon one particular red mark, not that it was dirty, for it was of a brighter red than the others, and she turned and turned, first with one hand, then with the other, till there was a change in the 'wash wash, wash wash' in the churn, and then Brother William exclaimed 'That's done it. Butter!'

'Heh!' ejaculated Martha, with a heavy sigh, and her breath came all the faster for the exertion.

'Look at it!' cried Brother William, taking the handle of the churn. 'Can you see it?'

Martha was rather short, hence, perhaps, it was that Brother William picked his arm round her waist to raise her slightly, and he was not looking at the butter, and Martha was not looking at it either, but up at him as he bent down a little lower and somehow, without having had the slightest intimation of doing so, at the moment before, Brother William gave Martha a very long, and solemn kiss.

She shrunk away from him the next moment and looked up at him reproachfully. 'You should not,' she said. 'It's so wrong.'

'Is it?' he said cheerfully. 'I'm very sorry I couldn't help it, Martha. You made the butter so beautifully. Don't be cross.'

'I'm not cross,' she said, wringing the handle of the churn, and then proceeding to take out the pails from her dress, holding them between her lips, pails outwards, 'only you mustn't do so again.'

Brother William said 'Well, I won't, and then, as the pails were taken from Martha's grasp—'—'grit is the filth of man—he bent down and let his lips take the place of the pails a minute and Martha said never a word.'

'Jesu's wife said yesterday that she didn't mean to come and do it so much longer, said Brother William suddenly.

'Why not?' said Martha.

'Because she said I'd best ask you.'

'And are you, my dear, to ask me, William?'

'Yes. When will you come all together? In a week.'

Martha glanced round once more, as if in search of that spot of dirt which would keep eluding her search. Then she raised her eyes to Brother William's shut front with a triumphant flash, feeling sure that she would see a button off or a worn hole, but there was neither, and when she turned her eyes upon his hands, the wrinkles were not a bit frayed. 'I don't know,' she said dubiously. 'Do you want me to come?'

He nodded, and they went out of the dairy into the sitting room.

'I'll tell I'm not,' he said. 'I hope she'll be pleased.'

But Fanny was not there, and when they went into the garden, she was not there either, nor yet in the orchard.

'She must have gone down the line,' said Brother William—'down towards the river. Let's go and see.'

They went out together, with Martha making no scruple now about holding on by Brother

William's steady arm. But though they walked nervously down to the river, Fanny was not there.

'She'll be cross, and thank we are,' said Martha. 'I am sorry we went away.'

'I'm not,' said Brother William, trying to be courteous for the second time that evening. 'We've made half a dozen pounds of butter, and a match.'

Martha shook her head.

'Let's go back and see if she went up to the wool,' cried Brother William.

'She's reading somewhere,' said Martha as they walked back, to find Fanny standing by the gate, looking slightly flushed and very pretty, ready to scold and banter them for being away so long.

They soon called the visit to the farm, for, after partaking of supper, and eating one of Brother William's own carefully grown lettucees, they

to be my wife.'

'Is she?' said Fanny indifferently. 'Oh! And then to herself. 'Poor thing! What a common, ordinary looking woman Martha is. And Brother William—' Ah, what a degrading life this is!'

The degradation did not seem to affect the others, for Brother William's cheeks quite shone, and the high lights on Martha's two glossy smooth bands of hair seemed to be brighter than ever.

'Good night,' said Brother William. 'Good night, Martha.'

'Good night, William.'

'You'll keep a sharp eye on Fanny till I fetch you away, won't you?'

'I always do, William, but I'm afraid her eyes are sharper than mine.'

'What to you mean? In what way?'

'I'm afraid she's got a sweet tooth.'

'Who is it?' said Brother William sternly.

'I don't know yet. Sometimes I think it's a real one, and some times I think it's all sham, only one out of her magazines that she talks about, but I'm not sure.'

'Then look here, Martha. You've got to be sure,' said Brother William, who was a business like now as if he had been selling his hay.

'You've got to make sure, and tell me, for I'm not going to have anybody play the fool with me. If any one does, then it'll be something the matter somewhere,' and shaking his head very much, Brother William strode away, giving a thump with his stick at every step along the road.

## AN ELECTRIC TRAMWAY.

TIREMOTION has for a considerable length of time been utilized in houses here and there for ringing bells and doing other little services, but advantage is now being taken of the new force for purposes of locomotion. By the invention of the dynamo machine, the energy of the electric current is transformed into mechanical action, which can be communicated by a very simple process to the driving axle of the machine to be actuated. Visitors to the Crystal Palace have seen the toy tramcar in the Palace grounds propelled by electricity, on which a curious public rides at sixpence per head per journey. Similar playthings have been in operation at the various electrical

exhibitions on the continent and at Leytonstone, Berlin, and Charlottenburg, and elsewhere the principle has also been applied over short distances in a more practical fashion. But the electric tramway between Portrush and Bushmills in the north of Ireland is the first of its kind which has been constructed by a public company for the purposes of profit. It is, moreover, the longest electric railway in the world.

The line starts from Portrush, the pretty watering-place whose terraces of costly houses cluster round the most north-westerly promontory on the rocky coast of Antrim. Though, however, the town is usually regarded as the queen of Ulster in some respects, its visitors go there apparently not for amusement, but to lead an amphibious life for a month or two, and to amass a fund of superfluous wealth for the rainy winter. They may be seen from June to October, quaffing summer, themselves by the sea, and forming gay patches of life and colour on the brown rocks and yellow sands. The coast scenery is very fine, and the sea views are magnificent. In only looking the far water line are the dim forms of Slieve and Jura. Westward of the little town, projecting into the rolling Atlantic, are the wild headlands of Donaghadee, while in the opposite direction, the bold profile of the Grants Causeway rises the eastern sky. The Causeway is distant from Portrush about eight miles, and the high rock, for a considerable part of the distance, runs along the wall of chalk cliffs which here form a barrier to the waves, and the lower portions of which have been worn by the action of the sea into peaks, arches, beams, and other fantastic shapes. The road at certain points passes within a few feet of the edge of the cliffs, and here and there the view to the inland is shut out by masses of grass-covered rock which slope gently, sometimes abruptly, into the precipitous fells beyond.

It is in this road that the tramway has been laid. The line occupies one side of the road, and from this slightly elevated strip all ordinary traffic is excluded by a granite curbstone. The gauge is only three feet and a half, but that exact the Company's monopoly of the railway. It is intended that the line shall eventually be carried as far as the Causeway, but at present it runs no further than Bushmills, a thriving village famed for whisky and salmon, six miles from Portrush. The steel rails are laid level with a gravelled surface. They were at first insulated in asphalt and copper fastened to each other. A central station was erected at Portrush, and the electricity was generated from this point by a dynamo, worked by a stationary engine of about fifteen horse power. The attempt to convey the electric current along the rails was found to give fair results for only two miles, but in wet weather the leakage of electricity into the ground was so enormous that the effort in this direction was abandoned. It then became necessary to insulate the current more completely. This was done by the erection parallel with the line, of a third iron rail, supported on wooden posts about two feet from the ground, and insulated by means of caps of insulite, which is formed by driving paraffin oil into such a hot gas pressure. Where there are gates leading from the public road to the adjoining fields, the current is conducted across such openings by an insulated

underground cable, so as to leave the occupiers of the land in undisturbed possession of their rights of way. If the hand or the foot is placed on this conducting rail, a slight but not unpleasant shock is felt. The tension of the electric current is regulated by self-acting governors attached to the apparatus which drives the generators, and is thereby prevented from being dangerous to life.

By means of the elevated rail, the difficulty previously experienced in transmitting the electric current equally over the whole six miles of the line was successfully overcome. The Company then resolved to dispense with the use of the stationary engine at Portrush, and to work the tramway by handbolts forged by water. The works necessary for this purpose have been erected at a part of the river Bush near Bushmills, known as the salmon leap. The stream, after dashing over the rocks and boulders which at this point obstruct its peaceful course, tumbles through a deep, tree-shaded gorge, and passing the village, empties itself into the sea. The whole neighbourhood is so beautifully wooded. Two miles farther east are the ghostly haunted peaks and precipitous ridges of the Grants Causeway, from whose elevated ridge the ground slopes, in many a billow of autumnal foliage, to the salmon leap. By an artificial channel, springing from the bed of the river above the falls, the water is conveyed to some distance in a direction parallel with the stream, finally falling through two cylindrical 'shooting' erected on the face of a cliff thirty feet high. At the base of these 'shootings' are two turbine wheels, which produce a total of about twenty horse power. The revolution of the turbines turns a reverse upright shaft, which in turn communicates with a side shaft connected with a fly wheel attached to one of Siemens dynamos in an adjacent building. From this dynamo, the electricity is conveyed by an underground cable to the terminus of the line at Bushmills, about three quarters of a mile distant, and thence along the third rail to Portrush, supplying the moving cars at any point on their journey.

The method of utilizing the electric current is as simple as it is effective. Projecting from the side of the iron or steel track are two flexible steel brushes, resting on the conducting rail, and the current is thus transmitted to a dynamo placed in an invisible compartment beneath the carriage. This dynamo, revolving in sympathy with the developing dynamo on the Bush river, turns the wheels by means of a chain gear, and so causes locomotion. In this way, without any apparent motive power, the electric carriage, with its fifteen or twenty passengers, glides gracefully over the line, with occasional flashes of light from the metallic brushes as they sweep along the elevated rail, and from under the wheels, as if the sparks are being crushed out as it rolls along. There is no noise whatever, save that caused by the contact of the brushes with the rail, no smoke, no disagreeable fumes, nothing to mar the pleasure of driving in an open carriage. The gradients on the road often reach one in forty, or one in thirty five, and for a short distance, over one in thirty. In ascending these inclines, the speed is perceptibly lessened; but the cars come downhill with the same

regularity of motion that make their progress on the most level part of the track. This comparative steadiness of speed is obtained by reversing, when necessary, the direction of the electric current, and by the use of the ordinary mechanical breaks. If several cars be running along the line at different places, the whole force of the current rushes to the assistance of those which are going uphill, and consequently there is no waste of power at the points where it is not required. Although the cars can be driven at a rapid rate, the regulation price is not more than twelve miles an hour.

That the first electrical tramway in the United Kingdom should have been started in a remote corner of Ireland, is due to the enterprise of Dr Anthony Trull, and his brother Mr W. A. Trull, who has acted as engineer of the line. These gentlemen have, in what at first solved the problem of the transmission of fire to a distance. So far, the financial results of their novel experiment are fairly satisfactory. During the seven months ending in August last, fifty-seven thousand passengers were conveyed over the line, and there was also a considerable goods traffic. An average income of fifty pounds per week all the year round would, the promoters state, suffice to pay the working expenses and give a dividend of five per cent on the capital expended, and since the tramway was opened in January last, the receipts have varied from twelve to one hundred pounds per week. One advantage of the new motor is, that it is not necessary to carry a heavy engine along the line, or to carry any fuel. A powerful dynamo on a car wheel, in motion, and in the riding stock is light, the wear and tear of the line is much less than that incurred on tramways less favourably situated. If the hopes of its promoters are realised, this latest development of the applied science of the nineteenth century will mark an era in the history of locomotion.

## THE BLATCHFORD BEQUEST

### IN FOUR CHAPTERS—CHAPTER III.

THE years have passed by. It is now the middle of August, and parliament has some days been prorogued. The member for Blacktown has gone down to his country seat to spend a few weeks in absolute quiet and enjoyment of home, for although public life sadly interferes with domestic virtues, he is a home-loving man. He is still young, has plenty of confidence in himself, and is content to wait his time, trusting that when his chance does come, he may know how to use it. Yet, Cuthbert Wray, the member for Blacktown, is not only an ambitious man, but, so far as he has gone, a successful one.

It has been in parliament about seven years. He could scarcely believe the truth, when he found his first attempt successful. No one knows exactly how candidates are brought forward and matters managed, but if a man chooses to drop a hint to the proper people that he is willing, at his own charge, to lend a forelorn hope, it is not so very long before he is allowed to do so.

We need not follow his parliamentary career. Of course he was still in the second rank, but

his name began to be heard in the mouths of men. He had kept himself below the public. His speeches were listened to, and, what is more, reported at length. He had made one or two hits, and people knew that when his party were in power he would fill one of the lower offices. More than this, he had no right to expect—at present.

Cuthbert has changed somewhat since we first saw him. Although in many ways the past years have improved him, he shows traces of hard work. His hair is sprinkled with grey, and there are lines of thought on his broad forehead, but he looks stalwart and strong enough to face any amount of toil and fatigue, whether bodily or mental. An erect, strongly built man, with a powerful but pleasing face, and possessing the knack of winning, not only the confidence and trust of one or two persons, but that of large audiences. Indeed, he is looked upon as one of the ablest and best men of his party to address a large gathering of people. He speaks well and easily, his logic is simple and goes straight to the point, he possesses a commanding presence, and, moreover, argues as from honest conviction. He is now fifty—quite young, in a political point of view, and if Cuthbert Wray, whilst sitting in morning gear under the shade of his favourite tree, sees in the immediate future very pleasant probabilities, who can wonder?

In spite of Mrs Blatchford's wealth, she had possessed no residence since Barnes. Fully Cuthbert had not made it his home, although to this day it remained his property, and unproductive as ever. He had purchased a small estate in the west of England, and that, except when parliament was sitting, was his home. It was little more than a comfortable country house with well kept gardens and a small park. He had no wish to set up as a county magnate. His honours were to be won amid the bustling staff of cities, but he loved his home and those who filled it.

He sat lazily skimming a tedious paper. Being some distance from a post, town letters only reached him on a Friday. As the newspaper gave no account of debates, his interest in it was but limited. The weather was so fine that he felt little inclination for work, although he knew that a pile of letters awaited him indoors. He looked the picture of placid content as he sat in the shade of the large eucalyptus tree. Few would have imagined that idle gentlemen in a soft slouch hat and old shooting coat, whose thoughts seem centred on the excellent cigar he was smoking, to be a rising legislator, who hoped, some day, to take an important part in the government of his country. When Cuthbert attended down to earth, he did so as he did everything else—thoroughly, he rested mentally and physically. A clump of arbutus hid the house from him, so there was nothing to disturb his even frame of mind. So comfortable he felt, that he resolved to postpone his

correspondence until the evening—to sit and simply enjoy the sunshine and shade as long as he could.

Then, with the sound of merry laughter, four children ran round the arbutus bushes. They came in single file, headed by a stately boy of nine, and whirled in by a tiddling female thing of three. They invaded and clambered on Cuthbert, treating him as an equal, with a happy acquiescence of the important position he occupied in the world. In his helpless delight they informed him they had 'runned away.'

Then a tall and beautiful lady appeared, shaking her head with mock severity at the culprit. 'You miscreant!' she said, 'coming out and disturbing your father like this—shall I send them in, Cuthbert?'

'Let them stay,' he answered pleasantly. 'We don't see too much of each other in the course of the year. Public life and domestic duties don't walk hand in hand.'

His wife bent over and kissed him.

'How delightful,' he continued, 'this perfect rest and quiet! No dismal speeches to listen to, no questions to ask the mighty honourable gentleman, no bore arising grievances. The very birds following our laurels are against custom, and lap into silence. Here I am safe even from constituents, deputations, and petitions. I could almost wish it might last for ever.'

'Yet, how you will be longing for work again before the recess is over!' said Mrs. Wray, almost sadly.

'That, my dear, is man's perverse nature. Anyway, I enjoy myself now, if only in the perfect immunity from interruption and bother. I wish you would burn all my letters—unopened—for the next week.'

How strangely a chance would bring up old memories! The remark he made about burning unopened letters sent his thoughts back a dozen years. Even now his face grew grave as he remembered how nearly he had yielded to the temptations of a certain night.

Just then, a servant appeared and informed him that a 'person' wished to see him.

'A person! What sort of a person? Man or woman?'

'A man, sir.'

'You told him I was not to be seen by any one on business?'

'Yes, sir. But he said he had travelled from Bristol expressly to see you on a private matter, and hoped you would spare him a minute.'

Cuthbert's first impulse was to send that person about his business, but the old priestly habit of being at every one's disposal still lingered about him, so, disengaging himself from the children, he tossed the end of his cigar away and walked across the lawn to the house.

The servant had used the term 'person' with propriety. The visitor seemed to merit rather more than the definition 'man,' but no servant knowing his duties would have announced him as a gentleman. A thickset, strong, weather-beaten fellow, with the look of a sailor about him—a sailor dressed in unconventional shore clothes. His age might have been about the same as Cuthbert's, although exposure to wind and weather made him look some years his senior.

He was waiting in the library, and, as the master of the house entered, he rose, making an uneasy sort of salutation. Cuthbert made him resent himself.

'Now, what can I do for you?' he said.

The man looked uncomfortable, and waited a few moments before he spoke. 'I'm speaking to C. Wray, Esq., M.P.' he asked, evidently thinking the magic letters should be attached in conversation.

'Wants something, of course,' thought Cuthbert, as he owned to his name and honours.

'C. Wray, Esq., M.P.?' continued the person. 'That's the name, sure enough. I wrote it down at once.'

'Well, go on, my man. Let me hear what you have to say.'

'It's like this, sir, you see. I came down from London to London to express. They don't put third class on express, so I had to get in with my letters.' ['Railway grievance, thought Cuthbert.] 'Well, sir, there were two or three gentlemen there talking politics, they talked it all out, you see.'

Cuthbert was not overwhelmed at hearing of this tribute to his fame. His visitor went on: 'Extraordinary clever fellow,' says one—'A clever chap,' says another—'Loving your party, sir. I didn't say much, but I don't know much about politics. Never had a vote to sell. But, by and by, one of 'em says, "Used to be a prisoner, staying on a hundred a year."—"Very rich now," says another. "How did he get his money?"—"Old woman named Blit hit it. Let him ten thousand a year, lucky fellow!" says another. Then I got interested, Mr. Wray.'

Cuthbert also was growing interested. An al and thought crossed his mind, to be dispelled as he looked more attentively at the speaker.

'Well, go on, he said.

'Would you mind telling me, sir,' asked the man respectfully, 'if that Mrs. Blackford ever had a son named Ralph? Blackford isn't a common name, you see.'

It was some years since Cuthbert had been troubled by a clamant to the name of Blit, but he had not forgotten how to deal with them.

'Now look here, my man,' he said sharply; 'don't beat about the bush. If you are going to assert that you are Ralph Blackford, who has been kept away all these years by unavoidable circumstances, say so at once, and I shall know how to treat you.'

The man looked at him in open-mouthed astonishment. He looked round, then said: 'Lord love ye, sir! I'm not Ralph Blackford. Bad chap as I've been in my time, I'd be sorry to have been such a one as him. But bad as he was, Ralph Blackford always looked what I don't, a gentleman. He's been dead and buried this fourteen years.'

Cuthbert had felt convinced of this for many years, but he was not sorry to have clear proofs of his death. 'When did he die?' he asked. 'How did he die? I have been trying for years to ascertain his fate. What proofs have you of his death?'

The man gave a sort of chuckle. 'I don't know about proofs, sir, but when you've seen a fellow deliberately shot before your eyes, I guess you

don't want much more proof, or burial certificate either'

'Very well. If you saw him die, tell me all about it'

'That's much to tell, sir. I was down at San Francisco fourteen years ago this autumn—Know I 1880, Mr Wray?'

Cuthbert shook his head

'Ought to know 1880, sir. The grandest city in the world, but chockfull of villainy. Some how, all the scum of the universe turns up in 1880. Suppose that's how I got there,' he added, rather sadly. 'Well, sir, one night I went into a drinking and gambling shop, and sitting down there, I saw Ralph Blatchford. I'd known him elsewhere, you see. Up I went to him and held out my hand. "Why, Mr Blatchford," I said—for Dandy Ralph was always above me in manner—He scowled. "My name ain't Blatchford," he said—"All right," I said. "Let your name be what you like, it don't matter to me." Then I walked away, but I couldn't help keeping an eye on him. He sat down with some man and played cards. He seemed to be winning. They was playing euchre—know euchre, Mr Wray?'

Cuthbert's education in this direction had been neglected. He again shook his head

The speaker continued, slowly and meditatively, as though endeavouring to solve a mental problem as he proceeded. 'Now, this is what puzzles me about Ralph Blatchford. He must have been a fool—although we always thought him a smart clever chap—to go and play a still, worn out trick on men like that. He must have been downright desperate, or find that they would never expect him to insult their intelligence with such a poor affair. Any way, he must have been a fool.'

'Did he cheat?' asked Cuthbert

'They all do when they can,' answered the man simply. 'But he was clumsy at it. There was a fluc up.' Out came the shooting ions. I sat down as low as I could in my chair—always do that, sir, when you see a dangerous draw—and when I looked up in two seconds, Ralph Blatchford was a diving man.'

'What a place!' said Cuthbert, with a shudder

'Well, it is a hasty, sudden death sort of a place, but not so bad as you guess. If that card hadn't been found on him, the man in who she would have been sitting up, and her killing all this, in less than ten minutes. But the end was that, sure enough, so no one could say anything.'

'What a death!' said Cuthbert, as his thoughts went back, and he heard the last words of affection and forgiveness spoken by Louisa Blatchford to the one she believed, in the delirium of the moment, to be her penitent son—her son, who, months before, had been shot down, a common cheat, in a gambling house—'what an end!'

But all doubts were now dispelled. He turned to his visitor. 'I am much obliged to you,' he said, 'for your information. What became of him, has always been a mystery till now. You must allow me to remunerate you for your trouble, and I dream you will like some refreshment. I will order it to be sent to you.'

His visitor had not quite finished his talk. 'Thank you kindly, sir,' he said. 'I don't want any money, but I should like a bite and a sup—But, Mr Wray, there's something else I want to say.'

'Speak on. What is it?'

'They carried him into a back room, sir, and I thought the poor chap would like to see a face he knew, so I went to him. He knew me well enough then. I sat with him till it was all over. Just before he died, he turns to me. "Dick," he says, gasping—"Dick, I've been a bad un, and I'm dying like a dog. I've got a wife and a boy somewhere in Lon'land, find them out, and take them to my mother. She'll be good to them for my sake, although I don't deserve it." Those were Ralph Blatchford's last words, sir.'

Like one who dreams a dreadful dream, Cuthbert heard these words. After all these years, his fool's paradise had tumbled to pieces. A wife—a son! The very contingency provided for by the dead woman. He stared for some moments at the speaker without the power of utterance. He knew human nature too well to doubt that the man was telling the simple truth. A wife and son! waiting, perhaps, to claim what they could of the property, which had been his so long.

The better of these evil tidings looked at him so inquisitively, that he started himself to make further inquiries, but when he spoke his voice was so changed that it sounded to the listener like the voice of another man.

'How is it?' he asked—'how is it I only hear of this now—fourteen years after his death?'

His informant looked uncomfortable, as if the pressing of the question would be unpleasant. 'I was bound for Australia, next day, he said, 'so I put the matter by until I could earn some money and get back to Lon'land. But I lost all I made as soon as I got it, for years and years. It was only last year I had a streak of luck, and followed it up. I haven't been in England two months. Besides,' he added, rather diffidently, 'Ralph Blatchford was no particular friend of mine, I couldn't go hunting about in Lon'land for a woman and a boy. I did see an advertisement once in a Sydney paper about it him.'

'Why not have answered it?'

'I was up in the bush, but I made shift to write a letter, I sent it by a mate to the nearest post town. He was never heard of again. Got killed or lost in the bush, I suppose.'

'Then you know nothing about his wife and child?'

'Nothing whatever, sir. I'd almost forgotten about the whole affair. Only, when I heard that talk about Mrs. Blatchford's money, her sons and what came by it to me, and I felt conscience struck hard, and made up my mind to come and repeat them to you. That's all I've got to say, sir.'

Cuthbert mused for a while. How came it that the widow had never applied to the old lady for assistance? Why had she taken no notice of the advertisements addressed to her late husband? Either she was dead, or was in ignorance of her husband's true name and station in life, most likely the latter.

'What name did he pass under, when you saw him last?' he asked.

His visitor scratched his head. 'Ah, there you have me, sir, I've been trying to remember it all the way down. I know I did hear it at the time. Wilson, or Johnson, or some commonish name like that, but for the life of me, I don't know which.'



'How can I find out?'

'Only way I can think of is to get some one in Frisco to go to "Daley's Bar"—it's still running, I know—and ask if any one remembers a man who was shot there September 12th, four teen years ago. To be sure, there must have been a good many shot about that time, but some one may be able to spot the right one.'

'Thank you. I will do so—Your name is?'

'Richard Dunn's my name. Quazy, Bristol, will find me. I'm trying to do something as a standarder. I've a bit of money, and want to stay in England, if I can.'

Cuthbert ring the bell, and told the servant to minister to Mr Dunn's wants, then bidding him good morning, left the house by a side entrance, and, unseen by wife or children, departed on a solitary walk through the neighbouring lanes, in order to think the matter over without interruption.

It was the worst intelligence he could have received, even worse, he thought, than that of the existence of Ralph Blatchford. Despite the lapse of years, the recollections were to him loud in, as before. Yet to be called upon to surrender all to a woman and child who might be living in the lowest rank of life, perhaps in crime, seemed preposterous. Besides, now he would have to surrender more than wealth, he must give up ambition, realized ambition with it. Would he have the strength to conquer this time? He feared not. But this question must be postponed for the present. However he acted eventually, whether true to his own idea of truth, whether he could bring himself to compound with his conscience, one thing was clear—Ralph Blatchford's widow and child must be found. Another day should not pass without steps being taken to insure this. When found, and the necessity of action stared him in the face, he would decide what to do. Having resolved this, he returned to the house.

Although he was now old enough to have learned the way to control emotion, Mrs Wrey saw that something was amiss with him. When dinner was over and the day had closed, she sat beside him and looked into his face anxiously. 'Cuthbert dear, something is worrying you. Is it a public or a private affair? I can at least share the last.'

He drew her close to him. Should he tell her? It was better not. Why should she be made anxious by thinking of a calamity which might never arrive? She knew something of the moral obligation which overrode his legal title to his inheritance—that should Ralph Blatchford appear, a great sacrifice must be made, but all danger of that seemed dispelled years and years ago.

'Do I seem worried?' he said pleasantly. 'If so, I am ashamed of myself, as it is only a question of money. I may lose some soon.'

His manner reassured her. 'Is that all?' she said. 'I feared it was something worse than that.'

He kissed her upturned face, and could not refrain from saying, 'If I lost everything in the world, would you be the same to me, Marion?'

His wife took both his hands and gazed earnestly into his eyes. 'Go back ten years, and answer that question for me. Think how you first saw me—how you took me from a dependent

position, and gave me love, trust, and everything worth living for. Oh, my husband, how good you have been to me!'

Marion Wrey spoke the truth. In linking his life with hers, Cuthbert had made no grand alliance. She brought him neither wealth nor influence. Ten years ago, he had met her at the house of a clerical friend, the Rev Mr Mayne. She was a pale, sad, but beautiful girl, who had awakened his interest at once. For some time she had been acting as governess to his friend's children. A faint resemblance she bore to the first woman he had ever loved appealed to Cuthbert, and after seeing her a few times, interest grew to admiration, and admiration culminated in love. He was not a man to linger long in suspense. One day he went to her and asked her to be his wife, pleading for the gift of her love in so earnest a way, that she could not fail to understand the depth of the passion he felt. Yet the girl hesitated. She made no secret of the fact that she loved him, but begged for a couple of days' grace before she gave him the promise he craved. Puzzled, but hopeful, he left her, returning at the time specified for her answer.

Marion took his hand. 'I have thought and thought,' she said, 'but I cannot decide. Will you take me just as I am—just as you find me—without one question as to my past, or one allusion to it? My life has been a bitter one, and if I become your wife, let me bury and utterly blot out the past. Will you, can you do this?'

With a lover's impetuosity, she vowed that neither now nor hereafter did he care or would he wish to know anything save and in except that she loved him, and was without a shadow of evil in them, her clear eyes met his, he knew that he should never regret or wish to break the vow.

'If,' she said, after a pause—'if you think I ask too much, go to Mr Mayne, he knows my history. It is a sad one—so sad, that I should like to think you never heard it.'

But Cuthbert preferred to trust entirely, and keep his promise, like the best man he was. If there had been sorrow, let it be buried for ever. Marion's happiness was his future care.

They were married almost immediately, and from that hour every trace of sadness vanished from Marion's face. Every day, her husband thought, she grew more beautiful. She was twenty six when Cuthbert married her, and now, ten years after their wedding, she was a fair, refined, dignified woman, fit to move in the best society, and doing the honours of her house to often distinguished visitors with perfect grace and composure. Dearly as she loved her husband, much as she longed for his constant presence, she was no bar to the success of his ambition. His aims were hers, and she could make any sacrifice to compare what he had at heart. No husband and wife could have been better matched, and none loved better.

Yet Cuthbert decided not to tell her the purport of Mr Dunn's visit, until something more definite was ascertained. The next day he went up to town, and made arrangements with a noted inquiry agent to send some one at once to San Francisco, in the hope of getting some information about a man, name unknown, who, fourteen

years ago, was shot like a dog in a gambling saloon. Then dismissing, as far as he could, the whole thing from his mind, he went back to what holiday he could allow himself.

CHAINS WITH COAL-MINERS

'Escapes? Yes, sir, I've had one or two near shaves, and I don't suppose there's a man on the colliery but what could say the same.'

The speaker was a hardy, tail-worn coal miner, who had come to see me on some parish business. And many is the thrilling tale which, by considerable pressure—for he it knows that most of these men think lightly and speak but little of their dangers—the country parson may extract from his 'kellow men in black' among the coal pits.

'Yes, sir, I've had one or two. Once I was let down into the sump in eight feet of water.'

This man was a 'shuttin' in.' The 'shaft' as you know—or perhaps you don't know—is the circular perpendicular 'well' by which access is gained to the horizontal beds of coal lying at various depths below the surface. The depth of the shaft in various mines ranges from tens to hundreds of fathoms. The duty of the shaftmen is to keep this in repair. Often that work must be done sitting with one leg through a loop attached to the steel wire rope by which they are drawn up and down, or standing on a simple scaffold hung to the side of the shaft, and a man needs a stout heart and a steady nerve to work pluckily, suspended over a chasm a hundred fathoms deep. The ordinary mode, however, of journeying up and down the shaft is in the 'cage,' a iron structure open at two sides, sliding in its course by two guides which fit in two wooden 'juckles' extending the whole depth, and fixed to the sides of the shaft. I must at once explain that the 'sump' is the very bottom of the shaft. The shaft is sunk a few fathoms less than the lowest seam of coal that is being worked. Into this lowest part of the shaft, copiously turned the 'sump,' the water which oozes from the sides of the shaft finds its way, and is continually being pumped out, to prevent the flooding of the pit.

How a man could be let down into the sump and come up alive, seemed a mystery to us. 'How on earth did you get out?' I asked. 'I suppose they drew the cage up at once!'

'Never,' said the shaftman. 'The engineman, by mistake or accident, ran her right down into the sump, and there she stuck, while the other cage was right up at the pulleys. The engine power was lost, and he couldn't get her up.'

'Then how did you escape?' I asked breathlessly.

'Why,' he answered with a grim smile, 'I had to get out the way they catch sparrows at Gates-head.'

'How's that?'

'The best way I could. I managed to get out of the cage. There was only just room to squeeze up between the cage and the side of the sump, and I climbed up by the timbers to the top of the water. I was near done when I got out, and then I had to travel round about and get out by a staple. It was two hours before I got home. The engineman was nearly off his head

They were all sure I was killed, and were seeking about how to get the cage up again.

'Wasn't it awful going down?' I said. 'Didn't you lose your head?'

'I can tell you it was. The cage came down with a run, and dashed into the water like a clap of thunder.'

'What did you think?' I asked. 'I wonder you kept your senses.'

'Well,' he said, 'I knew what was going to happen, when I felt her going. The water came in on me, and I knew there was eight feet above me, and I thought "Well, it's a queer thing, if I've come down here to be drowned." I had my thick leather jacket on, and I swallowed a lot of water, but I rambled out somehow. But it was a queer thing, I can tell you.'

'Oh,' he continued, 'there are queer things happen. Once, another man and I were drawn up over the pulley. That's not the big pulleys, you know, sir, but the little wheel with the small rope, a few feet above the shaft, which we use for shaft work. This other man and I had been at work, sitting in the loops hanging on the rope, and when the engine drew us up again, she "ran away," and drew us right over the pulley. At least, I went over, and the other man hung on the other side, balancing. My hands were cut with the wheel, but I fell on till they got us down. But it was a roughish ride, was that—Well, good night, sir.'

I wondered how many lives this man had, and how he could go away so cheerfully to meet day by day the perils of his toil.

I was talking the other day to a man about emigration. 'I'll tell you, he said, "When I was one and twenty, I settled to leave the pit and go to America. When the time came, I had to make a

"Well, in that, I'll make this the best day's work here, and be off to America." Mother, she was sore cut up, and she says "Bill, I'd is a son see you lying in your grave in our churchyard, as that you should go to America." Well, sir, it's gospel truth I'm telling you. I went down the pit at ten o'clock that day, and before twelve I was carried home smothered all to pieces. I never left my bed for seventeen weeks. A full tub of coals caught me on the incline, by the neck of the man working with me. The tub ran away. There was no room to pass. I'm for my life, but the wheels went over me and smothered me up. And that's all I've ever thought about going to America. I thought it smothered, sir, mother's living said that, and my being might killed the very day I'd settled to go.'

Can we call the brave men heartless or unfeeling because they speak of such things as trifles, or indeed rarely speak of them at all? No, their lives make them familiar with death, but none the less is their silence that of a noble courage.

The following may show that gratitude to a Higher Power is often felt than expressed to the outer world. Pudon, a little preliminary detail. Square tubs, on four wheels, running on iron lines along the workings of the pit, are used for drawing the coals to the shaft. On some occasions, as when going to a distant part of the workings, one or two tubs will be drawn by a pony, each tub carrying perhaps four men. When the seams are low, there will be a space of only

a few inches between the edge of the tub and the 'bulks' of timber placed crosswise to support the roof of the coal-cum, thus, the men must keep their heads down to the level of the edge of the tub.

'On one occasion,' said my informant, 'three of us were crouched down in a tub. The pony was going at a walk up a slight rise. I can't tell you how it happened, but I must have raised my head unconsciously above the level of the tub. I felt my forehead touch a crossbeam in the roof, and before I had time to reflect, I knew that I was in fatal peril. The forward movement of the tub jammed my head between the beam and the edge of the tub. I gave myself a wrench, trying to get free, but I couldn't. All this of course passed in a fraction of a second, and I gave myself up as dead. Now comes the most wonderful part. At the very time my head touched the roof, in the very crisis of my agony of mind, when the whole situation flashed on me, the pony stopped. No one had touched it or spoken to it. I had uttered no cry. The pony stopped. I drew down my head, and crouched almost fainting in the tub. My life was saved. I never told my companions until we came out, when they remarked how pale I looked. For weeks, whenever I went down the pit, I was almost unmoved by this terrible recollection. And I tell you, son, I've read of drowning people coming up as if all the past scenes and doings of their lives—I never thought much of it—but I tell you, every scene and deed of my life seemed to come before me in a flash of light. I saw everything. I have never forgotten, and shall never forget, the feeling of that day. How it was that pony stopped and my life was saved, I can't say, but if it wasn't Providence, I don't know what else it can be.'

A similar anecdote we were told me by one of the managers of a pit.

'I was down making a survey, with a man and a young assistant. We sat down to rest side by side, our backs against the wall of the coal. The man was sitting on my right hand, the assistant on my left. All three had sat a few seconds, the assistant, with no apparent reason, got up and went and sat at the other end of the row, next to the man. He had no sooner sat down, than, without any warning, a huge mass of stone crashed down from the roof on to the very spot where the assistant had been sitting! Put it off grazed my arm, but did no injury. "A nice shove for you," we both said to the assistant. "It was a nice shove," he replied somewhat nervously. We went on with our work. Perhaps we spoke lightly, but I believe not one of us could have said all this, had it not been so.'

#### OUR BOYS WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THEM?

A mournful question truly, and one which must force itself at times upon the attention of every thoughtful observer, as the men in miniature jostle him on the city highways, or drudge with their merry frolics, his quiet perusal of the newspaper in the railway carriage, or when others of this large army pester him to buy a newspaper or a box of lights. There they are,

and their name is legion, the boys of to-day, the men of a few short years to come. What shall we do with them?

A probable reply will be 'Educate them. For what other purpose are Board schools, High schools, and Colleges?' Agreed. But having educated them, what then? Is it certain that the education given in those institutions will have been of a kind best adapted to fit the lads for the particular positions in life they will be called on to fill? Is it not the case, indeed, that this question of fitness in reference to education is scarcely ever considered as a matter of importance by parents and others?

Dismissing for the present from our consideration the 'arabs' of our city gutters, whose chances of schooling, except that of the streets, are rare and uncertain, let us direct our attention to the boys of the middle and lower middle classes, and what do we find to be the case? The latter must necessarily begin early to earn their living, and a lad will probably, therefore, leave school at thirteen or fourteen years of age, having most likely obtained a far though somewhat superficial knowledge of the three Rs, a smattering of history and geography, and also, perhaps, a slight notion of drawing and singing, and thus equipped, he goes forth to the battle of life. The lad considers himself, and so felt by his parents, especially if they are comparatively uneducated, to be a scholar. He disdains the notion of manual labour, would fain keep his hands clean and be a gentleman, so, instead of being bound apprentice to a carpenter or bricklayer, or finding any other like employment, he seeks a situation in an already over-taxed market as office boy or junior clerk, with the further disadvantage of having no higher idea of his vocation than that already stated, no conviction of the necessity for hard work, of a reward for the interests of his employers, and a conscientious discharge of duty generally. His first desire is to be, or at least to appear to be, a gentleman, and towards this accomplishment of this end, shows jewellery, a smart coat, a cigar, and other items involving unwarrantable expenditure, are necessary acquisitions. Thus, it need scarcely be said, are attempting stones to questionable companionship and debasing amusements, the sequel to which is too often sadly supplied by the police intelligence in the daily newspapers. There are no doubt many happy exceptions to this melancholy picture, but, with sundry modifications, it will too frequently be found true; and it behoves those who have the well-being of society at heart, to look for the cause, and, if possible, find a remedy for this growing evil.

There are doubtless a few old-fashioned people even now who would be ready to affirm that our elaborate system of school education is at the root of the trouble, that a boy who has his living to get needs only to be able to read a little,

# CHAMBERS'

PO

MIND TELEGRAPHY

LITERATURE,

AND

WHILE the disputes between Mr Irving Fishop and the proprietor of *Truth*—the singular power of the one in the matter of 'thought-reading,' and the unmovable scepticism of the other—have been attracting a certain amount of public interest, it may not be out of place to mention two instances of 'presentiments'—or, to use perhaps a better word, mind-telegraphically—the accuracy and *bona fides* of which can be vouched for.

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM

CONDUCTED BY R

No 1039—Vol. XX. SATURDAY, P



## PEOPLE'S BANKS

In our article on 'Popular Banking' (Sept. 22) we referred to the People's Banks of Germany instituted by Dr Schulze of Delitzsch as a good example of what can be done by working in the way of raising capital and employing themselves in productive industries, when capital is economized properly, and their efforts are well organized, as these banks, working associations are. We have been anxious to obtain as much information as possible concerning the working of these German banks' associations, which are most wonderful developments of the gigantic and overwhelming power of mind and labor when combined, and the combiners, in this case, are not but ordinary working men.

With a view of obtaining authentic information about these institutions, to lay before those in this country who are most deeply interested in what is called the social economics of working classes, the writer in the first place applied to the German Consulate in London to know if there was any popular description or report of the Schulze Banks to be had. The Consul general replied at once in a kindly manner, saying that, as the Schulze Associations were not government institutions, there were no official reports, but he furnished a list of German publications to be had on the subject.

After this the writer ventured to apply to our own Foreign Office, enclosing a paper advocating the establishment of local banks in Ireland, and inquiring if the Foreign Office had obtained any information upon the manner of conducting the People's Banks of Germany, which information it would be very desirable to obtain as in some measure an example for establishing People's Banks in Ireland or in other parts of the United Kingdom. Lord E. F. Manners replied that Earl Granville, recognizing the importance of the subject, had ordered the Majesty's Embassy at Berlin to furnish a Report, and that, in addition to the information to be acquired from the

The wife of the writer has a cousin, a lady of extremely nervous and excitable nature, who many years ago was staying with her husband for the season in apartments near Hyde Park. The lady was a middle-aged woman, apparently a widow, at any rate, she dressed in black, and no one who could in any way be regarded as a rival was ever visible. Indeed, except the husband of my wife's cousin and a lad who did odd jobs about the house, there was not one of the kind set upon the premises. For some weeks, no untoward incident of any kind happened, the scene progressed merrily, and my wife's relatives, who I may call Mr and Mrs W— (I believe they were upon their honeymoon, or, at all events, in the early and enthusiastic stage of matrimony), enjoyed the round of London parties without stint. One evening, however, Mrs W— was desirous to go to the opera. She was alone in the chamber—her husband having, with the superior civility that pertains to the masculine toilet, completed his attire and descended to the drawing-room—when, to use her own words, 'a strange sensation of terror came over me. For some moments I could not define the feeling, by degrees it assumed the shape and concentration I rushed to the door, and opening it, called loudly down the stairs for my husband. He came in a moment.

"Alfred," I cried, as I re-entered the bedroom perceiving him approaching, "bolt the door, quick, quick!"

"Why, my dear? What is the matter?" was a very natural question.

"Bolt the door, see that it is fast," I rejoined, almost fainting with the weight of dread at my heart. "There is a madman in the house."

"Of course Alfred ridiculed me, my describing them to hysterical over fatigue, and all the other antics from which I am aware a good many genuine whims take their origin—at all events, in the estimation of the doctor." But although rebuffed by my husband's presence, I was not to be ridiculed out of the intense and vivid consciousness which seemed to possess me, that

otherwise members would try to disprove their membership where such procedure would be to their own advantage. The list of the members must be deposited with some proper authority, and must be accessible to the public. The shares of a member, namely, his participation in the property of the Association, may be gradually accumulated. The share of a member cannot be confiscated, but only his profit thereon. The creditor, however, can insist on the members' resignation through giving six months' notice.

The responsibility of any member for the debts of the Association ceases two years after the dissolution of the Association, or after his resignation or exclusion from the Association. If to avoid the bankruptcy of an Association any members pry in the necessary funds—in addition to the amount allotted to them—the sum thus advanced can be recovered from the other members.

Very good and exact statistics on the working of these registered Associations are published annually, beginning from the year 1859. No case of bankruptcy occurred among these Associations in 1882, a fact which speaks for itself. Their credit is consequently very high, and they can always get more money than they can use, so much so, that they are continually reducing the rate of interest on deposits—generally one per cent under bank rate. Moreover, there is a joint stock bank at Berlin, under the firm "Bank for the German Registered Associations," with a branch at Frankfurt on the Main, which was established to furnish the Associations with banking credit. It has a paid up capital of four hundred and fifty thousand pounds, of which one hundred and thirty seven thousand five hundred pounds belong to the Frankfurt branch.

Thus we have seen that from the most unpromising commencement—the mutual undertaking of men strangers to stand by one another with their whole substance—a mighty and prosperous system of People's Banks has been developed. In admiring these favourable results, the principles on which such success has been attained must not be lost sight of.

Without the formation of an original capital of their own in shares of the members, which, although remaining their property, cannot be withdrawn during membership, and of a reserve fund, which, in case of losses, is to preserve the sine capital intact, the business of these Associations would have no solid foundation, and both the public and the shareholders would run great risk. This capital accumulates but slowly, however, as the members of an Association are generally of very limited means. One great object of Herr Schulze was, however, obtained: a desire to save money was killed in the minds of individuals who had previously no inclination to lay by for a rainy day, and, finding themselves members of an Association which periodically declared a dividend in proportion to their deposits, the members struggled hard to buy a larger interest in the undertaking. It was soon found, however, that if the sphere of usefulness of the Associations was to be extended, some means of attracting capital from outside must be discovered. Thus had previously been the privilege of great merchants doing a large business, it was now to be extended to the artisan class. But how was a

basis of credit to be organised which would induce the public to regard the deposit of their savings with Associations as a safe and desirable investment? The solution was found through adopting the principle of the joint and unlimited liability of the members for the debts and obligations of the Association. People who would not think of trusting any individual member were found willing to trust an Association, the members of which were responsible for each other. Thus, the man who alone could get no credit, if of respectable character and antecedents, was admitted a member of an Association, and at once obtained an advance in proportion to his means.

As showing the amount of outside capital which is attracted to the Associations, it may be mentioned that the nine hundred and five Associations which sent in their balance sheets for 1882 manipulated an outside capital of nineteen million pounds, while their own capital amounted to only six million fifty thousand pounds, or thirty two per cent of the whole. Full information as to the details of the administration and working of the registered Associations is furnished in a hand book by Herr Schulze (*Versicherung Credit Vereins als Volksbanken*, new and improved edition, 1876, by E. Keil, in Leipzig). A translation of this work into English does not exist.

Annexed to the excellent Report is given a slightly abridged translation of the German law of July 4, 1868, defining the legal position of the registered Associations of Germany, from which we make short extracts—Part I, concerning the founding of an Association (sect. 1) The number of the members of an Association is unlimited, but not fewer than ten. The objects of the Association are especially (1) To give advance and credit, (2) to reject raw materials and to open stores, (3) to manufacture and sell commodities for joint account (called Associations of Production), (4) to produce the necessaries of life and of production wholesale, and to sell them in retail (called Associations of Consumption), (5) to build dwellings for their members, (6) to cultivate land (sect. 2) To create an Association there are required (1) a deed of association in writing, (2) a common name for purposes of signature, (3) the joining of at least ten individuals. Part II of the document has reference to the legal position of members to each other, to the Association, and to third parties, Part III, concerning manager and meetings, Part IV, dissolution of an Association and resignation of members, Part V, liquidation, Part VI, period during which a member remains liable, &c.

There is also annexed to the Report a comparative sketch of the results of the registered Associations from 1859 to 1882. We give the figures for 1882, which show that nine hundred and five Associations sent in reports, having 461,163 members, total amount of loans granted, £75,118,381; average amount to each Association, £83,003, capital paid up by members, £5,164,380, reserves, £909,180, total of both, £6,073,560, loans from outside public, £12,005,806, credit from Banks and Associations, £533,188, savings deposits, £6,430,169, total sum from loans and deposits on credit, £18,968,964. The rate per cent of own to borrowed capital in 1882 was 32.01, it

was about twenty seven per cent in 1874, and back to 1859

By another Report it is stated that there were altogether in the German empire lately 1889 Banks, 896 Societies of Production, 660 Distributive Societies, and 34 Building Societies, turning over, it was estimated, a hundred millions sterling per annum, with a membership of one million and a quarter, and a members' capital of nine millions and a half sterling. It would be most desirable to see such a prosperous organisation as the above in the British empire. People's Banks could easily be wrought in this country independently of, or separately from, the Production and Distributive Associations. This is a great question for the industrious class of this country to consider earnestly, and take up

## THE ROSERY FOLK

### CHAPTER XIV—AUNT SOPHIA VISITS THE CITY

MR FRED SAXBY stopped in front of the Royal Exchange one morning to buy a rose, and spent some time in selecting it. Red ones would not do, yellow he despised. He wanted a delicate white rose, with a dash of bluish pink upon its petals, and when he had discovered one, he made no scruple about paying the flower girl sixpence and carrying it off with the greatest care to deposit in a glass upon his desk, for reasons known only to himself.

He had rather a busy morning in his close, cool, dark office, in a court out of Throgmorton Street—an office where the light of day had a struggle every morning to get down between two tall piles of building, and illumine the room, failing dimly seven or eight months out of the twelve, and leaving the stockbroker to the tender mercies of his gas Company and the yellow flame that danced within a globe.

Mr Saxby's room was 'as clean as hands could make it'—the housekeeper's word—but all the same it did not seem clean. There was a dingy look about everything, excepting the rose he bought every morning, and himself. In one part of the room was a tiny machine, untouched save by electricity, which went on, unwinding, making its letters and stamping mile after mile of tape like paper, informing the reader the while that the shares of this railway were up, of that down, that foreign stocks had made this change, consols were at that, and so on, and so on, while the occupant of the office paid not the slightest heed, but divided his attention between the *Times* and the rose.

Just in the midst of one of his most earnest inspections of the flower, during which he took a long soft inhalation of its odorous breath, a clerk entered with a card 'Miss Raleigh, sir.'

'Bless my heart!' ejaculated the stockbroker, hastily setting down the rose, for the act of smelling it had taken him down to a velvet lawn, sloping to the river side, and upon that lawn he had seemed to see some one walking, wearing a similar rose, but it was not the lady who now entered, and of whom he had heard nothing since he warned her not to venture in the Cornish mine.

'Good morning, Mrs Raleigh,' he exclaimed, placing a chair 'I hardly expected to see you.'

'Why not?' said Aunt Sophia shortly 'Where did you expect I should go?'

'I hope you are well, ma'am, and—Mr and Mrs Scarlett?'

'No, I'm not well, I'm worried,' said the lady 'Mr and Mrs Scarlett are both ill. Ha— But never mind that now. Look here, Mr Saxby, you always give me very bad advice, and you seem determined not to let me get good interest for my money. Now, tell me this, sir, I have been receiving a great many circulars lately about different excellent investments, above all, several about gold mines in the north of India.'

'So I suppose, ma'am,' said Mr Saxby, rubbing his hands softly.

'And I suppose you will say that they are not good, but here is one that I received yesterday which cannot fail to be right. I want some shares in that.'

'And you won't have one, ma'am,' said Mr Saxby, who was far more autocratic in his own office than at a friend's house.

'What' are they all sold?'

'Sold? Pooh! ma'am, hardly any. There are not many people lunatic enough to throw their money into an Indian gold mine.'

'Saxby, you are the most obstinate, aggravating man I ever did know. Look here, will not these figures convince you?'

'No, ma'am, only make me more obstinate—more aggravating still.'

'Then what do these figures mean?'

'Mean, madam? To trap spinster ladies with small incomes, half pay officers, poor clergymen with miserable livings—the whole lot of poor genteel people, and those who like to dabble in investments—people who can't afford to lose, and people who can. Why, my dear madam, use your own judgment. If there were a safe fifteen per cent there, the shares would be gone in one hour, and at a heavy premium the next.'

'Humph!' said Aunt Sophia. 'Of course you do all my nephew's business?'

'Yes, madam, at all comes here.'

'You know what shares he holds?'

'I think so. Of course, he may have been to other brokers, but he would not have done so without good reason.'

'As far as you can, then,' said Aunt Sophia, 'keep an eye upon what are sold, and I should like to be made acquainted with any sales that may take place.'

'Well, really, my dear Miss Raleigh, such a proceeding!—'

'Yes, yes, man, I know all about that, but you know to what a state he has been reduced. I love him like a son, and I— Now look here, Saxby, I'm telling you this, because I think you are an honest man.'

'Well, I hope I am, ma'am.'

'Then look here, I will speak out. I won't mention any names, but I am afraid that designing people are at work to get possession of some of his property, and I want it watched.'

'Rather a serious charge, Miss Raleigh! Stuff and nonsense, man! Not half serious enough. Just look at this prospectus for a moment.'

There are some good names to it. I'll talk about those other matters afterwards.

Aunt Sophia fixed her double glasses upon her nose, and stared through them upon the neat and dapper stockbroker, who stared in return, and frowned, otherwise he would have laughed, in the spring of Aunt Sophia's penance was very strong, and its effect was to compress the organ upon which it rested, so that the ordinarily thin sharp point of the lady's nose was turned into a sickly looking bulb, that was, to say the least, grotesque.

"Hah!" said Mr Sixby, reaching quickly "So why for the Elevation of the Human Race in large and Crowded Towns, pitiful, the Right Hon—hum ha hum, his Grace the—hum ha hum, the Lord Bishop of—hum ha hum direct is—hum ha hum, M P—hum—Mr—hum—Mr Sixby, your new law and his distinct, becoming at last a continuance of the sound expressed in letters by hum, but he finished off sharply with "Secretary, Mr Arthur Pringle—Well, ma'am, and what of this?"

"What of it, Sixby? Why would it be a most admirable thing to invest in a Society which will benefit my fellow creatures and bring in a large percentage as well?"

"Admirable, my dear madam," said Sixby, "but you don't quite express the result."

"What do you mean?"

"Singular, ma'am, not plural, and no percent age."

"Now, look here, Sixby. I have come here on business, if you please, not to hear you discuss points of grammar. What do you mean by your singular and plural?"

"I mean, my dear madam," said Sixby with a chuckle, "that this Society—the object the prospectus with his insertion as he spoke—would benefit one fellow creature only, and give no percentage at all. What is more, you would never see your money back."

"Ho!" ejaculated Aunt Sophia. "And pray, who would be the fellow creature?"

"Well, ma'am, it is being rather hard upon a gentleman whom I have had the pleasure of meeting, and who is no doubt acting in the best of faith, but the secretary is the only fellow creature who will get anything out of this affair. He will of course take care that the office expenses are paid. He is an office expense. There will be nothing for a soul besides."

"Oh, this is prejudice, Mr Sixby."

"But never prejudice, perhaps, ma'am, but, to my mind, this is only one of many Societies that are constantly springing up like toadstools—that kind that comes up fair and white, looks very much like a good mushroom for a time, and then dissolves into a nasty black inky fluid, and is gone."

"It is prejudice," said Aunt Sophia.

"Maybe, ma'am, but there are numbers of silly Societies got up, such as appeal to weak sensitive people, the secretary gets a few letters in the daily papers, and plenty of ladies like your self subscribe their money, say, for the support of Sunday Labour amongst Cab-horses, the Society for Dating Destitute Dogs, and the Provident Home for Cats whose Patrons are out of Town. These, my dear madam, are exaggerations, but only slight ones, of many Societies got up by

ingenious secretaries, who turn a bottle of ink, a ream of neatly headed note paper, and some cleverly monogrammed envelopes, into a comfortable income."

"That will do," said Aunt Sophia shortly, as she took off her glasses and allowed the blood to resume its circulation—"that will do, Mr Sixby—then, you will not buy the shares for me?"

"No, ma'am—not a share. I should deserve to be kicked out of the Stock Exchange, if I did."

"Very well, very well, sir," said the lady, rising and tightening her lips. "That will do."

"And now, as business is over, my dear madam, may I ask for the latest report concerning our friend Scarlett's health?"

"Yes, sir, you may," said Aunt Sophia shortly. "It is very bad. His nerve is completely gone."

"Ah, but I hope it will return," said Sixby. "Patience, ma'am, patience. When stocks in a good thing—mind, I say a good thing—are at their lowest, they take a turn, and become often enough better than ever. Ah!—er—may I ask how—how Miss Ritchie juries?"

"No, sir, you may not," said Aunt Sophia shortly. "Good morning."

"Please!" What an odd she drew on it!" said Mr Sixby to himself as the door closed upon Aunt Sophia's angular form.

"I am a bit," said Aunt Sophia to herself as she got into the hansom cab that she had waiting.

"Hah—hah!" she cried, poking in the little trap door in the roof with her parasol. "Wakaloo Station."

Then, as the cab rattled along "Arthur Pringle is a smooth looking, smooth tongued scoundrel, I know he is, and I've a good mind to let him have a few hundred, so as to take off his mask—I won't mistreat Sixby any more. He is honest in the day, and I'm glad I've put him on his guard. But he must be snubbed—very hard, and I must speak to Naomi. I do believe the hard money grubbing, fog breathing creature thinks that he is in love!"

#### CHAPTER VI.—JAMES SCARLETT'S NERVES

"Come, old fellow, I think you are better now," said the doctor, as he took Scarlett's arm and walked with him down the garden. They had just been standing upon the lawn, where, in a group, Mrs. Scarlett, Lady Maitland, Naomi, and Aunt Sophia were with Arthur Pringle. The doctor had been mistaken, though he would not own it, by the cool, haughty indifference of Lady Maitland, and it had cost him an effort to tear his thoughts from his own affairs to the troubles of his friend, but upon twice waking up to the fact that Scarlett was growing excited, and that he had displayed a disposition to what the doctor called "break out," he suggested a stroll down the grounds.

Scarlett eagerly agreed, and after a solemn exchange of courtesies with Lady Maitland, the doctor took his friend away.

"Confound her!" muttered the doctor, "the others must have wondered whether I was going to hand her out for a nunnet. I wish the woman would keep away."

They strolled about for some few minutes, and twice came to a halt, but the first time, as they

seated themselves in a couple of garden chairs, the voice of Arthur Prayle came in a low deep murmur from the lawn, as he was saying some thing earnestly, and the doctor saw his patient's eyes flash, and then, as he watched him curiously, contact in an unpleasant way.

'Prayle seems to be working very hard for you, old fellow.'

'Yes.'

'You trust him, I suppose, with all the settle ment of your London affairs?'

'Yes, every thing.'

'Thoroughly trustworthy fellow, of course?'

'Yes, yes, I tell you,' cried Scarlett angrily. 'He is my cousin.'

'Yes, of course,' said the doctor, quietly noting every change in his friend's face while

'Come somewhere else,' said Scarlett, leaping up in an excited manner. 'I can't bear to sit here.'

'All right—all right,' said the doctor cheerily. 'Let's go down to the water side.'

'No—no!' exclaimed Scarlett, with a shudder. 'Come to the polo grounds.'

'By all means—But I say, old fellow, you must fight down this weakness.'

'Weakness? What weakness? Is it a weak ness to prefer one part of the garden to the other?'

'Of course not. Let's go down there.'

They strolled down between two great banks of the grand flowering shrubs, now rich with the luscious green of their summer growth, and set down, when a new trouble assailed Scarlett, and he sprang up impatiently. 'Pah!' he exclaimed. 'I can't bear it.'

'Why, what is the matter now?'

'Those blue bottles buzzing about me like that, just as if they expected I should soon be cannon.'

'Pooh! What an absurd idea! But you are wrong, old fellow, as usual. I am the more fleshy subject, and they would be after me. Let's go down yonder under the fir.'

'Why? What is there there, that you should choose that spot?' said Scarlett, with a quick suspicious glance.

'Fix trees, shade, seats to sit down, and the doctor quietly.

'Yes, yes, of course, that will do, and Scarlett hastily. 'Let's go there.'

They strolled along a sun lured path, and the doctor had just made the remark that commences this chapter, when there was a rushing noise among the shrubs, a whining yelp, and Scarlett's favourite dog, a little white fox terrier, rushed out at them, to leap up at its master, barking with delight. It came upon them so suddenly, that Scarlett uttered a wild cry, caught at the doctor's arm, screened himself behind his sturdy body, and stood there trembling like a leaf.

'Why, it's only Liza!' cried the doctor, smiling.

'He startled me so—so sudden, panted Scarlett. 'Drive the brute away!'

'Is! Go home, go back!' cried the doctor, and, as if understanding the state of affairs, and dejected and wretched at being treated like this, where he had expected to be pitted and caressed, the dog drooped his head and tail, looked wistfully up at his master, and slowly trotted away. He turned at the end of the path, and looked

back at them, as if half expecting to be recalled, and then went on out of sight.

'I'll sell that dog, Jack,' he was growling viciously, said Scarlett, speaking in an excited tone. 'I've watched him a good deal lately. What are the first signs of hydrophobia?'

'Hydro phobia?' said the doctor smiling—'water hating, but I have never studied the diseases of dogs—only mad dogs.'

'I wish you would not be so flippant, Jack. I'm sure that dog is going mad. He barks water now.'

'Don't agree with you, old fellow,' said the doctor, throwing himself upon a great rustic seat beneath some pines, 'the dog was quite wet, and I saw him, an hour ago, plashing about after the rats.'

'Ah, but he avoids it sometimes. I have a horror of mad dogs.'

Scarlett settled himself down in the seat in a moody, excitable way, looking uneasily round, and the doctor offered him a cigar, which he took and lit, Seales also lighting one, and the three sat smoking in the delicious pine-scented shade.

'I wish that woman would not be so fond of coming over here,' said Scarlett suddenly.

'What woman?'

'That Lady Murtlett. Coarse, masculine, horry creature. She is spoiling Kate.'

The doctor's countenance grew lowering, and there was a red spot on either cheek, but he only said quietly. 'Think so?'

'Yes. I shall put a stop to the intimacy. I'm not going to live my home life spoiled. Her coming makes me nervous.'

'Does it?' said the doctor cheerfully. 'I'll soon put that matter to rest.'

'How?' said Scarlett suspiciously.

'You shall have a shower bath every morning, old fellow.'

'Water? Oh! The poor fellow shuddered, and started up. 'Hut, let's have a stroll down by the meadow side.'

'All right,' said the doctor with alacrity. 'What a glorious day it is!'

'Glorious? Ah, yes. Not looser enough, though. Now, let's get back to the lawn.'

'As you like, old fellow, but I don't think Lady Murtlett has gone.'

'Why, what a diabolical you seem to have taken to Lady Murtlett, Jack.'

'Well, you know what a woman hater I am.'

'Yes, of course. Let's go on down by the meadow. Perhaps it will be best.'

They strolled down a green path separated from the meadow, where the cows were placidly grazing by an iron fence, and as they went slowly on, two of the soft, mossy coloured creatures came slowly from the middle of the field blinking their eyes to get rid of the clustering black flies, and giving a pendulum like swing to their long tails. They timed their approach so accurately, that as the doctor and his patient reached the corner, they were there, with their heads stretched over the railings, ready for the caress and sip of milk which they expected to receive.

Scarlett's attention was so taken up by his thoughts, that he came upon the two patient animals quite suddenly, stopping, as if paralyzed, and trembling like one afflicted with the palsy. He did not speak, but stood staring, fascinated.



as it were by the great soft eyes gazing at him, but he stretched out one hand slowly and cautiously behind him, feeling about for his friend, till Scates placed his hand within it, and then the poor fellow clasped the fingers with a sob of relief, shuddering as he tore himself away from the offensive beast, and suffering himself to be led back to the seat they had quitted, where he sank down shivering, and covered his face with his hands, sobbing like a child.

The doctor sat gazing at him gravely, thinking it better to let him give free vent to his emotion, but, as it grew more and more intense, he laid his hand upon his friend's shoulder, saying nothing, but firmly pressing it, the effect of which was to make Scarlett snatch at his hand and grasp it passionately, as he panted out in a voice choked with sobs: "It's a judgment on me, Jack. I've been living here in wealth and idleness, thinking of nothing but self and my own enjoyment. I have not had a thought of anything but pleasure, and I felt so strong and well, that it did not seem possible for a cloud to come across my life. Now, look at me! One stroke, and I have been taught what a poor frail helpless worm I am. Jack, Jack! my nerve is gone. I hate everything. I mistrust every one, even my poor wife, and I see danger everywhere. I don't stir a step. You pretend not to see it, but you are always reading me. Jack, old man, I'm afraid of you sometimes, but I do believe in and trust you. I'll obey you, I'll do every thing you want, even if it kills me with fear. I will—I will indeed, but, for God's sake, don't let them take me away. Don't leave me. Don't trust anybody. Don't get any other advice. Go by your own judgment, old fellow, and no matter what I say or do, don't let me drive you away. You are the only one I can trust."

"My dear Scarlett, be calm."

"I can't—I can't!" cried the afflicted one passionately, "knowing what I do—knowing what I am, but I will—I will try so—so hard."

"Of course, and you'll succeed."

"No—no! I'm getting worse—much worse, and I can see what everybody thinks. Kete sees it, and has turned from me in horror. You see it, I can read it in your eyes. You wouldn't say so, but you know it as well as can be. Tell me isn't it true?"

"What, that the shock of that half-drowning has upset your nerves, so that you are weak, and have developed a temper that would try an angel? Yes, that's true enough."

"No—no! I mean the other—that horror—that dreadful thought that makes me lie and shudder, and ask myself whether I had not better"—He stopped short and crouched away in the corner of the seat, his face ghastly, his eyes wild and staring, till the doctor spoke in a firm imperious voice, that made him reply, as it were, in spite of himself:

"Better what?"

"End it all, and be at rest!"

"Why?" said the doctor, bending towards him as if about to drag forth an answer.

"Because—"

"Well! I speak. I know what you are going to say, but speak out!"

"Because," said Scarlett, in a low, hoarse

whisper, as if he dreaded that the very breeze might bear away his confession—"I know it—I feel it—I can kill as well as can be, without something always seeming to whisper it in my ears—I am going mad!" He covered his face with his hands, and sank lower in his seat, panting heavily, and his breath coming and going each minute in a piteous sigh, while, after watching him intently for a few moments, the doctor rose and stood by his side.

(To be concluded next month.)

## THE VOLCANIC ERUPTION IN THE ISLAND OF KRAKATAO

BATAVIA, JAVA, May 28, 1883.

We, in this quiet corner of the far East, have seldom much to vary the even tenor of our way. During the past week, however, we have had ample occasion for excitement, albeit though not of a very pleasurable nature, in consequence of a violent and unexpected volcanic outbreak in our neighbourhood.

Java, as most of your readers are doubtless aware, is a perfect hotbed of both extinct and dormant volcanoes. Of the latter, I believe there are no less than twenty seven in the island, but their activity has during some years past been confined merely to emission of smoke, unaccompanied by any volcanic upheaval of magnitude. In 1870, the Gekub, a volcanic mountain about ten thousand six hundred feet high, and distant about seventy miles hence, warned us of its latent strength by precursory rumblings and smoking, followed a few nights later by a severe shock of earthquake, which laid in ruins the town of Tjandjoer, situated at the foot of the mountain, and was so severely felt here that people in Batavia were sent flying out of their houses at midnight, under the impression that their dwellings were about to fall about their ears. Since then, however, till a few days ago, we have enjoyed comparative immunity from volcanic disturbances.

On the morning of Sunday, the 26th instant, at about eleven o'clock, we were surprised to hear, apparently a long way off at sea, the sound as of heavy cannonading. Shortly after, it seemed us if a brisk naval engagement were going on in the roadstead, broadsides being exchanged with a vengeance. Curiosity, of course, was aroused as to the cause of the sounds, especially when it became known that there had been no firing either in the Roads of Batavia or in the neighbourhood. Towards the afternoon the cannonading ceased, but was succeeded by low and muttered rumblings at intervals. These phenomena seemed to be the precursors of an earthquake, and we were fully prepared, therefore, for a repetition of our experiences of 1873. At midnight the distant mutterings changed with startling suddenness to loud reports, as of eighty-ton guns discharged at intervals somewhere in the south-west. The vibration of the air consequent on these reports was so great, that doors and window frames rattled and shook as though in a storm.

As these extraordinary sounds continued during

Monday, though in a modified degree, it became evident that violent volcanic action was going on not far from our neighbourhood, and messages were sent by the government here to various residents in West Java and South Sumatra, in order to ascertain what volcano it was that had suddenly burst into activity. Up till Monday evening we were quite in the dark as to the cause of the disturbance, though there were various rumours afloat as to its origin. One report stated that the Karang mountain in Bentam, some eighty miles hence, had burst into activity, and that a shower of stones had been discharged from its crater, destroying the *desa* or village of Pamejang, lying at the foot of the mountain. Another report had it that the noises we heard proceeded from the crater of the Merapi, in South Sumatra. As usual in such cases, the natives formed absurd, though frequently amusing, ideas as to the reason of the sounds they had been hearing. It was gravely set forth by one, that two demons were engaged in duelling *virry* in the bowels of the earth. Another had it that Allah was reproving the Dutch government for their wickedness in squeezing, as they have been doing of late, the last fatting out of this island. While a third and still more imaginative individual, who had heard of the *revones* lately sustained by the Dutch in Achere, gave it out that the loud noises were but the echoes of the Achunese war. The Hadjis improved the occasion by proclaiming *amat*, that is, the end of the world!

By Monday night all was again still, but about 3.30 A.M. on Tuesday, we were aroused from our slumbers by the prolonged roar as of artillery of enormous calibre at our very doors. The ground trembled and vibrated, houses seemed to be shaken to their foundations, and in some cases the vibration was so severe, that mirrors and pictures hanging on the walls were thrown down and broken. Doors shook and rattled as if in a giant's grasp, and many of us were awakened by the violent shaking of our beds and rattling of furniture. When day broke, a vast column of smoke was seen rising into the air in the south-west. During the day, news reached us that this proceeded from a volcano which had suddenly burst out on the small island of Krakatao, situated in the Straits of Sunda, and about a hundred and twenty miles distant from us. The eruption was reported to be a very severe one, the sea for miles round being covered with floating ashes and pumice stone. Large stones and lava had also been thrown up, and the atmosphere for a great distance round was charged with dense clouds of smoke. On Wednesday, several vessels and steamers which had passed through the Straits of Sunda, arrived at our port and corroborated the news we had heard the previous day. One of these steamers, the *Conrad*, had been delayed for six hours in consequence of having had to steam through a floating shoal of ashes and pumice stone a mile and a half deep, experiencing the while a shower of fine ashes which covered the deck of the vessel with a layer an inch and a half in depth.

As I have already said, a volcanic eruption in the island of Krakatao—though it was known to contain a mountain two thousand six hundred feet high, which had been the crater of a volcano in times past—was quite unlooked for, as the

eruption of this volcano of which there is any record took place in the year 1680. There was good reason, therefore, for believing that the volcano had become extinct.

By Thursday the 24th instant the eruptions decreased in force, and two days later, the Directors of the Netherlands India Steamship Company enterprisingly dispatched one of their steamers to Krakatao, in order to give those who wished it an opportunity of viewing the wild scene. I had the good fortune to form one of the party on board, to which the British colony in Batavia contributed a strong contingent. We steamed out of the harbour at about five o'clock on Saturday evening, and on rounding St Nicholas Point about midnight, after a beautiful moonlight sail, came in view of the volcano of Krakatao, whose crater, though still far distant, could distinctly be seen vomiting forth sheets of flame from amid a dense pall of smoke, which seemed to veil the approach to a gate of Avernus. At about three o'clock on Sunday morning, we were within a few miles of Krakatao, and sleep was forgotten in the interest with which we viewed the magnificent volcanic illumination which lit up the sea for miles around. When the sun rose, we beheld

A hill not far whose gray top  
Belched fire and rolling smoke the rest entire  
Shone with a gloomy scarf—undoubted sign  
That in his womb was hid metallic ore,  
The work of sulphur.

The island of Krakatao, on the windward side of which we anchored (about three miles from shore), seemed, as far as we could judge, to be about ten miles in circumference. It was quite impossible either to approach or to view the leeward side of the island, owing to the dense and almost palpable cloud of ashes and smoke by which it was enshrouded. Towards the east of the island rose a steep mountain, two thousand six hundred feet in height, and at its base there had evidently been a valley or depression of the ground which had separated the mountain from a group of small hills. It was in this valley, which, when we viewed it, was almost filled with lava, that the volcano had burst forth. One part of the island towards the west seemed to forbid approach, as a reef, apparently formed recently by volcanic action, ran a long way out into the sea. From this part of Krakatao, forbidding looking cliffs of apparently grayish stone rose up from the water's edge. These cliffs, however, when glasses were brought to bear on them, turned out to be huge boulders of pumice stone which had apparently been cast up from the crater. A broad causeway street appeared to lead down from the volcano to the sea through a ravine between two hills. This, on closer inspection, was found to be a broad stream of lava black as coal.

Shortly after breakfast a party of us landed on an exploring expedition. It is scarcely possible for me to give an adequate description of the wild though grand picture of desolation which we beheld. The scene was one which Lord would have reviled in. The island on which we stood had, then, before the eruption of its volcano, a small tropical paradise rich in forest foliage and vegetation. Now, however, not a leaf nor twig nor blade of grass was to be seen.

The beach down to high water mark was three feet deep in pumice stone and fine ashes, which seemed to cover everything, as far as the eye could reach. To our right stretched what appeared on first sight to be a green grassy knoll, but which on closer examination proved to be but a mound thickly coated with sulphur. Blackened trunks of trees completely barked were to be seen in all directions, and but served to complete the picture of desolation. The ruin was not alone confined to Krakatau. A smaller island, separated from it by a strait about two miles wide, was also completely devastated and waste.

Slowly and with difficulty we toiled up the hill leading to the crater, through heated ash reaching in many places above our knees. A cloud of fine sulphur and ash, beating on our faces as we made the ascent, seemed to penetrate every pore of our bodies, while a tropical sun, glaring fiercely down on our heads, made us feel as if we were being shrivelled up 'like a parched scroll.'

After gaining the summit of the hill, we paused for a few minutes to take a view of the smoking natural caldron beneath us, and then descended to the edge of the crater, or rather, I should say, as near thereto as the rain of ashes and sulphur would permit us to advance. The scene which met our view was wondrous to a degree. We stood on a plain thickly crusted with sulphur crystals, which sparkled and glittered in the sunlight. To our right a cressway of lava trended away towards a valley shrouded by a veil of sulphurous vapour. In this direction it was impossible to advance, but lurid bursts of flame, which lit up the place with strange wildness at intervals, gave us glimpses of a scene which one could almost imagine to be the portal of the 'valley of the shadow of death.' To our left overhead rose the peak of Krakatau, clothed only a few days before with dense forest and luxuriant vegetation, but now washed and desolate from base to summit. Behind stretched a miniature Sahara, whose dazzling whiteness was relieved here and there by a blackened stump of a tree. The ground all around us was pierced by numerous fissures, through which issued smoke, accompanied by jets of flame, while in front a dense cloud of smoke and ashes, which even the noonday rays of a tropical sun failed to penetrate, hid the mouth of the crater from our view. The ground trembled beneath our feet, and every now and then a rain of small stones, accompanied by bursts of flame, was discharged from the volcano with a loud report like a cannon shot.

It can be easily imagined that but a short stay in such warm quarters was not only desirable but also advisable, as the ground on which we stood was literally scorching. The hill was descended in a more expeditious manner than it had been scaled, and we were not sorry to exchange sulphuric fumes for the pure air of the sea. On Sunday evening we shaped our homeward course, and arrived at Batavia early the following morning, having had an altogether successful and interesting expedition.

[At the time our correspondent wrote, he does not seem to have been aware of the great loss of life occasioned by the catastrophe. Later accounts

place that loss at not less than thirty thousand persons, and it is stated that the island of Krakatau has, since the period of the outbreak, quite disappeared.—ED.]

## THE BLATCHFORD BEQUEST

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CONCLUSION

It was several months before the agent returned from America. He had been ordered to spare neither time nor money, and had kept his instructions to the letter, but with little result as yet. Having, after some trouble, ascertained that the man who was shot, as described by Mr Dunn, passed under the name of Winslow, he went to work to trace him back. It was a difficult task, but it would have been even more so had not the so-called Winslow, by sundry villainous acts, lit his memory green in the minds of some he had come in contact with. It will doubtless seem as though the search was begun at the wrong end, but, years ago, the other way had failed. From the time when he quarrelled irrevocably with his mother, Blatchford could be traced a certain distance, then he disappeared. At last the agent returned. By the merest chance, he had found a man who had sailed from Liverpool in the same boat that carried Blatchford or Winslow. He, like others, had reasons of his own for remembering him. So this was the result of the inquiry. Blatchford sailed from Liverpool at a certain date, under the name of Winslow. After a short but discreditable career in various cities in North and South America, he had met his fate as described. Nothing was known about his wife.

Cuthbert heard the agent's report.

'We had better advertise for Mrs Winslow,' that gentleman suggested.

Cuthbert considered. 'Not yet,' he said. 'Go down to Liverpool, and try and trace back from there. He was in a saloon passage, or, you say, most likely, he stayed at a good hotel. A list of the guests may show what he came from, as he appears to have been contacted with one alias. Go down and see what you can do, but don't write me or come to me until you think the case hopeless, or until you have learnt all.'

The agent went his way, and Cuthbert knew that the time was drawing near when the old battle must be refought. He strove to dismiss the matter from his mind, but, do what he would, it was always with him. The sacrifice now would be so tremendous. Even if all went well with his party, and he had office, what good could be expected of a statesman who has only the emoluments of his place to depend upon? He must degenerate—must sooner or later become a place-seeker, when office was a matter of life and death to those he loved best in the world. No, if he gave up—as he was by his own code of honour bound to give up—Mrs Blatchford's wealth, farewell to public life. All that would be over. And with these thoughts always with him, dreading that each post would bring him news of the missing people, despite himself, the man's manner changed. He grew moody, pre-occupied, and silent, even the smile with which he greeted his wife and children was different—so different, that for the first time since she had

been married, Marion Wrey felt unhappy and full of strange fears.

It was about a month after her husband's last interview with the confidential agent, that Marion sat alone. Cuthbert had gone to the north of England to speak at an important meeting, held that night in a large town, one of the strongholds of his antagonists. Although—the Wreys being now people of some note—Marion had had a dozen invitations for this particular evening, she preferred spending it at home and alone. She was thinking of many things, past and present, but most of all of Cuthbert's changed manner of late. It had for some time been a source of great uneasiness to her. He did not complain of showing any sign of illness, he was just the same as to the outcome of public affairs, his ambition was not so high as to incur disappointment. What, then, had changed him—changed his way of speaking, changed his smile? Could it be, she thought, with the quick suspicion of a loving woman, that his affection for her was waning? Did he at last begin to think that, in marrying one so lowly as herself, he had thrown a chance away? But such thoughts were but passing ones. He had given her too many proofs of the endurance of his love to permit her to harbour such unworthy doubts. Yet she sighed, and prayed that what ever weighed upon her husband's mind might be removed, or that he would let her share the burden. After a while she rose and rang the bell. "Bring me to-morrow's letters," she said.

Cuthbert kept no secretary. He was an energetic man, equal to any amount of work, but whilst the House was sitting, his correspondence was so voluminous that, recently, his wife opened many of his letters and sorted them according to the importance they bore. In this way she saved him much time.

There was a splendid pile to-morrow. She opened and examined each letter in turn—all save one or two which she had laid untouched, known from the initials on the envelopes, that they contained political matter so weighty, that she must not be the first to read it. Pleasantly she came upon a thick packet, sealed and registered. It bore the Liverpool post mark, and was marked "Private"—but so was every second envelope. Without hesitation she broke the cover and drew the letter out, leaving the other papers which accompanied it behind. "A beautiful petition with testimonials," she said as she opened the letter preparatory to take a hasty glance at its contents. As she unfolded the paper, a small bright object dropped from it on to her lap. It was a small cross, one arm of which was broken off. She took it in her hand, looked at it for a moment, and then started as if a snake had bitten her. With the trunk still in her hand, she turned to the letter, and her face grew pale with every line she read.

The message was short, its meaning must have been plain, as Marion had no need to repeat it. As she read the last word, she let both letter and trunk fall, then, uttering a low cry of pain, placed her hands upon her eyes. "O my darling!" she moaned, "and this the reason—this why you have changed so lately! My love, I may have deserved it, but not like this!" So she sorrowed for a time, then her mood changed. She rose, and dashing her tears away, pushed the room like

a queen. "If an angel had told me thus, I would have laughed him to scorn! After so many years—so many happy years!" Cuthbert, Cuthbert! why did you do it! How could you do it? It was your right to know. Had you wished it, I would have told you freely, in spite of your promise. But oh! to learn it like this, through a hired spy!" Then her proud bearing forsook her, and the hot tears sprang forth again. But at last she grew composed, but there was a world of sweet regret in the words she addressed to her absent husband. "Yes, you will still love me, and I shall forgive even this. But never, never again shall we be the same to each other—never quite the same, Cuthbert!"

She looked at the contents of the packet. Two or three letters in a woman's handwriting—one well known to her—which gave her the leading as of ghosts rising from the past. She replaced everything in the cover, and locking it away, sat late into the night, thinking and thinking—longing for the morning to end her suspense.

The next day, Cuthbert returned just in time to greet her for a moment before he went down to the House. He had a question on the notice paper, one that he knew would stick like a barbed arrow into the Home Secretary's well-seasoned flank. He was in better spirits than usual.

"We shall smite them hip and thigh," he cried. "Inside their own families we shall lay them—My darling, how all you look! What is the matter?"

"I have passed a bad night," she faltered. She could not repeat him at that moment. She could not understand why, with that letter waiting for him, his voice should express such unmistakable anxiety and solicitude.

"Lie down, dearest," he said, "and rest till I come home. I shall be back to dinner. He kissed her, and went to sit Stephen. Except for the fear as to what news any post might bring him from his detective, he was very joyous. Every paper held a leader on the speeches of last night, and his speech had been an important and favourably criticised one.

He was in good spirits when he came home to dinner. His bout with the Home Secretary had succeeded to a marvel. His manner to Marion, who still looked worn and weary, had never been more affectionate. She felt benighted.

Dinner over, he must go to his duties again. She could not let the moment pass. She placed herself in a low chair near him—her favourite seat. "Must you go to the House to-morrow, Cuthbert?"

"I don't know about to-morrow. I ought to, although there will be no division of importance. If you feel ill, my darling, I will stay with you." He kissed her so lovingly, that she knew it could be no pretence, and wondered more and more. "How cold your lips are," he said. "Yes, I will stay with you to-night."

She thanked him, but wasted a while, in deep thought, before she spoke again. "Cuthbert," she said, sweetly but gravely, "may I tell you a little tale of real life?"

He looked at her, and felt sure there was some grave meaning in her request. "By all means," he said.

Calm as she forced herself to be, her heart

beat and her hand trembled as she drew out the little broken gold cross and placed it in his hand. He looked at it and then at her inquiringly.

'That was given me, years ago,' she said with an effort, 'by the man who was my husband, or who I fancied was my husband.'

Cuthbert started. 'Wait a moment, Marion. I did not ask for this. I do not want it. But if you wish to tell me, tell me with your hand in mine, for I swear whatever you may choose to let me know shall make no difference between us.' His voice was passionate as when he first pleaded for her love.

She did not understand. She looked at him almost dreamily, but did not place her hand in his. 'No, Cuthbert. It may be I shall have a question to ask you. Let me tell it my own way.'

He saw she was quite serious, so listened with growing fear.

'I was but a girl,' she said, very quietly and with her eyes cast down—'a girl of twenty. He told me he loved me. He was young and, I believed, would change his manner of life for my sake. I married him. For a few months I was happy, then I found him as he really was—a false liar, a coward, a swindler. When years afterwards he told me I was not even his wife—that even in that he had deceived me, I think, in spite of the shame, my heart leapt for joy. He could claim me no more—Did I wrong you, my Cuthbert, by marrying you? I was only sinned against. My silence must have made you think it even worse than this—Now, I will give you your letter.'

Cuthbert was very grave. 'Why do you tell me this, Marion? I was of course bound to guess at something of the kind. Why tell me now? I never asked, I never wished to know.'

He had not noticed her mention of the letter, nor would he have known what she meant by it. She drew it from her breast. 'My husband,' she said sadly, as she handed it to him, 'we can never be quite as we were before you did this thing. If you doubted, why not have asked me? Why not have asked Mr Mayne? I will not reproach you, but you have degraded both me and yourself.'

He took the letter in stupid astonishment. That he and Marion were at cross purposes, that she was under some delusion, was evident. What it was he could only learn from reading the letter, so, without another word, he read.

DRAWN SIR—I would have seen you, but am ordered away on an affair of great importance. I do not neglect your interests in going. A child might now follow the clue. Winslow and his wife lived for some time at D——. He left her—deserted her, probably, when he sailed for the States. She lived on at D—— for a while, trying to make an income by keeping a small school. Then she fell seriously ill, and at last was taken away by a gentleman, whose name my informant forgets, but who was rector of St Winifred's, a church on the outskirts of London. This should be ample for your purpose, but I inclose some letters, and a trinket left behind her, when she quitted the house at which she lodged.

As he finished the letter and read the signature

of his confidential agent, Cuthbert's head felt in a whirl. It was some little time before he could see the connection between his wife's grief and this letter which brought the dreaded moment close to hand. His first thought was that Marion was troubled by his having concealed the matter from her. He glanced at the letter once more, and this time the mention of St Winifred's arrested his attention. The whole truth came to him like a flash of lightning. Astonishment no longer expressed his state. He stared at his wife. She stood with her eyes cast down, her beautiful face pale and sad, and with tears slowly running down her cheeks.

'But the child!' gasped Cuthbert—'your child!'

Still ignorant of the truth, she looked at him with reproachful eyes. Why should he wish to probe every old wound?

'Poor little baby!' she said—'poor little boy! The only thing in all that time I can look back to with a happy thought—the only gleam of sunshine in my life. But he died, Cuthbert—died before I wrote to my old friend Mrs Mayne, begging her to come and save me from starvation or worse. Then it was I said I will have no part.'

Cuthbert rose and clasped his wife to his heart. Had she wished to resist, those strong loving arms of his would have made resistance useless.

'Marion, my wife, my darling!' he cried, 'can you not understand? I have been sending across the world to find traces of the widow and son of Ralph Blatchford, to whom, if I could have done what was right, I must have given up nearly every farthing of the wealth we enjoy, and from this letter I learn that Ralph Blatchford was the man who married you under the assumed name of Winslow! Marion, if you understood what this means to me, to you, to the children, you would be happier than ever you have been before!'

Marion understood. She laughed a half delirious but entirely happy laugh, her hand stole into her husband's, and the whole question of the Blatchford bequest was ended, and at rest for ever.

## THE MONTH.

### SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE recent outbreak of typhoid fever in the north of London has led to an inquiry on the part of the parish authorities, and a most careful and exhaustive Report by their medical officer. With great zeal, this gentleman has traced as far as he can each case of disease to its source, with the alarming result of finding that a milkshop is responsible for its spread. Tracing the milk to its source of supply—a farm about twenty miles from the Metropolis—he there found conditions existing which would readily account for the spread of the complaint through the medium of the milk. It was at one time thought that the only danger of contaminating milk was in the use of impure water for washing out the milk-cans, but since the rapid development of what is known as the Germ theory of disease, it is now acknowledged that the milk can be rendered unfit for use, if the cow which supplies it has had access to foul drinking water.

The question of the necessity of pure water for cattle has recently been the subject of much published correspondence, and any one who has had the opportunity of visiting the various farms in some of the English counties will acknowledge that it is high time something were done. Many of these farmyards are absolutely reeking with filth, the liquid portion of which slowly drains into adjacent ponds from which the cattle drink. Examined under the microscope, this black and odorous liquid will afford evidence of abundance of life. A well known microscopist says 'I examined numerous specimens of the water of the farms and also the milk of the cows, and almost invariably discovered in both the same species of bacteria.' He goes on to say that the wife of a farm labourer suffering from a low form of fever was giving her child its natural nourishment, which also, under the microscope, revealed the presence of the same species of bacteria. It becomes more and more apparent that cleanliness, if not next to godliness, is a duty we owe not only to ourselves but still more to our neighbours.

At Canterbury, some interesting Roman remains have recently been unearthed, consisting of a tessellated pavement, similar in character to those found in Roman villas in other parts of the country. Near the old city moat, several skeletons were found, together with Roman urns of a fine red ware, coins, iron, a bracelet, and a portion of a decorated bowl bearing in relief the image of a Roman soldier.

Antiquities of a somewhat rarer nature exist in plenty, as many of our readers are aware, in the Aran Islands, on the west coast of Ireland. Many of these ancient structures consist of fortresses or duns, and are supposed to be between two and three thousand years old. A recent visitor calls attention to the rapid destruction which is going on among these interesting relics of a bygone day. He says that the birds have made their home between the mortared stones, and that the birds of the adjacent villages, in their eager hunt after bunny, will often pull down many yards of wall. We call attention to this wanton destruction in order to condole the efforts which will doubtless be made to stop it.

The Inlaries Palace is now a thing of the past. We are glad to learn that the Committee which was appointed to superintend its demolition, have decided to select such fragments of its architecture as they consider worthy of preservation, for distribution among the various museums of France. These fragments consist of columns, capitals, bas-reliefs, pedestals, &c., representing various schools of architecture. And as they amount to about fifty wagon loads, it is to be hoped that some of them will find their way to this side of the Channel. They would be appreciated by us not only as architectural specimens, but as interesting relics of the abode of French royalty.

Some particulars of Baron Nordenskjöld's Greenland expedition have been published, from which we learn that his ship, the *Sophia*, ran a narrow escape of sharing the same fate as the *Hansen* in 1849, which it will be remembered was crushed in by the ice. At one time, the *Sophia* had to force her way through the ice belt, whilst the propeller had to be kept clear with boat hooks and poles, the timbers all the time creaking with

the strain put upon them. The ruins of the old Norse settlements alluded to in one of the explorer's first telegrams, and which naturally excited the curiosity of archaeologists, turn out merely to consist of a curia, which may possibly be the work of the Eskimo. We may therefore conclude, if the Baron has no more to tell us with regard to this discovery, that his voyage—interesting as it has been in other respects—sheds no new light upon the colonisation of Greenland by the hardy Norseman.

The Berlin correspondent of the *Times* news paper has lately given an account of what he describes as 'the interesting trial of an invention which, in the opinion of the naval and technical authorities who witnessed it, promises to effect an important change in the propulsion of vessels of all classes.' This trial took place by means of a vessel named the *Hydromotor*, and, as its name implies, it is propelled by the action of water. Very few particulars are given, but we gather from the account alluded to, that the vessel is furnished with very powerful pumps, which eject a stream of water on either side of it through tubes which are placed a few inches above the level of the river in which the vessel floats. As a rocket is propelled by means of the stream of fire which it pours out, so this boat is pushed along by the jets of water forced from its tubes. The opinion of Admiral von Henck concerning this invention is quoted to the effect that it has almost certainly a future before it. Perhaps that worthy admiral is not aware that it also has a past behind it. For twenty years or more, the floating fire engines on the Rhemes have been propelled by the same means. With powerful pumping machinery already established, it was a natural proceeding to use the same power for moving the vessels from place to place, but no one who has watched their slow progress against the tide would dream of the principle ever utilizing the screw propeller, or the paddle wheel. It is a pity that history so often repeats itself in the matter of inventions.

Another re-invention is exemplified in the recent account from America of the manufacture of paper pipes for gas, in lieu of iron ones. The paper is made of hemp, and cut into a long strip. This is passed through a bath of melted asphalt, and afterwards rolled round a core, which is subsequently withdrawn. The paper pipe goes through some further treatment whereby it is rendered perfectly smooth both inside and out, and is then ready for use. It will bend, so as not to break under settlement, when buried in the ground, and being made of a material which will not readily conduct heat, any water condensing in the pipes will not freeze. This same invention was unsuccessfully introduced into this country more than twenty years ago.

Messrs Stapleton and Company of Agra are trying an experiment which deserves to succeed, and will probably do so. They are attempting to revive the oriental art of weaving, and to reproduce Persian carpets and similar hand woven textures of such excellence that they will be eagerly sought after. They are about to establish a factory where the finest materials only will be used, and where good patterns only will be employed as models. They hope, by using first colours, principally Indian dyes, to rival the old excellence of the work produced by the Kashgar weavers in the

seventeenth century. The success of such an undertaking ought to be insured in an age when so much attention is being given to decorative art, and when such prices are demanded and obtained for really artistic work.

From Professor S. Waterhouse's Report to the American department of Agriculture concerning the cultivation of jute, we learn a great deal concerning that useful material. The value of the fibre was first recognised at Dundee more than fifty years ago, and since that time the cultivation of the plant has increased not only in India, but in the United States. Jute can be combined with cotton, linen, or silk, to imitate more expensive fabrics, and can be dyed a variety of tints. It is also largely used by paper makers—and is extensively employed to make the rough canvas which covers bales of cotton and other goods. The yield in India is from two to three thousand pounds per acre, but the American grower, by replacing the rude tillage of India by perfect machinery, is able to do better than this, and at the same time to produce plants giving better fibre. Jute will flourish wherever there is a moist hot climate, and the best soil is sandy clay, or alluvial mould.

A great many attempts have at different times been made to utilise the sun's rays for the production of heat, either in the form of hot air, or of steam. Whatever success experiments may have met with in warmer latitudes, it is very clear that apparatus on this principle would be a most uncertain agent in a variable climate like that of Britain. Professor E. B. Morse, of Salem, Massachusetts, has devised a means of warming and ventilation by means of solar rays, and the apparatus is said to give very promising results. It consists of a surface of slate, painted black—so as to absorb as much heat as possible—and fixed in a frame. This frame is placed vertically against the building, which it is desired to warm, and in connection with it are flues to carry the heated air to the interior of the dwelling. A frame eight feet by three feet is found sufficient to warm comfortably a library twenty feet long, except on such days as the sun refuses to show his face. As a general result, it is stated that the apparatus will, under favourable circumstances, secure a thermometer rise of thirty degrees during the four or five hours representing the most sunny portion of the day.

A curious and alarming accident is reported from the Wharfedale bilstone Collieries, where for some time hard labour has been superseded by coal cutting machinery. These machines are driven by compressed air which is conveyed by means of pipes from the pit's mouth, and which, after doing its duty, is discharged into the workings. As a rule, this discharge of air would of course help in ventilating a mine, but in the case in question, this air became deteriorated before reaching the workers below ground. It is thought that the contamination was due to the escaping gases from heaps of refuse which were then burning at the pit's mouth. However this may be, the fumes strangled a large number of men. Happily, no fatal result ensued.

The mention of noxious vapours naturally brings to our minds the mining life saving appliances of Mr. Fleuss, which have been so highly commended in the circular addressed to

colliery proprietors by the Home Secretary. It is now proposed to form a Limited Liability Company for the purpose of carrying out the suggestions of the Home Secretary, and to at once establish depots or centres where a sufficient supply of apparatus and lamps can always be obtained. Each centre would be under the charge of a competent man, who would instruct others in the use of the apparatus. Colliery owners will be asked to contribute towards the scheme in proportion to the number of men they severally employ. The capital of the proposed Company will be divided into five pound shares. Further particulars may be obtained at the temporary office, 27 Martin's Lane, Cannon Street, London, E.C.

The United States Commissioners of Patents have decided against Mr. Edison in the question of priority in the invention of an incandescent filament in the now well known little glass bulb electric lamps. They have ruled in favour of Messrs. Swan and Mason, who produced such a conductor in 1878, whereas Mr. Edison's was not patented until the year following. This decision only affects the production of a carbonised filament made from paper or cardboard, and in no way interferes with their manufacture from bamboo, willow, and many other materials, for which Mr. Edison already holds patents. The decision seems to be of little moment, but is interesting as a small contribution to the modern history of electric lighting.

The vicar of Bude, Devonshire, has recently described a curious animal (?) seen at sea from that place. He describes it as a long, low, dark object, about a mile and a half from the shore, skimming down the surface of the sea, the back of the creature being a little above the top of the water. It kept on its course at an apparent rate of twenty five miles per hour, during the whole ten minutes it remained in sight, and during which it was observed by the reverend gentleman and several of his friends. The creature appeared to be about eighty feet long. 'One scarcely likes to suggest the sea serpent,' says the observer, evidently not liking to offer an opinion on the subject. Admiral Greig Jones, commenting upon this appearance, tells an anecdote of how he and his fellow officers on board ship were once deceived into chasing a serpent which turned out to be a long streak of sticky soot, the result of the clearing out of some ships' flues and tubes. The Bude sea serpent may possibly be of this breed, but it could hardly travel at the rate of twenty five miles per hour. A flock of birds would be a more likely solution of the problem. At the same time, we may remind our readers that there is abundant evidence in favour of the actual existence of a marine monster, and that there is no reason from a naturalist's point of view why serpent forms, which on a smaller scale are plentiful in the sea in some latitudes, should not occasionally attain a large size.

The proposal to make Manchester a seaport town by means of a canal capable of giving passage to large ships, has been quickly followed by the suggestion that Chester ought to have similar advantages conferred upon it. The scheme which has been taken up by a member of parliament who is greatly interested in the North Wales

mineral trade, advocates the widening and deepening of the river Dull, so as to make one long navigable canal from Chester to Connaught Quay. The entire distance is eight miles, and dock gates would be placed at the sea entrance, through which large vessels would be admitted at high tide. The canal at all times would contain a minimum depth of fifteen feet of water, and the necessary works are estimated to cost half a million of money.

A most interesting address was lately delivered by Sir James Paget to the members of the Working Men's College, London, the subject being 'Recreation.' The speaker dwelt upon the necessity of choosing for the occupation of our spare time some recreation which, although it might really involve harder physical exertion than our ordinary work, represented a complete change. He could not imagine any more prudent recreation for workmen engaged in manual labour than attendance at the College for the exercising of their minds. Of course the converse of this is equally true, and those who are engaged in brain work had the best chance in manual labour during their play hours. Speaking as a medical man, he said 'Of all habitual unhappiness, short of the deepest suffering, which he saw in his professional life, there was none comparable to that suffered by the rich man retired from business, who had no recreation.' Those whose one end and aim in life seems to be that they may at all cost get present content accumulate sufficient money to enable them to retire from active work, would do well to ponder upon the experience thus recorded.

A correspondent of the *Times*, in an interesting article entitled 'Science and Safety at Sea,' calls attention to the dangers which exist in mid-ocean in the presence of icebergs, in turning up a curve in front the collision of the steamship *Arietta* with an iceberg in the autumn of 1879. This fine ship was steaming along at fifteen knots an hour, when in the dullness of night she ploughed into an iceberg and was nearly lost. The writer points out that science is able to minimise these risks, if not to obviate them altogether. Both Langley and Edison have devised heat-measuring devices that a change of temperature quite unnoticed by the ordinary thermometer or the human delicate thermometer, is readily recorded. The writer of the article urges that ocean-going steamships should utilise the principle of these inventions, so that by proper apparatus placed at the ship's head, any sudden reduction of temperature indicating the near presence of a mass of ice, should be made automatically, give a warning or in some other way to announce the coming danger.

In a Birmingham newspaper some interesting particulars are given respecting the art of tubbing, by which it would seem that the occupation is a most lucrative one. Some of the men and women earn as much as ten pounds a week, and while it is a frequent thing for the husbands to go to Italy for a holiday, they send their wives to the schools. There are many educated musicians who are glad enough to secure the honourable position of church organist, at a salary not the fifth of this sum. The temptation to accept so small a salary is found in the opportunity of teaching music to the dwellers

round about the church, but this gentle occupation smacks far more of drudgery than does the grinding of a street organ.

In connection with the recent inauguration of the Ben Nevis Observatory, an interesting little handbook has been published by the Meteorological Society. Setting forth the objects of the work, and the advantages derivable from observations at high altitudes, it also gives the origin of the new observatory, and an account of the rapid collection of public subscriptions for its erection. Of course, Mr. Clement Wragge's labours are not forgotten, and every one must regret that owing to absence abroad, he, who took such an active part in the development of the scheme for an observing station on the highest point in Britain, could not be present at its opening. The subscriptions amounted to four thousand pounds, and the highest sum given by one individual was two hundred pounds. The lowest subscription was one penny.

The National Apple Congress, which was opened last month at the Royal Agricultural Gardens, Chiswick, has a healthy ring about its name, which strikes the eye pleasantly. The work accomplished by it is calculated to be of great benefit to the apple culture in this country. We learn that fifty new varieties of apples were sent in for competition. The committee have issued a number of queries to the leading growers in the kingdom, inviting information as to details of culture, such as situation, soil and subsoil, pruning &c., which, when tabulated for comparison, might afford valuable information. By knowledge thus gained, we may perhaps avoid those unfruitful apple seasons which have been so common in the past, and to which the present year happily affords so strong a contrast.

Some of the following extracts with a weak solution of carbolic acid can be usefully employed for absorbing the discharge from wounds. The sawdust, which should be carefully allowed to dry, and then should be enclosed in a bag made of several layers of gauze or very fine soft muslin. Pending the arrival of a medical man, a pad of sawdust, carefully arranged to prevent any of the gums working through to the injured part, may safely be applied over the dressing of a wound that has commenced to discharge, or, if bleeding has commenced from a cut, through the strapping. The pad of sawdust should be bound over the part required, to be protected.

A soiled polishing cloth, if properly washed, is often preferred by opticians and others who require a very fine article, to a new one. The dirty skin must first be washed in a weak solution of soda and warm water, and then left to soak for two hours after being well saturated with yellow soap. After the expiration of that time, it must be rubbed until thoroughly clean, and then rinsed in warm water in which a very little yellow soap and soda have been dissolved. The rinsing must not be carried out in clear water, or the skin will become hard. After rinsing, wring out the leather in a towel and dry it quickly, and then pull it in every direction to make it pliable, and brush it well.

An American doctor, of Cleveland, Ohio, lately made the experiment of administering chloroform to a sleeping child, from whose hand it was necessary to extract several pieces of broken glass



before sewing up the wound. This plan answered so well that he thinks it is likely to become a popular way of chloroforming small children, as by its adoption they are saved all excruciating

### A NARROW ESCAPE

ABOUT forty years ago, I was in command of a barque which had been chartered by government during the Chinese War. At Nankin we had landed the horses belonging to a regiment of artillery, and were lying close alongside a narrow wharf awaiting further orders. The hulls just above were crowned by a line of forts occupied by British troops, not far from us lay a corvette, while the harbour was dotted with men of war and merchant-vessels flying the English flag, as well as innumerable smaller craft.

Our expectation of seeing something exciting in the way of active service was suddenly brought to an end by the declaration of peace, and early in August we heard that all the forts held by our soldiers were shortly to be evacuated. I had just made arrangements with a friend, captain of a barque lying out in the harbour, to accompany me for a day's shooting inland, and to see some things of the country, when, early in the morning, as we were preparing for our start, a quantity of ammunition of every description, powder, shot, shells, &c., about two hundred tons weight, was brought down to the wharf, with orders to have it put on board the nearest vessel for after distribution. This happened to be my own and having waited to see the whole stored under hatches, my friend G— and I started on our excursion. The day was intensely hot, scarcely the slightest movement in the trees, and that peculiar and ominous stillness in the atmosphere which precedes a violent storm. We had but poor sport and tired and hungry, were returning late in the afternoon to the harbour, when the gathering masses of only clouds burst over our heads into a drenching downpour of tropical rain, speedily soaking us to the skin. As we neared the ship, I persuaded G— to come on board with me, instead of returning to his own vessel, which lay at some distance out, promising him a change of garments and a good dinner.

We were soon seated in my snug cabin, doing justice to an excellent meal, and at first hardly conscious of the thunder, which might now be heard growling at lessening intervals in the distance. It was not until the lightning flashed more vividly and the peals grew louder, that our attention was at length aroused, and my friend remarked, 'I say, the storm is evidently coming up pretty heavily. How about all that powder of yours? Suppose we should be struck! I'm beginning to wish I'd gone home, old fellow.'

'Nonsense!' I replied. 'We're safe enough, the worst is about over now.'

Scarcely had the words left my lips, when an intensely vivid flash of lightning suddenly illuminated the cabin as with the glare of noonday, followed instantaneously by a terrific peal of thunder, which broke, as it seemed, immediately over our heads, almost stunning us with its deafening reverberations. The vessel quivered

with the shock from stem to stern, and, our faces blanched with terror, we sprang to our feet. Never shall I forget G—'s agonised expression. 'Gracious powers! we're struck!' and my instant thought, 'How soon would the explosion follow, if the mast were struck?' The ammunition lay just below. I believe my friend turned to throw himself from the port-hole, but I exclaimed: 'No, no, on deck!'

In less time than I have taken to write it, we had rushed up the companion way. Pitchy darkness had succeeded the sudden illumination, and as we emerged on the deck, I ran violently against some one.

'Who's there?'

'It's me, captain!' I distinguished the voice of the chief officer.

'What is it?'

'We're struck!'

'Where?'

'The mainmast!'

'Bring lanterns at once!'

The figures of the men could hardly be seen on deck in the darkness which lay around. Barely two minutes had elapsed, the lanterns were brought, and I ordered one of the hatches to be raised. It was an anxious second. Was there fire below? Only a volume of sulphurous smoke poured out. 'Open another!' This time, the men worked with more alacrity, the first almost paralysing fear had passed. One after another, the hatches were lifted. Smoke issued at first, then no more. There was neither flame nor the smell of fire.

I turned now to some of the crew, and ordered them to follow me below. We carefully examined the ammunition, which had been loosely piled up around the mainmast only a thin partition separating it from the upper deck. Our escape seemed marvellous. How had it been effected? That the mast had been struck was certain, fragments splintered from the top lay around, as we saw when once more on deck, the lower part was scorched and blackened. One of the crew now came forward with the remark that he and some of his mates had seen the lightning distinctly strike the mast, disappear, then reappear, and gliding along the deck, vanish suddenly over the side of the ship.

With as much light as our lanterns would supply, we carefully examined into the seeming miracle, and soon found the sailors' statement had been perfectly accurate. I must explain that at the time of which I write, certain arrangements on board ship were rather different from those of the present day. At that time, at the base of the mainmast, there was the chain locker, the square crutch within which the chain was coiled when not in use. The electric current had evidently run down the spar, and then, having been diverted by the metal, which was a better conductor, had followed the coil of the chain round the inside of the locker, was conveyed by it up through the scuttle on one side, along the deck, and over the stern of the vessel, where the anchor was dropped into the sea.

The mystery was explained, and I felt that we were safe. But how narrowly had we escaped! The whole incident had passed so quickly, and there had been such keen excitement during the few minutes our anxious search had lasted, that

the progress of the storm was unheeded. But its fury seemed to have spent itself in that one terrific crash, and now the clouds were dispersing, and the moon soon shone out in all its clear splendour, and the stars appeared one by one overhead. My friend and I remained on deck for an hour or more before turning in, and then wished each other good night, with a deep feeling of gratitude for our preservation, none the less sincere that it was expressed in silence, by an unwonted though hearty clasp of the hands.

Early the following morning I went on board the corvette to report what had occurred, and found that the incident of the previous night had caused considerable interest among her officers and crew. One young lieutenant coolly remarked, 'Ah, captain, we were looking out for a grand transformation scene last night.'

'My good sir,' I retorted, disgusted at his levity, 'you would not have seen much, that's certain. Had we blown up, rest assured your vessel would have gone too, and not she alone, but a good many other craft as well.'

I heard later that the officers at the hull forts above had desisted their mess dinner to watch the storm, and one of them told me of the intense excitement which prevailed when they saw the lightning playing around the masts of my ship, knowing as they did the combustible nature of her cargo. 'We never,' he said to me, 'expected to see you alive again.'

Often during my life have I been in peril by land and by sea, but never, I think, was I so near a sudden and awful death as on that August evening, forty years ago.

## OCCASIONAL NOTES

### THE ISLE OF WIGHT TUNNEL.

TUNNELS and tunnelling seem to be the order of the day. We have the Channel Tunnel, the new Thames Tunnel, the Mersey Tunnel—recently damaged, by the by, by the breaking in of land springs,—and now, last and newest of all, we have the proposal for a tunnel from the mainland, under the Solent, to the Isle of Wight, to be called the 'Isle of Wight and Mainland National Tunnel'. The proposal is apparently intended to obviate the 'sea passage' from Portsmouth to Ryde, so that the traveller may have the unspeakable advantage of never leaving his train until it stops at Ryde, Newport, or Ventnor. As the 'sea passage' is but three miles or a little over, it seems difficult to understand the great objection to it. It is easily made in nearly all weathers, in a fine day it is simply delightful, in a rough day it is nothing much to complain of, and the traveller has always the advantage of a snug comfortable cabin, and the whole passage is rarely more than half an hour, if indeed all that. What possible necessity there can be for cutting a tunnel of four miles under the sea at an enormous expense, for so small and trifling an end, it is difficult to understand.

To the private residents, and those who hold property in the island, the proposal may prove anything but an acceptable one, owing to the enormous influx of excursionists that may be expected, but to the traders and innkeepers it will probably be looked forward to as a great boon, and as a source of considerable increase of

business in every way. But, upon the whole, the question may be asked, is a tunnel under the Solent really necessary at all, the surrounding circumstances being considered?

### SUPPOSED INSECURITY OF THE MONUMENT

Everybody knows the celebrated 'Monument' of London—the 'Monument,' in fact, as it is always called—one of the finest and the most perfectly proportioned columns in the world, and one of Wren's masterpieces. Built with the utmost solidity, and on the strictest rules of science, it has often been said that nothing but gunpowder or an earthquake could ever move it, and that it would endure for centuries, but it seems that an underground railway may possess a greater force than either, at least so it has been conjectured. The great project of completing the inner circle of the Metropolitan and District Railway involves a continuation of the present line from Mansion House station to Tower Hill station by means of a tunnel, a distance of some thing less than a mile, at an estimated cost of three millions, and it so happens that the tunnel will pass very near to the north side of the Monument, and therefore almost below its foundations, and the engineers seem to be under the impression that the constant vibration caused by the passing of trains day and night (which begin at five A.M. and finish at one A.M.) may ultimately prove a source of danger to the stately pillar, and therefore it has been gravely suggested that it should be taken down altogether. This proposition, if carried out, will cause the keenest regret to all lovers of historical associations, and to all, too, who admire true classic architecture. Let us hope that there is no real danger after all, and that the beautiful column may be left in peace.

### THE INTERMENT OF WILLIAM HARVEY

Re-burying is an act so peculiar that it is but very rarely practised, and only under very special circumstances. The two most remarkable instances of its having been accorded to two distinguished members of the same profession, namely, John Hunter, and William Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood. The coffin containing the body of John Hunter was transferred about twenty-five years ago from the vault of the church of St. Martin in the Fields, and interred with much ceremony in the north aisle of Westminster Abbey. The black cloth covering the coffin appeared to be but little injured or soiled, as was evident to the writer, who was present at the second funeral.

The 'envelope of lead'—for there was no proper coffin—containing the remains of William Harvey was cracked and in bad condition, dust and moisture having entered the interior. The remains, in their lead covering, were reverently transferred from the vault beneath the church of Hampstead in Dorset, to a splendid marble sarcophagus provided by the Royal College of Physicians, placed in the Harvey Chapel in the same church, and the presence of a large number of gentlemen representing the heads of the medical profession. Harvey was buried in 1677, and was re-interred in 1853, having lain in the vault for

two hundred and twenty six years. The ceremony took place on the 18th of October, the day marked in the Church calendar as dedicated to St Luke, the 'beloved physician'

#### 'A CHRISTMAS LETTER FOR YOU'

Last year, in No 998 of this *Journal*, we printed an article giving an account of the origin and history of the Christmas Letter Mission. That article, we have reason to believe, excited a warm and kindly interest among many of our readers. The Mission, which was privately set on foot twelve years ago in the house of the late Rev. E. B. Elliott of Brighton, has from year to year so widely increased its dimensions, that during the Christmas season of 1882 more than three hundred and twenty three thousand letters in English alone went forth to gladden sufferers in hospitals, infirmaries, and other institutions, not in Great Britain only, but in all parts of the world, while this Christmas they will be sent out in ten languages to meet demands from all quarters of the globe.

We have again pleasure in pressing the claims of this Mission upon the philanthropic and kindly-hearted, and for all particulars of the Mission we refer our readers to the Hon. Seciesaries, Miss E. Steele Elliott and Miss Strong, 86 Midway Park, London, N., who will gladly furnish full information and a Report to all inquirers.

#### WHEN THE SHIP COMES HOME

A little child, bright eye and fair,  
Kneels beside her father's chair,  
Laughs and chatters with childish glee  
'And what, papa, will it bring to me,  
That ship which is sailing over the sea,  
What will it bring, papa, to me?'

'What? my pet. Why a doll's house tall,  
Hoops of dollies, great and small,  
Books and pictures, hoops and swings  
Oh, there were never such wonderful things!  
'And when papa, when will they come?'  
'Why, darling, when my ship comes home!'

But the weeks are months, and the months are years,  
And yet no look for ship appears  
Weary with watching life's rough wave,  
The father sleeps in an early grave,  
The child a maiden has become  
And the ship has never yet come home

Close by her mother husband's side,  
Sits a gentle and hopeful bride,  
Her hand holds his with simple grace,  
Her pleased eyes cannot leave his face  
Together with tender pride they look  
Again and again on that first horn book,  
So lately rung from his earnest brain,  
So soon to enter a stormy main,  
Trembling hearts towards it yearn,  
Trembling hearts for its safe return  
Full of hope and pride is he,  
Full of love and prayer is she  
Ah, while she thinks in her wisely pride,  
That never, in all this world so wide,  
Loved there one more wise than he,  
She prays for that ship that is on the sea—

Prays because she knows 'tis part  
Of her husband's life and her husband's heart

But, alas! 'tis tossed from shore to shore—  
Tossed till lost for evermore  
And the proud man hides—tries not to feel  
A cruel wound, which will never heal,  
A wound which deepens day by day,  
And deepening apace his life away  
And the only ship that for him will come,  
Is a ship which sails for a heavenly home

Again the months glide swiftly by,  
And to the youthful widow's eye  
Another ship is on the sea,  
A ship carried by every breeze—  
A ship whose freight is all untold,  
Too precious to be bought or sold  
A vessel small and slight and frail,  
A vessel with a snow white sail,  
A vessel like to a nesting dove,  
And the winds that with it breathe of love,  
See! the waters are safely passed,  
That vessel—'tis at home at last!  
And what are its treasures after all?  
Why only a baby weak and small!  
Only a baby small and weak,  
Only a link that a breath might break,  
Only a mother's smiles and tears,  
Only a mother's hopes unfulfilled,  
Only these—God knows the rest,  
God, and a widowed mother's breast

One short week, and one short day,  
And that little vessel sails away,  
Sails away down Death's dark sea,  
To the realm of Plenty  
'See! 'tis the doll baby's wife  
A child's mother—widowed little  
Noble there was the tale to tell  
Or is it only known to well?  
A tiny atom! a tiny tomb—  
A tiny vessel safely home

Thus a mother's wife, and child,  
Many a hot her heart is kindled  
To watch across a misty main  
For ships for which she watched in vain  
And, as the watch bell so watch we all,  
We see we vessels rise and fall  
Tremble when we see them toward,  
Weep when we must own them lost  
For—God help us!—we must be  
Watching till I ternity,  
Watching, perhaps beyond the tomb,  
Before we see our ships come home!

FROM "NOT NAY"

The Conductor of CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL begs to direct the attention of CONTRIBUTORS to the following notice:

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2. For its return in case of ineligibility postage stamps should accompany every manuscript.
3. MANUSCRIPTS should bear the author's full name, surname, and Address, legibly written, and should be written on white (not blue) paper, and on one side of the leaf only.
4. Offerings of Verse should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

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Printed and Published by W & E CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 330 High Street, EDINBURGH.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF  
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fourth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

CONDUCTED BY R. CHAMBERS (SECUNDUM)

No 1040—Vol. XX.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1885

Price 1d.

## HOUSES WITH SECRET CHAMBERS

APART from the romance and legendary lore associated with many of our old country houses, one of their most interesting features is the secret chamber, which is not only curious as a relic of architectural ingenuity, but has been in most cases so skilfully contrived as to escape detection from even the most experienced eye. Few persons, too, perhaps are aware how numerous these hiding places were in days gone by, and indeed, it would seem that the mansions of our leading families were not considered complete without them. It is easy to understand how necessary such contrivances were regarded, when we call to mind the widespread and deep-rooted feeling of insecurity which once prevailed throughout the country, engendered by religious and political intolerance. It must not be forgotten, also, that in the sixteenth century, and early in the seventeenth, the celebration of mass in this country was forbidden, and hence those families that persisted in adhering to the Roman Catholic faith oftentimes kept a priest, who celebrated it in a room, opening whence was a hiding place, to which, in case of emergency, he could retreat. It is recorded, for instance, how a priest of the name of Genings was hanged on the 10th of December 1591, before the door of a house in Gray's Inn Fields, for hiding and mass in a chamber of the said house on the previous 8th of November.

These hiding places, too, were used for other purposes, often affording a well-earned shelter to political refugees, besides, in various other ways furthering the designs of those who abetted, and connived at, deeds that would not bear the light. Southey in his *Commonplace Book*, for example, records the following anecdote, which is a good illustration of the bad uses to which these secret chambers were probably often put: 'At Bishop's Middlham, a man died with the reputation of a water drinker, and it was discovered that he had killed himself by secret drunkenness. There was a Roman Catholic hiding place in the house,

the entrance to which was from his bedroom, he converted it into a cellar, and the quantity of brandy which he had consumed was ascertained.' In truth, as it has been often pointed out, it is impossible to say to what ends these hiding places were occasionally devoted, and there is little doubt but that they were the scenes of some of those thrilling stories upon which many of our local traditions have been founded. The subject, however, is an extensive one, so that in the present paper we can only give an outline of some of the principal instances.

In Clark's *History of Ipswich* (1850) there is an interesting account of 'Sparrow's Hole,' built in the year 1567, in which the following facts are stated: 'There is an apartment in the roof of the back part of the house, the entrance to which was ingeniously hidden by a sliding panel. It has only one small window, and that cannot be seen from any other part of the premises. It had been fitted up as a private chapel or oratory, and there is a tradition that Charles II. was secreted in this room some time after the battle of Worcester.' At Melford Hall, too, in Suffolk, there is a curious hiding place in the thickness of the walls and chimney, approached only through a trap panel. Referring, however, to the concealment of Charles II., we must not omit to mention Boscolt House, which afforded him such a safe retreat. This old building has two other hiding places, and there are indications which point to the former existence of a third. The secret place, we are told by a correspondent of *Notes and Queries*, in which the king was hidden is situated in the Squire's bedroom. There was formerly a sliding panel in the wainscot, near the fireplace, which, when opened, gave access to a closet, the false floor of which still admits of a person taking up his position in this secret nook. In days gone by, it had a communication with the garden, but this is now blocked up. The wainscot, too, which concealed the movable panel in the bedroom was originally covered with tapestry, with which the room was hung. The other chamber is at the



top of the house, in a kind of loft, access to which is through a trap door, wherein, tradition says, recusants and priests were occasionally concealed.

Again, an important instance of these secret chambers is that existing at Ingestone Hall, in Essex, which, it may be remembered, was in years gone by a summer residence belonging to the abbey of Barking. It came with the estate into possession of the family of Petre in the reign of Henry VIII, and continued to be occupied by their family seat until the latter half of the 17th century. The hiding place, which is fifteen feet long, two feet broad, and ten feet high, was discovered in the south east corner of a small room attached to what was probably the host's bedroom. Underneath the floor boards, a hole or trap door about two feet square was found, with a twelve step ladder to descend into the room below, the floor of which was composed of nine inches of dry sand. This, on being examined, brought to light a few bones, which, it has been ascertained, are the remains of food supplied to some unfortunate occupant during confinement. The existence of this retreat, it is said, must have been familiar to the heads of the family for several generations, evidence of this circumstance being afforded by a parchment, on which was found in the secret chamber, and upon which was the following direction: 'For the Right Honorable the Lady Petre, at Ingestone Hall, in Essex.' The words, also, was in a decayed state, and the writing, in an antiquated style, which is only what might be expected, considering that the Petre family left Ingestone Hall between the years 1770 and 1780.

Then there is Handlip House, situated about four miles from Worcester, which was long famous for the ingenuity with which its secret hiding places had been contrived. It is said to have been built in the reign of Queen Elizabeth by John Abington, the queen's confessor, a faithful partisan of Mary Queen of Scots. It is believed, says a writer in the *Beauties of England*, that the person who designed the ingenious means of this mansion was Thomas Abington, the son of the builder. Hence the result of his labours was that there was a secret way of going in and out. Some, for instance, were in chimneys, but places of retreat in their chimneys, others had staircases concealed in the walls, and in short there was not a nook or corner that was not turned to some advantage. The house, too, as a contributor to the *Book of Days* has observed, owing to its elevated position, was highly valuable for the purposes for which it was designed, since 'it afforded the means of keeping a watchful lookout for the approach of the emissaries of the law, or of persons by whom it might have been dangerous for any skulking priest to be seen, supposing his reverence to have gone forth for an hour to take the air.' In an historical point of view, its memory will always be preserved, because it was here that Father Garnet was concealed for several weeks in the winter of 1605-6, but who eventually paid the penalty of his guilty knowledge of the Gunpowder Plot.

Among other houses of this kind in the neighbourhood of Worcester may be mentioned Harington Hall, near Chaddesley Corbett, which dates back as far as the time of Henry VIII.

One of its hiding places, we are told by a correspondent of *Notes and Queries*, 'can only be entered by lifting one of the wooden stairs, and is a very gloomy recess. The house is moated round, and Lady Mary Yate, who is said, as lady of the manor, to have resided here for sixty five years, successfully defended the building against the attack of a Kilderminston mob who had come to pillage it in the time of James II.' There is, too, the interesting half timber house of Harborough Hall, midway between High Wycombe and Kilderminston Milner, in his *Letters to a Peer*, after telling us that 'on two occasions the king (Charles) owed his life to the care and ingenuity of priests, who concealed him in the hiding hole provided for their own safety,' adds in a foot note: 'The above mentioned hiding hole is still to be seen at the present Mr White's house, at Moseley, near Wolverhampton, as is also the priest's hiding hole—which concealed the king, whilst he did not sit in the oak tree—at White Hills, about ten miles from that town.' Again, in the manor house, Trent, near Shelborne, is a secret chamber, entered from one of the upper rooms through a sliding panel in the oak wainscoting, in which, a visitor tells us, Charles II. lay concealed for a fortnight on his escape to the coast after the battle of Worcester. Capt. An Duthy, in his *Sketches of Hampshire*, writing of the old manor of Woodcote, says that 'behind a stack of chimneys, accessible only by removing the floor boards, was an apartment which contained a concealed closet. In one of the neighbouring cottages, it is said to be a good specimen, containing a sleeping place and a reading desk, the chamber being lighted by a shot hole in the wall.

These secret chambers were not uncommon in old Lancashire houses. Thus, at Wilnes, near Warrington, there is a picturesque Tudor mansion with one of these hiding places. Some years ago, too, in some fields adjoining this residence were discovered various relics, and amongst them arms, coins, tobacco pipes, &c., which it has been suggested indicate the campments of Roundhead, and probably afterwards of Dutch, soldiers. At Munsell, in the parish of Kankham, a secret room was accidentally discovered by some workmen behind a stack of chimneys, and another one in an old house in Gosnarth, called Ashes, which has two small cavities in its entire wall, which is about four feet thick. Lydiate Hall, also, as well as Spoke Hall, both in Lancashire, had secret chambers, a full description of which is given by Mr Gibson in his interesting little volume entitled *Lydiate Hall and its Associates*. To these we may also add Borwick Hall, and Stonyhurst, the seat of the Sherbournes.

Amongst the houses of this class in Lincolnshire may be noticed Upton Hall, where there is a secret chamber most cleverly contrived. It is about eight feet long, five feet broad, and just high enough to allow a person to stand upright. The opening was accidentally ascertained by removing a beam behind a single step between two servants' bedrooms. Lapworth, in his *History of Buckinghamshire*, refers to Dinton Hill, near Aylesbury, the seat of Judge Mayne, one of the regicides, to whom it is reported to have given shelter at the time of the Restoration. The secret room was built at the top of the house, under the

beams of the roof, and was reached by a narrow passage lined with cloth. Utton Hall, near Reading, and Minster Lovell, Oxfordshire, have both obtained a notoriety as being possessed of these curious secret contrivances, having in consequence at different times attracted considerable notice.

Referring to instances in the north of England, may be noticed Netherhall, near Macclesport, Cumberland, the seat of the old family of Len house. In this mansion there is reported to be a veritable secret chamber, its exact position in the house being known but to two persons—the heir at law and the family solicitor. It is affirmed that never has the secret of this hidden room been revealed to more than two living persons at a time. It has no window, and has hitherto defied the ingenuity of every visitor staying in the house, in spite of all endeavours made to discover it. This Netherhall tradition is very similar to the celebrated one connected with Glamis, only in the latter case the secret chamber possesses a window, which, nevertheless, has not led to the identification of the room. Hodgson, in his *History of Northumberland*, has given a full account of a secret room at Nether Watton, in Northumberland, formerly the seat of the Thronsons, and now of their lineal descendant, Roger Thornton Trevelyan.

The two secret chambers of Dunby Hill in Wensleydale, Yorkshire, deserve notice. One of these was discovered between the hill fireplace and the west wall of the house, and when cut red, was found to contain arms and saddlery for a troop of forty or fifty horse. It is generally supposed that these weapons had been hidden away in readiness for the Jacobite rising of 1715 or 1745. The other chamber was situated in the upper story of the old tower, access to which was gained by a narrow staircase in the thickness of the wall, having, it is commonly thought, been used as a chapel. There are, too, the Abbey House, Whitby, the seaside residence of Sir Charles Stuckland, and Kirkby Knowle Castle, near Thrusk. Another remarkable instance, also, is Oxburgh Hall, in the county of Norfolk, which no doubt in days of old was extensively used as a place of concealment.

Evelyn, in his *Diary*, under August 23, 1678, speaks of Ham House at Weybridge, in Surrey, belonging to the Duke of Norfolk, as having some of these secret hiding places, and says: "My lord, leading me about the house, made no scruple of showing me all the hiding places for popish priests, and where they said mass, for he was no bigoted papist." Again, Pirhill, near Lindfield, in Sussex, is worthy of notice. It is reported to have been built by Dr Andrew Boorde, physician and jester to Henry VIII, and the original "Merry Andrew." In the ceiling of the ground floor, we are told, is a large chamber, surrounded by a stone bench, which is entered by a trap door in the floor above, and behind the shutters of the window in one of the upper rooms is a door, opening into a recess in the wall capable of containing several persons standing upright side by side.

Sindon House, between Arundel and Chichester, a seat of the present Leake of Balghuam, is one of the most famous residences with secret chambers in this part of the country, and has long been

looked on with much interest. There is, too, a secret room at Moyles Court, the house held by the unfortunate Lady Lask, who, it may be remembered, died on the scaffold at Winchester, on the charge of concealing fugitives after the battle of Bedbar Moor. Nor must we omit to mention Carw Castle, about six miles from Tenby, in which there is a secret hiding place and passage constructed between the outer and inner walls of the dining hall. It was built about the time of Henry I, and is described at some length in Keaton's *Historical Travels through Pembrokeshire*. Of other instances in the west of England, Bochym Castle may be noticed, a curious old house in the district between Helston and the Lizard.—(Any further notes regarding these weirdly interesting 'hiding holes' will be gladly received by us.—Ed. U. I.)

## THE ROSERY FOLK

BY GEORGE MANVILLE FENN

## CHAPTER XVI.—DOCTOR AND FRIEND

A WONDERFUL stillness seemed to have fallen, and not even a bird twittered or uttered a note in the hot midsummer sunshine. Once from the distance came the low soft murmur of the sea, but that died away, and so surely a leaf rustled, so that when the doctor spoke, his firm deep tones sounded as if all nature in that lovely country home were listening to the verdict he was about to deliver to the stricken man.

"James Scarlett," he said firmly, "I held a double position here. I am your old friend—I am your medical man."

"Yes," said Scarlett hoarsely, but without changing his position.

"I am going to speak the simple truth. I am going to hide nothing. I am glad to give you plain facts. Will you trust me?"

"Yes, I always have trusted you."

"Will you believe me? I need not swear?"

"No, Jack, no," said Scarlett, listening, his heart full from his long and fast "I believe your word. I do, indeed."

"You asked me not to know you."

"Yes, for pity's sake, stay."

"I will not know you, and if I can, I'll bring you back to health."

"Yes," said Scarlett, shuddering; "and you will not let them die, me away. Jack!—Kate has been planning it with Arthur—in collusion—and I dare not speak, I should be so violent, and make it worse."

"You shan't be dragged away, old man, and you need not fancy that any such plans are being made."

"Even if it came to the worst, said's all it putifully, 'you could keep me down. O Jack, I could not be true to it, I'd sooner die!'"

"Let me speak out at once, my dear boy," said the doctor. "The terrible shock to your nerves has made you so weak that you fancy all these things. It's the natural outcome of such a state as yours. Now, listen, you said you would believe me."

"Yes, yes, and I will."

"I am glad you have spoken. I knew all this; but I am not sorry you indulged it. You are haunted by a horrible dread that you are about to lose your reason."

'Yes,' moaned Scarlett, 'and it is so hard—so hard!'

'Then you may take this comfort to your heart you are not in the slightest degree likely to become inactive, and, what is more, I am as good as certain that, sooner or later, you will recover your health.'

'Jack!'

'You said that you would trust in me.'

'Yes—I did—and I will try—' said there. I am trying—you see how I am trying. Stand by me, Jack, and help me. Tell me what to do—do you hear? Tell me what to do!'

'I will,' cried he. 'Give me your hand. Stand up—like a man. Now, grasp it firmly firmly, man, a good grip—That's better. Now, listen! What are you to do?'

'Yes, tell me quickly. My own strength is gone.'

'I'll tell you, then,' said the doctor. 'Give yourself up to me as if you were a man who could not swim.'

'Don't talk about the water, Jack. For mercy's sake, don't!'

'I will talk about the water, and you shall listen. Now, then, you must act as if you were helpless and I a strong swimmer. You must trust to me. Recollect, if you stagger and flit against me, you must drown—morally drown. The black waters will close over your spirit, and nothing that I can do will save you. Now, then, drowning man, is it to be trust in the swimmer?—That is right! he cried, as Scarlett placed his hands upon his arm—'that's well. I won't leave you, James Scarlett, till you are sound and strong as I am now!'

The poor fellow made an effort to speak, but the words would not come. He could only gaze wistfully in his friend's face, his wild eyes looking his gratitude, while they seemed to promise the fidelity of a dog.

'That's right, old fellow. Now, we pretty well understand each other, only I've got to preach at you a little. First of all, I must have full confidence, you know. You must come to me with every symptom and sensation.'

'I will tell you everything,' said Scarlett humbly.

'And I would just make up my mind to meet my trouble like a man. You have yours now, and it comes the more painfully after a long course of prosperity and happiness, but even then, old fellow, life is too good a gift to talk of throwing it away.'

Scarlett shuddered, and the doctor watched him narrowly.

'Existence accompanied by a most awful fit of neuralgia would not be pleasant, but all the same I would not refuse it, even with those conditions, for the intervals when the neuralgia is not stinging you are about the most delicious moments by contrast that can be imagined.'

'Yes, yes, of course.'

'Well, then, now let us go and join them on the lawn. What do you say to beginning to fight the nervous foe at once?'

'Yes, at once,' said Scarlett, speaking as if under the influence of the doctor.

'Come along, then, and we shall master the foe yet.'

Scarlett hesitated and hung back, but the

doctor did not speak. He could see that his patient was trying to avoid his eye. Once Scarlett glanced up, but the look was rapid as lightning. He saw that the doctor was watching him, and he avoided his look again instantly, like a schoolboy who had committed some fault. At the end of a minute, though, he gradually raised his eyes again, slowly and furtively, and in a way that troubled the doctor more than he would have cared to own, but he had his consolation directly in finding his patient gazing fully at him at last, Scarlett uttering a low sigh of satisfaction, as if he rejoiced at being in charge of a stronger will than his own, and then, without a word, they moved towards the lawn.

'I must do my bit of fighting too,' said the doctor to himself, as his eyes fell upon Lady Martlett. 'She is very handsome, she knows it, and she wants to make me feel it, but she shall not—Humph! How that fellow Parley hangs about Mrs. Scarlett's side. They can't always be wanting to talk over business matters.'

'Well, James, have you had a pleasant stroll?' said Aunt Sophia, as the two men joined the group.

'Yes—very,' he answered quickly.

'Have you seen how the peaches are getting on upon the little bush?' he continued.

'I? No. I have not been in the peach house for days.'

'You don't go half often enough. Let's go now.'

'What, I? No!—The poor fellow met the doctor's eye, and said hastily, 'Well, yes, I will, aunt—Will you come to, Naomi?'

'O yes,' said she, eagerly.

'Perhaps Lady Martlett will come and see the rosy cheeks and ruddiness of the peach house?' said the doctor half merrily. 'She'll give me such a snub, he liked to himself.'

'Yes, I should like to see them,' said her Ladyship quietly, 'my gardener tells me that they are far more beautiful than mine.'

'I should have thought it impossible,' cried the doctor. 'Your Ladyship's wealth and position ought to be able to secure for you every thing.'

'But it does not,' retorted Lady Martlett, 'not even such a simple thing as defence or respect.'

'Ah, but money could not buy those—at least not genuine, sterling qualities of that kind, Lady Martlett,' said the doctor, as they moved towards the end of the garden.

'So it seems, Doctor Sirs.'

'There are some people who even have the impertinence to look down upon the rich who do not carry their honours with graceful humility.'

'How dares he speak to me like this?' thought Lady Martlett, 'but I'll humble him yet.'

'Let me see,' she replied coolly, 'what do you call that class of person—a radical, is it not?'

'Yes, I suppose that is the term.'

'And I understand that these are radicals of all kinds in politics; in those who pass judgment on social behaviour, and even in medicine.'

'That's a clever thrust,' thought the doctor. 'Just so, Lady Martlett, and I am one of the radicals in medicine.'

'Of course, then, not in social matters, Doctor Scatchers?'

'Will your Ladyship deign to notice the tints upon these peaches?' said the doctor earnestly—'Here is one, he continued, lowering his voice, that seems as if it had been mellowing you, when your cheek is flushed with the exercise of riding, and you imperiously command the first poor wretch who passes your way to open the gate.'

'The peach has look very fine,' replied the lady sleepily, refusing to notice the remark—'much finer than mine, Mrs Scatchers. My head-gardener says that some disease has attacked the leaves.'

'You should invite Doctor Scatchers over to treat the ailment,' said Aunt Sophia archly—'My dear James, what is the matter?'

'It is too bad—it is disagreeable!' cried Scatchers, stamping his foot—'because I am weak and ill, every one imposes on me. That old second-hand lecture, looking awfully ill.'

'What! Monks! cried Aunt Sophia—'Yes—Oh, here you are!' he said more angrily—'Look, Kate, you ought to be more particular.'

'What is wrong, dear?' exclaimed Mrs Scatchers, and as she entered the peach-house, clearly followed by Fanny.

'Everything is wrong,' cried the unhappy man again, as he walked in—'I cannot bear it! I hurried from the peach-house, followed by the doctor, who threatened me with diseases.'

'The physician such a state!' It is too bad! I act such a part by the peach.'

'And I set such a store by your recovery, all I flew, said the doctor—'That was a wretched fit of temper, but it's over now. Don't worry about it, man, and now go and lie down till dinner-time.'

'No—no, I have no wish to—' 'What! what I say—yes, you have, my dear Sir. Come a quiet nap till dinner-time, and then you will have finished this petty trouble, and be fresh and cool.'

CHAPTER XVII—MR SCATCHERS HAS ADVERTISEMENTS

A couple of months had passed

'Mr Scatchers wants to speak to you, ma'am,' said Fanny, and Aunt Sophia jumped up in a pet—'What does he want now? This is four times he has been down this month. What is he?'

'In the study, ma'am. He wouldn't come in here.'

Aunt Sophia entered the study to find quite a strong odour in the room. It was something between lemon-scented perfume and musk, and as soon as she noticed it, she began to sniff, with the result that the lawyer's man, so often in his office, so walk outside, began to turn.

'Well, Mr Scatchers,' said Aunt Sophia, 'have you sold those consols for me?'

'Yes, ma'am, as you insisted, but you'll excuse me, I'm sure, when I tell you that—'

'That, there, there, man! I know what you are going to say, but it is my own money, and I shall do with it what I please, and—' 'Smiff, smiff, smiff.' 'What's that? It smells so strong?'

'Strong, ma'am, strong!' said Mr Scatchers, wiping his brow, for Aunt Sophia had a peculiar effect upon him, causing him to glow most about the

palms of his hands and dew to form upon his temples.

'Why, it's that handkerchief, man, and you've been putting scent upon your hair!'

'Well, a little, ma'am, just a little,' replied Scatchers, with a smile that was more indicative of feebleness than strength—'I was coming into the country, you see, and, them!—sweets! the sweets!'

'Stuff!—Now about that money.'

'There's the cheque, ma'am, and Mr Scatchers, taking out his pocket-book, 'but I give it to you with regret, and let me beg of you, my dear madam, to be guided by me.'

'That will do, Scatchers. I know what I'm about, and now, I suppose you have some eligible investment to propose?'

'Well, no, my dear madam, no. Things are very quiet. Money's cheap as dirt.'

'My I ask, then, why you have come down?'

'I have—the cheque, my dear madam.'

'But it very well have come by post, Mr Scatchers.'

'Yes, but I was anxious to see and hear about how poor Scatchers is getting on, to say a few words of condolence to Mrs Scatchers. I esteem them both very highly, Mrs Raleigh, I do indeed.'

'Dear me! Ah!' said Aunt Sophia, 'and—' 'Still I finish for you, Scatchers?'

'I wish for me, my dear madam? I do not understand.'

'Then I will, Scatchers, you thought that if you came down and I might the cheque, you might perhaps see my niece?'

'My dear madam! My dear Mrs Raleigh! Really, my dear madam!'

'Don't be a shrew, Scatchers. Own it like a man!'

Mr Scatchers looked helplessly at the room, as if in search of help—even of an open door through which he could escape, but there was none, and whenever he looked straight before him, there was the unrelenting eye of the elderly maiden fixed upon him, and seeming to read him through and through. He wished that he had not come, he wished that he could bring his office all misery down with him, he wished that he could make Aunt Sophia quiet, as he could his clerks, but all in vain. Aunt Sophia, to use her own words, could turn him round her finger when she had him there, and let her griped out.

'Well—there—I'll be honest about it. I did—'

'I didn't need telling, interrupted Aunt Sophia. 'I'll have, Scatchers, I could even tell you what you are thinking now.'

'( ) nonsense, ma'am—nonsense!'

'O yes, I could!' retorted Aunt Sophia sharply—'You were thinking that I was a wretched old thing, and you wished I was dead!'

'Wrong!' cried Scatchers triumphantly, and speaking in a low tone—'I'll own to the difficulty; but never to the wishing, you did!'

'Why, you know you think she'll have my money, Scatchers?'

'Neither your money, ma'am!' cried the stock-broker sharply—'I've got plenty of my own, and can make more, and as to yours—why, if it hadn't been for me, you wouldn't have a penny. It would be all one in our swindling Company. —I—I beg your pardon, Mrs Raleigh, I—ah—really—ah—I'm afraid I rather forgot myself—'



'You're quite right, Saxby, quite right,' said Aunt Sophia quickly. 'I'm afraid I am a very stupid, unimproved woman over money matters, and you have saved me several times—But now about Naomi. Whatever is it you want?'

'What do I want?' repeated Saxby. 'Yes. Why do you come hanging about here like this? Do you want to marry the girl?'

'Will—er—yes, my dear madam, to be candid, that is what I thought. For ever since the day when I first met—'

'Thank you that will do, Saxby. Rhymes do sound such silly stuff to people at my age. Really, if you talk like that, I shall feel as if it would be an indulgence to come to consult you on business.'

'But really, my dear madam—'

'Yes,' said Aunt Sophia, interrupting, 'I know. Will, then, we dispense with you like her?'

'I like her, madam? I would like her!'

'No, don't, my good man. Let's be sensible, if we can. My niece Naomi is a very nice, sensible, good girl.'

'She's an angel, ma'am!'

'No, she is not,' said Aunt Sophia stiffly, 'and so the man who marries her will find she's only a nice English girl, and I don't want her feelings hurt by my own.'

'Miss Raleigh, it would be my duty to protect her in every way.'

'If you had the opportunity, my good man. As it happens, I must speak plainly to you, and tell you that I am afraid she has formed an attachment to Mr Pringle.'

'To him?—to Mr Pringle?'

'Now, look here, Mr Saxby, if you are going to act sensibly, I'll talk to you, if you are going on like that, I've done. This is not part of a plan.'

'Yes, ma'am, it is,' returned Saxby dutifully, 'the tragedy of my life.'

'Now, don't let a goose, Sax! If the girl likes somebody else better than you, don't be making yourself miserable about it. Have some common sense.'

'There's no common sense in love.'

Aunt Sophia looked at him in a half-pitying, half-contemptuous manner. 'It isn't very deep, is it?' she said good-humouredly.

'I don't know,' he replied, 'only, that somehow she's seemed to me to be like the flowers, and when I've gone to my office every morning, I've bought a rose or something of that kind, and put it in water, and it's been company to me, as if she was there all the time. And now, after what you've told me, ma'am, I don't think I shall ever buy a rose again. He got up, walked to the window and looked out, so that Aunt Sophia should not see his face.

'Poor fellow!' she whispered softly to herself.—'Mr Pringle has not spoken to Naomi yet,' said Aunt Sophia at last.

'Does he—does he—care for her very much?'

Aunt Sophia hesitated for a few moments, and then seemed to make up her mind. 'I don't know,' she replied, 'but I'll speak plainly to you, Saxby, for I like you.'

'You—Miss Raleigh—you—like—me?'

'Yes. Why shouldn't I?'

'Because—because—'

'Yes, I know. Because you opposed me sometimes. Well, a woman likes to be opposed. Some stupid people say that a woman likes to have her own way in everything. It isn't true.'

'But don't raise my hopes, Miss Raleigh—don't, pray, if there's no chance for me.'

'I'm not going to raise your hopes—not much. I shall only say to you, that I am sorry about my niece's leaving, and that perhaps, after all, it is but a girlish fancy. If I were a man—'

'Yes, Miss Raleigh, if you were a man.'

'And cared for a woman, I should never have let up till I saw that my case was quite hopeless.'

'Miss Raleigh,' cried the stockbroker excitedly, 'your words are like fresh air in a hot office. One thinks more clearly, life seems better worth living for, and there's a general rise of one's mental stock all over a fellow's market—Might I kiss your hand?'

'Certainly not, but you may behave sensibly. Stop down a day or two, and see how the land lies.'

'My I?'

'Yes, I'll answer for your welcome—And now, mind this. I'm not going to interfere with my niece and her likes and dislikes, but let me give you a bit of advice.'

'If you would!' exclaimed Saxby.

'Then don't go about behaving like a bull-goose. Women don't care for such weak silly creatures. Naomi is naturally weak, and what she looks for in a man is strength both in brain and body.'

'Yes, I see,' sighed the love-lorn Saxby. 'I understand stocks and shares, but I don't understand women.'

'Of course, you don't. No man yet ever did, not even Solomon, with all his experience, and no man ever will.'

'But I thought, Miss Raleigh—I hoped—'

'Well, what do you think and hope?'

'That you might help me—as an old and trustworthy friend—about Miss Naomi.'

'Why, bless the boy—man, I mean—if I were to tell Naomi to love you, or that she was to be your wife, she'd do as all girls do.'

'What is that, Miss Raleigh?'

'What's that? Why, go off at a tangent, whatever that may be, and marry Pringle at once!'

'Ah, yes, I suppose so,' filtered Saxby.

'Well, well, pluck up your spurs, man, and let me see what you are at your office. I do trust you, Saxby, and to show you my confidence, I'll tell you frankly that I should be deeply grieved if anything came of her leaving you under that smooth, good-looking fellow—There, what stuff I am talking. You ought to be able to get on without advice from me.' With these words Aunt Sophia smiled and nodded her head at the stockbroker, after which she walked out of the room.

#### CHAPTER XVIII.—ALTHOUGH AN OLD MAID.

'Well, doctor?'

'Well, Miss Raleigh?'

'You do not bring him round?'

'I don't. He is worried mentally, too, and I can't get at his complaint.'

'Why not take him away, and give him a complete change?'

Doctor Scates injured John Monnick's beautiful turf, that he had been at such trouble to make grow under the big mulberry tree, by suddenly screwing round his garden seat, to stare at Aunt Sophia's face. 'I say,' he exclaimed, 'are you a reader of thoughts or a propheticess?'

'Nathu! Why?'

'Because you are proposing what I have planned.'

'Indeed! Well, is it not a good proposal?'

'Excellent, but he will not listen to it. He dare not go outside the place, he says, and I believe that at first he would suffer terribly, for it is quite shocking how weak his nerves have become. He has a horror of the most trivial things, and above all, there is something troubling the brain.'

'What can it be?' asked Aunt Sophia.

'Well—— I'm speaking very plainly to you, Miss Raleigh.'

'Of course. We trust each other, doctor.'

'Exactly. Well, in a case like this, it is only natural that the poor fellow should feel his position deeply, and be troubling himself about his wife.'

'But she seems to be most attentive to him.'

'O yes, she never neglects him,' replied the doctor, hurriedly going into another branch of his subject. 'His money affairs, too, seem to worry him a great deal, and I know it causes him intense agony to be compelled by his weakness to leave so much to other hands.'

'But his cousin—Mr. Pringle—seems to be directing himself heart and soul to their management.'

'O yes, he seems indefatigable, and Mrs. Scullitt is always watching over his interests, but no man can find an adequate substitute for himself.'

Aunt Sophia watched her companion anxiously, asking herself what he really thought, and then half bitterly reflecting how very shallow after all their trust was of each other upon this delicate question of James Scullitt's health. As she looked, she could not help seeing that the doctor's eyes were fixed upon hers with a close scrutiny and it was with almost a malicious pleasure that she said quietly a few words, and watched the result. 'You know, I suppose, that Lady Maitlett is coming here to dinner this evening?'

'Coming here? To dinner? This evening?'

'Yes. Is there anything so wonderful in that?'

'O no, of course not. Only—that is—I am a little surprised.'

'I don't see why you should be surprised. Lady Maitlett always made a great friend of Mrs. Scullitt, from the time she first came down.'

'Yes, I think I have heard so. Of course, there is nothing surprising, except in their great diversity of tastes.'

'Extremes meet, doctor,' said Aunt Sophia smiling, 'and that will be the case when you take her Ladyship down to dinner.'

'I? Take her down?—No, not I,' said Scates quickly. 'In fact, I was thinking of running up to town to-day. There is an old friend of mine, who has studied nervous diseases a great

deal in the Paris hospitals, he is over for a few weeks, and I thought I would consult him.'

'At the expense of running away, and making it appear to be because Lady Maitlett is coming to dinner?'

'Oh, but that idea would be absurd!'

'I don't know that, doctor, because, you see, it would be so true. There, there, don't look cross. I am not an obstinate patient. Why, doctor, are you afraid of her?'

'No, I am more afraid of myself,' he retorted bitterly, 'and I have some pain, Mrs. Raleigh.'

'Too much—far too much—Do you know, doctor, I am turning match-maker in my old age?'

'A worthy pursuit, if you could make good matches.'

'Well, would it not be a good one between you and Lady Maitlett?'

'Admirable!' he cried, in a bitterly ironical tone. 'The union of a wealthy woman, who has a right to make a brilliant contract with some one of her own class, to a beautiful, penniless doctor, whose head is full of absurd crochets. Miss Raleigh, Miss Raleigh, what is your determination?'

'In my brain, I suppose,' replied Aunt Sophia; 'though I do not see how that portion of our organization can make plans and plots.'

'Then you are plotting and planning to marry me to Lady Maitlett?'

'It is not I, doctor,' said Aunt Sophia. 'You would cut the union your doctor. She is very fond of you.'

'If it is I, I'm, had the doctor harshly.

'And you think her the most attractive woman you ever saw?'

'Granted. But that does not prove that I love her. No, I love my profession. James Scullitt's health is my idol, until I have cured him—if I ever do. Then I shall look out for another patient, Mrs. Raleigh.'

'It is my turn now to laugh, doctor. Why, what a transparent man you are!'

'I hope so, he replied.

'But you will stay to dinner this evening?'

'No, madam, I shall go to town.'

'You will not?' said Aunt Sophia, smiling.

'It would be too cowardly of you.'

'No, no, I must go,' he hid instead. 'She would make me her slave, and trample upon my best interests. It would not do, Mrs. Raleigh. As it is, I am free. Poor enough, heaven knows! but independent, and—I hope—a gentleman.'

'Of course,' said Aunt Sophia gravely.

'Granting that I could win her—the idea seems contemptible presumption—what would follow? In her eyes, as well as in those of the whole world, I should have sacrificed my independence. I should have degraded myself, and in place of being spoken of in future as a slightly clever, eccentric doctor, I should sink into a successful fortune hunter—a man admitted into the society that reserves his wife, as her typhoid would be, at the end of a string. I couldn't do it, my dear madam, I could not bear it, for the galling part would be that I deserted my late.'

'I hope you do not exaggerate your patient's cases as you do your own, doctor.'

'No exaggeration, my dear madam. Take



another side of the question. Suppose I did sink my praise—suppose my Lady did condescend from her high pedestal to put a collar round my neck—how then? What should I be worth, leading such a lapping existence? What would become of my theories, my efforts to make discoveries in our grand profession? Oh, Mrs Riddle, Mr Raleigh, I did think I had won some little respect from you! What would you say if you saw me lower myself to such an extent as that?

Aunt Sophia smiled. 'There will be some thing extremely dull to a bystander, if he heard all this. You talking of stooping.'

'Well, would it not be?' he cried.

'With some women, yes, but you don't yet know Lady Marlett—Oh, most apropos she has come early, so as to have a pleasant dinner without form. Doctor Seely, you are too late, you will have to stay.'

### A DANCING EPIDEMIC

In this country, the tarantella is only known as one of those coquetish dances introduced on the stage from Italy, and in its native land, is a dance performed by the peasants to the accompaniment of the tambour. But if this were all that the name recalls, it would scarcely be worthy of notice in a paper, except by those who are devoted to the tripe-trac-art. Connected as is the tarantella with one of the strangest epidemics the dancing mania, formerly believed to have resulted from the bite of the tarantula spider, it offers us many points of interest, not only as a medical study, but also as an episode in popular history.

As the monks hid their Orphic us, who, by his musical powers, was said to be able to enchant not only living creatures, but even stones and stones, so have the Italians, or rather they had, their tarantellable, or dancing mania, whose victims danced to the sound of music until they fell exhausted, and then—danced again. The disease is known as tarantismus, and is commonly connected with that peculiar nervous affection commonly called St. Vitus's dance.

The last run of civilisation and of the inner life of the human race is often called a time to spend on the origin of diseases, which so both is involved in obscurity, and which conceals fire the observer when they have attained their full strength, or when they have found complete ascendancy over men's minds and bodies. Italy in the early middle ages has been the theatre of many terrible epidemics. The crusades, for example, brought the Italian plague, and between 1119 and 1340, no fewer than sixteen visitations of that fearful malediction were recorded. The misery resulting therefrom was incalculable, the victims countless, scarcely did the country seem to recover from one attack, when another came and overwhelped it. It appeared as if the Italians were to be wiped off the face of the earth. To all these must be reckoned those pestilential diseases, wars, rebellious conspiracies, murders, consequent on the jealousy or ambition of the various petty states into which the peninsula was divided. Then in 1348, as if these disasters were not enough, came the dreaded Black Death, and after that, a famine. These fearful scourges doubtless troubled men's minds, working up their nerves to an

unhealthy pitch, and these not the nerves of a phlegmatic northern race, but of those excitable children of the sun, the people of Southern Italy. Always a finely strung race, and at this time involved in gross ignorance and superstition, they were just ripe for a nervous epidemic.

All history is full of the great events which the smallest, the most trivial circumstances may call forth. Though the exact circumstances under which this epidemic arose are involved in mystery, yet we may probably safely assume that they were in some way or other connected with a common earth spider, the tarantula. Even staid, sober people do not, as a rule, willingly handle an earth spider, whilst finely strung individuals would think of such a proceeding with the utmost horror. It does not require a very lively imagination to conceive that some excitable Italian, believing his people given over to the sway of Avarice, the Angel of Death, might innocently enough take the lead in this nervous epidemic, for which a whole nation was ripe. Perhaps accidentally bitten by one of these loathsome spiders, he would work himself up to such a pitch that he would think himself possessed. Though the late itself might not be dangerous—and indeed modern research has shown that it is not—yet the diabolical influence after its bite would make it dangerous in the extreme. We may probably as most of the victims of this epidemic were women—safely assume that this first bitten individual was in hysterical terror, and then we have all the preliminaries necessary for the explanation of the origin of the disease. When this hysterical female was bitten, imagination would perform the rest, it would play the principal rôle, and it would make the disease epidemic.

The earliest mention of tarantismus is found in the works of Nicolas Perotti, who died in 1480. It appeared first in Apulia, and at the time of this author, seems to have fairly well established itself as a disease in that province. It is spoken of as having been produced by the bite of the wolf spider, an earth species of light brown colour, with black stripes, known to a name as the *Lycosa tarantula Apulica*. This creature is found generally distributed throughout Italy and Spain, and many an old traveller has told wonderful stories of the effect of its bite, which was accounted as poisonous. The part bitten, according to the common belief, became swollen, and smothered the victim became low spirited, troubled, and was anxious, he was troubled with nausea, giddiness, and at length fell down in a swoon. All external circumstances powerfully affected him, he was easily excited to fury or depressed to melancholy, and behaved generally as an hysterical subject would do. The strangest effect, or rather supposed effect, of the bite was the behaviour of the patient at the sound of music, for he immediately rose and danced as madly as do the wild people in the fairy tale at the sound of the hero's enchanted pipe. However the patient may have been affected at the outset, he seems invariably to have fallen into a swoon—the result of nervous exhaustion—from which music and music only could rouse him, but neither music nor any other remedy could permanently cure him.

Poisonous spiders were supposed by the ancients



to have been common enough, but they do not seem to have recorded the supposed effects of their bite. In fact, they appear to have reserved them as *Des ex machina* to bring about the denouement of a much involved popular tale. The absence, however, of particular descriptions of the disease called tarantismus will not furnish us with proofs either one way or the other as to its existence or non-existence, for, in early times, all those who suffered from strange or little understood mental or nervous diseases were roughly classed together as unfortunates suffering from the touch of Satan. Hence, in the fifteenth century, we suddenly come upon a full description of tarantismus as a common and widely spread disease. In the next century, Flacastro, a celebrated physician, relates that his steward having been bitten in the neck by the tarantula or some other creature, fell down in a death-like stupor, but when he gave him the remedies then in vogue for plague and hydrophobia, he recovered.

Meanwhile, tarantismus passed the boundaries of Apulia, and shortly afterwards there was scarcely a corner of Italy where it was not too well known. As it spread, it obtained more believers, and the more evidence it obtained, the more vigour it attacked. This alone would tend to prove that the disease depended greatly on its existence on the power of the imagination. For example, as we suppose, it was the hysterical temperaments which suffered, for dull heavy louts are rarely subject to afflictions of the nerves.

Of course ordinary medical treatment failed to touch the disease, and this of itself would tend to exaggerate its power and frequency. Nothing brought relief but lively dance music, and of this the old tunes *La Pastorale* and *La Turcolta* were the most efficacious, the former for phlegmatic, the latter for excitable temperaments. When these tunes were played with contrabasses and fiddle, the effect was magical. The tarantuli danced energetically until they fell down exhausted. Old and young, male and female, healthy and infirm, by using dancing like machines, worked by steam. Old writers would have us believe that even old cripples threw away their crutches and danced with the best. Hysterical females were the principal victims. Old ailments were forgotten, propriety of time and place, sacred and soul and body, they dissolved themselves up to this dancing frenzy. They shrieked, they wept, they laughed, they sang, all the time dancing like bacchantes or fauns, till at last they fell down listless in perspiration and utter helplessness. If the music continued, they at length arose and danced again, until once more they fell prostrate. These fits seem to have continued two or three days, sometimes four, or even six, for the relief seems to have been in direct ratio to the amount lost by perspiration. When the tarantant had by this means recovered, he or she remained free from the disease until the approach of the warm weather of the next year, and then was again involved in the same manner. Once a tarantant, however, always a tarantant, one woman is mentioned as being subject to these attacks for thirty summers.

We have described the commoner symptoms of tarantismus. Sometimes, however, the effects of the disease were ludicrous or curious enough. Black or sombre colours were generally obnoxious,

producing extreme melancholy, whilst scarlet or green, and occasionally blue, was much liked. When a person was under the influence of the paroxysm, and an object of the favourite colour approached, the tarantant rushed to it, fondled it, kissed it, embraced it, whether it was a human being or an inanimate object. The patient was, in fact, entirely given up to a love frenzy for this object, which was sometimes, as may be supposed, inconvenient enough, and yet nothing but physical impossibility could prevent these results. On the contrary, objects of the hated colours produced extreme melancholy, and not infrequently brought on stupor. Some tarantants affected churches and cemeteries; others were fascinated by the passing bell. Another class conceived a passion for the sea, and would rush into its waves, whilst others of these wretched lovers would carry about with them a glassful of the brilliant liquid, and would strive to the utmost not to spill the smallest drop, even when dancing, while, if they did not succeed in this gymnastic feat, they were seized with melancholy.

It was at length quite a profession to travel through the country in the early summer to cure the tarantanti. A pipe, a tambourine, and a knowledge of the favourite dance tunes, were all that was necessary. When the musicians arrived at a town or village, if it, known as the women's carnival, was held. Every body braved down to the spot where the dancing was going on, and the mere sight of the frequently so excited spectators, that the few who had never been suspected of tarantismus, would suddenly join in the procession, and become tarantanti for life. And thus this epidemic went on increasing, until few persons could claim to be entirely exempt, and itily spread in districts of beautiful nature, if financial by the end of the century. But though the symptoms were distressing and marked enough while they lasted, yet the disease was harmless enough on the whole, for it is supposed that the mortality attending tarantismus never exceeded one in five hundred.

It was in the seventeenth century that the tarantismus epidemic reached its fullest development and its greatest extension, and then, as if by magic, it was out of fashion, as suddenly as a game of milliards, for there is a fashion in disease as well as in the cut of a garment. No one was attacked, people wondered that such things had been possible, and they wondered still more that they themselves had taken part in the. So thorough the change in this respect, that, in the eighteenth century, doctors began to entertain doubts as to whether the disease had ever existed, and in our own days the name tarantismus scarcely calls up an idea except as connected with the antiquarian dances of the present in her picturesque Italian costume to the accompaniment of the tambourine. Nor was it in Italy alone while this dancing mania lasted, for even the staid German at one time, no way to it.

From the description, it will be seen that tarantismus was a peculiar and by no means development of the disease known as the *St. Vitus's dance*, for, as might be expected, so far as the tarantula spider is concerned, the whole belief is a myth, an old wives' fable. Though it may not be pleasant to be bitten by one of these creatures,

yet it is comforting to learn that at least the bite is no more noxious than that of the ordinary spider. We must therefore look for the origin of the disease in the state of the nerves. In an excitable, nervous temperament, worked to the highest pitch by brooding over diseases which had cut men down like grass before the mower, say the, a trivial circumstance, such as the bite of an insect, may have an important result. It only requires a number of nervous, hysterical individuals to be in sympathy one with another to produce ridiculous results, then if, during the frenzy, one of these finds himself bitten or stung by some noxious creature, all the others immediately assume that they too are bitten or stung, community of suffering must have a common cause, say they.

It is probable that practical modern men and women will at once say 'Oh, this is all a myth, tarantulas never did exist—or we should see examples of it to-day.' But is the disease unknown to the modern practitioner? Surely not. It is infrequent, it is true, but several cases have been reported in the medical literature of the day, and the jumping rage of the Scotch is certainly a similar disease. The more healthy accompaniments of modern life and our greater knowledge naturally has a tendency to prevent such hysterical attacks, but it is all there, the subject is worthy our notice. Perhaps the dancing or jumping, the quivering, or quaking, which occurs during the worship of some of our religious communities, Christian as well as heathen, may be more nearly connected with tarantulas than is generally supposed. The excitement is there, and excitement is contagious.

## MISS RIVERS'S REVENGE

### IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

It will simplify matters if I say at once that I am a strange girl. After this confession, you will be more inclined to believe that my story is a true one, and, it may be, condemn my conduct less. If your self-dish and gold-mothers think fit to give you a strange name, they can scarcely expect you to be exactly the same as other people, and the name some one chooses to christen me by is a strange one. 'Heritage' is certainly not in common use, although, when one gets accustomed to it, it sounds soft and rather pretty, especially so when coupled with my surname 'Heritage Rivers' is not at all bad.

I am quite sure that in most instances people's natures accommodate themselves to their names. Nearly all the Lucys I have known have been fair and romantic, nearly all the Jams and Susans homely and fond of house-keeping. A girl's career seems often to be settled by her name, so, having no precedent to show me what the owner of the name of Heritage should be like, I do not plead it as an excuse for my peculiarities of disposition. Nevertheless, I am not called upon to detect my mental qualities for the benefit of the inquisitive, so shall only say that one of my chief characteristics is that of being a good hater. I like and respect a good hater. No doubt, it is unchristianlike, but it is so natural I am not ashamed to say that if people injure me,

I don't forget or forgive until I feel I am about even with them. Of course, if any one who had wronged me asked forgiveness, I should forgive freely enough—I don't see how that can be avoided—but I should never be eager to do my enemy a good turn unless I felt quite sure of keeping coals of fire upon his head! Now you know what manner of being I am, and very dreadful the description looks as I write it, so dreadful, that I am obliged to comfort myself by thinking of the reverse of the picture—that I can be as true a friend as an enemy.

It is not so many years ago that I, Heritage Rivers, a slim girl of seventeen, left school, and stepped out into the grown-up world to meet what fate awaited me. For the time, my only idea was to enjoy my freedom. It was delightful to think that mistakes and mistakes were finished and done with for ever and a day. So I brule them a glad adieu, and went down into the country to stay with an aunt of mine, and for several weeks rolicked in sunshine and liberty. Then, in accordance with a solemn promise, I spent some little time with an old school friend—one like myself, just emaniputed. Her people lived at Twickenham, in a delicious old house with a large garden. I was made heartily welcome. The mother took me to her heart, as her daughter's dearest friend. The father, a kindly, gay, kind man, with literary tastes and pursuits, was kindness and politeness itself, whilst Clara Ramsay's brothers were in an hour my devoted slaves and lovers. Surrounded by such pleasant attentions, I began to realise the fact that I was now a grown-up young lady, not altogether unattached, and to value myself accordingly.

As the Ramsays were quiet people and kept little company, in an announcement made by Mr. Rum to that a dinner party was projected, was sufficient to stir our hearts. For several days before it took place, we discussed again and again the merits of the guests who were to be present. As Clara knew them all except one, her interest was excited on the probable appearance of this gentleman. As even mamma did not know him, all information respecting him must be extracted from Mr. Ramsay, whose friend he was. Girls being inquisitive creatures, Clara, at breakfast time, egged on by me, began her inquiries.

'Who is Mr. Vincent Hope, papa?'

'A friend of mine my dear. A very clever young man, who will one day, I think, be a most distinguished member of society.'

So far as it went, this reply was satisfactory, but we wanted a categorical testimonial, not a general one.

'How will he distinguish himself?' asked Mrs. Rivers.

'He is a rising author—little known as yet; but all that must come.'

'O dear!' sighed Clara plaintively, 'I know exactly the sort of man I have seen so many of them here. Of course he wears spectacles!'

I don't think he does—or if so, I never noticed them,' replied Mr. Ramsay.

'You never notice anything you ought to, papa, but he is sure to have a horrid beard—unkempt and uncared for. They all have.'

'He has no beard, I fancy,' answered Mr. Ramsay unhesitatingly.

'Is he good looking and nice?' demanded the audacious Clara.

Mr Ramsay looked much amused at his daughter's question. 'I find him nice,' he said. 'But what a chat of a girl like you may find him, is another matter—a very small matter. I should think that most people would call him extremely good looking.'

'Is he dark or fair—tall or short?'

'My dear girl, I shall answer no more questions about him. Why don't you consult the discretion of Miss Raver, who seems free from your father's anxiety?'

I blushed at such undeserved praise, whilst Clara, to show her opinion of my false pretences, nudged me under the table.

Although Mr Ramsay would tell us nothing more, we, in our idle moments, which were many, speculated a great deal as to the probable personal appearance of Mr Vincent Hope. I had a certain right to feel some anxiety about the matter, as it transpired that it would be my lot to be taken to dinner by him, therefore it was a great comfort to me to hear he wore neither spectacles nor hair.

'I know he will be delightful!' cried Clara. 'I feel sure the whole matter is arranged by fate. Of course he will fall in love with you at once. Who could help doing, so? You will look so nice, Heritage!'

This is the way in which I flesh young women chatter at times.

It would be my first dinner party—an ordeal always trying to a young girl. Anyway, I decided it. In spite of Clara's well meant compliments, my mind was not easy. I trusted the appearance I should present. My new dress, I fancied, fitted me fairly, and I was haunted by a premonition that my hands and the backs of my arms were destined to grow crimson. So distressing were my fears, that, as the hour approached, I would fain rush into the joint bed-chamber, who, not being admitted to the feast, had gone off for a jolly long row on the river—to get out of it all, they said!

As I dressed myself, I wondered whether I should quite know what to eat, what to drink, and above all, at any one should dare to speak to me, what to talk about. Perhaps, I thought, all this comes instinctively. If, happily, such is the case, could it be possible, as Clara boldly predicted, that I should carry the little world by storm? I took one last glance at the mirror. After all, I don't look so very much amiss. Then, a few minutes before the hour struck, I entered the drawing-room, feeling almost unshaken.

The guests arrived—two by two. 'Like our milk going into the ark,' whispered Clara, who, having seen a little more society than I had, seemed quite at her ease. Mr Vincent Hope, as became a distinguished man, was late. At last, it was not until a few moments before dinner was announced that Mr Ramsay brought a gentleman to me and presented him. We went to each other, then, taking his arm, I joined the procession to the dining-room. Of course I dropped my fan, or something, by the way. This necessitated my cavalier's stooping down to recover possession of it, thereby delaying all the couples behind us for a moment or two. I was beginning badly. We sank into our appointed places, and as the

soup was being handed round, Mr Hope addressed a few ordinary remarks to me. Then I began to realise how shy—how stupid a person I was. The only words my foolish tongue seemed capable of forming were 'Yes' and 'No.' Connected words had left me for an indefinite period. I felt my conversational shortcomings so acutely, that it was some little while before I was able to look at my neighbour, except furtively and timidly. He was tall, I knew, that fact had made itself manifest as we walked arm in arm. I had also received a sort of impression that he was good looking. At last, when able to really look at him, I found that Mr Ramsay's account, so far as it went, was a true one. The young man was undoubtedly handsome. His eyes—the feature a woman first looks at—were good, grey, I decided, with dark lashes. His face was pale, and bore a look of refinement. His forehead was high—not too high—and his chin was large, and gave him the appearance of possessing considerable force of character. Above all, his nose was straight, and his hands well shaped. Twenty minutes I should have guessed his age. All together, a very creditable young man. I had been kind in selecting this companion for me, if only I could find something to talk about—a nothing so gifted a creature as he was reported to be would not be bored with Alice, for me, the conversation itself seemed to have become suddenly barren of flowers of speech—not even a bud was left! Yet amongst people with whom I am at home, I had never yet been accused of stupidity.

For some short time the lady on the other side of him saved me. She appeared to know him, and complimented him on the success of an article in one of the reviews, which she attributed to him. He thanked her for her praise, spoke a few words on neutral subjects, then, as I suppose, in duty bound, turned to me and recommenced conversation in five minutes. I positively hated myself until Mr Vincent Hope! It may be kind to me to bring an intellect down to the level of the instance, I call it contempt! If, in spite of my elaborate new dress, he could not help seeing I was but a school-girl, was there any reason why he should so plainly show me he saw it? Was there any reason why he should quite change the number of his discourses as he glanced his listener—should talk to me in a way he evidently thought suited to my caliber? If he meant it kindly, what right had he to think I should esteem it kindness? I dare say I deserved nothing more, but who was he to judge of my deserts? It inflamed my vanity, and destroyed any self-confidence I was beginning to feel. The worst of it was, he meant no rudeness. He did not even pretend to patronise me, he simply chose to talk upon subjects which he was pleased to think were well within my limited range. It was mortifying! I twisted up my dinner napkin under the table, as a sort of vent to my vexation. Soon I grew desperate. I would show this man I was not the name, empty-headed school-girl he fancied me, or I would perish in the attempt. My fluency of speech came back as suddenly as it left me. On my own account, I began to talk—of topics about which I knew nothing—of places I had never visited—of people I had never seen—and of books I had never read. He seemed amused at my new departure, and, I flattered myself, tried

to lead me on to talk. So talk I did, and thought no evil. It was not until I had once or twice gone completely out of my depth, right over head and shoulders, and was compelled to flounder back as best I could, that I fancied the wretched man was laughing at me—not openly, of course, his manner was politeness itself. Yet I had an unpleasant suspicion that more than once I had made myself an idiot in his eyes. I positively detest people who have the misfortune to see me at a disadvantage, so, when I rose with the rest of the women and left the table, I felt that it would have been a great satisfaction to have given Mr Vincent Hope's broad shoulders a Puthran stab with a dessert fork. I had not been a success, and, what was worse, I knew it!

It was dull work in the drawing room. The women were strangers to me, and talked about their own and their friends' affairs, in none of which I had the slightest interest. It was very hot too. I peeped out of the window, and saw the garden looking most tempting in the light of a lovely autumnal moon. How delightful it would be if I could have one walk round it! I doubted whether it would be quite right for a young lady to walk about the garden alone and by herself, but the temptation was very great. After all, I have always found it much easier and often pleasanter to yield to little temptations of this kind than to resist them, so I soon gave in. Even at the risk of a cold or a scolding, I would have one, just one turn in the soft September night. I slipped from the room, covered my head and shoulders with a shawl, and stole through the library window which opened to the ground.

The change from the close atmosphere of Mr Ramsay's dining room was, as I predicted it would be, simply delicious. The clear sky, the full moon, and the bright stars which had tempted me out, made me feel quite poetical. I forgot all my little annoyances in the beauty of the night, I became quite cheerful and happy. The one turn round the garden, which I had pledged myself not to exceed, grew to a great many, yet I was loath to leave the enchanting scene. But duty must not be altogether neglected. With a sigh, I turned for the last time, and began to retrace my steps to the house. To my horror, as I reached it, I saw the French crements of the dining-room open, saw the flood of brilliant light which poured out, partially eclipsed as one dark body after another passed through the aperture. I reached in a moment the frightful position in which I was placed. The men were coming out to get a breath of fresh air and to smoke a cigarette before entering the drawing room. What could I do? I was certain to be seen. By the light of the wonderful moon, everything was as clearly visible as by day. I shrank from the polite ridicule with which my nocturnal wanderings were sure to be greeted, in truth, I was now in a bad way of the freak which had led me into such an awkward situation. I wished to extricate myself without having to make excuses and explanations, and as I shuddered at the thought of walking boldly past the knot of gentlemen, I was compelled to adopt the alternative—concealment.

On the lawn, near to me, grew one of those conical trees—a species of laurel, the foliage of which touches the ground, and leaves the centre

nearly hollow. This particular tree was so large that it formed a natural summer house, and was unable to fulfil its mission, an entrance had been cut through the boughs on the side furthest from the house. It was the very thing—a perfect harbour of refuge! Clutches of insects, heedless of the twigs which caught and tugged at my hair, but growling, nevertheless, as I thought of my new frock, I rushed inside, unseen and, I hoped, unheard, resolved to wait behind the friendly boughs until the voices which I heard in the distance died into silence. Feeling quite sure that no one would be likely to explore the leafy recesses of my hiding-place, I began to grow cosy in my man, and even ventured to compliment myself upon the cleverness I had displayed. My triumph was short-lived. In a few moments I became aware that voices were drawing near to me—so alarmingly near, that very soon I was able to recognize them and distinguish what they were saying. It was Mr Vincent Hope and his host, who had strolled away from their friends.

'You have a fine specimen of the Portuguese laurel here,' said the former.

'Yes,' replied Mr Ramsay. 'It's a fine tree of the kind. They seldom grow larger. Indeed, this one is beginning to die down. There is an entrance cut on the other side, so it makes a shrubby, but uncomfortable, warm weather retreat.'

Then I knew that the two gentlemen were coming round to the entrance. I was in despair. I cowered down in the darkness, and prayed that Mr Hope's curiosity might not induce him to pursue his stem and shoulders into the interior. I saw his head and shoulders fill up the entrance and hide the moonlight filling there. For the moment, I was unthinkingly inclined to shriek with horror, to endeavour to scare him away by howling like a wild beast, or to lie still and trust to chance. On the whole, the last seemed the wisest course to adopt. I breathed more freely when I found he had no intention of entering—the recesses were not tempting at night. I hoped the two men would now remove themselves. But alas! my imprisonment was not yet to be ended. They stood exactly in front of the entrance, and from my hiding-place I could hear every word they spoke.

#### A VISIT TO WILDEN TIN WORKS.

I was driving over breezy Huthbury Common this morning, when a bright flash of light startled my horse from his lazy jog trot, and scattered the aerial puppets of a dry dream to the winds. It was but after all the reflection of the sunlight from a piece of tin slung carelessly from a tinker's hand, but looking at it as it lay glittering in the haze, the thought occurred to me. What a benefactor to mankind was he who invented the art of tinning iron! For tin essentially it is not, but thin sheet iron lightly coated with the white silvery metal, as beautiful as silver itself when seen in its virgin purity, and it not only makes the iron more slightly, but more durable, while at the same time it wonderfully increases its usefulness, from the facility which its ready fusibility affords of soldering one piece to another. Nevertheless, as a protector, it is not

so perfect as it is intended to be, for that subtle force which is dazzling our eyes and bewildering our brains with its almost infinite possibilities, sadly mars its usefulness. Tin is, unfortunately, electro positive to iron, therefore, when in contact with a layer, or even exposed to moist air, the iron tends to oxidise very much faster than the tinned portion, and all the faster because they are so intimately united. So long as the iron is completely covered by the tin, all goes well, but let the soft, treacherous coating be deficient or rubbed off ever so little, there is a spot of rust, which soon becomes a hole, let it be cut, and the exposed edge crumbles away in an unsightly fashion, as we soon find out if our watering pots are not kept well painted. Now, zinc has just the opposite quality, it is electrically negative to iron, and all the closer must disappear from what is called 'galvanised iron' before the iron itself succumbs. But zinc is such a dull, unseemly metal, and so readily dissolved by the weakest acids, that we can scarcely admit it into our kitchens, can hardly let it pass beyond the tables and outhouses. Imagine an, it more disparting than the zinc door plates one sees on the shady side of a shrubby street! And yet, what can it not do when fulfilling its destiny in the cells of the 'Daniell battery'? The poor, dull, fallible metal—our metal, the oil chemists disparagingly called it—dissolving in its acid bath gives birth to that marvellous light which burns in the electric light with sun-like splendor, converts woven metals into wires of statuettes of glittering silver, drives tramway cars, flashes telegrams swifter than lightning, and speaks in the telephone with tremulous, almost living lips.

But, to come back to our scrap of tin. Although we use zinc and lead from it so frequently and familiarly, there are few who can tell how it is manufactured, and still fewer are aware of the common and costly machinery employed in producing it. However, if the reader will follow me to the other side of the common I have been crossing just now, we may see the whole process and one of the most famous works in England.

On our way, we pass long rows of comfortable cottages which are inhabited by the workpeople, and a pretty church in the Fuly English style, built for them at the sole charge of Mr. A. Baldwin, the owner of the works. The works cover a great space along the banks of the Stour, once a clear trout stream, but now half canal, half river, black and muddy, with only its impetuous rush to remind us of its birthplace among the sunlit hills. A thick pall of smoke half hides the low, square chimney shafts, lurid with the fierce fires which burn beneath and leap in flashes from their summits, behind, are others, taller, and only sulkily smoking, like half-extinct volcanoes. Over the tops of the lower shafts are tilted square iron dampers, moved by a lever and chain, and looking somewhat like a rattle trap, which the flames seem to lick with fierce enjoyment as their red tongues curl around and over them. Huge mounds of charcoal lie heaped about—so large, that whole forests must have been denuded of their undergrowth to furnish it.

We are still outside the works, looking down into them from a terrace road cut out along the steep hillside. Some ewes and lambs,

feeding on the scanty herbage, are so begrimed by smoke that they seem to be less sheep than overdone mutton. Even here the din is deafening. The continuous roar of the furnaces, the heavy, intermittent thud of ponderous hammers, the angry hiss of scolding steam, the rush of falling water, the rattle of sheets of glowing metal as they are flung, momentarily on the ground, with the apparently dangerous intermingling of ponderous machinery and a crowd of hurrying men, seem to make the noise on the gates, 'No admittance,' almost unnecessary.

We enter, and, the proprietor being absent, are placed under the care of the burly 'master of the mills'—no legal functionary, but a very important man indeed here, as the exact working of the great rollers—or rolls, as the men call them—depends, as we shall see presently, upon his skilful touch. He shows us first the recuperatory furnaces, as near as the scorching heat will permit us to approach, where the already almost pure iron is puddled—that is, melted and stirred under a current of intensely heated air, which burns its carbon away—until its fusing point rises even above the fierce heat of the white-hot charcoal, through which the blast is blowing, like a tornado, and the bubbling liquid becomes a pasty mass of metal. It is then lifted out in a long iron bar, and swung, to an anvil, where it is beaten by a huge tilt hammer moved by water power, and kneaded and banged until all impurities are crushed out of it, and, in the form of a thick rough bar, is ready for the rollers. These rollers, which are driven by a mighty engine, are cylinders of ponderous iron, weighing, if I remember rightly, twenty-five tons, whirling round swiftly but silently, and with such evident of pitiless force that one almost shudders to be near them. On its way, the rough iron is reheated to incandescence, then thrust against the rollers. It is through in a moment, and in the form of a long, flat bar, which is then divided into lengths by a pair of great shears, which cut through in such of cold iron as easily as a lily snip a pliant cord. Then it is carried to a second set of furnaces, also heated with charcoal, when it is again raised to a high temperature, and passed between a series of rollers, more finely set, until it becomes a thin, ragged sheet. The cylinders are here in sets of three, placed one above the other, so that the sheets are rolled away below and returned above. As each falls clashing on the ground, it is quickly doubled up lengthways by the workmen with long pincers, viciously pinched at the folds, and returned to the furnace, then rolled again, until it emerges at last in a perfectly homogeneous sheet, about two feet wide, and scarcely thicker than the paper this is printed on.

At one furnace, they are treating sheets of steel the same way—for use in a machine factory, where it will be stamped into hollow tin ware without seam or joint. These sheets fall from the rollers with a thunderous clang, which makes the air throb again. And what an atmosphere it is! It is difficult to breathe it, so hot, so dusty, so charged with noxious gases, yet the work goes on day and night, and a crowd of men and boys find in it an employment healthy enough.

The great sheets are now cut into squares and



trammed, and then sent to the picking tub, to be cleansed from the black oxide which covers them. This tub is a large cistern lined with lead, and filled with dilute sulphuric acid, over which an immense copper cage is suspended. After the cage is packed with the plates, it is dipped down into the acid liquid, makes a few revolutions, then rises, and with a half turn of the beam which carries it, is brought over another vat through which a stream of water is passing. The dip and spin are here repeated until all the acid is washed away, and the plates are taken out perfectly clean, but with rough, abraded surfaces. To get rid of this defect, they are passed for the last time, and without rotating, between a pair of highly polished rollers, and emerge perfectly smooth, and resembling in colour Damascus steel.

They are now ready for tanning, and on our way to the next department we pass a stack of dusty bars of three metal 'C' & 'A' though in pounds, says the master of the rolls, with a ring of his knuckles on the top one. The tin is first melted and 'piled'—that is, started up with a stack of iron wool, which sends a current of steam through it, and sweeps some impurities to the surface. It is then transmuted to a pure non-oxide, where it is kept melted, with a little of palm oil on the surface, to prevent oxidation.

Beneath the black, seething pool, the iron plates are piled, and when they are taken out they seem to have been transmuted, as in the dream of the Chinese alchemist, from iron to silver, so brilliant is the coating. They are now rubbed with sand, to get rid of the oil then away to be picked. But they are first subjected to a curi test. It is important that plates of the same thickness, and equally coated throughout, shall be sorted together. But it would be difficult to gauge them, so a man with a good ear is seated in a comparatively quiet part of the works, and taking each sheet by the corners, gives it a dexterous shake, eliciting a shrill, rattling sound—if I may coin a word—which differs, of course, in pitch with the slightest change in thickness, and thus he sorts them.

At the end of the works is a saw mill, where the oak boxes are made in which the tin is packed, and whence it travels all over the world as 'Dust charcoal tin.' It is acceptable among almost all nations—from Russia, where it is used for roofing houses and covering the bare domes of the emerald green topped churches, to the upper waters of the Amazon, where it glitters more brightly still as the nose-plate of the festive savage, diamond, unpeppercorn but happy amidst the living emeralds of his forest home.

### THE LEGEND OF THE TWINLAW CAIRNS

On the southern ridge of the Lammermoors, five miles from the village of Westruther, Berwickshire, stand the Twinlaw Cairns. They form one of the most noted and interesting features of the country side. The Twinlaws, as they are familiarly termed, are two pillars of unhewn whinstone, which stand about fifty or sixty yards apart. Around the base of each, a rough circular

causeway of flat stones, unpolished by the touch of art, extends to a radius of several feet. A few miles to the westward of these monuments, and hidden all but the turrets, amid a clump of fir-trees, is the mansion of Spottiswoods, while to the east is the decayed house of Weddiche, once the home of the Bégars, now the property of Lord Blantyre. On the plain beneath, between the rising ground and the turrets that leads past Laidlaw and on to Edinburgh, the infant Blackadder trickles through fields that not long ago were marsh land, on its journey Mac-wards. In this same flat area, a ragged remnant of an ancient forest is still to be seen, straggling towards the Jordonlaw peat-moss—a bog full of treacherous pools and stagnant ditches. Still a dreary district, this was once a savage region, the haunt of wild animals, whose names have been given to fens and ditches. In the neighbourhood, one comes across such places as Wolf-tanlar (now Westruther), Roadcuch, Harclaw, and Haulie.

The Twinlaw Cairns are two grim monuments of a tragic and pathetic incident in Scottish tradition. Connected with them is a legend which every dweller in the district knows by heart. Though to the great herd of tourists they may be unknown never a summer passes but they are visited by faithful pilgrims. Angles on their way to the fishing burns by and, climb to the top of the pillars by means of projecting slabs, to enjoy the pure atmosphere, which is cool in hottest days, and to gaze on the surrounding scenery. From the pinnacle of the pillars, a fine prospect is to be had. Away in front of the spectator, in a direct line southward, is the imposing and massive remains of Hume Castle, and beyond it, the dim outline of the Cheviot; to the westward, the horizon. Westward are the Eildon Hills, and the heights in the neighbourhood of Eildon, the ancient residence of Thomas the Rhymer. To the eastward, between the Lammermoors and the Northumbrian coast, stretches the Merse, with its farm steadings and fair fields—a perfect garden of agriculture.

But our immediate subject is not the surrounding scenery, it is the two somber Cairns on the brow of the Twinlaw hill. The hills have a charm all their own in the day-time, but it is only after sunset, and when viewed from the plain beneath, that the Cairns themselves are absorbing in their interest. In the grey twilight, when the silence is unbroken save by the sigh of the wind or the solitary cry of the curlew, they loom through the thin rising mist, dim, desolate, fascinating the imagination. It is then the story that explains their presence appeals with all its force and pathos to the mind. There is not a rustic in the country side but knows the tale. Meet a hand or a shepherd by the way-side after his work is over, and he will repeat it, as it has come to him from his father, with a subdued seriousness that borders on reverence. He will tell you it occurred in the time when

Scotland fought for her independence, and on a hot summer's day

The Anglo Saxons restless band  
Had crossed the river Tweed  
Up for the hills of Linnernoon  
The host marched on with speed

The English army encamped on one side of what is now known as the Twinklaw hill. On the other side, a Scottish force, inferior in numbers, assembled, and prepared to offer resistance.

Our Scottish warriors on the Tenth  
In close battalion stood,  
Resolved to set their country free,  
Or shed their dearest blood

But the fates decreed that there should be no general fight, in which both armies would be ruined. A British chieftain, exulting in his might, sent a challenge to the Scots, daring any one of them to come and meet him in single combat. Young Edgar of Wuldrich, who was in the Scottish camp, heard the challenge, and accepted it. The two champions at once commenced the duel, the warriors on each side looking on. The fight was fierce—

From left to right from right to left,  
The sweating foeman reeled

Young Edgar was the first to be wounded. He received a bloody slash in the right side, and a moment's truce was held till the wound was stanchled with flax. The fight was renewed, and grew more desperate, until at last it ended by Edgar slaying the Scottish champion. Just as the sun crept, and when Edgar was looking on the face of his lifeless foe, a tall, thin man with long, grey hair tottered a few paces from the fatal place where the victorious youth stood. The old man, heavily pressed by sorrow, bent over the dead champion of the Scottish, and then, looking up at Edgar, burst out into a piteous wail: "Woe! woe is me for this deed of blood! Edgar of Wuldrich, sore will thy sorrow be to look on the dead! Thou hast slain the son of thy father! It is thy twin brother that has lifeless on the earth. It is thy brother, whom I stole away in infancy from his father's hall. A man of might he was—brave and noble—and he now lies dead—slain by the hand of his twin brother! Woe, woe for thee!"

From his childhood, Edgar had known that his brother had been stolen by gypsies or soldiers, and no sooner did he hear this revelation, than he unstanchled his wound, and stol away and poisonous till the blood flowed in his veins. In a few moments he sunk in death by the side of his brother's body. It is a story deeply impressed by the scene, laid down their arms and gave up all idea of battle. In the quiet of the evening, the two hosts fell into a single line, that stretched from the brow of the hill down to the valley—to the side of the Watch—

A lonely stream that sobb along,  
Like a child who has lost his way  
Making its moan to the heathen hills  
That imprison it night and day

From the bed of the streamlet they picked the stones, and handing them out by one along the line, built the Twinklaw Cairn by the grave of the two brothers.

Such is the legend that tells the story of these rude pillars. Since they were raised, once or twice they have been justly overthrown by the rage of the elements, but always tenderly restored. Lady John Scott of Spottiswoode takes a pride in the sacred relics, and sees that they are kept in good order. It is a lonely place, far from the roar of railway trains and fashionable resorts, but every tourist who finds himself in the neighbourhood fails not to make a pilgrimage to the Cairn.

MOLEANA

A GARDENER in the west of Scotland writes to us as follows:

Perhaps you will allow me to supplement the very interesting article about moles which appeared in a recent number of your *Journal*. Being a gardener, I can hardly be expected to have my heart lying for this curious little animal seem, that he is a real nuisance in a flower garden and among vegetables and the like. I will just mention one instance, out of many, of the trouble and annoyance which he may cause. Most people know that the laying of box edging requires a deal of labour and no little skill. Well, I have known the labour of a day destroyed in one night by a mole. In this case, the hull working little fellow had commenced at one end of the edging and he went right to the other, sufficiently near to displace the whole, so that it had to be laid over again.

It is, however, beyond dispute that moles destroy vast numbers of wire worms and other grub, which are frequently most destructive to the crops of the farmer and gardener. I am therefore anxious for allowing them to work without molestation wherever and whenever it can be done, and I do not grudge the little labour required to scatter their hills. On this principle, I allow them the full run of the kitchen garden, whenever the crops are advanced enough to prevent their being displaced or buried.

It does not seem to be generally known that moles come out and feed upon the surface at night. Grubs of various sorts, and worms, do the same thing, and the moles come up to feed on them. Moles are very voracious, and seem to be always hungry. If one is caught unharmed and handled tenderly, it will immediately begin to eat any worms given to it. I have had one which, within a minute after being caught, took a worm from my hand. A very curious and instructive circumstance came to my knowledge a few years ago. A mole catcher of my acquaintance found a mole's nest with young in it. The nest was made of bits of woollen cloth of different kinds, but mostly a scarlet sort of thick texture. The only place where these bits of cloth could have been got was in a field a long way off, where munn from the town had been spread, and which contained a quantity of tailors' clippings, bits of red cloth predominating. The bits of cloth which composed the nest and the bits



in the field were compared, and found to be identical. The distance from the nest to the kill was not measured, but it was great enough to cause astonishment.

Cats sometimes like to molt itching, just for the fun of the thing, I suppose, for they never try to eat them. It is doubtless also this fondness for mere sport which makes some cats hunt the timid shrew so assiduously, for they do not eat that animal either. I have little doubt that owl for the same reason, sometimes catch moles. I am strengthened in this belief owing to my knowing that they will pounce upon and carry off more unlikely things. I knew a gunner who got his snail for skiff cap taken off his hull several times by owls. When going to replenish the holthouse fires during the night, he had to pass a room where many owls congregated. He always got his cap next morning not far from the spot, the thief having apparently dropped it in disgust, on discovering that it was not the sort of prey expected.

## OCCASIONAL NOILS

### THE CULTURE OF CINCHONA

CINCHONA is the generic name for a number of trees the bark of which yields the most valuable tonic and febrifuge ever discovered. Although the western mountainous region of South America is the native home of these trees, the supply has not recently kept pace with the demand, and attempts have been made to naturalise this bark-producing tree in other countries, with more or less success. At the instance of the British government, Mr Clements Markham some years ago superintended the first shipments of the cinchona tree from South America to India. Previous to this movement, the government had been spending about thirty thousand pounds a year for quinine and bark, now it seems so profitable in the culture become, that the original investment of one hundred and fifty thousand pounds has been repaid, and the trees have been valued at one million sterling. It requires a tropical climate and plentiful rainfall, we find it flourishing now in Java, on the Himalayas, in British Burmah, Jamaica, Trinidad, St Helena, and, since the failure of the coffee plant, very largely in Ceylon, where there are at least seven million cinchona trees. The Jamaica bark is very highly prized, and brings a good price in the market. Beside the valuable medicine known as quinine, it yields other alkaloids, known as quinidine, cinchonidine, and cinchonine, which form a cheap substitute for quinine, and which are coming into increasing use in India. The reckless and thoughtless method of cutting down the cinchona trees adopted in South America, is abandoned in most of the Indian plantations, where the bark is peeled off the growing tree in long strips, the bare portion is then covered with moss, when a new layer of bark begins to grow.

We notice that the republic of Guatemala has just arranged with a well known Ceylon planter, Mr W Forsyth, to select seed for five million cinchona trees. President Barrios has been induced to try this experiment, from the rapid

increase in the number of uses to which cinchona bark is put, not only for the manufacture of quinine, but also as an ingredient in the substitute for hops and for other purposes. Probably vast tracts of soil in Central America could not be utilised in a better way. A practical planter is of opinion that both coffee and cinchona would grow well on the volcanic soil of Mexico at a certain altitude, and it is expected that both Guatemala and Mexico will soon be largely engaged in its culture.

### METALLISATION OF WOOD

This process, which has lately been invented in France, consists in soaking the wood in caustic alkali for two or three days at a temperature of from one hundred and sixty seven to one hundred and ninety four degrees Fahrenheit. At the expiration of this time, the wood is placed in another bath, of hydrosulphate of calcium, to which is added, after twenty four hours, a concentrated solution of sulphur. In forty eight hours the wood is immersed in a third bath, of acetic acid, at a temperature of from ninety five to one hundred and twenty two degrees Fahrenheit, for thirty to fifty hours. When it is quite dry, it is capable of receiving a wonderful polish, and looks like a metal mirror. Wood treated in this way is practically indestructible, and never decays with damp.

### LOGIC

#### I Her respectable papa's

'My dear, be sensible! Upon my word,  
Thus—for a woman open—is absurd!  
His income's not a hundred pounds I know  
He's not worth loving —' But I love him so!

#### II Her mother's

'You silly child, he is well made and tall;  
But looks are far from being all in all!  
His social standing's low, his family's low  
He's not worth loving! —' And I love him so!

#### III Her eternal friend's

'Is that he puking up the fallen fruit!  
My dear! he's such an awkward, ugly man!  
You must be certain, pet, to answer "No"  
He's not worth loving —' And I love him so!

#### IV Her brother's

'By Jove! were I a girl—through hatred hap—  
I wouldn't have a milk and water chap!  
The man has not a single spark of "go"  
He's not worth loving —' Yet I love him so!

#### V Her own

'And were he everything to which I've listened,  
Though he were ugly, awkward (and he isn't),  
Poor, lowly born, and destitute of "go,"  
He is worth loving, for I love him so!

W. K. G.

Printed and Published by W. & E. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 439 High Street, EDINBURGH.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fourth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

CONDUCTED BY R. CHAMBERS (ST. CUNDO)

No 1041.—VOL. XX.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1883

PRICE 1½d.

## FLOATING SEA-MARKS.

THE engineer may often find it a work of skill and patience to set up a sea mark on a solid foundation of rock, as in the case of the Eddystone lighthouse, or to erect a beacon on submerged sands, like the Girdler or the Shingles, on the north side of the Princess Channel leading into the Thames, but he seldom finds it nowadays an impossibility. There are positions, however, where no base is to be found upon which to build, and here recourse must be had in the interests of navigation to a floating sea mark. Sands, shoals, and rocks, incapable of bearing any structure, or grouped so extensively as to require more than a lighthouse or beacon at considerable intervals, must be lighted and marked in another fashion, or it may be that even while a permanent structure is building, or a dangerous wreck is in course of dispersion, the obstruction must in the meantime be temporarily denoted by a moored mark.

The most primitive forms of floating sea marks were no doubt a log, a spar, and a cask. Now, we have many and refined distinctions, and the whole subject of buoyage has become of so much importance, and has attracted so much attention, that in May of last year a Conference was assembled under the presidency of His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, with representatives from the Admiralty, the Board of Trade, the lighthouse authorities, and the rivers Thames, Mersey, Clyde, Tyne, Tay, and Humber, to go into the entire matter, particularly with a view to consider a proposal for a uniform system of buoyage for the United Kingdom, it being understood that up to the present time various methods of marking are adopted in different localities. The Conference continued its sittings till April of this year, and has dealt exhaustively with the whole question.

The largest, most useful, and most conspicuous floating sea marks we possess, are our floating lights. The navigator is familiar with the appearance above the horizon, as he pursues

his course, of an open globe or ball in framework, which, apparently rising, gradually reveals below it first the mast, and then the hull of a red painted vessel, bearing on her sides, in immense white letters, the name of some well-known danger, such as Owers, or Kentish Knock. If a light-buoy be pressed off the Irish coast, she will be coloured black with a white stripe, but in other respects will be much like an English one, save perhaps in the case of the vessel placed to mark the Barrels Rock, which carries at her mainmast head a black barrel.

The Goodwin Sands afford as good an example of sea marking by means of floating objects as we have around our shores, while they will be perhaps the most familiar—by name at all events. Here, besides buoys of several classes, to which we shall have occasion to refer presently, is moored at the north east end of the sand the *Goodwin* lightship, to the west the *Gull*, on the east or outside the *East Goodwin*, and at the south-west and the *South Sand Head*. Literally in all weathers—they they have done for years and years past—ride unfailingly these stout staunch craft, which run in size from about one hundred and fifty to two hundred tons builder's tonnage. Sea marks by day, lights on the waters by night, and practically as permanent guides to the mariner as any granite built tower standing on a rock. How is it managed? one may well ask. It is done partly by the design and strength of the timber built vessel, partly by her mushroom shaped anchor weighing a couple of tons, but more especially by the extraordinary length of the severly proved one and a half inch chain cable connecting the two, which in one instance is as much as three hundred and fifteen fathoms, or six hundred and thirty yards. Such elasticity, such a spring, is given by the length of chain—ordinarily two hundred and ten fathoms—and the weight of the vessel is such a mere cork, so to speak, at the end of it, that there is far less chance of her parting her moorings in a hurricane than there is of a light kite, provided with the best cord that can be bought, snapping its line

in a high wind. Riding in a heavy gale with her full length of chain out—and it is hove in or paid out according to the force of the wind and state of the sea—the watch hours are passed when both wind and tide are opposed to her. When the tide makes back against the gale, it is surprising what comparatively easy work, even in the roughest weather, the well-devised boat makes of it. In cases where no bearings can be taken, where the lights are perhaps miles out of sight of land to mark some outlying sand, a deep sea lead, which will weigh thirty pounds, attached to a line, is kept on board, and by duly observing this, it can always be determined whether the vessel is returning her proper position, or drifting from her station. Were such a thing to happen, as a light vessel to break adrift or drive so far as to be no longer a guide to the ball or other beacon at her mast-head, will be struck by dry, and her ordinary lights discontinued by night, the room of these light being taken by a red light at each end of the vessel, whilst a red flare light would be shown every quarter of an hour.

The ordinary lights of neighbouring lightships are so varied, of course in character as to be distinctive. Of the four Goodwin vessels named, the first in order shows three flashes in quick succession every minute, the second is a twenty seconds revolving light, the third, a green fifteen seconds' revolver, and the fourth, a fixed bright light. The intensity of some of our floating lights equals that which would be produced by sixteen hundred and nine thousand standard candles. In every instance, lamps and reflectors, forming what is called the dioptric character of light, are used. The difficulties attendant on the motion of the vessel have so far interfered fatally with the adoption of the dioptric system, or illumination by means of lenses. The revolving apparatus where there is one is managed by a clockwork which is furnished with what is known as a centrifugal governor, by which the revolutions are controlled to a nicety in the worst of weather. Refined oil is the illuminant. The lanterns have the appearance of forming part of the masts up and down which they slide. They are kept, as a rule, when lowered during the day, in a lantern house built on deck. The beacons at the masts are also varied to a certain extent. Thus, instead of the ordinary ball, the *Woolf* off the south end of Harborough has a diamond, the *East Goodwin* has a half diamond over a diamond, and the *Goodwin* has three masts with balls, the ball at the main being six feet lower than that at the foremast head.

Of more recent growth than lights and bells as part of the equipment of many of the floating lights, is the powerful fog signal which is brought into play during fog. Formerly termed a 'siren,' nothing can be more disagreeable than the din raised by this instrument, and its iron trumpet, worked by a hot air engine. When in use, the horn is pointed to windward. The sound produced is exactly like the bellowing or howling, if that be more correct, of a great cow. A further means of distinction in the shape of high and low notes has been of late introduced, to guard against confusion with the horns of navigating vessels, and other light ships. For distinctive purposes, also, the blasts are varied at different stations, so disagreeable

is this fog signalling duty acknowledged to be, rest and sleep being pretty well out of the question 'in the same ship with it,' that in addition to extra pay to certain of the men for acting as signal drivers, the whole crew receive what they call 'Noise money,' an allowance calculated at the rate of so much an hour for the time the signal is actually in operation.

To make our floating lights useful again in another way, the experiment of connecting one of them with the shore by means of an electric telegraph cable is about to be tried. The *Sunk* is the vessel chosen. She lies about nine miles in a straight line from the Essex shore, in the vicinity of a dreaded danger known as the Long Sun. The cable will be laid at Walton on the Naze, and the wires connected with Harwich and Ramsgate. Whenever, therefore, a vessel is wrecked within sight of the lightship, or is heard of there as needing assistance, a message can be sent once despatched to either or both of these places from the *Sunk*, and the life boats will doubtless be on the spot as quickly as it is possible for them to be. A model illustrating the proposed experiment will be remembered by visitors to the London Exhibition as by no means one of its least interesting features. The telegraph cable will be carried merely up to the bows of the lightship from the ground through the centre of a double chain cable, and will be fitted with appliances to prevent it from fouling with the moorings or becoming twisted through the swinging of the ship. Should the experiment prove successful, we may expect to see many of our floating lights thus connected with the land.

We have now, or shall have very shortly, something like sixty lightships on the coast of England and Ireland, exclusive of those under the jurisdiction of port and harbour authorities. Scotland is without apparently no regular lightship. The chief danger the floating lights encounter, singular to say, seeing that they are at anchor, is that of collision. Last year, nearly twenty cases occurred of English lightships being run into and more or less seriously damaged by passing vessels. The penalties imposed by Act of Parliament for this unprofitable behaviour are occasionally enforced, as it only seems right they should be looking at the possible gravity of the consequences.

The oldest station for a lightship is the famous *Naze*, which was marked as far back as 1732. The vessel lies in the best position for entering the Thames and Mersey and to clear the Naze Sun. The lightship rating in the greatest depth of water is that lying between the Lands End and the Scilly Isles, in forty-two fathoms, near the cluster of rocks known as the Seven Stones, whilst the one most distant from the land is that placed to mark the outer Dowling Shoal in the North Sea, about thirty-three and a half miles from Spurn Point in Yorkshire. All lightships give direct warning in the event of a vessel approaching too closely to the shoals in their vicinity by firing a gun and howling the signal, 'You are standing into danger.' They also, in certain cases, by means of special call-rocket of great brilliancy, fetch assistance from the shore to vessels in distress.

Following upon the lightships, and seen often

in the intervals between them like a line of skimmer-buoys along the edge of the sun, come the buoys, which have of late been associated with several very interesting experiments. Proudly speaking, we can dispose of their general features in a few words. All the navigation buoys now constructed are, like our war ships, made of iron, wood being quite superseded by it. In shape, there are but two kinds of buoys commonly used—conical, or those which show the pointed top of a cone out of the water, and ‘can,’ or those which have a flat top. They are so distinctive that the one has been seldom if ever mistaken for the other. The former ride higher out of the water, can be seen further, and are altogether more conspicuous. They range in size nowadays from six feet in height to thirteen feet in the case of the former, and to eight feet in the case of the latter. There are, however, spherical buoys which we supply, as their name implies, in bulk, and about half or more of their shape above the flotation line. Like the lightships, the buoys preserve their stations admirably, as a general rule, and are in the case of the buoys of the large size moored with the chain that has been its duty for three years in holding, one of the floating lights. A long length of chain is here again depended on to preserve position, equalling about three times the depth of water in exceptional situations. The anchors or weights to which the lower end of the buoy chain is attached are simply flat pieces of iron of an oval shape, of from six to fifty hundred weight, with a shank or handle in the centre. The distinctive mountings or bases for buoys at the present time are bills of lard, cast-iron, diamond triangles, inverted triangles, and St George’s and St Andrew’s crosses. The mountings are at the upper end of a staff, the lower end of which is fixed in the top of the buoy.

The chief aim of most of the recent experiments with buoys has been to secure appliances in connection with them that will denote their position at night or in fog, or that will show. And first we will take the gas-lighted buoy, which is spherical in shape, and forms in itself the reservoir for the supply of gas to be used. From this reservoir a tube projects about twelve feet or so above water, carrying at the upper end a lantern and burner so protected that the flame is proof against wind and water. The illuminant is compressed oil gas. This gas is made from paraffin once refined, it is subsequently drawn by means of a compression pump from the gasometer, and forced into gas holders at a pressure of one hundred and fifty pounds to the square inch. These gas holders are connected alongside the buoy, which is thereupon connected to one of them with a flexible tube, and the buoy is filled in a short time at a pressure of about twenty pounds to the square inch. The burner is set to work, and the light left to burn day and night till the next supply of gas is required, which may not be for a month or two or even longer, according to the quantity of gas consumed and the size of the reservoir. The pressure of gas in the burner is so beautifully regulated by a very delicately constructed automatic appliance, that whatever the quantity of gas in the buoy may be, the supply to the light is always the same. The flame commonly shown is equal in intensity to

about twenty candles, and can be seen fairly well as a rule at about a mile and a half off, or perhaps much further under certain conditions. In the daytime, however, such a buoy may generally be passed without an observer being able to detect the light.

In consequence of the increased and increasing speed of vessels, and the more powerful lights carried by the better class of them, the necessity has arisen for rendering navigation lights as often as possible group flashing or occulting in character. A good specimen of the occulting light is that at the North Foreland, which is steadily at you, so to speak, and then suddenly gives you a most knowing wink, which every half minute it repeats. As an example of the group flashing light, we cannot do better than cite the floating light at the Royal Sovereign Shoal in the English Channel, which shows three flashes in quick succession every minute. Such lights as these can hardly be mistaken by the mariner. The gas-lighted buoy will perhaps play a most important part in the future for the purpose of marking the navigable channels of rivers, where it can also be easily got at, than at sea as a navigation buoy. The idea of lighting floating marks in this way having been patented, the cost of a buoy of this character in fuel, really, is something like four hundred pounds.

The next floating sea mark we will turn to is the Automatic Signal Buoy or Whistling Buoy. The buoy, called also after its inventor the Countess Light, is so constructed, that the water in which it floats, through the mechanism of the buoy itself acts as a piston in a tube, which, being bell-shaped, passes upwards through its centre. Air, which enters the tube by a valve above the level of the water, thus becomes compressed, and is forced through a small pipe at the upper end of the tube, sounding a bell, which the bell piece which is fitted above all. This ingenious instrument is said to have made itself heard distinctly as far off as seven miles, but however that may be, it has been found so effective at much shorter distances, that it has been and is being widely put under practical trial. An automatic signal buoy costs much the same as a gas buoy.

The Bell Buoy is another form of floating sea-mark largely used. The movement of the buoy itself here again sets the signal in operation. The bell generally weighs about three hundredweight, and is fixed above the buoy within support, being struck by clappers that hang on all sides of it. An apparently ingenious method of sounding these bells by means of a rolling shot, instead of striking rock, has also been devised, as well as plans by which similar result could be achieved by the agency of wheels within the buoy or without. There are bell buoys as well as bell buoys, but the principle of working the signal is much the same in each instance, the difference being solely in the form of the floating body.

Experiments have been also made of late with a view to render buoys visible in the dark by means of luminous paint. We have not heard, however, so far, that on buoys at sea any decidedly satisfactory results have been attained in this way, but the trials, we believe, are not yet formally concluded.

A form of sea mark which is used off some of the shores of the Continent, and especially in the approaches to and channels of rivers, and known as a spar buoy, has recently been tried in our own waters. It is so designed that a spar or mast stands almost perpendicularly out of the water, in some instances to a height of about eighteen feet. In the river Wey the channel is thus marked on one side, the effect being described as similar to that presented by a row of black posts, each being surmounted by a letter of the alphabet, which is also marked on the body of the buoy. These spar buoys have proved, however, as sea marks to be far inferior to conical buoys.

Buoys are either painted a single colour, red or black, or they are varied by vertical stripes or white horizontal rings, or they are checkered with white. The impossibility of distinguishing a red buoy from a black one even at so short a distance as a quarter of a mile, under certain conditions of light, has been long known and recently testified to again by many witnesses.

The members of the recent Buoyage Conference may certainly be congratulated on the success attending their labours. To use the language of the President of the Board of Trade, 'the Conference has resulted in a practical agreement by all the parties concerned both as to the objects to be sought and the means by which they may be accomplished.' The recommendations made with a view to secure uniformity of practice, are, that as you proceed with a main flood tide, or enter a harbour, river, or estuary, you shall find conical buoys on your right hand, or starboard side, all of a single colour. On your left hand, or port side, you should have 'can' buoys of another characteristic colour, either single or party colour. Where middle grounds occur in a channel, their ends should be marked by spherical buoys with horizontal white stripes. The buoys carried by buoys should be painted in one dark colour, globes being placed on the starboard hand buoys, eyes on those to port, diamonds on the buoys marking the outer ends of middle grounds, and triangles on those at the inner ends. Buoys on the same side of a channel to be distinguished by names, numbers, or letters, or where necessary, by beacon, special and isolated positions to be marked by ball buoys, gas lighted buoys, automatic signal buoys, and the like. Wrecks to be marked, as now, by green buoys with the word 'Wreck' in white letters, and, when forming a serious danger or obstruction to navigation, to be indicated by a lightship similarly coloured, showing on one end of a yard two balls placed vertically, and on the other a single ball, the latter being on the side nearest the wreck. The vessel to be laid near the side of the wreck next mid channel, when possible, and at night, lights substituted for the balls.

The cost of this branch of the public service is something like seventy thousand pounds per annum, a single lightship of improved construction costing, when complete, eight thousand pounds, or more. No public money, we will venture to say, is better spent, both in the interests of the seafaring public and of humanity at large, whilst none yields a larger interest on outlay, if we have regard to the value of the lives, ships, and freights it is the means of saving. We have often been

struck by the strong feelings of gratitude manifested by all classes of seamen towards the Trinity House and the Scottish and Irish Lighthouse Commissioners for the assistance rendered to navigation by all this excellent and beautiful work. Sometimes these feelings take a practical turn, and many a present of books and papers is made, and many a kindly service rendered when occasions offer, to the crews who risk our lights on the waters, while not many years since, one of the Collectors of light duties received anonymously a bank note accompanied by the following words: 'Please find ten pounds sterling, which ten pounds please send to your lighthouse authorities towards the support of lighthouses, the great and blessed protection to poor sea-faring folk of all nations on coming to dangerous and rocky coasts. From one who is deeply impressed with a sense of humility and gratitude to a loving and merciful God.'

## THE ROSERY FOLK

### CHAPTER XIX.—HOW LADY MORTLETT HUMBLED THE DOCTOR

'I HAVE him, and I'll humble him yet!' said Lady Mortlett, with her eyes flashing, as she saw Jack Stales coming along the path towards the dining-room window. 'How dares he assume such a high tone towards me! I believe he knows I'm in here alone,' she said to herself angrily as he passed, 'and he has gone by on purpose to pique me. It is his conceit. He thinks I care for him. Oh, it is unbearable!' she cried impatiently. 'I'll bring him as a suppliant to my knees, and when I do,' she continued, with a flash of triumph in her dark eyes, 'he shall know what it is to have slighted and humiliated me.'

She fanned her flaming cheeks, and started up to pace the room, when once more there was the sound of the doctor's footsteps, as, in utter ignorance of Lady Mortlett's presence, he returned along the gravel walk, thinking deeply over the knotty points of his patient's case.

'Heigh ho! hum!' sighed, or rather half-yawned Jack Stales, as he turned in at the window very slowly and thoughtfully, and for the moment did not see that the room was occupied.—'Ah, Lady Mortlett, you here!' he said coolly.—'What a lovely day!'

'Yes, doctor, charming,' she said, softening her voice.

'And this is a lovely place—Your home, the Court is, of course, far more pretentious.'

'I was not aware that there was anything pretentious about Leigh Court,' returned Lady Mortlett coldly.

'Well, pretentious is perhaps not the word,' said Jack, 'I mean big and important, and solid and wealthy, and that sort of thing.'

'Oh, I see.'

'Been up to the Academy, of course?' asked Stales.

'Yes,' replied Lady Mortlett coldly. 'There was nothing, though, worth looking at. I was terribly bored.'

'Hah! I suppose you would be. I had a couple of hours. All I could spare. There is some admirable work there, all the same.'

'I was not aware that Doctor Scates was an art critic'

'Neither was I, but when I see a landscape that is a faithful rendering of nature in some beautiful or terrible mood, I cannot help admiring it'

'Some people profess to be very fond of pictures'

'I am one of those foolish people, Lady Martlett'

'Did you notice the portraits of some of the fashionable beauties, Doctor Scates?'

'O yes,' he said, 'several of them, and it set me thinking'

'No! Really?' said her ladyship, with a mocking laugh 'Was Doctor Scates touched by the beauty of some of the painted canvases with sparkling eyes?'

'No, not a bit,' he answered cheerily—'not a bit. It set me wondering how it was that Lady Martlett's portrait was not on the wall'

'I am not a fashionable beauty,' said the lady laughingly

'Well, let us say a beauty, and not fashionable'

A flash of triumph darted from Lady Martlett's eyes. He had guessed, then, that she was beautiful—at least

But Jack Scates saw the look

'I have no desire to be painted for an exhibition,' said Lady Martlett quietly

'But I thought all ladies loved to be admired'

'Surely not all,' he replied 'Are all women so weak?'

'Well, I don't know. That is a question that needs discussing. I am disposed to think they are. It is a woman's nature, and when she does not care for a imitation, she is either very old, or there is something wrong'

'Why, you libel our sex'

'Py no means, madam. I did not say that they love the admiration of many. Surely she must be a very unpleasant woman in lead who does not care for the admiration of one man'

'He is awfully!' thought Lady Martlett, with a strange feeling of triumph. Perhaps there was something else in her sensation, but she would not own it then

'Perhaps you are right,' she said quietly. 'It may be natural, but in these days, Doctor Scates, education teaches us to master our weakness'

'Which most of us do,' he returned, with a bow. 'But really, if your Ladyship's portrait, painted by a masterly hand, had been hung—' He stopped short, as if thinking, how to say his next words

'Well, doctor?' she said, giving him a look which he caught, weighed, and valued on the instant at its true worth

'It would have had a crowd around it to admire'

'The artist's work, doctor?'

'No, madam, the beauty of the features the artist had set himself to imitate'

'Is this a compliment, doctor, or a new form of bantering? Miss Scirett's guest?' demanded Lady Martlett, rather bitterly

'Neither the one nor the other, but the simple truth'

Lady Martlett fought hard to conceal the exultation, nay, more, the thrill of pleasure that

ran through her nerves as she heard these words, but though outwardly she seemed quite calm, her cheeks were more highly coloured than usual, and her voice sounded deeper and more rich

Scates told himself she was plotting to humble him to the very dust, so he stood upon his guard

Perhaps he did not know himself. Who does? If he had, he might have acted differently as he met Lady Martlett's eyes when she raised hers and said 'So, then, Doctor Scates has turned courtier and flatterer'

'No, I was speaking very sincerely'

'Ought I to sit here,' said Lady Martlett, 'and listen to a gentleman who tells me I am more handsome than one of the fashionable beauties of the season?'

'Why not?' he replied, smiling 'Is the truthful compliment so displeasing?'

'No,' she said softly, 'I do not think it is,' and beneath her lowered lashes, the look of triumph intensified as she let him on to speak more plainly

'It ought not to be,' he continued, speaking warmly now 'I have paid you a compliment, Lady Martlett, but it is in all sincerity'

'It will go on his knees to me directly,' she thought, 'and then'—

'I or he still continued, 'woman generally is a very beautiful work of creation complicated, wonderful—mentally and emotionally—perfect'

'Perfect, Doctor Scates?'

'Yes, madam, perfect. Your ladyship, for instance, is one of the next—I think I may say the most perfect woman I ever saw'

'Doctor Scates!' she said aloud, as she drew her chair up, half angry, but thoroughly indignant, his words, and then to herself, in the triumph that flushed her as she saw the animation in his eyes and the colour in his cheeks 'At last he moved—he never spoke or looked like that before! Then aloud 'You are really very complimentary, Doctor Scates,' and she gave him a sharp arrow-like glance, which he saw was barbed with contempt

'Well, ye, Lady Martlett, I suppose I am,' he said, 'but it was truly honest, and I will be frank with you. Really, I never come into your presence—I never see you—' But no, I ought not to venture to say it to you'

'Why not?' she asked, with an arch look 'I am not a silly young girl, but a woman who has seen something of the world'

'True, yes,' he said, as if encouraged, and Lady Martlett's beam rose and fell with the excitement of her expected triumph

'Well,' she said, smiling, and that smile had in it a power that nearly brought him to her feet, 'you were saying "I never see you—"

'Exactly. Yes,' he returned quickly, 'I will say it. You'll pardon me, I know I am but a weak man, with an intense love—'

She drew a long breath, and half turned away her head

'For the better parts of my profession Lady Martlett's face became fixed, and she listened to him intently

'Yes, I confess I do love my profession, and I never see you in your perfection of womanly beauty, without feeling an intense desire to—to—well—dissect you'



Lady Martlett started up from the seat, where, in a studied attitude, she had well displayed the graceful undulations of her figure, and stood before Docker Seales, proud, haughty, and indignant. Her eyes flashed, there was an ardent colour in her cheeks, which then seemed to flood back to her heart, leaving her white with anger.

'How dare you!' she began, in the mortification and passion that came upon her, and then, thoroughly mastered, and unable to contain herself longer, she burst into a wild hysterical fit of laughter and hurried out of the room.

Seales rose and stood watching the door as it swung to and there was a look of tenderness and regret in his countenance as he muttered, 'Too bad!—too bad!' Loyal and insulting. And to a woman—a lady of her position and refinement! I'll go and tell her parents—ask her to forgive me—make confusion of why I spoke so—No! Put my head beneath the heel to be crushed by her contempt? It wouldn't do.'

#### CHAPTER XX—OLD JOHN IS PATERNAL, AND FANNY MAKES A PROMISE.

'Now do give me a rose, Mr Monnick, do, please.'

'Give you a rose my dear? said John Monnick, pursuing in his task of thinning out the superabundant growth amongst the swelling roses. 'Well, I don't like to refuse you anything, though it do seem a shame to cut the poor things, when they look so much prettier on the trees.'

'Oh, but I like to have one to wear, Mr Monnick, to pin in my button.'

'And then, as soon as it gets a bit faded, my dear you chuck it away.'

'O no, not if it's a nice one, Mr Monnick. I put it in water afterwards, and let it recover.'

'Putting things in water, especially water, don't always make 'em recover, my dear, said the old man, picking out and snipping off a few more shoots. 'Hah!' he cried, after a good sniff at the bunch of succulent pieces, and then plucking one and tenderly scrap in his mouth, twisting it up, and munching it like some ruminating animal—'small that, my dear, there's a scent!' and he held out the bunch to the pretty coquette who looked maid.

'P'lease, Mr Monnick,' said the girl, taking a long sniff at the shoots. 'And now you will give me a nice pretty rosebud, won't you?'

'I allus observe,' said the old man thoughtfully going on with his work, 'that if you want some things, Fanny, you calls me Mister Monnick, but if I ask you to do anything for me, or you have an order from the master or missus, it's nothing but plain John.'

'Oh, I don't always think to call you Mr Monnick,' said the girl archly. '—But I must go now. Do give me a nice just opening bud.'

'Well, if you'll be a good girl, and promise only to take one, I'll give you leave to fetch your scissors and cut a Honier.'

'What! one of those nasty common looking little dirty pinky ones?' cried the girl. 'No, thank you, I want one of those.' As she spoke, she pointed to a trillium at the end of the green house, over which was trailed the abundant growth of a hook thorned climbing rose.

'What, one o' my Marshal Nails?' exclaimed

the old gardener. 'I should just think not! Beards,' he added with a grim smile, 'jaller wouldn't suit your complexion.'

'Now, don't talk stuff,' cried the girl. 'Yellow does suit dark people—Do cut me one, there's a dear good man.'

'Yes, said the old man, 'and then, next time you get wishing out your bits o' noses in things, you'll go hanging 'em to dry on my traneil plants in the sun.'

'No, I won't. There, I promise you I'll never do so any more.'

'Till nex' time—I say, Fanny, when's Mr Fryal going back to London?'

'I don't know,' replied the girl, rather sharply. 'How can I tell?'

'Oh, I thought perhaps he might have been telling you last night.'

'Tell me, last night?' echoed the girl. 'Where should he be telling me?'

'Why, down the field walk, to be sure, when he was a talking to her.'

'That I'm sure he wasn't, said the girl, changing colour.

'Well he was a wagging his mouth up and down and making sounds like words, and so was you, I unner, my dear.'

'Oh, how can you say so?'

'This way, said the old man, facing her and speaking very deliberately. 'What was he saying to you?'

'I—I wasn't—'

'Stop a moment said the old man. 'Mr Arthur Fryal's such a religious spoken sort o' man, that I disyer he was giving you all sorts o' good advice and I'm sure he wouldn't like you to tell a lie.'

'I'm n't telling a lie, I'm not—Oh, you were full o' deceitful, spyin', old things,' she cried, bursting into tears. 'How dare you come with me, me!'

'I didn't come watching you, my dear. I was down there with a pot yucking up the big grey slugs that come out o' the field into the garden, for they feeds the ducks, and saves my plants as well—Now, looky here, my dear, you're a very pretty girl, and it's very nice to be tallied to by a young man, I disyer. I never cared for it myself, but young women do.'

'How dare you speak to me like that!' cried the girl, flushing up.

'Cause I'm an old man, and knows the ways o' the world, my dear. Mr Arthur comes down the garden to me and gives me bits o' religious instruction and advice like, but if he wants to give any to you I think he ought to do it in the house, and give it to Martha Betts and cook at the same time.'

'It's all a wicked story,' cried Fanny angrily, 'and I won't stop here to be insulted!'

'Don't, my dear. But I'm going to walk over to your brother Williams's to night, and have a bit o' chat with him 'bout things in general, and I thought I'd give him my opinion on the pynte.'

Fanny had reached the door of the vinery, but these words stopped her short, and she came back with her face changing from red to white and back again. 'You are going to tell my brother William!'

'Yes, my dear, as is right and proper too.'

Master aren't fit to be talked to, and it's a thing as I couldn't say to missus. It aren't in the doctor's way, and if I was to so much as hint at it to Mr. s Raleigh, she'd snap my head off, and then send you home.

The girl stood staring mutely with her lips apart at the old gardener, who went on deliberately snapping out the shoots, and starting up at the roof with his heel amongst the vines. One moment her eyes flashed, the next they softened and the tears brimmed in them. She made a movement towards the old man where he sat perched upon his steps calmly ruminating with his mouthful of red shoots, then, in a fit of indignation, she shrank back, but (in obedience) by going close up to him and laying her hand upon his arm.

'Leave that now, she said.

'Nay, my, my, lass, I've no time to spare. Here's all these shoots runnin' away with the juice and strength as ought to go into the fruit, and the master never touches them now. If all fall upon my shoulders since he will.

'Ye, yes, you work very hard, but I want to talk to you a minute.'

'Well, there it is, he said.—'Now, what is it?' and he left off his task to select a nice fresh tendril to munch.

'You—you won't tell Brother William?'

'Ay, but I shall. Why, what does it matter to you if it was all a lie and you want to hear it?'

'I, if William will think it was me, Mr. Munnick, and he is so particular, and—' 'That, I'll confess it was me.'

'Thanky, and thank all men, with a grim smile, 'but my eyes are not bad enough to make a mistake.'

'But you won't tell William?'

'It aren't pleasant for you, my dear, but you'll thank me for it some day.'

'But it would make such trouble. William would come over and see Mr. Prayle, and you know how violent my brother can be. There's plenty of trouble in the house without that.'

'I don't know as William Cressy would be violent, my dear. He's a very fine young fellow, and as good a judge of gardening as he is of his farm. He's very proud of his sister, and he said to me one day—'

'William said—to you?'

'Yes, my dear, to me, over a quiet pipe, as he hid alone one evening in my tool-house. 'John Munnick, he says, 'our Lanny's as pretty a little lass as ever stepped, and some day she'll be having a chap.'

'Having a chap?—' 'Indeed I unny, with her lip curling in disapproval.

'And that's all right and proper, if he's a good sort, but I'm not going to have her take up with anybody, and I'm not going to have her fooled.'

'I wish William would mind his own business, cried Lanny, stamping her foot. 'He's got a deal to talk about, coming and staring at a stupid housemaid.'

'Martha Betts aren't stupid, my dear, and a housemaid's is a very honourable situation. The first woman as ever lived in a house must have been a housemaid, just the same as the first man was a gardener. Don't you sneer at lowly occupations. Everything as is honest is good.'

'O yes, of course.—But you won't tell William?'

'I shall, my dear, as if I must, returned the old man, taking the girl's hand, and patting it softly. 'You're a very pretty little lass, and it's quite right that you should have a sweetheart.'

'Sweetheart, indeed?' cried Lanny in disgust.

'But that Mr. Arthur aren't the sort.'

'How do you know?' cried the girl defiantly.

'Cause I'm an old man as has seen a deal of the world, my dear, and I've got a grand daughter just like you. I shouldn't have thought it of Mr. Prayle, and I don't know as I shan't speak to him about it myself.'

'O no, no!' exclaimed the girl excitedly.

'Pray, don't do that.' The old man loosened her hand to sit going thoughtfully before him, while the girl once more grasped his arm.

'Here's only one thing as would make me say I wouldn't speak to William Cressy and Mr. Arthur.'

'And what's that?' demanded the girl.

'You a swing of me your solemn promise as you won't let Mr. Arthur talk to you again.'

'I'll promise.'

'Yes, said the old man, 'it's easy enough to promise, but will you keep it?'

'Ye, yes, that I will.'

'You see he's a gentleman, and you're only a farmer's daughter, my dear, and he wouldn't think no more of you, after once he'd gone away from here, and then you'd be fretting your pretty little heart out.'

'Then you won't tell Brother William?'

'Well, I won't.'

'Not yet speak to Mr. Arthur?'

'Not this time, my dear, but if I see any more of it, I shall go straight over to William Cressy, and then he'll do what seems best in his own eyes.'

'I think it would be far more creditable of you, my dear, if you were attending to your vines, instead of wasting your time gossiping with the maids, said a stern sharp voice.—'And as for you, Lanny, I think you have enough to do in looms.'

'If you please, ma'am, you are not my mistress,' said the girl pertly.

'No, Lanny, and never shall be, but your mistress is too much taken up with her cares to note your negligence, therefore I speak.—Now, go!'

A sharp answer was upon Fanny's lips, but she checked it and flounced out of the vineyard, leaving Aunt Sophia with the gardener.

'I am surprised at you, John Munnick,' continued the old lady. 'Your master is helpless now, and you take advantage of it.'

'No, ma'am, no,' said the old fellow, who would not bring the question of Fanny's delinquency into his defence. 'I'm working as steadily as I can.'

'Triumph!' ejaculated Aunt Sophia. 'I never saw these vines so wild before.'

'Well, they are behind, ma'am, but you see this is all extra. Master always done the vines himself, besides nearly all the other glass work, and the things do run away from me a bit.'

'Yes, if you encourage the maid servants to come and talk!'

'Yes, ma'am, shan't occur again,' said the old fellow grimly, and he went on busily snapping

out the shoots, while Aunt Sophia went out into the garden, to meet Arthur Pringle, who was walking thoughtfully up and down one of the green walks, with his hands behind him, one holding a memorandum book, the other a pencil, with which he made a note from time to time.

### ENGLAND'S MUSICAL FUTURE

HAVING heard a good deal lately about the great unmusicalness of the English as a nation, and being impressed with the vagueness with which this final judgment was usually substantiated, most confess to feeling an incipient desire to carp, in my character of Briton, against what may be called a very sweeping assertion. The prime origin of our deficiency was based, in the opinion of certain arbiters, on an alleged flaw in the national temperament—the absence of the artistic sense in our mental development. Nor would they hold forth any hope that this might ever be remedied to a complete and satisfying degree. Doubtless, we should improve, and were rapidly improving, so much was acknowledged. But the average Englishman had no inborn musical perception, like, for instance, the German. He did not regard music as a factor of existence, but as an accessory, a thing which could be well dispensed with, but which was desirable, partly because it was the mode, and partly, and doubt, owing to a certain latent emotional sympathy, which, they did not deny, existed to a greater or less degree in nearly all civilised humanity, in connection with music. This, of course, principally of the uncultured masses. It was not denied that within the last forty or fifty years, a vast musical change had taken place among the better classes in England. But that was in no way relied upon as an earnest of future equality with other nations, it was merely regarded as a result of the march of civilisation and culture. While other nations were already far forward on the road towards the perfection of musical development, not only receptive but creative, we were but painfully arriving at the first stage of the journey, and commencing to be good listeners. There was that in us that would prevent our passing a certain point as a nation, exceptions there might be, but in no prominent degree. We should never produce a Beethoven or a Mendelssohn, and the best proof of that, in their estimation, was that we had not already done so, just as the female sex has never produced a composer, and therefore never will.

Now, let us go to the root of this accusation, and in the presence of the indisputable fact, that we are not at the present day so musical as other nations, endeavour to discover what it is that has hindered us in this branch of mental development. Let us consider first of all the emotional attributes understood by the term artistic. To be artistic is, I take it, to have a deep sympathy with, or to experience vivid emotion in the presence of the beautiful, whether it be the beauty of natural scenery, of the human form, of poetic thought, or of the artificial combinations of sounds called music. It is to derive pleasurable or intellectual sensations from harmony of colour, form, sound, or thought; and to develop there-

from, by force of imitation at first, and afterwards by original conception, the faculty of reproducing similar or new beauties with the aid, in some arts, of masterly combinations of effects previously observed, but in poetry and music by purely artificial means. To a certain extent, even poetry is but the result of an abnormal development of the faculty of observation or perception combined with a rare delicacy of thought and utterance. But music is the only art where the creative faculty pure and simple is employed. Music itself is a creation of man. The painter or the sculptor can but reproduce what he and every one may have seen, or combinations thereof, but the musician can create what no one has hitherto heard. The sea, the mountains, and the sunsets have existed for all time, but a composer may produce music to-morrow that shall be in some part outside human experience, and capable of awakening an emotion never evoked in the listener. Having predicted thus far, we may proceed to inquire into the cause of our deficiencies both creative and receptive.

The art of music is so modern a development, that it is only within the last two hundred years that anything having a title to the name of music has existed. Modern or music proper had its rise in Italy, where most of the arts in their modern form also had their rise. Italy may be said to have been the cradle of the arts. The first participator with Italy in the newly discovered glories of the musical art was Germany. Italian operas and Italian church music found a sympathetic response in that country. But observe that this sympathy was at first entirely receptive. Until Gluck founded a national school of music for his countrymen, Germany remained content to be catered for by Italy. No creative genius showed itself then for years. There were indeed composers in the ordinary acceptation of the word, but they were sterile imitators and plagiarists, whose creations, while possessing all the defects of the true Italian form, lacked its sole recommendations, originality and progressiveness. France, indeed, had already formed a so-called national school, before Handel and Haydn respectively laid the gigantic foundations on which the mammoth modern structures of oratorio and symphony have since been raised. Thus we see that the German nation, who must be universally acknowledged the musical nation *par excellence* of to-day, were in their artistic infancy not only merely receptive, but also feebly imitative, a sure sign of stagnant mediocrity, but clearly no obstacle to future original greatness.

Now, let us, turning to England, compare our condition with that of Germany at that epoch. It cannot be urged that England has suffered from a dearth of musical experience. Even in the time of Handel and Haydn, London was notoriously the happy hunting ground of the profession. Already in those days we spent more money on music than any two other nations put together. Nor is this altogether paralki, as many have held, with the unaltered refinement of a *nouveau riche*, who will have the best of everything, which money can buy. The triumphs of Handel, the birth actually of oratorio and symphony, were celebrated in the British Isles. When Vienna and Berlin looked with a cold and

unappreciative gave upon the efforts of the heaven-born tone-poets in their midst to gain a bare subsistence, London offered a competence to talented artists and composers of all nationalities. All this was so much education for our national taste. We learned to accept the novel harmonies and daring instrumentation of the musical revolutionists as soon as the rest of Europe, if not sooner. We early grasped a truth that Italy is yet blind to—namely, that perpetual melody and the constant evoking of passionate emotion are not the objects of true music. Music exists for the expression of varied emotions—sadness, longing, hope, triumph, aspiration towards the unobtainable or the indefinite, calm fulfilment of an artistic conception of fitness and beauty, but besides these, monotony, long spills of unbroken quickness, mental perturbation even to a positive sense of physical discomfort, are also lately essential to relieve and heighten the more ecstatic emotions of pleasure called forth by a musical composition. We cannot always be burning with passion and reeling dramatic ducts, or heading triumphal processions. We do not do so in real life. This is what the Italians have failed to recognise. Then straggling tenor and pulsating sopranos rave together down by the promenade box in an almost unintermittent frenzy of passion, a very parody of life, bereft of many of its tranquil ebulliences and minor impressions pleasurable or painful, each having its own special effect and value by contrast in relation to the rest of our lives. It is not only vivid impressions that are missing, these heaped one upon another constitute a plethora of overstrained excitement that will jolt and exhaust the most passionate nature. There are countless experiences in life which leave us in a tranquil condition of enjoyment, and since these make up by far the greater portion of our existence, and are the vehicle of the more powerful emotions, are they not worthy of a prominent place in so comprehensive an index of human sentiment as music?

It is upon the early recognition of these two principles of music, and upon other traits of national character to which reference shall be made, that I would base a hope for England's musical future.

It is a significant fact that the Germans, who have established their pre-eminence in philosophy and most of the sciences, should have also produced the most earnest and real music. The French school, again, exactly echoes the national character, with its superficial brilliance and clever aptitude for the assimilation and reproduction of other people's more successful ideas. They cannot be said to have formed a school of serious music even yet. Of charming, graceful, or droll music, certainly, but before Gounod's  *Faust*, they could not boast a single national grand opera, in the full sense of the word. There is no need to depreciate their many facile gifts, but what they owe to the Germans in philosophy and metaphysics, they owe to the Italians indirectly in music. The spirit is the same, if not the letter. The national favour that has been imparted to one that pills, and sinks into frivolous insignificance by the side of the colossal symphonies and chamber music of the Germans. French and Italian music is for

pleasure, for display, for high pressure romance, or what you will, but German music is for a profound consideration of the problem of existence with its varied and conflicting emotion—now brimming over with high spirited childish glee, like some of the Beethoven  *scherzos*, now awakening the most powerful sympathies and the highest inspirations with its by turns grave and impassioned thoughtfulness.

We have seen that the character of a people is reflected in their music. May we not, therefore, hope something from this? The English character is not frivolous or superficial or ultra-romantic. We possess many solid, earnest, serious qualities in common with the Germans. We have excelled in science and philosophy, and in imaginative literature. Above all, we have not neglected, like the Parisians or the Italians, again, to music that we could not at the outset understand. We alone received the creations of the new prophet Richard Wagner with attention and respect. In spite of much in them that was contrary to our artistic sense, we have done full justice to a new departure in instrumentation, and a novel method of expressing situation—the entry, presence, or reminiscence of dramatic persons—by *Fast Motions*. We have done this by subscribing for the efficient representation of operas that M. Pasdeloup and other enterprising cosmopolitans have laboured vainly to introduce in their entirety to the French public. Does all this go for nothing in the qualification for a musical people?

I have heard it remarked that the continental mode of life is constantly conducive to the early acquisition and subsequent fostering of musical talent. Doubtless it is so. I myself have experienced the delights of cheap German opera, efficient public halls, and high class concerts in many parts of the country, and have noted the care with which musical genius is almost invariably brought forward. But a marvellous change has lately come over our own land in this respect. One cannot see the crowds of enthusiasts week after week attend the Crystal Palace concerts, seat in hind, or those others, who wait for hours in St. James's Hall previous to the chamber concerts, without acknowledging that here classical music is tightening its hold on the middle classes every day, while the rapt attention with which frivolous and pleasure-seeking throngs at the Promenade Concerts will listen to an impudently symphonic or romantic pianoforte concerto, is indeed a genuine proof of the widely spreading ramifications of musical receptivity in England.

But let us now briefly consider the more important claims of the charge against us, namely, that we have no creative genius. It is true, looking back upon our musical past, we can find no names which may be fitly associated with even the second-rate foreign composers. We have never originated a school of music as national and characteristic as that of the French, meretricious though it be. We have been content, as were the Germans in their artistic infancy, to reflect the various styles that have flourished around us. Sterndale Bennett, by most considered our greatest representative musician, not only followed his master Mendelssohn, as Sir Julius Benedict has followed Weber. But I would humbly submit that England is still in her

musical infancy, when the imitative faculty precedes the birth of originality. And how is it we have failed to march equally with other nations in the progress of artistic culture which has been going on around us for so many years? The secret lies, I think, in the peculiar conservatism which has ever attached to the English temperament. We do not easily assimilate the ideas of others, we do an amputation to a degree. Whether from local causes—so powerful to influence character—or not, we have held aloof from that comradeship which binds continents in so close an artistic union. Far from being one of the largest families, we remain in only child, wrapped up in its own ideas, and cultivating a habit of so doing. We are so proudly self-contained, that an Englishman in a foreign country is almost as much a stranger as a Hottentot. We are used to our own ways, and unaccustomed to judging those of others. A freemasonry existing among Europeans has stopped short at the English Channel, which I believe has much to answer for in this direction. Hence, new ideas, new theories, untriedly received abroad, have percolated but slowly through an obstructing mass of cautious reserve with us. The artistic spirit which has pervaded almost every corner of the Old Europe is only now making its felt under the compelling influences of increased facility of travel, and of the broader views of the age. When music shall have taken as high a place in our regard as it holds in the estimation of our contemporaries, I venture to predict there will be a future for musical England.

## MISS RIVERS'S REVENGE

### IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

MUCH as I disliked that young man, I was bound to confess that he looked provokingly handsome as he stood bareheaded in the moonlight with long the wreaths of smoke from his pipe curling about in the still air. I could now scan him quite at my ease. My courage had returned, and I felt myself insured against discovery. My only dread was that the two men would begin to talk secrets. In such a case, my keen sense of honour must, of course, make me reveal my presence. I made a firm resolution that I would not play a eavesdropping Alce for poor humanity! In a minute I was straining my ears to catch every word. Yet how could I help it? Heritage Rivers was the subject of their discourse.

'I hope you found your companion at dinner a pleasant one?' said Mr Ramsay.

'O yes, very pleasant,' replied Mr Hope carelessly. 'She's a nice sort of a girl, I dare say.'

'A nice sort of a girl!' The wretched man! I hated him!

'We think a great deal more of her than that,' said that dear old Mr Ramsay.

'Indeed,' replied his companion, without evincing the slightest interest in the matter.

'Yes—indeed and indeed,' echoed my old friend. 'But, joking apart, did you not notice the bids far to be a most beautiful woman?'

It would have needed little more to have

brought me from my lurking place on purpose to kiss that good old man!

Vincent Hope laughed quietly. 'To tell you the truth,' he said, 'I don't think I noticed her much. She seemed to me of the ordinary school-girl type. I don't care much for school-girls.'

I dug my nails into my hands and ground my teeth. Handsome as the man looked in the moonlight, I could have killed him then and there.

'Yes,' said Mr Ramsay, 'I noticed she talked pretty freely to you.'

The shrug of Mr Hope's shoulders almost maddened me. 'Yes, but sad nonsense,' he said, 'although it was rather amusing at times. Of course, it is not fair to judge her now. She is very raw, and, I should say, rather awkward. If properly looked after, no doubt she will grow up to be a decent sort of a young woman.'

Raw and awkward! He spoke of me—me, whom many of my school friends called Queen HELEN, from the stately and dignified manner I was supposed to assume at times. A decent sort of a young woman! That I should hear a man, one, moreover, in his own opinion a judge on such matters, gravely set this up as the standard to which I might aspire—if properly looked after. It was too much, the fall was too great. And as the horrible thought flashed across me that his description might be true, his prediction correct, tears of sheer mortification sprang into my eyes. Even Mr Ramsay almost felt my pain but gave me no comfort.

'O nonsense, Hope!' She will grow up a beautiful, accomplished, and clever woman. You judge her wrongly. Talk to her again in the drawing-room, there, she will be more at home.

'All right, I will,' the wretch answered.—'But at present I want to talk to you about more important things than young ladies. I have to-day been offered the editorship of the *Scottish Magazine*. Shall I take it?'

I congratulate you! But it is too serious a matter to decide out here. We will talk it over by and by. We must join the ladies now. I see every one else has gone in.'

'Then I suppose we must,' said Mr Hope rather ruefully, and tossing his cap away with a half-sigh.

I waited a minute, then I crept out, and at last ventured to creep round the laurel and reconnoitre. The broad back of my candid critic was just disappearing through the dining-room window. I shook my fist viciously at it. I watched Mr Ramsay follow his guest, saw the window close and the blind fall, then I flew at top speed to the library, whence I had made my exit, entered noiselessly, and threw myself into a chair, feeling that my life was blighted.

The room was faintly lit up, the door was closed, I was alone with my misery, for misery it was, I use the word soberly and advisedly, without a thought of jesting. Fortunately or unfortunately, I had heard myself appraised at my true value. My merits had been weighed by an impartial hand, I had been judged and condemned. I was a failure. 'Raw and awkward,' a decent sort of a young woman!—the words ate into my heart. No expressions could have been

deemed which would have wounded me more deeply.

He would give me another chance in the drawing room. Would he? I think not, Mr Vincent Hope. No power on earth shall take me there to-night. I turn the gas up, and look at myself in the mirror. My hair is dishevelled, my eyes are red, and I cannot help fancying that my nose looks rather coarse. Yes, it must be true, I am not even good looking.

Beneficial as it may be for one who is not without vanity to learn the truth, I hate with a deadly hatred the man who has revealed it to me. Solemnly I declare, somehow, that some day I will have my revenge. I am very young, which is an advantage to one who may have to wait a long time for a certain object. O yes, I can wait—whether ten, fifteen, or twenty years, I can wait, but I will have revenge, full revenge. So I raved on and on, growing more furious every moment, until I broke down, and began to cry again.

I had hardly dried my eyes, when Clara entered the room. "What, Heritage?" she cried, "you here? I have hunted high and low for you, but never thought of looking here. Come into the drawing room, we must sing our duet."

I pleaded a splitting headache, I could not bear the hot room. I should go to bed at once, and in spite of Clara's entreaties, to bed I went, and had the pleasure of dreaming that I was stacking statistics and sensors into Mr Vincent Hope. This was so comforting, that I was quite sorry when morning came and I found it was but a dream.

"Wasn't he delightful?" was Clara's first question when we met.

"Wasn't who delightful?"

"Mr Hope, of course. The other men were so—"

"Now, Clara, look here. Once for all, I tell you I found that young man detestable—simply detestable! I hate him. I never met any one I took such a dislike to."

Clara's blue eyes opened in amazement. "I thought you got on so well together," she said. "He asked for you in the drawing room, and seemed quite sorry to hear you were ill. We all liked him immensely."

He asked after me? A piece of impudence—a gratuitous insult—a piece of supercilious hypocrisy, which, were it possible, made my wish for revenge stronger.

"Well, I loathe him," I said, "and there's an end of it. I won't even talk about him."

I was as good as my word, and Clara, from the want of a listener, was obliged to desist from making the charge in praise of Mr Hope.

I left Twickenham two or three days after this. As I drove to the station, Mr Hope—most likely on his way to the Rainways' house—passed the carriage. Clara was with me, so the young man bowed to us collectively. I made no sign of recognition.

"Heritage," said Clara, "that was Mr Hope. Didn't you see him?"

"Was it?" I replied. "I had quite forgotten what he was like."

I, as a beginner, this was a pretty good fib. After talking it so calmly, I felt I was getting on "Raw and awkward." O no! I did not forget,

either the words or the speaker. When I declare for revenge, I mean it.

Five years passed by. I was twenty-two. I had seen many people and many things. Either for better or worse, I had changed in much, but still retained my knack of never forgetting a foe or a friend. Incalculable as it seems, my anger against Mr Hope was keen as ever—my wish for revenge as strong. The injury he had unwittingly done me had been greater than, even in my first hour of rage, I had imagined. His words during the interval kept recurring to my mind, and hindered the growth of proper confidence and self-esteem. A long series of pleasant little social triumphs alone permitted me to say at last that his prophecy had not been fulfilled. But now, after five years, the more I thought of the fancy that, even an answer, his words had caused me, the more violent I felt towards him, the more resolved to compass revenge when the opportunity occurred. O yes, I was a good hater—not a doubt of it. I could cury my rage seven years in my pocket, then turn it and cury it seven years more, or twice seven years, never for a moment forgetting its ultimate destination.

But when shall I have the chance of hurling it, and how shall I act when the chance came? Except in the street casually, I had never since met the man Vincent Hope, with the exception of once at the Runby. They left Twickenham shortly after my visit, and now had a hundred miles from town. I had stayed with them several times, but my face had never appeared. Of course, I had heard a great deal of it at home. He was now quite a famous man. To keep myself posted up in the light literature of the day, I was compelled to read his books, and in honesty I am bound to say I admired them, although I detested the author of them. Surely we must meet some day. I went out a great deal, and I heard he was much sought after. But our paths as yet had not crossed.

It was winter. I was spending some weeks with new friends, who had taken a great fancy to me. Kind hospitable people, who liked to have a constant stream of visitors passing, but very slowly, through their house. The Lightons were a wealthy county family, noted for their open-handed hospitality. I never stayed at a gay or pleasanter place than Blaze House. It was not very large, but from the way it seemed to extend itself to accommodate the numerous guests, my belief is it must have been built on the plan of an accordion. I can only account for its capriciousness by this theory.

Except from the tiny village which gave it its name, Blaze House was miles away from everywhere, but its resources, so far as amusement went, made it immaterial in what part of the world it stood. The family consisted of Mr Lighton—called by every one, even his guests, the Squire, his wife, a fitting companion to him, who shared his pursuits, and heartily seconded the welcome he gave to every one, and two daughters, about my own age. These made the nucleus, the standing congregation of the establishment. In addition, there were sons who turned up unexpectedly and at intervals, and two or three cousins were invariably sojourning there. Add to these, again, the floating

population in the shape of visitors who came and went, and you will realise that it was a merry house.

Breakfast was just over, we had been longer about it than usual, the weather being too damp and drizzly to tempt us out of doors. Letters were being read with the last cup of tea. The Squire selected one from his pile, and tossed it over to his wife, remarking that she would be glad to hear the good news it contained. Then it went from hand to hand until I had the pleasure of reading—

MY DEAR SQUIRE—I have just written the delightful word I use at the bottom of a page, which is the last of my last immortal (!) production. I will do no more work for weeks, but will take the train to-morrow and come to Blaise House, in time, I hope, for dinner. I do not apologise for this short notice, knowing that it is even more joy within your gates over the unwitted than the invited guest—Yours always, VINCENT HOPE.

Vincent Hope! It must be my enemy. The allusion to his literary pursuits put that beyond a doubt. My time had come! I could not have selected a fatter field on which to mow out the vengeance I had stored up. As I read that letter, I positively blushed with pleasure, so vastly that I feared people might jump at entirely wrong conclusions. "I thought of nothing all day, but the way in which my enemy was deluged into my hands." The delight at having at last the chance of paying out the critic for his criticism produced a frame of mind which seemed to urge me to go into quiet corners and indulge at my own thoughts. I had plenty of time to mature my plans and draw soothing pictures of the effects of my revenge. I resolved to risk no chance meeting with the fox and feeling that a pool of burning would be half the battle, before six o'clock I went to my room to arm for the fray.

Remember, I am confessing, not jesting. I sent for my maid, and bade her take down my hair and brush it. If, as her deft fingers braided my locks to my satisfaction, I had thought the girl would have comprehended me, I might have quoted certain lines of Mrs Browning's which kept singing through my head.

Comb it smooth and crown it fair  
I would look in purple mail, from the lattice down the wall  
And throw scorn on one that a thorn

Anyway, she crowned it fast enough, and by my express desire, clad me in my most becoming gear. Then, a few minutes before the bell rang, I sent her away, and stood alone before the cheval glass, surveying myself with a contented smile. For my plan of revenge had at least the merit of simplicity, it was to win that man's admiration—*if possible his love*. Upon the day when he offered me the latter, and I coldly and scornfully rejected it, I should feel that I had acquitted all accounts between us in a manner highly satisfactory to myself.

How do women win men's love? I did not quite know, but I fancied, if conducted properly, the operation was not of a difficult nature. I hoped and believed I should succeed. Although my resolution waned sadly, and sounds even worse,

I comforted myself by thinking that as I meant to refuse what I laid myself out to win, no one would dare to censure me or accuse me of every unbecoming conduct. And now what are my weapons with which to conquer?

I look at myself in the glass. It may read like vanity, but I feel that old Mr Bamby's prediction is fairly verified. Although I blush as I appraise myself, I know I am no longer the slim school girl—that I am something not, perhaps, far off a beautiful woman. I am tall. My figure is certainly good. My complexion will bear any test, and something tells me I could, if I wished, make my eyes dangerous. So much for nature. As for art, I have chosen the prettiest of many pretty gowns, and my gowns now have a knack of sitting well upon me, so I am not ashamed to walk gracefully across the room, and courtesying to myself in the glass, my approvingly to my double. "Yes, Heiridge Rivers, you have grown into a very decent sort of a woman—a very decent sort!" Having refreshed my vanity by the repetition of that peculiarly galling phrase, I set it up my skirts and sailed forth to victory.

I costume favoured me. As the greatest stranger and last arrival, it would have been in Vincent Hope's province to take out his hostess into the dining room, had we not been favoured that day by the presence of a county magistrate, whose claim to precedence could not be lightly overruled. It seemed but natural and part of the plot that the Squire should present Mr Vincent Hope to Miss Rivers; and for the second time in their lives these two should be seated side by side sipping their soup in unison—but this time, if a single victory was to be the result of the county, Mr Rivers would not be the victim.

So I began, "You have come straight from town, Mr Vincent—I fancy the Squire said I We all call him 'Squire, you know?"

"O yes. He is an old friend of mine. But he calls me Vincent Hope, I suspect."

This gave me what I wanted, an excuse for looking him full in the face—an act which, besides being a fitting tribute to his fame, enabled me to observe how time had treated him. So I lifted my lashes and looked straight at him. If time had not been quite idle with him, it had treated him kindly. He was handsome as ever. The hair on his temples being just streaked with grey, did not detract from his good looks. I thought his features looked more marked, and the whole expression of his face more confident and powerful even than of old. He had won success, and, no doubt, fully realised and enjoyed the fact.

"Vincent Hope!" I echoed. "Not the Vincent Hope?"

I guessed instinctively that flattery was not a bad gun with which to open fire. By this time his name was so well known that it would have been affectation to appear to misunderstand me. He bowed, and smiled.

"How delightful!" I exclaimed, my look, I am ashamed to say, confirming my words. "Now, tell me how I should talk to you. Ought I to give you my opinion about all the characters in your books, or ought I to sit silent and smile, treasuring up every word of wit and wisdom you may let fall?"

"Neither, I must beg. I have just thrown off

the harness, and come down to enjoy the Squire's clover. I am trying to forget there is such a clover as work in the world.

'Very well. I shall take you at your word after, as in duty bound, saying, I have read all you have written, so far as I know.'

His wish to avoid the topic of his own achievements may have been a genuine one, but never theless he seemed pleased with my remark, and looking at me with a smile, said, 'Exchange is but fair. I scarcely heard what the Squire called you.'

'Rivers—Heritage Rivers.'

'Heritage Rivers,' he echoed manfully. 'It is an uncommon name, but I fancy I have heard it before.'

'Oh, please, don't say so, Mr Hope. I did think I had one original thing to boast of—my name. How would you like, after looking upon all your plots as original, to find them but plagiarisms?'

He laughed. 'Many are, I fear. But you are trespassing on forbidden ground. Let us seek fresh pastures.'

We did so. We talked all dinner time. I think we talked about everything under the sun—talked, moreover, almost like old friends. When he differed from my opinions, he told me in well-chosen words why he differed. And as he spoke, I whispered ever and anon to myself, 'Raw and awkward—a decent sort of a woman.' Yet, now, Mr Hope was condescending enough not only to listen attentively to my words but to reply to them as if they had weight with him. All this was very delightful. The first steps to *revue* were so very smooth and pleasant ones, for there is no need to say that I hated him as much and felt as vindictive as ever.

He was walking straight to his fate. I felt it when, just before Mrs Lighton gave the signal for departure, he dropped his voice almost to a whisper, and was good enough to say that, to him, the peculiar charm of this particular dinner was that such an agreeable interchange of ideas would not be ended with the night but might be resumed to-morrow. Coming as it did from such a famous person, I could only glance my thanks, blush, and look pleased at the compliment.

When, with the rest of my sex, I rose and walked to the door, I knew that his eyes were following me, and I knew also that, although clever, captious, critical those eyes might be, they could find little fault with my bearing or general demeanour.

At Blaze House it was understood that the gentlemen, especially the younger ones, were not allowed to linger long over the wine. When they entered the drawing-room, I was sitting, almost hidden from sight, in a recess near the window. I noticed, as he came through the door, that Mr Hope looked round, as if in search of some one, and as, when at last he discovered my retreat, his search seemed at an end, I could only think its object was myself. However, we had little more to say to each other this evening. All the children of the house were his friends, and had many questions to ask him. We had music and singing as usual, but I made some conventional excuse, and did not take my share in them. Before we parted for the night, Vincent Hoop came to my side.

'Surely you sing, Miss Rivers?' he said. 'A little. But I'm not in the mood to sing to-night.'

He pressed me to make the attempt, but I refused. Thinking I had done quite enough for the first evening, I kept my voice in reserve. But I talked to him for a short time about music, and found him well versed in the art, and, of course, an unsparing critic. He was very hard on the ordinary drawing-room playing and singing, and by no means complimentary to the performers of the evening. I laughed, and told him how thankful I felt that something had warned me not to show my poor skill to such capable but severe judges. My words led him to believe that my talent for music was a very third-rate one. This was exactly what I wished him to think.

He was soon drawn away from my side, and we spoke no more until the general good night took place, and the men went off to the billiard-room, and my own sex to their couches. Once more I commended to Mrs Rivers in the cheval glass, and told her she had surpassed my most sanguine expectations. Then, in a very happy frame of mind, I went to bed.

#### HISTRIONS IN LOW LIFE

I HAVE observed that many Londoners of the middle class, whether those whose vocations take them to and from the City daily, or those with more leisure at their command, have, as a rule, one favourite crossing sweeper whom they tip more or less frequently, thereby offering a solace to their consciences which enables them to treat the claims of the rest of the fraternity with sublime indifference. In this respect I profess to be in no wise different from my neighbours. The one crossing sweeper whom I make a point of subsidising is a young shaver of ten, Tommy Ly name, whose vantage point is at the corner of the suburban road in which I reside. Tommy and I have been the best of friends for the last two years. The moment his quick eyes catch sight of me in the distance, his occupation at the moment be what it may, whether he is lazily blinking against the sun smitten wall with his hands in his pockets, or exercising his sharp white teeth on a crust of bread and cheese, forth comes his broom with a flourish, and no matter how well swept his crossing may have been before, an extra touch is given to it in honour of my advent.

Tommy is a bright-eyed, smiling young rascal, whose cheerfulness seems never to desert him. It matters not whether he is soaked with rain or shivering in an east wind, he greets you with the same ingenuous grin. Sometimes I have said to him, 'You ought to be at home on such a day as this, you will catch your death of cold.' To which his invariable reply has been, 'Father's in the hospital, and mother's got the rheumatics,' as though the point at issue was thereby clinched, and all further discussion rendered supererogatory.

But this has been going on for so long a time that I begin to have my doubts as to the perfect truthfulness of Tommy's statements. His father



can scarcely have been in the hospital for two years, his mother can hardly be laid up with rheumatism from January to December. There are other small circumstances which tend to make me suspicious. More than once, charitable ladies with youngsters of their own have taken pity on Tommy's father, and have given him a bundle of second-hand clothes, or a pair or two of boots which had still some service left in them. For a few days afterwards Tommy would look wonderfully smart, almost too smart, indeed, for his occupation, and then all at once he would lapse into his original state of looped and wind-wid raggedness. Was it possible, I asked myself, that the boy's added respectability had a tendency to reduce his receipts at the crossing—that the pockets of the charitable were more readily reached by a boy in tatters, than by one clad in the cast-off garments of penitence? Or could it be that the gifts of clothing had found their way to the pawnbroker's to help to make up the rent?

More than once I have seen a by no means attractive-looking female, whose complaint—if she had one—seemed more nearly allied to gout and water than rheumatism, hovering round the boy, apparently with the view of relieving him of his earnings at stated intervals. Could this woman be Tommy's mother? For his sake I hoped not, and yet it looked suspiciously like it, more especially as she one day invoked a blessing on my head in a strong, Irish accent, having apparently a knowledge of me as one of the boy's regular patrons.

I have sometimes thought that Tommy's malignant grin and unflinching cheerfulness in all kinds of weather may be as much a portion of his stock-in-trade as his tattered breeches or his stumpy broom, and that he has made the discovery that people's pockets may be reached by two bright eyes and a pleasant smile, quite as readily as by a snivel and a whine.

It is a pleasant thing to know that the far-reaching arms of the School Board have at length caught Tommy in their grasp, and will not let him go again till they have planted in his mind such seeds of knowledge as will, one may reasonably hope, expand and grow and bear good fruit in the years to come.

To the whining category pertained a certain young gentleman of the broom whom I fell in with one frosty afternoon as I was making my way homeward by a route which I rarely traverse. I did not see him till I was within a few yards of him, and then his utterly wretched and woebegone appearance at once challenged my attention. He was apparently about a couple of years older than Tommy, but was a much bigger and more strongly built lad. Unmistakable tears were standing in the corners of eyes that looked inflamed with much crying, while his dirty cheeks showed the zigzag lines of tears that had already traversed them. He held a frowzy broom under one arm, and when he was not trying to warm his purple fingers with his chilly breath, his teeth chattered loudly enough to attract the attention of any one who passed him close by. I stopped instinctively. 'What is the matter with you?' I asked, rather incoherently, I admit, seeing that his appearance pretty well told its own tale.

'O ar, I'm so cold!' Had nothink to eat

since yesterday,' was the reply, and with that, two big tears trickled down his cheeks, and his teeth began to chatter worse than ever.

Nothing to eat since yesterday, and it was now four p.m., and the mercury nearly down to freezing-point! Already my fingers were groping in the pocket in which I carry my loose change. 'Here, take this, and get yourself some hot coffee and bread and butter,' I said, and with that I hurried away with an unwonted moisture in my eyes, for I have youngsters of my own at home.

I did not go that way again for more than a week, and when I did, the frost had disappeared, and the weather was mild and muggy. I had forgotten all about the boy, till my eyes fell on him for the second time. A benevolent-looking old lady had just stopped to speak to him. I halted for a moment to listen to his reply.

'O mum, I'm so cold!' Had nothink to eat since yesterday,' and with that his teeth began to chatter in a way that left you to infer their soundness, and with his sleeve he wiped a tear from the end of his nose.

'Poor boy!' I heard the old lady say as she began to fumble for her purse, but with that I hurried away, with a mingled desire in my fingers to box the young rascal's ears.

And yet there was evidently histrionic talent of no mean order in the lad. Where and how had he learned the secret of making his tears flow at will? Many an actor of repute on the mimic stage would give half his worldly fortune if he could boast of the same accomplishment.

My daughter and I, when on our way to visit at the house of a certain friend, had more than once noticed a very natty, clean, old woman, who evidently looked upon the crossing at the entrance to a certain fashionable square as her private property. We learned afterwards that when the weather was very bad, the crossing was allowed to take care of itself, and that when it rained or blew, Old Margery remained quietly in the shelter of the one little room she called her home. At other times, after her crossing had once been well swept, she was generally to be seen sitting on an old kitchen chair at the corner of the square, her broom resting against the wall by her side, and her mittened hands crossed on an old-fashioned calf-bound volume which lay on her lap.

My daughter was much interested in the old woman, and never passed her without bringing out her purse. One day she stayed behind for a few minutes to talk with her. When she overtook me, she said, 'What do you think, papa? That old woman at the corner—I ought perhaps to call her an old lady—is a clergyman's daughter, and the book she nearly always has on her knees is a volume of her father's sermons, which she carries about with her. How sad to think that a person brought up as she must have been should be reduced to sweeping a crossing in her old age!'

I too felt that it was sad, and when I reached my friend's house, I spoke of it to him. He laughed his usual pleasant but somewhat cynical laugh. 'I am sadly afraid that Old Margery, as we call her, is little better than a venerable humbug,' was his reply. 'I took an opportunity one day of putting a few questions to her. She persisted in her statement that her father had been in the Church, but when pressed to give the

name of his parish, she could only reply vaguely that it was somewhere "down Hampshire way," that she had not been there since she was a girl, and that she had forgotten the name of it. She thought that her father had been a rector, but admitted that possibly he had been only a curate. She then went on to tell me that at one time she used to know all the "collicks," as she called them, by heart, but that now her memory was failing her. Still, she was thankful that she could see to read her large print Prayer book and the volume of beautiful sermons written by her father. On examining the volume in question, I found that there was no author's name to it, but on turning to the preface, the first words that met my eyes were "This collection of discourses, written by various hands, is intended," &c. I gave her the book back without a word. As I said before, I am afraid Old Murgery is a humbug, but people are easily taken in, and among the well-to-do, kind-hearted ladies of this neighbourhood, her assertion that her father was a clergyman is generally credited, and serves, I doubt not, to bring in what for a person in her position, must be a very comfortable revenue.

'Another historian in low life,' was my unspoken comment.

### IS GELATINE NUTRITIOUS?

In a series of papers on the Chemistry of Cookery, which have appeared in *Knowledge*, Mr W. Matthew Williams writes as follows: "Our grandmothers believed gelatine to be highly nutritious, prepared it in the form of jellies for invalids, and estimated the nutritive value of their soups by the consistency of the jelly which they formed on cooling, which thickness is due to the gelatine they contain. Isinglass, which is simply the swim bladder of theurgeon and similar fishes cut into shreds, was especially esteemed, and sold at high prices. This is the purest natural form of gelatine."

'About fifty or sixty years ago, the French Academy of Sciences appointed a bone soup commission, consisting of some of the most eminent scientists of the period. They worked for about ten years upon the problem submitted to them— that of determining whether or not the soup made by boiling bones until only their mineral matter remained solid, is, or is not, a nutritious food for the inmates of hospitals, &c. In the voluminous Report which they ultimately submitted to the Academy, they decided in the negative.

Baron Liebig became the popular exponent of their conclusions, and vigorously denounced gelatine, as not merely a worthless article of food, but as loading the system with material that demands wasteful effort for its removal.

'The Academicians fed dogs on gelatine alone, and found that they speedily lost flesh, and ultimately died of starvation. A multitude of similar experiments showed that gelatine alone would not support animal life, and hence the conclusion that pure gelatine is worthless as an article of food, and that ordinary soups containing gelatine owed their nutritive value to their other constituents.

'Subsequent experiments proved that while animals fed on gelatine-soup, formed into a soft

paste with bread, lost flesh and strength rapidly, they recovered their original weight when to this same food only a very small quantity of the yolk and odorous principles of meat were added. Thus, in the experiments of Messrs Edwards and Balzac, a young dog that had ceased growing, and had lost one-fifth of its original weight when fed on the bread and gelatine for thirty days, was next supplied with the same food, but to which was added, twice a day, only two table spoonfuls of soup, made from horse-flesh. There was an increase of weight on the first day, and "in twenty three days the dog had gained considerably more than its original weight, and was in the enjoyment of vigorous health and strength."

'All this difference was due to the varying compositions of the four table spoonfuls of meat soup, which soup contained the juices of the flesh, to which, as already stated, its flavour is due.

'The inferences drawn by M. Edwards from the whole of his experiments are the following: "1. That gelatine alone is insufficient for alimentary use. 2. That although insufficient, it is not unwholesome. 3. That gelatine contributes to alimentary use, and is sufficient to sustain it when it is mixed with a due proportion of other products which would themselves prove insufficient if given alone. 4. That gelatine extracted from bones, being identical with that extracted from other parts—

and bones being richer in gelatine than other tissues, and able to afford two thirds of their weight of it—there is an incontestable advantage in making them serve for nutrition in the form of soup, jellies, paste, &c., always, however, taking care to provide a proper admixture of the other principles in which the gelatine soup is defective."

5. That to render gelatine soup equal in nutritive and digestible qualities to that prepared from meat alone, it is sufficient to mix one fourth of meat soup with three fourths of gelatine soup, and that, in fact, no difference is perceptible between a soup thus prepared and that made solely from meat. 6. That in preparing soup in this way, the great advantage remains, that, while the soup itself is equally nourishing with meat soup, three-fourths of the meat which would be requisite for the latter by the common process of making soup are saved and made useful in another way—as by roasting, &c. 7. That jellies ought always to be associated with some other principles to render them both nutritive and digestible."

'The reader may make a very simple experiment on himself by preparing first a pure gelatine soup from isinglass, or the prepared gelatine commonly sold, and trying to make a meal of this with bread alone. Its insipidity will be evident with the first spoonful. If he perseveres, it will become not merely insipid, but positively repulsive, and should he struggle through one meal and then another without any other food between, he will find it, in the course of time (varying with constitution and previous alimentation), positively nauseous. Let him now add to it some of Liebig's Extract of Meat, and he will at once perceive the difference.

'It would seem that gelatine alone, although containing the elements required for nutrition,

\* London, 'Nouveaux Elements d'Hygiene,' Second Edition, vol. 1, p. 72.

requires something more to render it digestible. We shall probably be not far from the truth if we picture it to the mind as something too smooth, too neutral, too inert, to set the digestive organs at work, and that it therefore requires the addition of a decidedly *acid* something that shall make these organs act. I believe that the proper function of the palate is to determine our selection of such materials, that its activity is in direct sympathy with that of all the digestive organs; and that if we carefully avoid the irritation of our natural appetites, we have in our mouths, and the nervous apparatus connected therewith, a laboratory that is capable of supplying us with information concerning some of the chemical relations of food which is beyond the grasp of the analytical machinery of the ablest of our scientific chemists.\*

## MAUD OF THE MANSE

BY ALEXANDER ANDERSON ('SUBFACIENT').

I sit to night, and, reading, hear  
Stern Vikings shouting in my ear,  
And see them lean against the mast,  
Their long hair streaming in the blast,  
Till, weary with the battle song,  
The fight, the deeds of blood and wrong,  
I sing the Danish poet by,  
To dream and sit with open eye.

The weary thrush of human feet  
Is heard along the stony street,  
But as I dream, it dies away,  
And leaves me with a summer day  
I see sweet woods with green expanse  
Of leaves that almost hide the Manse,  
From which is seen in summer glow  
The valley of Gleocurn below,  
Whose winding river in its bed  
Glimmers like a loaden silver thread  
Between the spaces which the trees  
Have left for sunshine and the breeze  
To enter in. But lo! what call  
Prings something fairer than them all,  
As if some wind had gently thrown  
A tiny rosebud all unblown  
Into my dream, and by my knee  
Stands soft, and shy, and sweet to see  
Who can it be with sunny glance,  
But Maud, the fairy of the Manse?  
A tiny, happy, six year old,  
With curls that shine a paler gold  
Upon a brow that feels their touch,  
And lightens into mirth at such  
'Why, Maud, come sit upon my knee,  
And laugh and prattle unto me  
I want to watch your sweet blue eyes  
Fill with the sunshine of surprise,  
And drink the obliqueness of their glance,  
So, come to me, elfin Maud of the Manse

\*Maud of the Manse, as we sit to night,  
Your golden head has made a light  
Within the room, and I can see  
The very spirit of infancy  
Wave half seen little snowy wings,  
Till the room is full of fairy things.

'Maud of the Manse, can your memory go  
Back to less than a year ago?  
When the winds of a summer afternoon  
Were busy humming their sweetest tune,  
When the flowers shook as their low sweet call,  
But you were the sweetest of them all  
What did you give me that summer day  
To treasure up and to take away?  
The tiniest curl of your flaxen hair,  
So bright, so light, and so golden fair,  
That it lay in my hand—Ah, do not laugh—  
Like the point of a sunbeam broken off,  
And best of all, such a gentle kiss—  
Just the thing to get from a little Miss—  
Soft, and shy, with a touch of fear  
That my bearded lip should come so near.  
But where have I laid that little curl,  
From the sunny head of a fairy girl?  
Between the leaves, no doubt, of a book,  
But wait a moment, and I will look'  
Alas! as I make to lift from my knee  
My fairy guest, to go and see,  
I waken up from my half hour's trance,  
And find in little Maud of the Manse,

I hear no more through that afternoon  
The summer winds at their low sweet tune;  
Nor the murmur of the Gairn between  
Its banks of meadows grassy green,  
But instead, outside, in the stony street,  
The weary cobb of passing feet.

Gone is the fairy of my dream,  
The rustle of leaves and the abiding stream;  
But still for one half hour to me  
She has prattled sitting upon my knee,  
And I have wound for a moment there  
My fingers in her silken hair,  
And hearing her voice, I will conceal deem  
Myself in the fairyland of a dream.

Maud of the Manse, so pure and sweet,  
May the world be smooth to thy tender feet;  
And the unborn years keep their choicest good  
To fall like dew on thy maidenhood,  
Which, when it comes, with its gentle power,  
Will crown thy beauty's glorious dower,  
And make thee queen of the Cairn tall show,  
With thy laughing eyes and thy sunny brow,  
Be another Annie of Maxwellton,  
For a lover to breathe in thine ear alone  
The music that maidens like to hear  
When love blossoms out like the spring of the year.

O happy that lover, beyond all things,  
If he gains thy heart for the song he sings.

This is my wish, O Maud, for thee,  
For sitting in fancy on my knee,  
Talking the while in that artless speech,  
Which the heart of childhood can only reach.  
But now, when the music has fled away  
With the leaves, the winds, and the summer day,  
I only hear outside, in the street,  
The weary cobb of passing feet.

Printed and Published by W & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, London, and 389 High Street, Edinburgh.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OR  
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fourth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1827

CONDUCTED BY R. CHAMBERS (SICKENDYSS)

No 1012—Vol. XX SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1883

Price 1½d

## ENGLAND THROUGH FRENCH GLASSES

JOHN BULL is an important personage, whom one meets in every corner of the globe. He is chiefly remarkable for *casby*, crickety, the morning cold tub, the fifty mile walk, and the hit from the shoulder which he alone knows how to give. John Bull's wife, when she is pretty, is an angel of beauty without her equal on earth, but when she is not pretty, she has dull eyes, prominent teeth, and no expression whatever. But in John Bull's daughters there is some consolation. The little brunettes of France walk out beside her escort and with downcast eyes, even in the country she picks her steps on high heels, crowned with a filthy flame hat, and encumbered with a silk gown. See, on the other hand, the blonde English Miss going out to play lawn tennis, sunbly dressed, with her hair in a knot under a straw hat that cost next to nothing, and on her feet thick-soled shoes. Come home again, she will devour her dinner without shame. She prizes health above elegance. The prettiest girls will even eat choice and bite raw celery. Those girls are high-spirited as well as free, daughters of comfortable homes will work, teach, paint on china, to earn money.

'Home! There is a word that is wanting to us in the French language.'

The home of John Bull is a paradise of comfort, he has always one room set apart as a sanctuary for himself. It is called 'the parlour.' As for the mistress of the house, her happiness is based upon carpets and tea. Christmas is the family feast, the only moment in the year when the English give themselves to gaiety and put business aside. They excel in decorating their houses. The evergreens give the house a festive air, and are often most artistically placed. Then down the chimney comes some unseen mysterious visitor, to fill the children's stockings hung at the foot of the bed. Then is the poet's hero of the day, bringing love letters, money orders, Christmas boxes. If he is run to death, he knows he can strike the iron while it is hot,

next day he will come round, and everybody will give to him.

'Ah! but the king of the banquet is the plum pudding.' The faces of the guests beam, the mouths of the children open. The majestic monarch comes smoking hot, stuck with holly. Do you want to know how to make *le plum pudding*?—A pound and a half of raisins, stoned and cut in two, half a pound of currants, a pound of chopped suet, a pound of candied orange and lemon peel, ten ounces of grated bread crust, a pound of flour, a spoonful of powder to make it rise, ten ounces of sugar, half a pound of almonds, eight eggs beaten up, salt and spices, half a pint of pale ale, and a noggin of brandy—all mixed up well, and boiled for eight hours, 'and it will be perfect' (So perfect, we may add, that it would risk a repetition of the famous scene, when, at the ambassador's banquet at Constantinople, 'the English ambassadors dined' was brought in between two servants—a thin mixture in a caldron of hot water, a plum pudding that had never been clothed and in its right mind.)

When John Bull takes away his bride, the relatives and guests of the wedding breakfast pelt him in the face, in the neck, in the back, with handfuls of rice and all the old shippers in the house. Let him turn up his collar and run through the hail shower to the carriage. Off for the honeymoon—well earned too! The old shoes signify on the part of the parents 'Ah! you witch, you have earned off my daughter. There!—take that!' Perhaps the pelted pair take refuge on a tricycle and vanish. Double the value, called 'sociables,' are now the fashion for the honeymoon.

When John Bull goes to a concert, he listens with both his ears, and with his eyes shut, he has paid half a guinea for his seat. But when there is the same music in his drawing room, everybody talks, and as soon as the pianist has finished, there is sudden silence, and then they say 'Thank you!' All the women play, and nearly all play badly. There is not even a tallow-chandler's shop that has not its piano. If families

in London were to live as they do in Paris, having floors instead of whole houses, Bedlam, Colney Hatch, and all the other madhouses, would be filled to overflowing—by the piano. In the poor quarters, the German bands and barrel organs, the yellow Italian with earnings, and the English girl in Italian dress, play in the streets, making a harvest of 'penny', and 'all the inhabitants' come out and dance.

John Bull's best shops have on the windows, *les on paris française*. Generally, the man that speaks French happens to be out. Fabulous sums are spent on advertising. The men who are hired to walk in line outside the edge of the pavement, carrying advertisement boards front and back, are called 'sandwiches'. 'The saddest spectacle that has yet been given to the world by the degradation of man is a string of sandwiches.'

In the streets, there are not omnibus stations and tickets, as in Paris. Every one runs after the omnibus here, it is an example of the survival of the fittest. Once in, John Bull keeps silence, and so do his neighbours. To do him justice, 'Beware of pickpockets, male and female,' is a printed notice sufficient to freeze his gallantry. Whether travelling, or in the most fashionable shops, or in the club, or even in the Parliament House, he still keeps his hat on. John Bull only takes off his hat on great occasions, for instance, at the sound of *God save the Queen*, when he salutes England and Her Majesty. His hat is his flag. As for the army, he runs ovals and honours upon the recruits, as a whole, but he will not admit the individual soldier in uniform to public places of amusement. You may admire the luxuriant hair massed on the head of a pretty girl, but a single hair in the soup is objectionable, even if it belong to the object of your homage. It is precisely the same with John Bull and the soldier.

He is martial rather than military. Even the games in which his sons delight are contests that are very dangerous. Football is a furious game of savages. Do you want a description of it?—Certainly, we answer, we have a capital English description in *Tom Brown*. Do let us look at it through French glasses. 'Ils bien!'—'Figure to yourself fifteen fine strong young fellows on each side, with a ball in the middle, which it is their object to kick between the two goals of the opposite camp. They push, they tumble each other, they roll in a heap at the risk of breaking ribs or jaws, they are breathless, their clothes in rags, their shoulders cut, their hair on end, their faces scratched, covered with sweat and blood and dust, their eyes blackened but bright with ardour, for all this is nothing compared to a deck!' All the youth of England, boys, students, officers, join in this ferocious game of savages. And they actually say 'Fine game, sir!'

You mention of rage, Monsieur, reminds us of a glimpse of the poor of our streets, where your glasses do not pry such tricks as they did with those fifteen fine young fellows covered with blood and dust. Let us turn your glasses upon the clothing of our workers and our poor, it is a better focus, the picture is clear, and badly true. Here we see London, the vast city of cities, combining the extremes of misery and of luxury, poverty—cold, starving, and abject, and wealth, with an annual revenue that would be a colossal

capital in France. Not only are they combined—they are mingled, everywhere, even in the best streets, the wretched are to be seen side by side with the rich, a perpetual reproach to the indigent. The old clothes of the wealthy pass through innumerable hands down to the poor; they are worn till they fall to pieces of themselves. The wardrobe seller flourishes in every neighbourhood where working people live. 'It is the spirit of independence and equality misunderstood which makes the poor dress like the rich. In the same way, it is a feeling of self respect, a proper feeling, as I judge it, which makes the working classes of France prefer a garment which is cheap but new.' The workmen do not wear the blouse, many of them copy the clothing of the kasured classes. It is only by the degree of dust and wear that you can judge of the class to which the man belongs. Again, amongst the women and poor girls, what flowers, what feathers, what lace! Even the poorest children are clad for Sunday with a tawdry old finery that mocks their simple childhood and their sad poverty. We have seen them, and not through French glasses either, and thought with longing of the comfort of children of the same class in France, with their cotton gowns, their sun bonnets, and strong *sabots*.

To come back to the city of cities, the stranger is impressed by hearing that the Metropolitan Railway alone carries more than a hundred million of passengers in the year, and that every morning—taking only the report for the City proper—million of letters are delivered in the city of London. Early every day the City is overflowed with the influx of men arriving by vehicle and train, business is done at six o'clock. You are requested not to speak except upon business, eyes the placard in the office. And as steam speed John Bull eats his lunch, where hundreds of merchants and clerks are busy with knife and fork, you could hear the buzz of a fly. At four, the City begins to clear, at two o'clock on Sunday, it is deserted! All this impresses the stranger, perhaps as the secret of the way in which John Bull has become the 'important personage to be found in every corner of the globe.' He certainly has not a mind for those French songs sung by many another beside the famous little Dora Coppesfield with the guitar—about the necessity of always dancing, *tra la la*.

If the stranger in the City looks up, he sees the electric wires span overhead like the web of a gigantic spider. And if he be impressed with the London Docks, what would he think of the greater port at the broad Mersey mouth? 'The docks with their forests of masts—this is a sight never to be forgotten.' But the play of London is not as fine as its work. The civic rejoicings take the form of heavy dinners. The civic feast is a yearly procession which reminds one of the Carnival—troops, music, guilds with banners, circus horses, sometimes camels and elephants, and, to close the march, the Lord Mayor in the place of the Shrove Tuesday fat bull.

It rains in London even in the houses, there are few that do not show traces of damp. Say to your landlord 'It rains in your house,' he will say 'Umbrellas are cheap.' Say to the builder, 'The dining-room wall is cracked.



'Ah!' he will say, 'somebody must have leant against that wall' So *Punch* reports—that amazing paper that achieves the fit it unknown in cheap Paris prints of being funny and yet refined.

But who can speak of London without speaking of the fogs? They are of two kinds—the black fog and the peaseoup fog. The peaseoup fog is terrible. The fog is thick in the streets, and even then you do not see. Traffic is stopped. For several hours it is a dead and buried city. The peaseoup fog 'seizes' you by the throat and smothers you. Yet about these fogs there are mistaken notions in France, one can go out in the streets of London without having to hold a comrade by the coat tails. Moreover, the terrible peaseoup fog only seizes you by the throat and smothers you only about fifteen times in the year. The other three hundred and fifty days have almost always the same mist. When the sun appears, it is delicious, they photograph it, so as not to forget it. And even the peaseoup fog is not incurable, the Lord Mayor and Corporation have taken it up, and there is hope.

In fine, John Bull has a tremendous empire, with India for its grandest jewel, and with a unique power of colonisation, and all this he keeps together, not by bayonets, but by moral force. He is more serious than his French neighbours, his judgment more calm, healthy, and solid, his patriotism of a better kind. The difference arises from climate, education, even from nourishment. A dinner of a pound of *rolet*, a thick slice of plum pudding, and a pot of beer, has a different mental effect from a dinner of a dozen of oysters, a wing of fowl, fruit, hot punch, and a bottle of pomard. True, my friend, but we thought the *lancets* were fixed straight and clear at last, and they have tilted off crazily again and brought in that execrable *rocky*. We despair to look through French glasses as long as you have looked would hurt our eyes, as strangers' spectacles always do, but where their magnifying diverts us, we thank you, and where they see double, we return them to friendly hands. If Mr. O'Rell (*John Bull et son Ile*, par Max O'Rell, Paris, 1883) will look still better at the Island of John Bull, he may yet find that other things beside London fogs are less black than they are painted.

## THE ROSERY FOLK

### CHAPTER XVI—NICE TRICK FOR AN OLD MAID.

'I DROGARE' said Aunt Sophia to herself, 'it is quite ridiculous as well as shocking. Here I seem to be set up as a sort of wedding bureau, for every body seized with the silly complaint.'

'Ah, aunt, dear, it isn't a silly complaint—it's a very bad one,' sobbed Naomi, who had sought the old lady in her bedroom.

'Oh, stuff and nonsense, child.'

'But it is, aunt, it's dreadful—worse than any thing. You never knew how bad it was.'

'No, child,' said Aunt Sophia softly—'so people say,' and she laid her hand tenderly upon the head of the sobbing girl.

'It—is'y bad enough when—when you think—he loves you—and you—you—you—you are waiting—for him to speak, but—when—wh—wh—

when he doesn't speak at all, and—and—and you find out—he—he loves some one else—it—it breaks your heart,' sobbed poor Naomi. 'I shall never be happy again.'

'Hush, hush, my darling. Not so bad as that. I hope—An I pray, who is it that you love, and who loves some one else?'

'Nobody,' cried Naomi, lifting her face and speaking passionately, and with all the childlike anger of a susceptible girl with no very great depth of feeling. 'I hate him—I detest him. I'll never speak to him again. He's a wicked, base, bad man, and—and—I wish he was dead.'

'Softly, softly. Why, what a briny love is this! Come, come, Naomi, we can't all pick the bright fruit we see upon the tree, and, my child, those who do, often wish, as I daresay Eve did, that they had left it untouched.'

'I—I—don't know what you mean, aunt dear, but it's very, very cruel. I did think him so nice and good and handsome.'

'Poor child!' said Aunt Sophia smiling as the girl rested her head upon her arm, which was upon the old lady's knee. And who is this wicked man? Is it Doctor Salses?'

'Oh, what nonsense, aunt! He has always treated me as if I were a child, and—and that's what I am. To think that I should have made myself so miserable about such a wretched!'

It was a curious mingling of the very young girl and the passionate building woman, and Aunt Sophia read her very truly in she said softly.

'Ah, well, child, time will cure all this. But who has troubled the poor little lady here?'

'Yes, aunt, that's right, that's what it is, but it will never be a lady here again for such a man as Mr. Pringle.'

'And so Mr. Pringle has been playing fast and loose with you, has he, dear?'

'No, aunt, and she said really. 'It was all my silliness. He never said a word to me, and I am glad now,' she cried, fuming up. 'He's a bad, wicked man.'

'Indeed I, my dear, thought Aunt Sophia, as she recalled baby's words.

'I—I—I did not like it. I was hurt and annoyed, aunt, dear—Ought I to tell you all this?'

'I think for yourself, my dear. You have been with me these fifteen years, ever since your poor mother died. I am a cross old woman, I know, full of whims and caprices, but I thought I had tried to fill a mother's place to you.'

'Oh, auntie, auntie!' sobbed the girl, clinging tightly to her, and drawing herself up and moving up, till she could rest her head upon the old lady's shoulder, 'don't think me ungrateful. I do—I do love you very dearly.'

'Enough to make you feel that there should be no want of confidence between us?'

'O yes, aunt, dear, and I'll never think of keeping anything back from you again. I'll tell you every thing now, and then I'm sure you'll say we ought to go away from here.'

'Well, well—we'll see.'

'I thought I was very fond of Mr. Pringle, aunt dear, and then I grew sure that I was, when I saw how he was always being shut up in the study with Kate, and it—it—'

'Speak out, my dear,' said Aunt Sophia gravely.



'It made me feel so miserable'

Aunt Sophia's face puckered, and she bowed her head.

'Then I said that it was wicked and degrading to think what I did, and I drove such thoughts away, and tried to believe that it was all Cousin James's city affairs; and then I saw something else; but I would not believe it was true till this morning'

'Well, Naomi, my child, and what was it?'

'Why, aunt— Oh, I don't like to confess—it was so shameless and unmaidenly; but I thought I loved him so very much. I—I—don't like to confess'

'Not to me, my dear?'

'Yes, yes, I will, aunt dear—I will,' cried the girl, whose cheeks were now aflame. 'It's about a fortnight ago that one evening, when we were all sitting in the drawing room with the windows open, and it was so beautiful and soft and warm, Mr Prayle got up and came across and talked to me for a few minutes. It was only about that sketch I was making, and he did not say much, but he said it in such a way that it set my heart beating, and when he left the room, I fancied it meant something; and I got up, feeling so terribly guilty, and went out of the window on to the lawn and then down to the rose garden, and picked two or three buds. Then I went round to the grass path, where Mr Prayle walks up and down so much with his book.'

'Because you thought he would be there, my dear?'

'Yes, aunt! It was very wrong—but I did.'

'And you thought he had gone out there to read his book in the dark, eh?'

'No, aunt dear, I thought he would be there waiting to see if I would go to him.'

'And you were going?'

'Yes, aunt dear.'

'Was he there?'

'Yes.'

'Waiting for you?'

'O no, aunt dear, for as I went softly over the grass, I stopped short all at once, and turned giddy, and felt as if everything was at an end.'

'Why, Naomi?'

'He was going by me in the darkness with his arm round some one else's waist.'

Aunt Sophia's face had never looked so old before, for every wrinkle was deeply marked, and her eyes seemed sunk and strange in their fixed intensity, as she waited to hear more; but Naomi remained silent, as if afraid to speak.

'Well, child, and who was it with Mr Prayle?'

Naomi hesitated for a few moments, and then said in a passionate burst 'I did not believe it till this morning, aunt. I thought then that it was Kate, but it seemed so impossible—so terrible—that I dare not think it was she. But when I went quickly into the study this morning, Mr Prayle was just raising her hand to his lips. O aunt, how can people be so wicked! I shall go and be a nun!'

Aunt Sophia looked still older, for a time, as she tenderly caressed and fondled the sobbing girl. Then a more serene aspect came over her face, and she said softly: 'There, there; you have learned a severe lesson—that Mr Prayle does not care for you; and as to being a nun—no, no, my darling; there is plenty of good work to be

done in the world. Don't shirk it by shutting yourself up. Come, you have been almost a child so far; now, be a woman. Show your pride. There are other and better men than Arthur Prayle; and as to what you saw—it may have been a mistake. Let's wait and see.'

'Yes, aunt.'

'And you'll be brave, and think no more of him!'

'Never again, aunt dear. There!'

'That's my brave little woman—Now, bathe your eyes, and stop here till the redness has gone off. I'm going down to write.' She kissed Naomi tenderly, and left her, making her way to the drawing room, where she wrote several letters, one being to Mr Savley to ask him to come down again for a day or two, as she wanted to ask his advice about an investment.

#### CHAPTER XXII—JOHN SCARLETT LOOKS AT HIS TRAP.

It was one of those dark, soft, autumn evenings when the country seems dream like and delicious. Summer is past, but winter is yet far away; and the year having gone through the light fickleness of spring, the heats of summer, with its changes of cold and passions of storm, has settled down into the mellow maturity, the softened glow, the ripeness of life which indicate its prime.

Doctor Scates was not happy in his mind. He was—and he owned it—in love with the imperious beauty, Lady Martlett, but he was at odds with himself for loving her.

'The absurd part of it is,' he said to himself as he lit a cigar and went out into the garden, 'that there seems to be no medium by which a fellow could put himself right—There,' he said after a pause, 'I will not think about her, but about Scutlett.'

He strolled slowly along, finding it intensely dark; but he knew the position of every flower-bed now too well to let his feet stray off the velvet grass, and as he went on, he came round by the open window of the drawing-room, and, looking through the conservatory, stood thinking what a pleasant picture the prettily lighted room formed, with severe Aunt Sophia spectating and reading, while Naomi was busy over some sketch that she had made during the day.

Mrs Scarlett was not there; but it did not excite any surprise; and the doctor stood for some minutes thinking, from his post of observation, that Naomi was a very pretty girl, as nice and amiable as she was pretty, and that she would make a man who loved her, one of those sweet equitable wives who never change.

'Very different from Mrs Scarlett,' he said to himself, as he stood there invisible, but for the glowing end of his cigar. 'He! I don't like the way in which things are going, a bit.'

He walked on over the soft mossy grass, with his feet sinking in at every step, and his hands in his pockets, round past the dining-room to where a soft glow shone out from the study window; and on passing where he could obtain a good view, he stood for some time watching his friend's countenance, as James Scarlett sat back in his chair with the light from the shaded lamp full upon his face.

'I'm about beaten,' the doctor said to himself 'I've tried all I know, and I'm beginning to think that they are all right, and that if Nature does not step in, or fate, or whatever it may be, does not give him some powerful shock, he will remain the wreck he is, perhaps to the end of his days—Yes, I'm about beaten,' he thought again, as he seized this opportunity of studying his friend's face unobserved, 'but I'm as far off giving up, as I was on the day I started. I won't give it over as a bad job, but how to go on next, I cannot say—Just the same,' he muttered after a time, as he noted one or two uneasy movements, and saw a curious wrinkled expression come into the thin troubled face 'Poor old boy! I'd give something to work a cure—By the way, what's Pyle's? I thought he was here!'

The doctor thrust his hands more deeply into his pockets and strolled away, threading his course in and out amongst the flower beds, and then, thinking, deeply, going on and on, down first one green path and then another, his footsteps perfectly inaudible, and as he walked on, his mind grew so intent upon the question of his patient's state, that the air went out, and he contented himself with rolling it to and fro between his lips, till he passed involuntarily beside a seat beneath the tall green hedge that separated the garden from one of the meadows.

'Dumpy' queried the doctor to himself, as he passed one hand over the seat. 'No, dry as a bone,' and he seated himself, throwing up his legs, and leaning back in the corner, listening to the soft crop crop, crop of one of the cows, still busy in the darkness preparing grass for rumination during the night. 'I wonder whether cows ever have any troubles on their minds? thought Scales. 'Yes, of course they do. Cows are taken away, and they fret, and—' 'Hallo! Who's this?'

He tried to pierce the darkness as he heard heavy breathing, and the dull sound of footsteps coming along, the walk, the heavy dull sound of one who was clumsy of head, and who was coming cautiously towards him.

'Some scoundrel after the pease. I'll startle him!'

He had every opportunity for carrying out his plan, for the steps came closer, stopped, and he who had made them drew a long breath, and though the movements were not visible, Scales knew, as well as if he had seen each motion, that the man before him had taken off his hat and was wiping the perspiration from his face.

'Hallo!'

The man started, and with a step back, and the doctor told a fib.

'Oh, you needn't run, he said 'I see you I know who you are.'

'I—I wasn't going to run, sir,' said John Monnick softly.

'What are you doing here?'

'Well, sir, you see, sir—I—I have got a trap or two down the garden here, and—and—I've been seeing whether there's anything in 'em. You see, sir,' continued the old gardener in an eager whisper, 'the rarebuds do such a mort o' mischief amongst my young plants, that I'm draw like—regular draw like—to spare 'em!'

It was rather high moral ground for a man to take who had just told a deliberate untruth,

but Doctor Scales took it, and retorted sharply 'John Monnick, you are telling me a lie.'

'A lie, sir!' whispered the old man 'Hush, sir! pray'

'Aie you afraid the rabbits will hear me?—Shame, man! An old servant like you—Now, John Monnick, you know me

'Ay, sir, I do'

'Now, don't you feel ashamed of yours? If, an old servant like you, with always a Scripture text on your tongue, telling me a lie like that about the traps?'

The gardener was silent, and the doctor heard him draw a long breath.

'Well, sir, he said at last—'in I hope I may be forgiven, as I meant well—at water not the truth.'

'Then you were after the fruit?'

'I! After the fruit, sir! Bless your heart, no, I was only watching.'

'What for thusev's?'

The gardener hesitated, and remained silent.

'That's the better, don't tell a lie, man. I think the better of you. But ahms upon you! with your pot-master broken, helpless, and obliged to depend upon his people. To go and rob him now, at all times. John Monnick, you are a contemptible, canting old humbug.'

'No, I went, I t'or, and the old fellow angrily, 'and you'll be, my pardon for this.'

'Beg your pardon.'

'Ay, that you will, sir. It was all on account of master and him n't being able to look after things, as brown, let me hear.'

'I don't believe you, Monnick.'

'You can do as you like, sir, said the old man sturdily, 'but it's all as true as gospel. I couldn't bear to see such a going on, and I says to myself, it's time as they was stopped, and I thought they was, till I come in late to look up the peach house, and see her go down the garden.'

The doctor rose from his seat, startled.

'And then I says to myself, he won't be long before he comes, for it's a punishment.'

'Yes. Well?' said the doctor, who, generally cool to excess, now felt his heart beating strangely.

'Oh, you needn't believe it without you like, sir. I desery I am a cunning old humbug, sir, but for as in me lies, I must well by him, as I've set his head and has fished since him thus many a year.'

'I'm afraid I've wronged you, Monnick,' said the doctor hastily.

'You aren't the first by a good many, sir, but you may as well speak low, or they'll mivbe hear, for I walked up tost the house, and I see him peev the window, and then I wait had him P'ape I ought to, but I knowed it was a bit, and musta ought to know.'

'You—you knew of this, then?'

'Yes, sir. Was it likely I shouldn't, when it was all in my garden? Why, a slug don't get it a leaf, or a snail or wop at a plum, without me knowing of it, so, was it likely as a gent was going to carry on like that without me finding of it out?'

'And—and is he down the garden now?' asked the doctor, involuntarily pressing his hand to his side, to check the action of his heart.

'Ay, that he be, sir, and him a gent as seemed



so religious and good, and allus saying proper sort o' them. It's a'nt me agin saying ough' scriptural evinmore'

There was a dead silence for a few moments and then the doctor burst out 'The scoundrel!'

'Ay, that's it, sir, and of course it's all his doing, for she was so good and sweet, and it's touched me quite like to the heart, sir, for master thought so much o' she'

'Gracious powers!—than my suspicions wert right!'

'You expected too, sir? Well, I don't wonder'

'No, no, it is impossible, Monnick, impossible Man, it must be a mistake'

'Well, sir, said the old fellow sturdily, 'maybe it is. All of us makes mistakes sometimes, and suspects wrongfully then you, sir. But I'm pretty sure as I'm right, and for her sake, I'm going to go and tell master, and have it stopped'

'No, no, man, are you mad?' cried the doctor, catching him by the arm

'No more nor most folk, sir, but I'm not going to see a young woman go wrong, and a good true young man's heart broke, to save a smooth tongue'd gent from getting into trouble. It'll do him good too'

'Then you mean Mr Pray?'

'Course I do, sir. There isn't no one else here, I hope, as would behave thit haw'

'Where are you going?' said the doctor, holding the old man tightly by the arm.

'Straight up to master, sir'

'No, no, man. Let me go'

'To master, sir?'

'No, no. To Prayle—to them. Where are they?' The doctor's voice sounded very hoarse, and the blood flushed to his face in his bitter anger as he clenched his hand

'They're down in the lower summer house, sir,' returned the old man, 'and it's my dooty to take master strite down to confront him and ask him what he means, see what a bal un he is, and then send him about his business, never to come meddling here no more'

Scals stood perfectly silent, but gripping the old man's arm tightly. It was confirmation of suspicions that had troubled him again and again. He had crushed them constantly, telling himself that there was no truth in them, that they disgraced him, and here was the end. What should he do? The shock to his friend would be terrible, but would it not be better that he should know—better than going on in such a state as this? The knowledge must come sooner or later, and why not now?

The shock! What of the effects of that shock with his mind in such a state? Would it work ill or good?

'Poor fellow!' he muttered, 'as if he had not suffered enough. I never thoroughly believed in her, and yet I have tried. No, no, he must not know'

'Now, sir, if you'll let go o' me, I'm going up to master'

'No, my man, he must not be told'

'It's my dooty to tell him, sir, and I'm a going to do it'

But Monnick, I don't know what effect it may have upon him'

'It can't have a bad one, sir; and it may rouse

master up into being the man he was afore the accident. I must make haste, please, sir, or I may be too late'

'No, Monnick, you must not go'

'Not go, sir? Well, sir, I don't want to be disrespectful to my master's friends, but I've thought this over, and my conscience says it's my dooty, and I shall go'. The old man shook himself free, and went off at a trot, leaving the doctor hesitating as to the course to pursue

Should he run after and stop him? Should he go down the garden, interrupt the meeting, and enable them to escape? 'No, a hundred times no!' he muttered, stamping his foot. 'I must stop him at any cost'. He ran up the garden, but he was too late, for before he reached the house he heard a low voice, and found that Scarlett had been tempted out by the beauty of the night—or by fate, as the doctor put it—and was half way down the path when Monnick had met him

'Who is this?' he said in a low, agitated voice, as the doctor met them

'It is I, old fellow,' said the doctor, hastily—'Now come, be calm. You must govern yourself. Has he told you something?'

'I wanted no telling, Jack,' growled Scarlett. 'The moment he opened his lips, I knew it. I have suspected it for long enough, but I could not stir—I would not stir. He, my own cousin, too, the man I have made my friend. O heaven, is there no gratitude or manly feeling on the earth!'

'My dear boy, you must—you shall be cool,' whispered the doctor. 'You are in a low nervous state, and—'

'It is false! I am strong. I never felt stronger than to-night. This has brought me to myself. I would not see it, Jack. I blinded myself. I told myself I was mad and a traitor, to imagine such things, but I have felt it all along'

'And has there been prying on your mind?'

'Prying? Gnawing my heart out—Don't stop me. Let us go. Quick! He shall know me for what I am. Not the weak miserable fool he thinks—Come quickly!—No! stop!'. He stood panting, with Scals holding tightly by his arm, trembling for the result

Monnick, go back to the house,' said Scarlett at last in a low whisper, and the old man went without a word

'Now you stop here,' said Scarlett, in the same low painful whisper. 'I will not degrade her more by bringing a witness'

'But Scarlett—my dear old fellow. There must be no violence. Recollect that you are a gentleman'

'Yes! I recollect I am not going to act like a ruffian. You see how calm I am'

'But it may be some mistake. I have seen nothing. It is all dependent on your gardener's words. What did he tell you?'

'Hardly a word,' growled Scarlett, 'hardly a word. "Prayle—the summer house." It was enough. I tell you, I have suspected it so long. It has been killing me. How could I get well with this upon my mind?'

'But, now?'

'Stay here, man—stay here!'

'Promise me you will use no violence, and I will loose your arm!'

'I promise—I will act like—a gentleman!'

The doctor loosed his arm, and drawing a long humming breath, James Scarlett walked swiftly down the garden path to where, in the most dark shades below the trained hazels, the summer house had been turned as a nook for sunny scorching days. It was close to the river, and from it there was a glorious view of one of the most beautiful reaches of the Thames.

James Scarlett recalled many a happy hour passed within its shades, and the rage that burned within his breast gave place to a misery so profound that, as he reached the turn that led to the retreat, he stopped short, pressing his hands to his throat and panting for his breath, which hardly came to his labouring breast. And as he stood there, he heard his cousin's voice, in the silence of the evening, saying softly, "Then you promise? I will be at the station to meet you, and no one will know where you have gone."

James Scarlett's brain swam as he heard the answer. It was "Yes!" A faithful promise for the next evening, and as he listened and heard each word clearly, he staggered back and nearly fell. Recovering himself somewhat, though, he walked slowly back, groping in the dark as it were, with his hands spread out before him, to keep from striking against one or other of the trees. The next minute, the doctor had him by the hand, and was hurrying him away, when Scarlett gave a sudden lurch, and would have fallen, had not his friend thrown one arm about him, and then, lifting him by main force, carried him to the house. The French window of the study was open and he bore him in and laid him upon a couch, where, after a liberal application of cold water to his temples, he began to revive, opening his eyes and gazing wonderingly round. Then, as recollection came back, he uttered a low sigh, and caught at the doctor's hand. "Kiss!" he said softly. "Go and fetch poor Jack."

## DOCKS

There are few people to whom a visit to the docks does not prove interesting, and most of our distinguished visitors are shown one or more of the numerous docks of the United Kingdom. A tour round the docks cannot fail to be full of instruction, every ship and package bearing witness to the magnitude of the interests of this country in every part of the world.

Docks are usually defined as artificial basins for the reception of ships. They are of two sorts—wet and dry. Wet docks are generally made with gates, to retain the water at high tide level. Ships are let through these gates at high water, and the gates being shut before the tide goes down, the ships are kept constantly afloat in a depth of water which, in the Thames, is often fifteen or twenty feet more than that outside. Dry docks are used for the building, examination, and repair of ships, which are floated in, and the water either flows out with the ebbing tide, or is pumped out after the gates or caissons are closed.

The question is often asked: What is the use of docks? The docks on the Thames were originally made for the purpose of stopping the

robberies of produce whilst being conveyed in barges up and down the river, estimated to involve a loss to the revenue exceeding half a million pounds a year. But there are other uses in docks besides the security against pillage. A large vessel, particularly if loaded, could not lie on the ground without being injured even in calm weather, and in rough or stormy weather, her destruction would be inevitable. Even smaller vessels would suffer strain unless the ground was very soft. Attempts have been made to provide the required accommodation by means of piers fixed at such a distance into the sea that vessels would not touch the ground notwithstanding any variation in the tide, but such a plan can only be carried out at special places, and there is great inconvenience, owing to the constant shifting of the ships' position. In docks, the water is practically always of the same depth, a ship is perfectly sheltered in rough weather, and there is no risk of collision.

Wet docks are the places usually selected for discharging and loading ships. Sometimes this work is done by the servants of the Dock Companies, sometimes by the crew of the ship, sometimes by steam-dores hired by the owner of the ship. In these times of expensively built steamers, when an hour idle is money actually lost, the operations of discharging and loading are carried on at a rate which would have taken away the breath of the last generation of dock employes. Thirty years ago, it was considered fair work to discharge a vessel of fifteen hundred tons in a fortnight, whilst loading, which is generally a slower operation, was completed within perhaps a month. Now, not a minute is lost after the arrival of a vessel before work on her commences with the greatest speed consistent with safety, and a steamer of fifteen hundred tons is often unloaded and off again full of another cargo equal in quantity within forty hours of her entry into the docks.

It is commonly supposed by strangers who visit the docks that the produce stored in the warehouses is the property of the Dock Companies, but this is not the case. The Dock Companies, with scarcely an exception, import nothing, they are, as a body, neither growers, producers, nor importers of produce—simply custodians. They discharge the vessels and house the produce, reporting upon its condition to the merchants interested, and furnishing, usually, samples of the goods. In most docks, the warehouses are placed near the edge of the quay to receive the goods landed from the ships, though, as a rule, the percentage of cargo lost in dock warehouses, especially perishable articles which are sold before arrival, is not very high. But produce of value, such as tea, coffee, indigo, drugs, &c., have to be "worked" for sale purposes, and this term embraces the opening of the packages, examination for sea damage, sorting into qualities, and a host of other operations required by sellers

and buyers. Some warehouses have eight or nine floors, but the top floor is preferred for 'working,' for the obvious reason that it is generally better lighted than the others. The stocks of produce in docks are enormous. In London, there are at the present time nearly half a million tons of goods in the warehouses attached to the docks, and as every package is subject to several varying manipulations, it will be seen that great powers of organisation are required to manage a dock efficiently and cheaply.

A regular staff of labourers is usually employed at docks, and the nationality of this class is, as a rule, Irish, as the orders and responses given in the course of work unmistakably show. The nature of the work is dull, rough, heavy, and dangerous, but there is an unending supply of labour offered, and, as a rule, the men employed prominently are admirable specimens of national strength and vigour. About the last resource of men who have failed in other walks of life is to apply to the dock gates for work as casual labourers, and no more painful sight can be seen than the flocks, marked by penny or disipation, of men eagerly pressing forward as candidates for a remote chance of employment at the rate of fivepence an hour. Considering the amount of work got out of him, the dock labourer is perhaps worse paid than any other toiler, not even excepting the agricultural labourer, who enjoys advantages unattainable by his town representative. The homes of most of the men are of the most wretched description, owing to the impossibility of obtaining proper quarters in large towns at a rent within the reach of dock wages, and the worst consequences of such unhealthy conditions follow in the low moral tone of the dock labourer. At Barrow, the dock authorities have erected a handsome pile of buildings for the use of their men, the rent for five rooms varying from four shillings and sixpence to six shillings and sixpence a week. This is decidedly a step in the right direction, and should be followed at other and more important ports where the necessity for the accommodation is far more pressing.

Mud is one of the greatest enemies which beset docks and harbours, and the removal of mud is a very costly item in the expenses of a dock. At some ports, like Hull and Leith, the water holds an immense amount of soil, which begins to settle immediately the gates are shut, and if not speedily removed, becomes a hard mass. At Liverpool, sluices are arranged to keep the water in motion, in order to prevent any deposit, but we have yet to learn that this scheme has successfully answered its purpose. As a rule, there is no difficulty in disposing of the mud raised by the dredgers, the practice being to tow the barges a mile or two away, and, by opening movable bottoms, to let the soil fall into the sea. But at London, where the sea is a hundred miles distant, this plan cannot be adopted, and the Conservators of the Thames naturally object to the further pollution of the river. The only

course open, therefore, is to shoot the mud on lands below the level of the river, near the docks, but as these sites become filled up and raised, the difficulty of finding suitable mud shoots becomes greater, whilst the increasing value of river frontages near London further augments the expense of the disposal of the mud.

As far back as 1692, Blackwall was noted for its great harbour of shipping, which harbour in all probability gave rise to the idea and subsequent formation of docks. The first wet dock in England, however, appears to have been the Howland great wet dock at Rotherhithe, on the south side of the Thames. This dock was built in 1660, and was used for the Greenland trade. The next dock was built at Liverpool, about fifty years afterwards. The time, however, when the greatest activity was shown in building docks was at the beginning of the present century, when works of engineering skill received a great impetus. In 1800 there was not a single dock in London beyond that at Rotherhithe. Ten years later, were in existence and in full working order, the West India Dock, the East India Dock, the London Dock, and a further extension of the docks at Rotherhithe, now known as the Surrey Commercial Docks. The total area of dock accommodation being in that period raised from about ten to two hundred acres.

The West India Dock, as its name indicates, was intended for the West India trade, and the merchants interested in that trade obtained the original capital of half a million sterling, in two days, and a charter was granted by George III., providing that for twenty-one years after the opening of the dock, every vessel from the West Indies arriving in the Thames should be discharged in the West India Dock. This trade was relatively far more important at that time than it is now, as we depended almost entirely upon the West Indies for our sugar, and as the Dock Company were allowed to make very high charges—as much as six shillings and eightpence a ton being levied on ships entering the dock—dividends of ten per cent per annum were paid and a large reserve fund accumulated, which was, however, subsequently absorbed by a reduction in the charges with the payment of the same dividend was continued. But although the charges were so exorbitant, it was considered a great improvement to use the docks, in preference to allowing ships to lie out in the stream with the cargo at the mercy of the river fluctuations. No sooner were the West India Docks established, than the East India Company promoted the East India Dock for the accommodation of their magnificent ships, and at the same time, the London Docks were built. The latter docks were intended for the reception of ships laden with tobacco, wine, and brim, and in respect to such vessels, a charter similar in terms to that granted to the West India Dock was obtained. Later on, the St Katharine Dock was constructed near the heart of London, and more recently, the Victoria, Millwall, and Royal Albert Docks. The total water area of the docks of London is about four hundred and fifty acres, whilst the ground covered with sheds, buildings, and roads, must be three times that area. The length of the quays is about twenty-two miles. Some idea of the extent of the business done at

the docks of London may be realised from the fact, that on a busy day in the summer they supply employment to twenty thousand persons, and that the amount paid for labour alone exceeds nine hundred thousand pounds a year.

As a seaport, Liverpool is the great rival of London. The length of the dock quays at Liverpool is thirty miles, and as the capacity of docks is now saturated by the length of quay and not by the area of the water enclosed, Liverpool is decidedly better off in dock accommodation than London, although the docks on the Mersey are not individually of the dimensions of those found on the Thames. The rapid rise of Liverpool has almost passed into a proverb. It was in 1709 that the first dock was projected, and at that time eighty-four ships, with a burden of five thousand seven hundred and eighty-nine tons, belonged to the port. Fifty years later, a second dock was constructed, and since that time, fresh docks have been built at intervals, which have rapidly increased in recent years, till, at the present time, the whole of the river frontage of the city, of a length of five miles, is covered with docks, and the tonnage entering and leaving the port is over twelve million tons a year. On the river side of the docks a sea wall has been constructed, averaging eleven feet in thickness and fifty feet in height, and bearing in mind the difficulties attending its construction, this will now be considered as one of the greatest works of modern times. Unlike the docks of London, which belong to four private companies, the docks of Liverpool are vested in a corporation called the Mersey Docks and Harbour Board, and the docks are worked for the public benefit, and not with the object of paying a dividend. The chief cause of the extraordinary rise of Liverpool has undoubtedly been the prosperity of the manufacturing interests at Manchester, Bury, and other large towns in the immediate district, which have no adequate water access, but a great deal of this success has been due to the bold foresight of the inhabitants of Liverpool in meeting and anticipating the requirements of trade.

No private enterprise in dock works has ever been shown than at Glasgow, nor need the promoters of the Manchester Ship Canal and Dock be surprised or grow weary, with the example of Glasgow before them. The Clyde abounded in shoals, and in 1776, vessels drawing more than six feet could not come up to Glasgow except at spring tides. But the river has been so deepened, that now vessels drawing twenty feet can lie at the quays at Glasgow at any time, and Glasgow is the third port of the United Kingdom. There are not many docks of the ordinary type, but the Clyde, which is a much narrower river than the Thames or Mersey, has been cleverly adapted to afford the accommodation usually given in docks.

We have not more space to refer to the docks in other ports except to add that there are splendid specimens of these great works at Hull, Bristol, Grimsby, Gainsborough, Parrow, Southampton, Lowestoft, Leith, &c., all of which have been established within the last seventy years, while at Tilbury, important new docks are in course of construction.

There is a close connection between docks and railways, and in these days, a dock whose quays

are not directly in communication with the great trunk lines of railway, is behind the age, and will certainly not prosper. The object of this communication is to avoid the unnecessary handling of goods, for handling means increased cost to the consumer. The capital invested in docks and harbours in the United Kingdom cannot be less than three hundred million pounds, or nearly half the amount of the capital spent in railways. There are three agents indispensable for developing a trade such as that carried on by our merchants, namely, steamers, railways, and docks, and in these, we have, through the enterprise of our forefathers and of the men who now lead in the commercial world, even been pre- eminent.

## MISS RIVERS'S REVENGE

### IN THREE CHAPTERS—CONCLUSION

VERY promptly, too, were the events of the next day. I felt that the man I hated was paying me attention above my fellow. Of course, it was not marked enough to attract notice, but attention it was, undoubtedly. He walked with me, and told me, among other things, a great deal about his early life and struggles for success. He was quite interesting, so much so, that I wished I could check these confidences. I feared that his talk might awaken a suspicion of sympathy in my mind, which would grievously interfere with my still nursed revenge.

That evening, he repeated his request that I would sing, but after the way in which I had misled him, I knew he only urged me for the sake of politeness. I commenced with one of those little ballads which he so much disliked, an easy, simple, little thing, which could only be born out of the commonplaces of feeling on the part of the singer. I glanced at him as I finished the song. He thanked me quietly, but I saw he looked puzzled. Then I played Beethoven's *Adelaide* before me, and sang it as I had seldom or never before sang it—entirely to my own satisfaction. I rose from the piano, and our eyes met. He did not join in the chorus of thanks, but I knew he was more than moved, and as he followed me to my chair, I exulted, as I thought that the pet weapon in my armoury had struck well home.

'Miss Rivers,' he said, 'I thought no amateur in England could sing that song to her own accompaniment as you sang it. I can only congratulate you, whilst blaming you for deceiving me so, but not, ah!'

I thanked him for his compliment, and for the rest of the evening Mr Hope talked little except to me.

There—I will write no more about it. Now, I am utterly ashamed of it all. Had it not been for my resolve to reject it when offered, I would have stooped to win no man's love—not even Vincent Hope's. But in five days I knew that my work was done and finished—so fully, that I decided the result of it, and began to wish I had not been so vindictive. Worse than all, friends—as friends well—were exchanging knowing glances, and commenting on the relations which appeared to exist between my foe and

myself. Could I have conquered my nature, and decided to fuse my revenge, it was now impossible to do so. For my own sake, matters must come to a climax, that all might see how little I cared for the man.

One night as I sat in my dressing-room over the fire, trying to make up my mind to tear myself from this pleasant glow, and get into bed, Mabel Lighton entered my room. She was a good true girl, who spoke her mind freely, and at times lectured even me. 'Heritage,' she said abruptly, 'what do you mean to do with Vincent Hope?'

I could not for the life of me help changing colour, and I was compelled to shrivel the cheek nearest Mabel with the fire which had been protruding my eyes from the firelight.

'Do with him! I don't know what you mean.'

'Yes, you do,' retorted my mentor. 'Has it been any one but you, Heritage, I should have called her a flirt? But you are not a flirt, we know.'

'What have I done, Mabel?' I asked. 'The screen was still between us.'

Mabel quietly pushed it aside, then plied her hands on my shoulders, a rufousness my face in a most uncomfortable manner. 'You have done this, and who can wonder at it? You have gained that man's love entirely. But, although it seems so unlike you, I believe you have brought him to your feet for vanity's sake. Heritage, he is a good man—a proud man. If you mean to give him nothing in return, I should say his life will be wretched. Do you love him, or are my fears well founded?'

In some fashion, I was loath to reply. I sought refuge in levity. 'When I am obliged to confess my sins, Mabel, it will not be to you, but to some nice ascetic high church curate.'

Don't talk nonsense. I am in better earnest. Vincent Hope will surely ask you to be his wife. You are rich, and he is comparatively poor, but I know that will not influence you. Only I say again, if you refuse, you are to blame for all that happens.'

This must be stopped at any cost. Until now, I had always believed that hysterics and afflictation were synonymous.

'Mabel, I said, 'I hate Vincent Hope, but at this moment I think I hate you even more.' Go to bed. I am too tired to say another word, so go away.'

Therewith, I got into bed, tamed my face to the wall, and left Mabel to put out my candle and get back to her own quarters when she thought fit.

I was annoyed and ashamed. She had newly accused me of what I had in truth been guilty of—making love to my enemy. As people noticed my conduct, it became more and more necessary that I should clear myself from all such imputations. This could be done in one way only.

Perhaps I had the grace to avoid Vincent Hope women had during the next two days. Perhaps that very avoidance hastened the catastrophe. But on the third day, chance—pure chance, mind—left us together and alone. For a moment there was silence between us, then he drew near to me, and said in a quiet earnest voice: 'Heritage, I love you. Will you be my wife?'

I could not answer. All I could do was to prevent myself from taking into hysterical laughter.

He tried to take my hand. 'Heritage, my darling! I think I loved you the moment I saw you. Look up, and answer me. Say you love me, and will be my wife.'

His wife! After hating him for so long—after Mabel's reproaches—after winning his love in a way the thought of which made me blush! Never, never, never!

So I stole myself up to every inch of my height—looked him full in the face—triumphed, and took my revenge. I hope and think I spoke composedly, if not coldly.

'Mr Hope, you honour me greatly, but it cannot be. Please, never mention it again.'

His face was very pale and when an expression of positive pain left it, grew stern, almost hard. My manner must have convinced him I was in earnest. No doubt, had I wished, I could have made him fall at my feet and plead passionately. But then, unless one is an utter savage, vindictiveness must be limited. I had done enough.

Perhaps, under such trying circumstances no man could have behaved in a more dignified manner than did Mr Hope.

'I am to understand, he said calmly, although there was a look in his eyes I dared not meet—I am to understand you—you do not love me?'

I bowed.

'Please, let me hear you say so,' he said. 'I do not. Let us say no more about it. I think I will go back to the house now.'

We walked in silence until we were close to the gates. Then he said: 'Unless my presumption to try makes my presence unpleasing to you, I shall stay two days longer, as I promised Mr Lighton. It is not worth while to set people inquiring as to the reason for a hasty departure.'

'Certainly not,' I answered. 'Stay as long as you wish, or if you prefer it, I will leave.'

'That is out of the question,' he replied, as we crossed the threshold and parted.

I went to my room—to exult, of course, in my revenge. It was so full, so complete, so exactly as I planned it. And writers and poets say that revenge is sweet. O yes, it was very, very sweet to me—so sweet that I double locked the door that no one might see how much I enjoyed it so sweet, that I threw myself on my bed, and thought my heart must break as I sobbed and wept for the truth must be told—I loved Vincent Hope even as he said, and as I hoped he loved me. Yet, for the sake of vanity, I had to day rejected the love of a man, the best the noblest, the cleverest in the world! I had hurled my hoarded stone, and might well it had fulfilled its mission, but its rebound had crushed me. O yes, revenge is very sweet!

I rose, and walking up to the Heritage Ravens in the chival glass, shook my fist at her violently. 'You fool!' I said to her. 'A nice man you have made of life! Revenge, indeed! Call it by its right name, folly. Go and clothe yourself in sackcloth—cover your head with ashes, and cry your eyes out for to-day's work.' Then Mabel's words about a wretched life came to my mind, and although I could not believe that the happiness of such a man as Vincent Hope could

be dependent upon an idiot like myself, I thought of that strange look I had seen in his eyes—that look of no resolution of mine could make me meet. So I went back to bed once more, and cried and abused myself. Ay, revenge furrowed, revivings as sweet!

In spite of all, I determined to go down to dinner. I would do that much, for his sake. It should not be suspected that anything had gone wrong between us, and I knew that, if I stayed away, Mabel, for one, would certainly guess what had occurred. This, if I could prevent it, should be known to no one. I smiled grimly as I thought how my revenge must fail in this, that the world would never know what I had scorned and refused. I made a great effort, dabbed my eyes with rose water, and went down thus in passable trim.

To-night, we were not side by side, but sat directly opposite to one another. Mabel was right—Vincent Hope was a proud man. His discomfiture was no concern of the world's, so he showed no traces of it. All eyes were at that table would have said that his heart was gay and light. No one would have dreamed that, a few hours before, his love had been refused by an idiot of a girl. He laughed and joked, anecdote and witty repartee fell unceasingly from his lips. He held the whole talk, or every unit of the party talked to him. Yet, woman-like, I noticed that he drank more wine than was his usual custom, and at times there was a sharper, harder ring in his voice. Had it not been for this and the remembrance of the look which still haunted me, I could have believed he had forgotten or brushed away from his mind the events of the day. Vincent Hope was a proud man, and Heritage Rivers a fool!

I would rather say nothing about the next two days. I hated myself so much, that I wonder I have ever forgiven myself—perhaps I never have. All I care to say is that none even suspected what had happened, even Mabel began to think that the accusation of flirting should lie at Vincent Hope's door, not mine, for although he talked to me when needful, it was easy to see that his manner was changed.

The morning of the third day came, and I knew that in a few hours we should shake hands, part, and there would be the end of every thing.

Blues is fifteen miles from a railway station, and that station is so unimportant that very few trains stop at it. Vincent Hope, to reach town that evening, was obliged to start betimes. Soon after luncheon, Charlie Lighton and the dogcart were waiting to take him to the train, and after many expressions of regret from host and hostess, he took his seat and was ready to start. Of course our hands met, as in common with every one else, he bade me adieu—a quiet polite adieu, nothing more—not even coupled with the conventional wish we might meet again. Why should he wish to meet me again? Our encounters as yet had not been happy in their results to either! That accomplished whip, Charlie, gathered up the reins, and with a last, all-embracing good bye, Vincent Hope was sped away along the winding carriage drive, and, for the first time in her foolish life, Heritage Rivers knew that such things as broken hearts may be found outside romances.

Something was afoot that afternoon—walking party or skating party, for it was the middle of January and bitterly cold. Now that the necessity of letting up all traces for another's sake was at an end, Miss Rivers—my unworthy self—felt very much like breaking down and disgracing herself. She longed for solitude, and made some excuse to stay at home. As every one was bound on the expedition, she had the house practically to herself. After bemoaning her wickedness and folly for some time in the sanctity of her own chamber, a strange craving came over her. She felt she must go down and sit in the little room with her adjoined the library, and although censuring her own weakness, she yielded to the impulse.

Vincent Hope, in spite of his resolve to spend his time at Blues. He was well earned idleness, had been unable to do so exactly. Omnibus rolls of printed matter came by post—a sun of long standing, he said, which publishers insisted on drawing into daylight at once. So he did one or two hours' work each day, and grumbled at it in a very amusing manner. By tacit consent, the little room had been kept sacred to him, there, when he chose, he worked without fear of interruption. It was no doubt on account of this that Miss Rivers felt that uncontrollable desire to sit for a while in this particular room. The emptiness of her desire need not be commented upon, as her generally idiotic nature must have made itself manifest many pages back. She entered the room and closed the door softly. She sat down at the leather covered table, and leaning her head on her hands, looked anything but a prosperous, healthy, comfortable, young woman. Presently she glanced stealthily around her, and from the bottom of her dress drew out a photograph of a very handsome, distinguished looking man. Mr Hope had given it to her, at her request, some days before. It was to go into her celebrity album, she told him. Iaving it on the table between her elbows, Miss Rivers gazed at it long and earnestly, until her foolish eyes became so misty with tears that she could see it no longer. One by one those tears began to fall, and soon came so fast that she gave in altogether—I forgot where she was—for of all sick of interruption, and lying her head on the table, presented the very picture of woe. Her bewailings and beweeplings were at their greatest height, when the door was suddenly thrown open and Mr Hope stood before her! She sprang to her feet, and in her agitation brushed the photograph to the ground. Even in her dire confusion, the prayer that it might have fallen face downwards flamed itself. But she dared not look to see, she had to face the intruder as best she could. Yet he seemed for the moment taken even more aback than Miss Rivers. He stammered out something about a shaft taken three miles from home—impossibility of catching a train—come back to write telegram, &c. Then he looked on the ground, and what he saw there was enough to make him glumly won't humbly at the shamefaced girl, who stood before him with wet lashes and glowing cheeks.

'Miss Rivers—Heritage!' he said, 'tell me what this means!'

She made no reply, but endeavoured to pass him. He blocked the way, and by the exercise

of some force, took both her hands in his. As they stood there, she could see on the ground between them that unlucky photograph lying flat upwards.

'Let me go, Mr Hope,' she said. 'It is unkind to keep me against my will.'

Her appeal was vain. His strong hands held her yet more firmly. He seemed to be waiting, until she chose to look up and meet his eyes. But that would never have been—not if they had stood there till the present moment.

At last he spoke. His voice was almost grave. 'Heritage, I am very proud. I have always vowed I would ask no woman twice to be my wife, but I will ask you once more if you love me.'

Miss Rivers only bent her head lower and lower.

'Answer me, Heritage,' he said in a changed, passionate voice. 'My darling, answer me, and thus time truthfully!'

It was no use. Had she wished to do so, she could fight no longer. She ventured to raise her eyes a little, and, and, so timidly, so differently from her usual way of speaking. 'If I thought you would only forgive me, I would try and show you what I cannot—will not, tell you—how much I love you.' She was very, very humble in her new found happiness.

Then Vincent Hope loosened her hands a little, and— Well, these things only happen once in the life of a true woman, and she should neither write nor speak about them. But when Charles Lighton came to look for the telegram, not even written, nor, in the proposed form, to be written, Vincent Hope and Heritage Rivers were wondering, as every orthodox pair of lovers should wonder, why they were chosen out to be made the two very happiest people in the whole world.

So this was how I consummated my revenge.

It was only after we were married that I ventured to tell my husband that I had actually laid myself out to win his love—and why, when won, I had rejected it. My confession, which was really seriously made, being complete, he looked at me with mock severity.

'Heritage,' he said, 'had I known this before, I might, even at the eleventh hour, have thought better of the step I was taking in putting my future in the hands of such a vindictive young woman.'

'And perhaps, sweet sir,' I answered, 'for the very fear of that, I have deferred my explanation until now.'

#### WHAT COLOUR IS G FLAT?

A QUESTION has lately been asked in one of the London daily journals, 'What colour is G flat?' And there has arisen a discussion as to whether the question is an intelligible one, and if so, what is the correct answer? As the subject is probably not a familiar one to ordinary readers, we will endeavour to show what is meant by the question and how far it can have a satisfactory reply.

There has long been observed some apparent connection between the seven notes in an octave of the ordinary musical scale and the seven colours observable in a rainbow, commonly called the prismatic colours. Also the use of the words

chromatic scale, derived from the Greek word *chroma*, colour, tells us that such a connection has been noted. This chromatic scale is the one in which are regarded all the notes, both tones and semitones, of the common musical scale, and the word chromatic points to the idea that there is an apparent or supposed connection between the various shades of colour in the solar spectrum, and the various numbers of vibrations which give rise to the different notes in the common scale. In this complete scale, C sharp and D flat are not strictly the same, but they are represented by one note on the keyboard of a pianoforte. Similarly of F sharp and G flat. The difference may be represented on a violin, but not on a pianoforte. And if it can be shown that there is a relation between the number of vibrations of a string and a certain musical note, as the natural C, and that there is a similar relation, through an ascending scale of vibrations, corresponding to and producing the successive notes of the octave from C to B, then there is clearly seen a close connection between the number of vibrations and the tone resulting from these vibrations.

If, again, it can be proved that there is a relation between the number of vibrations, not of a string, but of a very different substance—namely, a very subtle invisible fluid named ether, and the sensation of light, with its numerous varieties of colour, so that there can be found a certain number of vibrations—or undulations, as they are called—producing the colour red, and then through an ascending scale of these undulations other numbers corresponding to the various colours, from red, through orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, up to violet, there can be again seen a close connection between certain numbers of vibrations and certain colours in the solar spectrum.

Being, then, that the ascending scale of vibrations of musical strings passes through a gradation of seven, and conveys to us the sensation of sounds which please and satisfy the ear, and a certain scale of other vibrations passes also through the gradation of seven, and conveys to us the sensation of definite colour which please the eye, it seems as though there were established a very decided analogy between the sound emitted by a musical note and some special colour. It seems, then, possible to give some intelligible answer, if not to the question, What colour is G flat? yet at least to the question, What colour in the solar spectrum corresponds to the musical note to which we give the name of G flat?

It is now worth while to mention the number of vibrations of which we have been speaking, whereby these two different effects of sound and colour are produced. The difference in the magnitudes of the numbers in the two cases is very startling. We will first speak of the vibrations of musical strings. Most persons know an ordinary tuning fork, with which a singer, and especially a teacher of singing, desires to produce the sound of a given note, from which note he may commence the musical scale, and so pitch his voice in harmony with that note, that he can thence rise to any note that he pleases in the octave which best suits the compass of his voice. And if we observe a tuning fork marked C—that is, the first note of the ordinary scale—we shall find it stamped with a certain number. That numeral indicates the

number of vibrations made in one second by the fork, which, when struck against a hard substance, emits the note C. If this is the C which is about the middle of the keyboard of a pianoforte, the number will be about 512. Various nations and authorities have differed somewhat as to the pitch selected, the numbers variously accepted being 512, 528, and 544. The first number is in its favour the very high authority of the late Sir J. Herschel. If we had a fork marked F in the same octave, it would have a higher number, and so on through the octave, and of B it would be the highest, namely, 960. This would be the range for one particular octave. And if we had forks which would produce notes of higher octaves, the figures would be in the same ratio, though larger.

To produce the lowest C on a grand pianoforte, the fork would require to make thirty-two vibrations per second, for the highest C, 2048, the whole series being; 32, 64, 128, 256, 512, 1024, 2048, in which series it is easily seen that each number is double of the one preceding it.

We need not here introduce all the complicated numbers which we found to represent the number of vibrations corresponding to all the notes on the keyboard of a pianoforte. But we may mention that if the number corresponding to the C in any octave be denoted by the number 1, and the number corresponding to the next C by 2, the six notes lying between the first and second C will be represented by the fractions  $\frac{1}{2}, \frac{2}{3}, \frac{3}{4}, \frac{4}{5}, \frac{5}{6}, \frac{6}{8}$ , so that if the vibrations producing the first C be 512, and those producing the second C be 1024, the intermediate numbers will be obtained by taking the above fractional parts of 512, and they will be found to be 576, 610, 682, 768, 853, and 960.

We have now to try and ascertain what are the numbers of vibrations of ether corresponding to the various prismatic colours, just as we have ascertained the numbers of vibrations of a string representing the seven natural notes in one octave of the diatonic scale. These vibrations or waves are extremely minute, their length varying from 0.000277 to 0.000165 of an inch, and the corresponding number of waves that pass into the eye in one second to produce the effect of red is no less than 458 billions, and to produce violet is 727 billions. But since few persons can form any intelligent idea of the vibrations of ether, and especially of the above enormous numbers, we may borrow a beautiful illustration of their possible production from a lecture on the Senses delivered in Manchester in 1872 by Professor Croom Robertson. He imagines a rod whirled round in a perfectly dark room, the number of its rotations rising from sixteen or twenty per second to nearly forty thousand. The effect will be that there will be emitted every species of note from the lowest growl to a shrillness that would be almost unbearable, and then all would be still. But let the number of rotations keep increasing till it reached some millions in a second, then faint rays of heat would begin to be felt, increasing until, when the number reached the almost inconceivable figure of four hundred billions, a dim red light would become visible in the gloom. And as that number increased, till it reached nearly eight hundred billions, there would be emitted rays of all the colours of the solar spectrum from red to violet, till

again there would succeed a stillness never to be broken.

As we proceed from red to violet in the spectrum, we of course meet with every variety of number of waves, corresponding to the infinite variety of mixtures of colours. For as we leave one colour, say red, and commence the orange, there cannot be drawn any very sharp line of demarcation between the two colours, but there must be a fusion. Indeed, it is well known that the ordinary seven prismatic colours are produced by a fusion of the three primary colours, red, yellow, and blue. All these three colours are found through the whole length of the spectrum, as first observed by Sir Isaac Newton. And the resulting colours are produced by the greater or less preponderance of one of the three over the other two.

When, therefore, we come to ask, 'What colour is G flat?' we are simply asked to superimpose a certain length which may be taken as representing the length of one octave of the diatonic scale, or the chromatic scale, upon a similar length representing the solar spectrum. If the upper length were made of transparent glass, and only the notes of the whole chromatic scale marked thereon, so that we could, through this upper glass, see the columns of the spectrum beneath, we should see what was the special colour corresponding to any particular note, or even to any intermediate number of vibrations to which no name of any note is given. And just as we could conceive of the number of vibrations proceeding from the number five hundred and twelve up to ten hundred and twenty-four, even by simple units, so there would be a colour in the solar spectrum corresponding to every such step. What name should be given to the colour lying beneath any special line in the glass on which the notes of the scale were marked, might be settled by arbitrary decision. The number of new names given to various varieties of colour, as mauve, magenta, celadine, &c., has greatly increased of late years. But we have not yet given a name to every combination of colours that could correspond to each successive number of vibrations. In the correspondence alluded to at the commencement of this article, one writer gives 'Chalons Brown' as the proper colour corresponding to G flat. Whatever may be the true answer for each particular note of the scale, we think we have made clear what is intended by the question, 'What colour is G flat?' and have indicated the way in which the question can be correctly answered.

## 'THE PRIVATEER.'

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

THE time, eleven o'clock on a sunny autumn morning. The scene, a front room on the first-floor of a fashionable boarding-house in Brighton. The room in question has two French windows, that open on to a balcony, from which a long stretch of the King's Road is visible on either hand. Beyond that, in the foreground comes the shelving, shingly beach, and last of all, an illimitable expanse of opaline sun-washed sea. Although both the windows stand wide open, as if to invite the fresh air and the sunshine, a fire that would not do discredit to December is



burning in the grate. Between the windows hangs a Dollond's thermometer. An easy chair is drawn up near the fire, while over the back of a smaller chair, the *Times* has been hung to air. A breakfast equipage for one person occupies the low occasional table, together with some dozen or more letters, newspapers, and circulars, which the morning's post has brought. Over the back of a couch on the opposite side of the room have been flung a couple of overcoats and a heavy fur pelisse, together with some three or four shawls of Oriental manufacture.

The last stroke of eleven had scarcely been struck by the little clock on the chimney piece, when the door was opened, and there came into the room a middle-aged man, dressed in black, of a direct and serious aspect, with yet something in his air and manner that was suggestive of the profession of arms. The individual in question was none other than Mr Juxon, body servant to Colonel Crompton, lately back from India after an absence of twenty years. Mr Juxon shut the door and locked round with a frown. 'Whew! Enough to blow one's head off,' he exclaimed. 'My best words to that pert hussy of a housemaid were "Be careful to keep the windows shut," and this is the result. To be sure, it's a bright, sunny morning enough, but what's the good of sunshine when there's no warmth in it?' Having carefully closed the two windows, Juxon took a glance at the thermometer. 'Only up to sixty-five,' he muttered, 'and the Colonel will be down in a minute or two. Enough to give any gentle man his death of cold.' With that he took to poking the fire vigorously; and then, there being nothing more to do, he applied himself to a hasty perusal of the *Times*, pending his master's appearance.

A few minutes later, Colonel Crompton walked into the room. He was a tall, thin, somewhat emaciated looking man, about five and forty years old, or possibly a little more. He had grizzled hair and moustache, refined aquiline features, and large, dark, kindly looking eyes.

Juxon quickly refolded the paper and stood at attention.

The Colonel came forward, shivering slightly and rubbing his hands. 'Juxon, you certainly intend to be the death of me. Am I in the arctic regions, or where am I?'

'Beg pardon, Colonel, but it's all along of that ignoramus of a housemaid. I told her to be sure and keep the windows shut.'—

'And she left them wide open. Of course. The rule of contrary with her sex, as usual. To-morrow morning tell her to be sure to open the windows, and I'll wager ten to one you'll find them shut.—How's the glass?' asked the Colonel abruptly, as he began to poke the fire.

'Sixty-eight, sir. Gone up three in the last ten minutes.'

'Sixty-eight, and the wind in the east. I know it's in the east, my shoulder twinges so.—Help me on with my pelisse.—So. That's better. And now order up some more coal.'

'Yes, Colonel.'

'And the first thing after you've brought me my breakfast, go out and buy some hating,—some tailor's hating—and some tin tacks, and try whether you can't stop the draughts from these confounded windows.'

'Yes, sir.'

As soon as Colonel Crompton found himself alone, he perched his double eye-glass on the ridge of his nose and became immersed in his correspondence. But he had not been thus engaged for more than five minutes, when a loud double knock at the front door caused him to start uneasily.

'Another telegram, I dare wager, from my very remarkable sister-in-law,' he muttered. 'What a woman she is! I thought to escape her for a little while when I left London, but I did not know the extent of her resources.'

At this moment the door opened and a bright-eyed girl of eighteen burst into the room. 'Good morning, uncle!' she cried. 'What a lazy old darling you are! I had my breakfast hours ago, and am almost ready for luncheon.' Then the Colonel was kissed impulsively, and did not seem to object to the process. 'Here's another telegram from mamma; went on his tormentor in a breath. "Be sure that your dear uncle has a cup of beef-tea at twelve, with a glass of the best old port in it!"'

'But, my dear Mamma, I detest beef-tea.'

'Oh, that does not matter in the least. If mamma says you are to have beef-tea, beef-tea you must have. Nobody ever thinks of disobeying; mamma's orders. If they were to do so, I don't know what would happen. Perhaps the world would come to an end!'

Here Juxon came in with his master's chocolate and tucks. Mamma crossed to one of the windows, and waited there till he had vanished again. Then she said, but without turning her face from the window: 'Uncle, dear, I've some news to tell you.'

'Out with it, my pet,' mumbled the Colonel with his mouth full of tuck.

'Who do you think is coming down by the next train?'

'Bliss my heart!—not your mamma?'

'No, not mamma, but—Horace.'

'Horace?'

'Horace Gray, you know. You can't have forgotten him, uncle.'

'Ah, now I recollect. Your sweetheart—and a very nice young fellow too. Well, my dear, you must go and see the fishes together. I notice that a great many young couples do make a point of inspecting the aquarium together. And after that, of course he will dine with us.'

'I thought that perhaps you would go for a drive with us before luncheon.'

'Go for a drive, my dear, in this vile east wind!'

'Why, the wind's in the west, uncle, as steady as a rock, and the sunshine is lovely.'

'My dear, it must be in the east, my shoulder twinges so.'

'That poor shoulder! How I wish I could chain away the pain!—But you will come for a drive, won't you?'

'Well, well, my dear, we will see. Perhaps—properly wrapped up, ch!'

'Of course. I will see that you don't take cold. Horace will be here in a few minutes now.' Then, as she turned towards the door, she added with a merry smile: 'Remember—the beef-tea at twelve to the minute. Mamma's orders must be obeyed!'

'That terrible water in law' growled the Colonel under his breath as Murray laid the door behind her 'Why won't she leave me alone? Three telegrams yesterday, the last of 'em at ten p.m.—' 'Be sure that your dear uncle's sheets are properly aired. A little oatmeal posset would do him good.' Then at seven this morning, just as I was in the middle of my second sleep, there comes a thundering rattle. Another telegram. 'Be sure that your dear uncle's slippers are thoroughly warmed, and don't forget that he takes no butter with his toast.' A terrible woman! No wonder that Father Bob only lived three years after he married her.

A minute or two later, Juxon came in, carrying a card on a salver.

The Colonel adjusted his double eyeglasses, picked up the card, and read aloud: "'I. Merrydew, M.D.'" 'Why, bless my heart,' he added, staring at Juxon, 'it can't surely be'—

'But it can be, and it is, brook in a voice at the door.—' 'Tom Merrydew, your old school chum, who has not seen you for twenty-five long years. The speaker came forward and held out his hand. 'Charley, my dear boy, how are you? I should have known you any where and everywhere.'

'And I you, Tom, and I you,' answered the Colonel emphatically. Their hands had met in a firm grip by this time. 'I declare you're not a bit altered.'

'Nearly as pretty as a balustrade. Call that nothing.'

'And I in no better, Tom. That's the beauty of it. We were lily together and now we're growing old together. How pleasant it is to see you.'

Dr. Merrydew was a plump, rosy-faced, little man with a really smiling, eyes that were at once keen and good-humoured, and a sort of cheer, open and freshness of manner that was as good as a tonic to one half of his patients.

'I wish you could know that I was here?'

'Saw your name in the list of arrivals—There's this room is enough to stifle one! And with that, the little doctor crossed to one of the windows and flung it open.

The Colonel rose hastily. 'My dear Merrydew, don't do that,' he said. 'An open window in this climate is simply detestable.' He turned, crossed the floor, and gently shut the window.

Merrydew was peering at the thermometer. 'The glass up to seventy-five and can't I see the window open?—And pray, my dear friend, what is this? As I live, a sui peluce! Off with it this instant!'

'You are sure, Tom, that the glass is up to seventy-five? Ah, then I think that I may dispense with the peluce. You must remember, Tom, that this is not India.'

'I should hope not, indeed—Why did you leave India? Because you couldn't stand the climate any longer. And now what do we find? Here he put on his severely professional manner. 'We find you, Charles Crampton, presumably a man of a sense, not coming down to breakfast till eleven o'clock, when you ought to have been out of doors hours ago, taking a constitutional on the park, or else a long saunter on the downs.'

The Colonel rubbed his hands and drew his chair a couple of inches nearer the fire.

'We find you in a room heated to seventy-five degrees,' went on the doctor, 'wrapped in a fur cloak, and seated in front of a fire huge enough to roast a sheep, with windows and doors close shut.' Well may you look so yellow and cadaverous! Charles Crampton, we must change all this! From this moment, consider yourself under my charge, and see whether I don't make a different man of you before you are two months older! With that he got up, went over to the window and deliberately opened it.

The Colonel was cowed. He turned up the collar of his coat and spread his hands before the blaze. Then he said, speaking very gently: 'As a boy, Tom, you were the most irresistible fellow I ever knew, and years seem only to have made you more obstinate still.'

'Call me pig-headed, and then you will about hit the mark,' answered Merrydew laughing, as he went back to his chair, which he took care to draw further away from the fire. 'But I always know what is good for my patients, better than they know themselves.'

'Won't you take a cup of chocolate?' asked the Colonel.

'At this time of the morning? Not if I know it.' Then planting his elbows on the table and staring across at the Colonel, he said: 'And so you've been fizzling in Bengal for the last quarter of a century, eh?'

'I here or there about it.'

'Ah! my dear old friend, how proud it must be to hear of the gallant deed by which you won the Victoria Cross! A mist came over my eyes as I read the account. I seemed to have the whole picture before me, I seemed—'

'No more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me,' protested the Colonel gravely. 'Any other man in the brigade would have done what I did. The chance came to me—that was all—And now, tell me about yourself!'

'Ask a puppet to tell its history. I don't see a practice in this place when I started in life, and here I've been ever since.'

'Married?'

'More sense—I say!'

'No! Here the Colonel coughed and stirred the fire. 'What a lot of old ideas come back to me, Tom, conjured up by the sound of your voice!' he went on. 'What was Dixon, now—what a nice fellow he was! What has become of him?'

'Went to the bad years ago—was outlawed, and seen no more.'

'Poor Dixon!—And Lascelles! I used to like him. What has become of Lascelles?'

'Married a rich wife, went in for speculation, and now he's a millionaire. He passed me in the street the other day, and didn't know me.'

'Poor Lascelles!—And Gilson—the maddest, merriest fellow in the whole school!'

'Dead, years ago.'

'Happy Gilson!—I'll warrant, Tom, that you've not forgotten Polly Lascelles, the confectioner's pretty daughter. How fond I was of that girl! What mountains of tarts I used to devour! And what fits of indigestion I used to have afterwards! Happy days!'

'The last time I heard of Polly, she was the mother of ten, and weighed sixteen stone.'

'Polly was always inclined to be plump. You recollect her long, glossy, auburn ringlets, Tom!'

'Auburn ringlets, my dear fellow! Polly Lucombe's ringlets were black—black as my hat! 'Pooh, pooh, Tom—as if I could forget! I've twisted them round my fingers many a time, when there was nobody but ourselves in the shop.'

'Hang it all, Colonel, I ought to know I carried a lock of her hair about with me for a year—more fool I! It was as black as night.'

A little spot of colour came into each of the Colonel's yellow cheeks. 'Confound it, doctor, you will tell me next that I can't recollect my own name!' I repeat, the girl's hair was auburn—a beautiful light auburn.

The doctor's hat came down heavily on the table. 'Black, sir—black! Do you mean to accuse me of deliberate falsehood!'

The Colonel spring to his feet and pushed back his chair. 'Do you mean to insinuate that I'm not speaking the truth? Once more I beg, most emphatically to assert that Miss Lucombe's hair was not black, but auburn—auburn, sir!'

This brought Merrydew to his feet like a shot. 'If you think, sir, that I'm going to stay here and be insulted in this way, you are mistaken, sir.' He crossed to the window and took up his hat.

'Dey you ever came, sir,' growled the Colonel. For a moment or two the doctor stood gazing into the crown of his hat, as though he were reading some message written there, then he went back to the table and held out his hand. 'Good bye, (rumpton, I'm glad to have met you again, but not without a certain ring of pathos in his voice.

The Colonel's hand went out and grasped that of his friend. 'Good bye, Merrydew,' he said mournfully. 'We may perhaps never see each other again.'

For a little space they stood thus, grasping each other's hand and gazing into each other's eyes. Then, with a queer little laugh, the doctor said, 'Colonel, it seems to me that we are a pair of old fisks.'

'I quit a year with you there, Tom?'

'What the dickens can it matter what colour the girl's hair was!'

'It might be blue or green for anything I care. Sit down, man alive! You are not going yet. There are fifty things I want you to tell me about.'

At this moment there came a loud double knock at the front door.

'Another telegram from my terrible auster in-law,' muttered the Colonel.

Merrydew went and replaced his hat on the side table, and paused for a second or two to examine an engraving on the wall. The Colonel, taking advantage of the opportunity, crossed the floor on tiptoe and softly closed the French window.

A moment later, Marian entered the room.

'Another telegram from mamma,' she said.

'Read it aloud, my dear,' remarked the Colonel dryly.

'"Callegram from New York," read Marian—"Depression crossing the Atlantic. Heavy rains and stormy weather may be expected. Be sure your dear uncle does not venture out without a cloak and umbrella."

The Colonel made a little grimace. 'A soldier in goliathes!—What have I done to merit this?' he said to his friend. Then turning to Marian, he added, 'My dear, let me introduce you to my oldest friend, Dr Merrydew—Tom, this is my niece, Miss Marian Chester.'

The doctor shook hands with Marian and said a few pleasant words, then turning to the Colonel, 'Why hasn't Providence been as kind to me!' he asked. 'I'm a bachelor—I've plenty of money—why haven't I a niece!'

'Perhaps you never had a brother or a sister?'

'Never.'

'Then you can hardly expect to have a niece, can you?'

'Now you put it in that way, I suppose I hardly can. But it seems hard, though.'

'I'm going to look after your beef tea, uncle. I won't trust it to the cook,' put in Marian.

'But, my dear, I detest—'

'No matter—mamma's orders, you know,' was the answer with a mischievous smile. And then she went.

'I love that girl, Tom, as if she were my own child,' remarked the Colonel. 'She will come in for nearly all I have to leave.'

'And you have allowed her mother to become aware of it in fact, I'll be bound.'

'I'm afraid I did drop a hint or two one day.'

'I guessed as much. Hence the telegrams.'

'What can it matter!'

'Will you never learn a little worldly wisdom! The doctor, who was of a flighty disposition, rubbed his fingers through his hair, got up, and began to price the room.

#### M I S S I D E

A vision like the hush of fear  
Fills all the house this summer day,  
Familiar accents startle near,  
Or fade in murmurs far away.

And I reeking as from distant gloom,  
A face comes painted on the air,  
A presence like the haunted room,  
Or sits within the vacant chair.

The lightest wind that shakes the glass,  
The sound that stirs awhile the street,  
Seems to the hushing heart alas!  
Like footfall of beloved feet.

And every object that I feel  
Seems charged by some enchanter's wand,  
And keen the dusy senses thrill,  
As with the touch of spirit hand.

At moments in the rosy flush,  
At noonside in the fiery glow,  
At evening in the golden bush,  
At night as pass the minutes slow,

A form beloved comes again,  
A voice beside me seems to start,  
While eager fancies fill the brain,  
And eager passions hold the heart.

S. CHAMBERLAIN.

Printed and Published by W & E. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 389 High Street, EDINBURGH.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF  
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fourth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

CONDUCTED BY R. CHAMBERS (SECUNDUS)

No 1043—Vol. XX SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1883

PRICE 1½d

## A LOST ART

So much is done nowadays by enterprising publishers for the young in the way of providing cheap entertaining literature of every kind and description, that, amongst us at least in England, the art of oral story telling may be said to have died out. We, whose memories can run back to the time when the huzumst part of the day was that half hour round the fire between daylight and lamp-light in the cosy curtained room, pored in listening to old stories retold, and whom the gorgeous picture books and annals of the present day would have driven wild with unmet and excitement, cannot help regretting that an art productive of so much genuine pleasure to us being of almost unknown—the regret of course being of a purely sentimental nature.

No stories, not even those we used to read out of our linen bound books with their crude illustrations, ever afforded us one half the pleasure we experienced in listening to bedside tales. There was a homing about them which we cannot expect to be characteristic of those written by professional writers for an unknown nursery public, our own little weak nesses and strong points were slyly alluded to, and, what was perhaps best of all, we thoroughly believed all we were told. In our eyes the hours, the furies, the grunts, the magicians, the 'good people' and the villains were actual beings of flesh and blood, and not dressed up puppets 'making believe'. And, as we believed in the actual existence of the heroes and heroines, so were we far more heartily influenced and afflicted by their deeds, their mishaps, their triumphs, and their escapes, than any modern child can be expected to be affected and influenced by the fates of the hundreds of beings with whom he or she meets in print. When Tom played the blind man a shabby trick and got served out for it, we rejoiced as if the event had happened at our own garden gate. We wept with the sorrowful, were glad with the happy, and in fact, for the time being, and even after, lived in the little world of

our story. But this can hardly be said of the hundreds of thousands of readers of modern nursery literature. The pageant shifts so often, scene follows scene in such rapid succession, there is such an *embarras de richesses*, such a crowd of actors and actresses, that the young mind has no time to fix itself upon a given point or object, or to allow one single image or impression to be fixed permanently in it. Many men carry throughout their lives a distinct remembrance of the stories told them at their mothers' knees, but it is to be doubted if the present rising generation, when risen, will be able to call to mind many of the countless stories which they may now read every year.

It seems strange to bring an accusation against the greatest invention of modern times, but to the printing press and its wonderful development is due the decay of what may be considered to be one of the oldest of the arts. It is just as natural for a man who cannot read to listen to one who can, as it is for a man who cannot write to get it done by some one who can. So in old England the minstrels first, and subsequently the ballad singers, performed to a great extent the functions now performed by books. And not even when printing became a recognised established power—not even when books penetrated to regions outside the walls of the monasteries—not even when a regular *furor* for learning set in, did the public story teller find his vocation gone. Down to quite a recent date—that is, to the end of the eighteenth century—the public reciter or singer was a popular character at every fair and village festival, although the matter recited and sung was of a sadly degenerate nature, whilst during the period described in the famous Third Chapter of Lord Macaulay's *History of England*, he occupied much the same position in the rustic estimation that a professional cricketer or local boxer of repute does now. Any one with whom the poking about in the odd nooks and corners of our English rustic life is a favourite pastime, knows how dearly alehouse philosophers love a story, how they will sit with their pipes in their

mouths and their mugs at their elbows listening placidly and contentedly to what appears to the visitor nothing but a long winded, tautological making of a mountain out of a molehill, and how frequently upon rustic lips is heard the prolatory phrase 'Ah! that reminds me of a story!'

Many of our popular legends and ballads had never appeared in print until the renaissance of this interesting branch of our national literature was undertaken by a few enthusiasts, to whom all honour be due, just in time to save them from complete disappearance. The collections of Percy, Ritson, Dixon, Dean Ransay, Robert Chambers, and notably the *Jordan Miscellany* of Sir Walter Scott, are full of old stories and ballads taken down from the lips of last remaining 'oldest in habitants,' and but for the intelligent labours of these workers in a fast decaying old garden, very few evidences of the popularity of the art of story telling amongst our ancestors would be in existence.

Ballads and songs, in the modern acceptance of the terms, scarcely come under the category of stories, but the early compositions of this nature were almost invariably stories. The rustic listener deemed rhyme, however crude, as the necessary adjunct to a story. The tale of an old hero or of an old deed set to catching jingle, impressed itself more easily and durably on the common ear than the most polished and correct prose, hence the minstrel first, the ballad singer next, and the alehouse *raconteur* last, were invested with all the importance of distinguished persons. But as education spread, the art of story telling went of necessity die out. The old folks yarn is a thing rapidly passing away just as is the old myths and fables, and Jack, when occasion will permit, prefers a newspaper to the longest and most correct of yarns told by a rustic. We might go as far as to say that the modern story teller is very generally voted a bore, and we regard our selves sorrowfully to the tender mercies of the iron who is continually reciting 'good stories' or who is given to relate the events of a picnic with the probability of a military hit run.

But, found as the English people always were of stories and storytellers, the art was never reduced to such a dignity among us as was never deemed an indispensable national institution, was never taken up so generally by professors as it generally has been, and is, in the East. A very large number of the folk and fairy tales familiar in the mouths of children as household words owe their origin to the East, and are palpably stamped with an Oriental taint mark, whilst many others, although dismissed and altered and adapted, may be taken and so far away, that it becomes a matter of wonder by what means they penetrated to us.

When we consider the important part which has been played by Arians in European history, we are not surprised that some of their national tales should have been carried into English nurseries, but when the traveller in far Japan hears women soothing their children to sleep with the very same tales which soothed him to sleep in days long gone by, he is forcibly reminded of the truth of the words of the Prophet, that 'there is no new thing under the sun.' Still, Asiatic influence notwithstanding, the difference between our stories—that is, those we have

inherited from the old Scandinavians and Germans and Normans, and those which have been imported from Asia—is exactly the difference between the typical men of the North and the East. Our old story makers had plenty of fancy and imagination, but it was of a sterner, more rugged kind, and especially suitable to the stolid, hard headed character of their listeners, just as the poetic dreaminess of the *Arabian Nights* was suitable to the calmer, less energetic nature of the solemn turbaned listeners in the squares of Stamboul and Cairo.

Another most important influence upon our story artists was that which came from Italy, and to the traveller, the idle, listless, loafing inhabitants of Italian towns present many features in common with the dwellers upon the opposite shores of the Mediterranean and the great stretches of sand away to the East. Our early dramatists, as we know, drew largely—in fact, with the exception of their comedies, almost entirely, upon Italian stories for the plots of their plays. Seventeen of Shakespeare's plays are built upon Italian foundations, whilst Chaucer, Dryden, and in later times Byron, Shelley, and Keats, derived much of their inspiration from the same country.

In Italy, the public story teller no longer holds a recognized definite position, owing to much the same reasons as have robbed him of his vocation in England, but in all Oriental towns he still gathers his crowds, and is still a striking feature in the popular life. And not only is this noticeable in the East, which lies within a fortnight's reach of London, but in the vast cities of India, farther away amongst the teeming towns and villages of China, and, farther still, in every collection of houses, however small, in Japan. The Chinese story teller is more of a preacher than his Japanese confrere: his addresses partake rather of the character of moral lectures and discourses, and if the people want to laugh, they must go to the theatre. But in Japan, the story teller sticks to his craft, although, with marvelous versatility and address—the versatility and address of a monkey of his art—he invariably contrives to suit the nature of his talk to the character of his audience. Thus, as he squats himself upon his heels, his fan in one hand, and a pipe of bamboo in the other, when with to emphasize the telling points of his story his tea apparatus, and his smoking implements in the mat beside him, he glances round the rough shed. Perhaps as yet there is but a sprinkling of children. Forthwith he launches into one of those quaint, immutable stories, to which we before alluded as being in many cases the fountain of our own child stories, and of which the illustrations appear upon the cheap, gaudily painted fans familiar to us. The children are very soon either convulsed with laughter or hushed into awe, for the story teller is an accomplished actor, and accompanies his words with the most grotesque mouthings and the most descriptive gesticulation. Enter, perhaps, a bevy of giggling damsels. The story teller suddenly changes his form of procedure, and starts a romance, with the usual termination of triumphant virtue and punished vice. Then a group of young bloods swagger in. Again he strikes off into a fresh channel, this time probably a legend of the good old days when the gods lived on

earth, when Japan was the sole gem of the sea, when all men were heroes, and all women good and virtuous. As he warms to his work, the veins gather in knots on his forehead, his eyes seem to flash fire, the bamboo is constantly rapping against the floor, his fan is continually opening and shutting and being waved as a pennon or swan, as a sword, the words tumble out of his mouth in what seems to us utterly incoherent torrents, and finally, when the climax has been reached, he bows his forehead to the mats, drinks half a dozen cups of tea, and smokes as many pipes, amidst the excited 'Aahs' of his audience. And so he continues for an hour or more, when he collects his cash, picks up his impedimenta, and with much humiliated prostitution promises his listeners that he will be at the same place at the same hour to-morrow.

But from this it must not be inferred that the Japanese public is ignorant or averse to literature, on the contrary the activity of the native printing presses is only matched by the insatiable maw of the public for reading. Truly, what is read is, as a rule, sad trash, but at any rate the booths of the story-tellers are not the only by-roads, listless loafers, who have no other method of passing their time, and if the traveller knows the language well, a *some quid sors* in this land of pun, verbal quibble, and *double entendre*, he will learn more about the popular manners and customs during an hour at the story-teller's booth, than by many months of book study and superficial travel.

We have thought fit to devote some space to Japan, because it is there that we conceive the art of story-telling is still sustained by the ablest professors, and, what is still more valuable, flourishes to-day exactly as it has flourished during many hundreds of years, and as perhaps it has never flourished elsewhere. What a few more years of change, such as have passed over the land during the past quarter of a century, may bring forth, it is a thing difficult to conjecture, and the traveller of a few years hence will probably find that the Japanese art of story-telling has gone the way of so many other pleasant old-world institutions.

Of course it may be argued that, after all, the loss of such an art is of no great importance, when we consider what a very efficient substitute is provided in the shape of cheap, easily attainable literature, but, from even more than a sentimental point of view, it is a loss. A story well told by mouth bears the same relation to a story as read in a book, that a drama well acted bears to a drama read from an acting edition. No words can exactly present the same emotions that a significant gesture or tone of voice produces. A good old-fashioned ghost story told in the weird twilight is twice as effective as the same story read in clear print by clear daylight. Mr Shirley Brooks as Falstaff showed us the old knight in real flesh and blood, Mathews in paint would be very tame when contrasted with his actual representative in Mr Irving, and the most exquisitely printed edition of Mr Tennyson's *Balaclava* lines fails to stir up our feelings of patriotism and emotion to the extent we experience when we hear those lines read by Mr Puffington. So with the nursery legends and tales *Fatima* at the door of the Blue Chamber, *Morgana*

amongst the oil jars, *Percy* leaning over the body of Douglas, William of Cloudeley by his wife's side in the burning house, and a host of other favourite incidents, almost demand that they should be spoken, and not read. On the other hand, there are stories which suffer in the telling by mouth, and which were never written to be told. With the exception of *Sargeant Busfus* as personated by Mr Flook, and Joe as reprobated by Miss Jennie Lee, there is scarcely a character in the whole range of Charles Dickens's novels which bears repetition by word of mouth, and we would much rather read of Sam Weller or Pickensill or Mrs Gamp than see them personated—it is just as they have been personated up to the present time.

But any man or woman gifted with the most ordinary histrionic powers can imitate the roar of Giant Blunderbore or the terrified accents of Iakim, and these stories were evidently composed to be spoken just as others have been composed to be read. So to this day, the pleasantest novelty one can suggest for the amusement of children, nay, even of grown up folk, during the uncertain half hour of winter 'tween lights, is to tell them a story.

## THE ROSERY FOLK.

## CHAPTER XXIII.—THE DOCTOR'S EYESIGHT IMPROVES.

DOCTOR SCALES left his friend, after sending word by one of the servants that he wished to see Mrs Scarlett. The meeting would be very painful, and it was one to be avoided. Consequently, beyond encountering Aunt Sophia in the course of the evening and answering a few questions, the doctor managed so well that he saw no one else belonging to the establishment before asking whether Scarlett would see him again, and retiring for the night.

'It isn't a question of medicine,' he had said to himself. 'Wretched woman! I always mistrusted her. I don't know why, but I did. And now, what will be the next movement? They will separate of course, and after poor Scarlett has got over the shock, I dare say he will mend—How closely he kept it, poor fellow! He must have loved her very dearly, and would not speak while it was mere suspicion.'

It was just about this time that Aunt Sophia came to him, to ask him if he would have some tea.

'No,' he said shortly, 'not to-night.'  
'Do you know what agitated my nephew so much?'

'Yes,' said the doctor, 'but I am not at liberty to tell you.'

'I will not press you,' said Aunt Sophia gravely. 'Mrs Scarlett is with him now.' She walked away, and after making sure that he would not be wanted, the doctor, as has been said, sought his room.

The night passed quietly enough, and in good time the doctor rose to take his morning walk about the grounds, when, as he returned, towards eight o'clock, he heard the grating of wheels upon the gravel, and saw the dogcart driven up to the door. He involuntarily drew back and stayed

amongst the shrubs, just as Prayle came out quickly, with his coat over his arm, and thin umbrella in hand. His little portmanteau was handed in by the servant, and at a word, the groom drove off.

'Thank goodness!' cried the doctor. 'We've seen the last of him, I hope, and as to that woman——' 'Pah! What brazen effrontery!' This was consequent upon seeing Prayle turn slightly in his place and look back at the end of the house, while from a stunted window, a hand appeared, and a kerchief was for a moment waved.

Prayle, however, made no sign, and the doctor went in.

'I can't help people's emotions,' he said to himself. 'I have to quell all mine and be in better of it. Consequently, humbugging is an opportunity to develop itself, and I want my breakfast as at any other time.'

There was no one in the breakfast room when he entered, but in a few minutes Naomi came down, looking rather pale and troubled, and soon after, Mrs. Raleigh appeared with a very solemn, staid countenance, which relaxed, however, as she laid her hand in that of the young doctor.

'You have not seen James this morning, of course?'

'No,' he replied.

'Ah! You will be glad to hear that he has had a letter to-night. So Kate tells me.'

'Then he has forgiven her,' said the doctor to himself. 'Well, I could not. It is Christmas like, though, and I suppose they will separate quietly.'

Just then, Mrs. Scarlett entered the room, looking very pale and red-eyed, as if from weeping. She went up to Aunt Squire and pressed her long cold fingers over the sunken and attenuated Naomi, and then held out her hand to the doctor. He hesitated for a moment, and then, from force of habit more than anything else, he took a couple of steps forward and shook hands in a cold hump fashion, astounded at the fact that Mrs. Scarlett raised her eyes to his with a frank, unassuming look of pain.

'As much like that of a sweet innocent girl as I ever saw,' he thought, as he took his place.

The meal was not a sociable one, for everybody seemed awkward and constrained, and it passed off almost in silence, while, when soon after it was ended, the doctor asked if he might go up to Scarlett's room, there was a look almost of reproach in Mrs. Scarlett's eyes as she said, 'O yes, of course.'

For some time past it had been Scarlett's habit to stay in his room till midday. He dressed at eight, and then lay down again in a heavy, dreamy way, to be moodily thinking, but this time the doctor found him fast asleep, looking very calm and peaceful, as his breath came regularly, and there was a slight flush upon his handsome face.

'Poor fellow!' thought the doctor, 'how wretchedly thin he has grown! I was afraid the encounter last night would have been too much for him, but it almost seems as if he is better, now he knows the worst.'

As he stood watching him, he heard Mrs. Scarlett pass on her way to her own room, but

she seemed to change her mind, came lightly back, and opened the door softly.

'He is asleep,' said the doctor sternly, and she at once withdrew, leaving Scates at his post, from which he did not stir till luncheon time, when he went down.

Mrs. Scarlett had been twice to the door, to look in with wistful eyes, but each time she had been forbidden to enter, as the patient was not to be awakened at any cost, so the anxious woman went patiently away to wait, for she never even dreamed of resisting the medical man's commands.

Sleep seemed to have so thoroughly taken possession of James Scarlett, that he remained under its influence hour after hour, and when Mrs. Scarlett timidly asked if it was right, she received the same answer—that under the circumstances nothing could be better—and went away content.

It was quite evening when Scarlett awoke to find the doctor sitting, reading by his bed. 'Why, Jack!' he cried, rather excitedly, 'am I—am I—well?'

'My dear fellow, no, I hope not.'

'No, of course not! I am—I must be——' 'Thank God!' he sighed fervently, 'what a restful, grateful sleep—Where's Kate?'

'She has been here several times, but I would not have you disturb her.'

'Bless her!' said Scarlett softly. 'Jack, you are my one friend, the only one to whom I ever opened my heart. I trust you, Jack, with everything.'

'My dear old boy,' returned the doctor warmly, grasping his hands, 'I hope I deserve it. Heaven knows, I try.'

'You do deserve it, Jack. I can never repay you for what you've done for me.'

'Fiddle, min, stuff! Why, I owe you a debt for letting me try to cure you.'

'Now let me be more in your debt, Jack,' said Scarlett.

'As much as you like, old fellow. I'll do all I can.'

Scarlett paused, and his face flushed almost fearfully as he gazed earnestly at his friend. At last he spoke. 'I have been weak—unhappy, and that made me what I was, Jack,' he said piteously. 'You saw the weak side of my character last night. I had hidden it so well before, but when you came to me then, I was half mad, and—well, I need not confess—you must have seen the turn my thoughts took. You don't wish me to degrade myself again—to make confession?'

'No, no—say nothing,' said Scates quietly. 'My dear old boy, believe me, I am your friend.'

'You are, Jack, you are more—my very brother at heart, and if you ever think again of my cruel sacriligious doubts, set them down as a sick man's fancies, and then bury them for ever. Ah!—Jack, old friend—let last night's outburst be a thing that's dead!'

'I promise you, Scarlett, upon my word!'

'Thanks, Jack, thanks!' I shiver when I think of it. If Kate knew, it would break her heart.'

The doctor was silent.

'When I came back with my brain reeling, I was drunk with a great joy. You know what

I had fancied O Jack! if I could forgive myself—but I never can!

—You are growing excited. You must be quiet, now.

‘Excited, man? Oh, it is only with my happiness. That accursed idea, born of my nervous state, was eating my very life away, while now that I know that it was but the foul emanation of my own brain, I can scarcely contain myself, and I mean to have leaped back to health and strength.’

Scenes did not speak.

‘But I am forgetting—I do believe I have slept away the day, and the night is here. That wicked girl!’

The doctor gazed at him fixedly, asking himself if his friend’s brain was wandering.

‘She promised to meet him—at some station—in London—to-night. Jack, it must be stopped before it is too late. Where is that scoundrel Frayle?’

‘He left this morning, early, to catch the train.’

‘And I’ll find him here as if in a stupor—Quick, Jack—my wife—no, poor girl, she must not be troubled with this, she has borne enough. Run, for—No, fetch my aunt. Yes, she will be the best. O, old fellow, quick!’

‘Is he wandering, or am I a fool?’ muttered the doctor, as he hurried from the room to encounter Miss Scruitt on the stairs.

‘He is worse! she cried.

‘No, no, said the doctor, almost roughly. ‘Not yet. You must not go to him, Miss Scruitt. I forbid it.’

She shrank back quickly. ‘Tell me that he is in no danger,’ she said imploringly.

‘Yes, I do tell you that,’ he said with a feeling of repugnance that would tame his voice.—‘Where is Miss Scruitt?’

‘In the drawing room. I will fetch her,’ cried Mrs Scruitt, rushing to perform the task, while the doctor stood rubbing his ear.

‘It is I who am mad,’ he said to himself, ‘and not poor Scruitt—Yes,’ he said aloud, as Aunt Sophia came up, ‘Scruitt wants to see you at once.’ He led the way back, and closed the door almost angrily after them, leaving Miss Scruitt with her head leaning against the wall, as the tears coursed down her cheeks.

‘Why does he dislike me so?’ she asked. ‘He is jealous of my love for him—they are such friends. I ought to hate him, but how can I, when he is so true!’

‘Auntie!’ exclaimed Scruitt excitedly, as the old lady entered his room, ‘I want you, quick—before it is too late. That smooth tongued scoundrel Frayle!’

‘Amen!’ said Aunt Sophia softly.

‘Has been practising upon the weakness of that pretty little lass of ours—Fanny. He has gone up to town, and she promised him to follow. Go and stop her at any cost. Then send for her brother, and let him know the truth, and if he follows, and thrives—What?’

‘The girl has gone,’ said Aunt Sophia.

‘Gone?’

‘She asked Kate for a holiday, and went this afternoon. She was to be back to-morrow night.’

‘Gracious powers!’ cried Scruitt. ‘I would

sooner have given a thousand pounds—What is it, Jack?’

‘Nothing—only this—so said!’ said the doctor hoarsely, as he sat where he had literally dropped—into a chair.

‘What is to be done?’ cried Scruitt excitedly.

‘Here, send for William Cissy. Let a man gallop over at once.’

‘Yes, I’ll send!’ said the doctor, and he literally staggered out of the room. ‘Am I really out of my senses?’ he said to himself as he hurried down.

‘Have I been blundering all this time, or is it a trick of the poor fellow’s to throw us off the truth? What am I to think!’ He ran into the study and rang the bell loudly, when Mr. Little Betts came into the room at once in her calm grave way.

‘Can you find the gardener—Monnick,’ he said, ‘quickly?’

‘Yes, sir.’

‘Send him here—at once.’

The girl hurried out, and the doctor paced the room.

‘If I am wrong, I shall never forgive myself. I can never look her in the face again. Why, I must have been mad and blind, and an utter scoundrel, to think such things of—Oh, what a villain I have been!’

Just then, there was a heavy footstep in the passage, and the old gardener tapped at the door.

‘Come in,’ cried the doctor, running to meet him, and as the old man entered, he caught him by the arm. ‘Quick!’ he said—‘tell me—peak out, man—the truth!’

‘Ay, sir, I will, muttered the old fellow.

‘Who—who—now speak out, keep nothing back, I am your master’s trustful friend. Who was in the summer house last night with Mr Frayle?’

‘That poor foolish little wench, Fanny, sir, and I!’

‘O, fool, fool!’ cried the doctor, stamping upon the floor.

‘Ay, that’s so, sir, that’s so, and she’ll know better soon, let’s hope.’

‘Quick!’ cried the doctor. ‘Go—at once—and fetch her brother William Cissy here. Your master wants to see him instantly. Go yourself, or send some one who can run.’

The old man hesitated, and then hurried out. ‘I’d better go myself,’ he muttered. ‘It’s up to his last, but I don’t think William Cissy will be here to-night.’

He had hardly closed the door before the doctor had opened it again, and was on his way up stairs, but only to be waylaid by Miss Scruitt, who caught him by the arm, and literally made him enter the drawing room. ‘Doctor Scruitt, I am his wife,’ she moaned. ‘I have loved so much, for pity’s sake, tell me you see how I obey you and keep away, but tell me what is wrong—or I shall die.’

‘Wrong!’ cried the doctor, catching her hands in his, and kissing them again and again. ‘Nothing about him, my dear child. He is better—much better. Lie to him—forgive me for saying it to you—a scoundrel about that scoundrel—double scoundrel—Frayle!’

‘And my husband?’

‘Is better—much better.’



Mrs Scarlett sank upon her knees, motionless but for a low sob that forced its way from her breast from time to time.

Doctor Seales stood gazing down at her for a few moments, and then stooping low, he laid his hand reverently upon her head.

This brought her back from her rapt state of thankful prayer, and she rose and caught his hand.

'I have been so rude and wrah,' he blundered out. 'Can you forgive me?'

'Forgive? You, who have devoted yourself to him I love? My husband's dearest friend has never yet truly read a poor wick's heart.'

She said this with a quiet womanly dignity that humbled the doctor to the very dust, and his voice was broken as he replied gently 'I never have—I have been very blind.' He said no more, but went slowly to the door. There he turned. 'Once more beukit is much better. It was only to save you pain he sent for Miss Raleigh. That is all.'

#### CHAPTER XXIV—EVENTS AT A TERMINUS

There was a deeply interested gathering in one of the large offices of the Waterloo station, where a clerk in his shirt sleeves was seated beneath a gas jet making entries, whilst two porters, also in shirt sleeves, and by the light of other gas jets, seemed to be engaged in a game of 'Catch.' They were, however, not displaying their deftness with balls, but with small packets, parcels, baskets, bundles of fishing rods, and what seemed to be carefully done up articles fresh from tradespeople's shops. The game seemed to consist of one porter taking a packet from a great basket upon wheels, and laying something before he jerked it rapidly to the other porter, who also did something, and deposited the packet in another basket on wheels, while, apparently, the clerk at the desk where the gas jet flutted and whistled as it burned, carefully noted the score in a book. Further inspection, however, showed the casual observer that the men were not at play, but busy manipulating parcels and preparing them for despatch to their various destinations. The business came to a stand still all at once, as a couple of guards, just off duty, and an inspector and ticket collector, came sauntering in, chit-chatting loudly one to the other about some incident that had just taken place upon the platform.

'Ah, you fellows get all the fun,' said the clerk, sticking his pen through his ear, and leaning round his tall stool, as the guards made themselves comfortable, one upon a wine hamper, and the other upon an upturned box, while the ticket collector seated himself upon the edge of a huge pigeon hole, which necessitated his keeping his body in a bent position, something after the fashion of that held by occupants of the pleasant dungeon known in the Tower as 'The Little Room.'

'Well, we get all the rough as well,' said one of the guards, 'and some ugly customers too.'

'Regular topement, then?' said one of the porters, scratching his ear with a piece of straw.

'Regular, my lad,' said one of the guards. 'You saw the gent before, didn't you, George?'

'Yes; he was walking up and down the

platform for half an hour first,' said the ticket-collector. 'I hadn't noticed the other, because he was outside the gate waiting.'

'Well, tell us all about it,' said the clerk.

'Oh, there ain't much to tell,' said the guard who had spoken first. 'I saw the gent get in at Lympston, regular stylish looking body, nice figure, closely veiled. I thought it meant expense perhaps, and took her bag, and ran and opened a first class, when she quite staggered me as she says "Third class, please." Well, of course that made me notice her more than once, as we stopped coming up, and I could see that she had been crying and was in trouble.'

The little party grew more interested and drew closer.

'Somehow, I couldn't help seeing that there was something wrong, for she tried to avoid being noticed, squeezing herself up in the corner of the compartment, and then being very fidgety at every station we stopped at, till I slipped my leg as I got into the truck, and ran to myself. "She's off!"'

'Ah, it would look like it,' said the clerk, nodding, and letting his pen slip from behind his ear, so that it fell, striking its nib like an arrow in the boarded floor.

'Yes, I wasn't a bit surprised to see a dark good looking gentleman on the platform, peeping into every carriage as the train drew up; and I managed to be close to her door as the gent opened it and held out his hand.

'"Why didn't you come first class, you foolish gull?" he says in a whisper, and she didn't answer, only gave a low moan, like, and let him help her out on to the platform, when he draws her arm right through his, so as to support her will, catches up her little bag, and walks her along towards George here, and I felt so interest'd, that I followed 'em, just to see how matters went.'

'You felt regular suspicious then?' said one of the porters.

'I just did, my lad, so that as soon as they'd passed George here, him giving up the gull's ticket, I wasn't a bit surprised to see a great stout fellow in a velvet coat jacket and a low crowned hat step right in front of 'em just as my gent had called up a cab, lay his hand on the gent's arm, and the other on the gent's breast, and he says, in a rough, country sort o' way "Here, I want you."

'Just like a detective,' said the clerk.

'Not a bit, my lad—not a bit,' said the guard. 'Regular bluff game-keeper sort of chap, who looked as if he wouldn't stand any nonsense; and as soon as she saw him, the gull gives a little cry, and looks as if she'd drop, while my gent begins to bluster—"Stand aside, fellow," he says. "How dare you! Stand back!" The big bluff fellow seemed so staggered by the gent's way, that for just about a moment he was checked. Then he takes one step forward, and look here he does so.'

'Oh!' shouted the clerk, for the guard brought down one muscular hand sharply upon his shoulder and gripped him tightly.

'Lor' bless you, my lad! that's nothing to it. He gripped that gent's shoulder so that you almost heard his collar bone crack, and he turned yellow and gashly like, as the other says to him with a

growl as savage as a bear, "You want to wed my sister, do you? Well, you shall I won't leave you till you do."

"That was business and no mistake," said the other guard, "wasn't it?"

"Ay, and he meant business too," continued the first speaker, "for the gent begun to bluster, and say, "How dare you?" and "I'll give you in charge," and then he calls for a policeman, and then "Tak' howd o' my sister," says the big fellow."

"Ay, that was it," said the ticket collector "Tak' howd, just like a Yorkshireman."

"George there catches the girl, as was half fainting, and as there was getting quite a crowd now, the bluff fellow tightens his grip, brings Mr Gent down on his knees, and gives him such a thrashing with a stout ash stick as would have half killed him, if we hadn't interfered, and Thompson come up and out with his book "Here," he says, just like one of the regular force, "I'll take the charge."

"When," said the second guard, "up jumps my gentleman, and I mark the clearest run for it, dodging through the crowd, and out through the ticket office, you ever saw?"

"Ay," said the ticket collector, "and he got round so as to get to the water-milk, and over O'harney Cross Bridge."

"And did Thompson take up the country man?"

"No," said the guard "He gave his name out straightforward—William Cressy, Ryford, Berks "I'm there when I'm wanted," he says "This here's my sister as that chap was stealing away, and I've thrashed him, and I'll do it again if ever we meet."

"And then the crowd give a cheer," said the ticket collector.

"And Thompson put his book in his pocket," said the second guard.

"And the countryman walked the girl off to a cab, put her in, jumped in himself, and the crowd cheered again, and that's about all."

"And I'd have given him a cheer too, if I'd been there," said the clerk, frowning "Why, if a fellow who calls himself a gentleman was to treat my sister like that, I'd half kill him, law or no law."

"And serve him right too," was chorused.

Then the business of catching parcels began again, the indignant clerk continued his enquiries, a little more conversation went on in a desultory manner, and the guards and ticket collector off duty walked home.

The station was disturbed by no more extraordinary incident that night. Trains went and trains came, till at last there was only one more for the neighbourhood of Scarlett's home, and Doctor Scates was standing on the platform thinking, and in that confused state of mind that comes upon nearly every one who is in search of a person in the great wilderness of London, and has not the most remote idea of what would be the next best step to take. He was asking himself whether there was anything else that he could do. He had been to the police, given all the information that he could, and the telegraph had been set in motion. Then he had been told that nothing more could be done, and that he must wait, and he was waiting, and thinking whether he ought to telegraph again

to Scarlett, to take the last train in a few minutes, and go down again, or stay in town, and see what the morning brought forth.

"I'll stay," he said at last, and he turned to go, feeling weary and in that disgusted frame of mind that comes over a man who has been working hard mentally and bodily for days, and who then finds himself low spirited and thoroughly vexed with everything he has done. It is a mental disease that only one thing will cure, and that is sleep. It was to find this rest that the doctor had turned, and was about to seek his chambers, when he came suddenly upon the object of his search—Fanny Cressy—closely veiled and hanging heavily upon the great arm of her stalwart brother.

"You here, Cressy!" cried the doctor excitedly "Yes, sir," said the farmer fiercely "Hav you got to say anything again?"

"No, man, no! But you—you have found your sister?"

"I hev, sir," said Cressy, more fiercely still. "Hav you got anything to say again that—or her?" he added slowly.

"No, no, only I say, thank heaven!" cried the doctor fervently "I came up to try and overtake her."

"You did, sir? Then thank you kindly," said the farmer, changing the stout walking stick he carried from one hand to the other, so as to leave the right free to extend for a hearty grip. He uttered his menacing tone too, and seemed to interpose his great body as a sort of screen between his sister and the doctor as he continued in a low voice, only intended for the other's ear.

"Don't you say now to her, I've said about enough—And it's all right now," he said, raising his voice, as if for his sister to hear "He and Fanny unburdened one another, and she's coming home with me, and if any one's got to say anything again her for this night's work, he's got to talk to William Cressy, farmer, Ryford, Berks."

There was a low sob here, and the doctor saw that the drooping girl was clinging tightly to her brother's arm.

"I am sure," said the doctor quietly, "no one would be so brutal as to say anything against a trusting woman, who placed faith in a scoundrel."

"Doctor Scates!" cried Fanny, raising her head as if she was about to say a few words in defence of the man she loved.

"You hold your tongue, Fan!" said the farmer firmly "The doctor's right. He is a scoundrel, a regular liguard, as you'd soon have found out, if old John Monnick hadn't put me up to his games."

"Bill, dear Bill!" sobbed the girl.

"Well, aunt he? If he'd been a man, and had cared for you, wouldn't he have come out and open to me, as you hadn't no father nor mother? And if he'd meant right, would he have cracked off like a whipped dog, as he did to night?"

"You're rather right, kanny," said the doctor quietly—"Now, let's get back, and I can ease the minds of all at the Roskery. It was at Mr Scarlett's wish that I came, and I have been setting the police at work to find your whereabouts."

"Mustn't Scarlett always was a gentleman," said the farmer, giving his head a satisfied nod, "and it puzzles me how he could have had a cousin

who was such a black— Well, it's no use for you to nip my arm I an, he is a bla'guard, and I'm beginning to repent now as I didn't hall kill him and'—

'There goes the last bell,' cried the doctor, hurriedly interposing, and taking the same opportunity as the brother and sister, he earned poor weak Finny's gratitude on the way down by carefully taking her brother's thoughts away from Arthur Frank and her escapade, and keeping him in conversation upon questions relating to the diseases of horses, cows, and sheep

#### A CHAT WITH AN ANGLO INDIAN NATURALIST

We are indebted to the English press of Calcutta for one of the most entertaining books it has been our hap to come upon for many a day. It is entitled *The Tribes on my Frontier*, and is published by Messrs Thacker, Spink & Co., Calcutta and London. The tribes referred to have nothing to do with the motley Oriental races of mankind, they are creeps of lower families in the scale of existence, namely, the birds, reptiles, insects, and such like that haunt the jungles or make brilliant the woods and walks of the jungles in our Indian territory. With a modesty that is to be regretted, the author has not favoured the public with his name—the initials 'E H A' being given instead. Neither can we guess at the authorship. The initials may or may not be those of the writer's name, but in either case, he is probably, if we are to infer anything, from the very slight hints afforded us in his own pages, an Anglo Indian military officer and not a Scot, he seems to be a Scotchman, for the Scotch phrases which he uses not infrequently, are always correctly used—a thing which Englishmen seldom do. But whatever truth or the reverse may be in these guesses, there is one thing which admits of no doubt, and that is, that he is a naturalist of a very rare type—one with all the late Frank Buckland's fondness for animal nature, and with more than even his spirit, skill and humour in describing animal life.

The author begins his descriptions in the hot month of June—an Indian June—when the scorching wind is abroad, when clouds of hot dust are being driven into every cranny and nook of life, and the sun is shooting forth his almost visible rays till the air distinctly quivers and trembles under them. This is the time when man and beast and bird seek for cool places in which to shelter—to hide themselves if possible from the furnace of the sky. The fowls have taken possession of a moist spot at the back of the house, and up among the rafters of the broad veranda the 'social lark' sits solitary and speechless. Among the roots of the creeper which clings to the trellis, a dozen dingy brown 'rat birds' are hopping jolly about, 'tuning' over a dead leaf here and there, and talking to one another in querulous falsetto. There are the *myiæ*, in their sober snuff brown suits and yellow beaks, the turtle dove cooing to his mate, the striped squirrel, 'that painted iniquity,' lying 'flat upon the stone step, crunching a crust of bread, stolen of course,' the modest and dainty hoopoe

watching the hole where an antlion lies in wait for his prey, not knowing that he himself is to be immediately the prey of another. With these is yet another visitor—the butcher bird—whom we must let our author describe in his own way.

Along with the birds a pretty green lizard used to come every forenoon, skittering ants and other insects, but it was breakfasted on yesterday by that sinister looking butchery bird which now stands on the floor of the veranda, with legs straddled, like Apollon in the Valley of Humiliation, and mouth agape gurgling from the heat. With his pale gray mantle, snow white breast, and black "points," the butcher bird would be handsome but for his villainous eyebrows and generally assassinous aspect. Nothing living comes amiss to him, from the sparrow, if he can surprise it, down to the large furry black ant which comes hurrying along, to catch the tin or something, with its tail cocked over its head. Now, whenever this bird comes, comes also a smaller bird, with the same white breast, the same shaggy black eyebrows, and the same bird-like look, and it stands close by and shrills and hisses and heeps opprobrious epithets on the other. This is a cousin of the bird it vilifies. *Lanius* is the surname of both, but the Christian name of the big one is *Lanius*, and of the other *Hardwicke* (it was named after one General Hardwicke, poor man! but he did nothing wrong.) And the little one hisses out its impotent rage, it cocks the rump of a tail which was once king, and flows as that which adorns the object of its wrath about as the stump is, thereby bringing a tale, and I happen to know it. One Sunday morning, not long ago, Hardwicke was busy murdering some small creature at the foot of a tree, when *Lanius* spied him, and came gliding gently down, and before he was aware of any danger he was knocked over on his back, with those sharp claws imbedded in his snowy breast, and that murderous beak hammering his heart. He hit back most pluckily, and shrieked pitifully *Arcades ambo*, though, lit I, and declined to interfere. Still, my appearance on the scene created a diversion in the little butchers' favour, and with a desperate struggle he fished himself and was off, lit, like Tam o' Shanter's mare, without his tail *Hinc ille lacrymose!*

In India, as at home, there are rats, and many kinds of them. There is the black rat, the brown rat, the field rat, the tree rat, the bandicoot, and so on, to the lovely ivan coloured jerron rat, with its satin white breast and tufted tail. The brown rat is the villain of the family. Our naturalist says it spreads before the Scotchman and the crow, and possesses the earth. It will not be suppressed. Every man's hand is against it, and still it prospers. It acts as dance gins and traps, cats and dogs and poisoners pills.

'Now, all these are good,' says our author, 'but in my opinion it is better to take the field in person against them. When I see the tail of a rat disappear behind a box, I quietly shut all doors and windows and stop up all holes, then arm myself with a good supple cane, and advance upon the foe. Its present situation is a good one. A sweeping stroke between the box and the wall can scarcely miss. But it does not wait. At the first sight of me it makes for the hole it

gnawed in the door, and finds it stuffed with a towel! While it is thus going like a mannik at the towel, there is a chance, but a chance miss rats amazingly, and it is off to each window and door in turn. As soon as it has grasped the idea that escape is impossible, it changes its tactics. Driven with difficulty from one trunk, it dives under another. There is nothing for it now but hot pursuit, press it hard, rats are short winded. It soon gets blown, and it is behind the box again. A sweeping whisk with the whole length of the cane ought to annihilate it, but only breaks a leg, and an able bodied rat can always spare a leg or two, so it is away as nimble as ever. But the blow has had a good moral effect. It gives up the Fibius Cunctator strategy, and the chase becomes a cat-and-mouse game. From box to box it scurries, with me at his heels, running slowly on the floor and choking myself with dust. Then it is up the balpost, down again, up the bookcase and behind Webster, where it regains its wind before I can dislodge it, from shelf to shelf like a monkey, across to the almiraah with one bound, and then nowhere! I mount a chair and reconnoitre the top, lay my feet to the ground and explore the bottom, peer behind, but it simply is not. While it is sitting behind Webster, it thought on a tunnel which had excavated last year through the back of the almiraah. After much pondering, I decide to open the almiraah and see enough it bounces out of a nest of needles, unlighting on my foot, clammers like a lampbrush up my pantaloons, happily on the outside. An awkward spinning, which an adult kangaroo will be proud of, flings it to the middle of the floor, and ere it can recover itself and reach any shelter, I swoop like a falcon on my prey, and a dexterous flick with the point of the cane rolls it over.

There is a lively chapter on mosquitoes that we would fain linger over, but space forbids. Then follows one on lizards, in which there is some exceedingly clever writing on the ancient life history of this reptile, when the gigantic *Megalocephalus* flopped and plunged amid the swamps of the Mesozoic period, and was possibly plagued by no-quitos 'as large as sparrows, with voices like tin trumpets. But we must take out a little bit regarding the modern representatives of this ancient race.

'Like all races whose greatness is a memory, lizards are sensual, passionate, and cruel! Sensual first a lizard lives to eat, and there never seems to be any time in its life when it is not lolling out for food. And passionate next. Two sparrows will squabble and scuffle until they get so mortally roused that, when they separate, it is quite an open question whether they have got their own legs and wings, or each others, and two ants will fight until they die in each other's jaws, and a third comes up and carries off the whole jumble for the food of the community, but for an example of devouring rage go to the big garden lizard, which the children in India call a blood sucker. See it standing in the middle of the road, its whole face and throat crimson with wrath, and swollen to the bursting point with putrid choler, its eyeballs raised, and its othous head bobbing up and down in means of vengeance. And the explanation of the whole matter is that another smaller lizard

snapped up an ant on which it had set its heart. Nothing will appease it now but to bite off the offender's tail! This will do the latter no harm, for a lizard's tail is a contrivance for the saving of its life, planned on exactly the same principle as the faithful Russian slave who threw himself to the wolves that were pursuing his master's sleds. I once saw a fierce scorpion catch a lizard by the tail and plunge its sting into the writhing member, but before the venom could circulate to the lizard's body, it detached its tail and ran away grinning. The scorpion went on killing the old tail, and the lizard began growing a new one!

The author has a pet chameleon, that lives in a canary cage with green muslin all round to keep in the flies which are provided for his maintenance. Here, clutching a twig, as if he were the fruit that grew on it, he lives his strange life of motionless meditation, changing his livery from time to time as the light fades away or increases. 'Philosopher as he is, the chameleon requires food, and since he is too slow to go after it, he lunge it to him. As his ball and socket eyes roll this way and that way, one of them makes a large white butterfly waking up the bars of his cage, and he forms a purpose to eat it. He unwinds his tail, then relaxes the grasp of his broad palms one at a time—for he is extremely nervous about falling and breaking his bones—and so he advances slowly along the twig until he is within six inches of his prey. Then he stops, and there is a work in his swollen throat, he is gumming his tongue. At last he leans forward and opens his preposterous mouth, and that member protrudes like a goose quill steeped in white birdlime. For a moment he takes aim, and then, too quick for eye to follow it, the horrid instrument has darted forth, and returned like elastic to its place, and the gay butterfly is being crunched and swallowed as fast as anything can be swallowed when tongue, jaws, and throat are smeared with viscid slime!

Ants, as every one knows, are at certain seasons a terrible pest in India, and our author touches off their peculiar habits of invasion, warfare, cannibalism, and general destructiveness, in the felicitous style of which we have already given examples. Crows come in also for some amusing bits of portraiture. The gray-necked crow, he says, differs from all the 'frontier tribes,' had as many of these are, in that it is utterly abandoned. He has never been able to discover any shred of grace about a crow. 'And what aggravates this state of things is the impudence of its outward appearance. It affects to be respectable, and entirely ignores public opinion, dresses like a gentleman, carries itself jauntily, and examines everything with one eye in a way which will certainly bring on an eyeglass in time, if there is any scrap of truth in the development theory. It begins the day by watching the veranda where you take your *chota karee*, in hope to steal the toast. When that hope is disappointed, it wings its way to the bazaar, where it contends with another crow for the remains of a dead hand-foot flattened by a passing cart wheel. Then, recollecting that the breakfast hour is near, it hurries back, not to lose its chance of an eggshell or a fishbone. On the way it notices a new fledged sparrow trying its feeble wings, and, peering

down ruthlessly, it carves the helpless little sunner away to a convenient bough, where it sits and pulls it to pieces, and affects not to hear the pitiful screams of the helpless parents. Later on it is watching a little stream of water by the roadside, and plucking out small fishes as they pass, or it is vexing a frog in a paddy field, or it has spied a swarm of flying ants and is sitting down with a mixed company to supper.

The wasps, bees, and spiders of India are evidently creatures worthy of special study, and those who are interested in them will find both entertainment and much curious knowledge in the volume before us. The butterflies of that far land are a splendid race. 'Soak some retard milky, or hollow among the hills, in the month of October, when wood and thornbush and waving creeper are in bloom, and the sun is hot, and the air is moist, and you will provide at a dinner. The loudly swallow tail will sail past, the little whites and yellows will flutter ceaselessly from flower to flower, the huge orange tipped white, hurrying by, will yield to temptation, and pause for a moment on a little blossom, which looks insignificant perhaps, but tastes most exquisite to the common-weal's palate, *diatema* and *junonia* will display their glories, *damara* and *eupha* will float with every grace on the air, and perhaps a bold leaf butterfly will pass with the flight of a strong winged pigeon, the blue sheen of its wings glancing in the sun, until it plunges into some withered bush, and not an eye can distinguish its motionless form from any of the dead leaves around it. And when the afternoon is drawing on, then a rich hur streak will appear, and, taking its station in the middle of some large leaf, will open its wings just a little, and give you a peep of the dazzling blue within. By sunset all these will be sound asleep in the thick pencilled brown butterflies of the twilight will come out, and dance their fairy dances about the roots of some dark tree.'

We must draw to a close, though we have not half exhausted the rich stores of this writer's pages. But before doing so, we would like to refer to that curious species of bits known as the fruit bit, or flying fox. This animal, in contradistinction to bits generally, has what our naturalist considers a handsome face, with large soft eyes, and would not be a bit at all but for two characteristic points, a strong bat-like smell, and an insupportable craving for stuff. 'Flying foxes,' he says, 'carry this last trait further than any others of the tribe. Considering that they spend the night filling their stomachs with indigestible green fruits, it is nothing strange that they should be dyspeptic and disagreeable by morning, the odd thing is that, in order to be within quarrelling distance of each other, they all must needs sleep on our trees, generally a huge tamarind with accommodation for two or three hundred. Before a dozen have gathered, there is a misunderstanding between two which want the uppermost branch. "That's my place." "I had it yesterday." "You hadn't." "I had." "You hadn't." "I had." "Hands off." "Whom are you showing?" Mutual recriminations follow, and from words they proceed to blows. One is dislodged, and flies round to the other side of the tree, where it is greeted by a chorus of growls—

"No room here!" but it plumps into the middle of the objection, and there lose their hold. Then the brawl becomes general, and ends in a regular *fiare*.'

The book is cleverly illustrated by Mr F. C. Mearns. We have only in conclusion to thank our Anglo-Indian naturalist for the delightful book which he has sent home to his countrymen in Britain. May he live to give us another such

'THE PRIVATEER'

IN THREE CHAPTERS—CHAPTER II.

THE Colonel gazed musingly into the fire. 'I can't see what harm I have done,' he remarked gently.

'Mischief will come of it, you may depend,' remarked the little man deviously, as he softly reopened the window. Then he added as he came down. 'By the by, in a letter I received from you some time before you left India—the only letter I had had from you for about a dozen years—you mentioned the name of Lucilla Latimer. I thought you would have forgotten all about her years ago.'

'Why should I have forgotten all about her, Tom?'

'Humph!' was the doctor's sole but significant answer as he resumed his chair. Then he asked: 'Do you know where Miss Latimer is at the present time?'

'In Daughton.'

'So! Then it was the hope of seeing her that brought you here?'

The Colonel's yellow cheeks took on a dusky hue. 'Partly that, and—partly the wish to see you, Tom.'

'My dear old friend, you don't mean to tell me that after all these years of silence and separation—after all these years of happy bachelor existence, you still entertain any sentimental regard for Lucilla Latimer?'

'Why should I not, Tom? It was the one romance of my life. Why should I have forgotten it?'

'And her image has dwelt in your memory for twenty years?'

'Yes—for twenty years.' As the Colonel spoke this, he produced a small oval miniature case from one of his pockets. 'This is her likeness, which she gave me just before we parted for the last time.' He placed it gently on the table as he spoke. Then he produced a pocket book, and brought out of its recesses a small bundle of letters, yellow with age, and tied round with faded white ribbon. 'These are her dear letters,' he said. 'How often they have comforted me, when I seemed to have no other comfort left in life! He gazed tenderly at them for a few moments, sighed, and then replaced them in the pocket-book.

'Dear me—dear me! I never dreamt of this sort of thing,' muttered the doctor half to himself.

'Eh?' said the Colonel, turning his head quickly.

Merridew blew his nose deliberately; then he said: 'Pardon the question, old friend; but is it possible that you have written to Miss Latimer?'

'I have written to her,' responded the Colonel a little defiantly, with a tug at his moustache.

'Then she knows that you are in Brighton.'

'Undoubtedly, if my letter has reached her.'

The doctor rested his hands on his knees and contemplated the fire. 'Dear me—dear me!' he murmured again.

The Colonel rose abruptly. 'Why do you say "Dear me" in that tone of voice?' he asked. 'You irritate me, Tom.'

'Ah—very likely,' was the quiet rejoinder. Then after a brief pause, he muttered to himself.

'When a sedative is of no avail, it sometimes becomes needful to try an irritant.'

Meanwhile, the Colonel had gone quietly up and closed the window. He now came back and resumed his seat. His temporary irritation had vanished as quickly as it had come.

'Marrydew, you are my oldest friend. I have nothing to hide from you in this matter—indeed, it will be a relief to me to talk to you about it.' He paused for a moment or two while he stirred up the fire.

The doctor pushed his chair a little farther away.

'You know already that Lucilla and I loved each other when we were young, that we were separated; that I was ordered abroad with my regiment, and that we have never met since.'

Marrydew's answer was a nod of acquiescence.

'I wrote three times after I sailed; but there came no answer. Then I wrote no more. I felt that Lucilla was lost to me for ever, and I strove to forget her—but in vain. Years passed, and my hair began to turn gray; but still I was a poor man, and unable to leave India. Two years ago, my brother died, leaving me more thousands than I have any use for, and here I am.'

'Yes, here you are—there's no doubt about that. But in what way does that fact connect itself with Miss Latimer?'

'Lucilla is still unmarried,' answered the Colonel in a low voice.

'What of that?'

'Don't you think it just possible, Tom, that she may remember me as I remember her?' He spoke in a nervous, hesitating way. 'After all, neither of us is so very old. Would it be so very absurd, then, if—if, in short, we were to marry and try to make each other happy, while there is a little time left us to do it in?'

For a few seconds the doctor did not answer. 'My poor friend!' he began.

The Colonel wriggled uneasily on his chair.

'And are you really credulous enough to imagine that this woman has remained unmarried because you and she loved each other—or fancied you loved each other—some twenty years ago?'

'Why not, Tom? The thought of her has always been dear to me. I have never cared for any one else.'

'Could she say the same?—As it happens, I am not unacquainted with the history of the lady in question. In less than two years after you left England, she was engaged to old Purkiss the banker. Purkiss, however, took it into his head to die about a week before the wedding-day.'

'She was forced into the engagement by a tyrannical father. It was he who separated her and me.'

'The tyrannical father had been dead six

months when she became engaged to Purkiss. Two years later, Miss Latimer obtained twelve hundred pounds damages in an action for breach of promise against a rich young booby of a country squire.'

The Colonel's chin drooped on his breast. 'Can these things be true?' he asked sadly.

'I have the newspaper report of the action somewhere at home. I cut it out at the time, knowing there had been something between you and her. I'll hunt it out, and bring it you to-morrow.'

The Colonel made a gesture of dissent, and turned away his face.

'Some of the letters between her and young Mowbray were read out in court,' continued the doctor cheerfully. 'Regular gushers, I can assure you.'

Marrydew glanced sharply at his friend. The latter had shaded his face with one hand and appeared to be gazing intently into the fire. The little doctor got up very quietly and went and opened the window. While he was thus engaged, the Colonel, without turning his head, put out his hand, grasped the miniature, drew it to him, and put it back into the breast pocket of his coat.

'But Miss Latimer is still before the public,' went on the doctor as he resumed his seat; 'not perhaps quite so youthful looking as she once was, but doing her best to make people believe so. She is a well known character, I assure you, Colonel. She is known in these parts as "The Privateer".'

'The Privateer!' exclaimed the Colonel with a start. 'But why the Privateer?'

'Because she cruises about from one watering place to another, in the hope of being able to capture a rich husband. At present, she is in Brighton, having lately returned from Scarborough or Harrogate. A month hence she will fit to Eastbourne or Torquay. In the season, she pays a flying visit to Happee or Trouville. She is equally well known in a dozen different places.'

The Colonel could not repress a low groan. 'Marrydew, this is terrible!' he murmured.

The doctor rose, and going behind his friend's chair, he placed a hand on each of his shoulders. 'And shall you, my dear old friend,' he said, 'become the prey of this practical craft? Shall you, at your time of life, after having escaped a thousand perils by land and sea, strike your flag ignominiously to this Red Rover of the deep? Never—never, if aught lies in Tom Marrydew's power to prevent it.'

The Colonel rose and turned and grasped the little doctor's hand. 'You are right, Marrydew. I have been a fool. I can see it now. The dream of a lifetime has vanished; but that matter little so long as my eyes have been opened to the truth.'

The doctor looked at his watch. 'Later than I thought,' he said. 'My brougham will be at the door in five minutes. You shall come for a drive with me while I go my rounds.'

'But this confounded east wind!—'

'East wind, indeed! It's due south-west, and comes in puffs as soft and balmy as a maiden's breath—Away with you! I'll give you five minutes to get ready in.'

The Colonel cast a lingering glance at the fur pelisse, but went without another word. He looked some years older than he had looked a quarter of an hour previously.

'I must look him off these milk-sop ways,' remarked Merrydew to himself, as he gazed after his friend. 'But the first thing is to guard against his capture by the Privy-council.' With that, he stepped out through the open window on to the sunlit balcony.

Dr Merrydew had not been more than two minutes in the balcony, when Miss Chester entered the room followed by a tall, fair, pleasant-looking young man—the Mr HOWARD GRAY of whom Marian had spoken to her uncle.

'Dr Merrydew in the balcony, and uncle not here,' said Marian. 'Perhaps they are going out together. I wanted Uncle Charles to go out with us.'

'Two's company—three's none. Your Uncle Charles is a sensible man.'

'But I wanted him to see as much of you as possible while you are here. He likes you sincerely, I think, but I want him to like you still more.'

'I will do my best to cultivate him over the dinner-table. He is a splendid fellow and no mistake.'

'To look at him, who would think he had been in so many battles.'

'Hush—here he is.'

'Uncle, you have met Mr Gray before,' said Marian as the Colonel entered the room dressed for an evening out.

'And I am very glad to meet him again,' was the reply, as he shook hands cordially with the young man. 'This young conspirator says that she means to make me your uncle as well as her own before long.'

'Oh, Uncle Charles!' exclaimed Marian with a sudden blush.

'It is the dearest wish of my heart that she should do so, sir,' responded young Gray.

At this juncture they heard the now familiar loud double knock.

'Another telegram from mamma,' said Marian with a look of annoyance.

'That woman will drive me back to India,' muttered the Colonel under his breath.

Juxon brought in a telegram on a silver, and presented it to Miss Chester. Marian tore open the envelope and read the message. As she did so her cheeks grew pale, and she could not repress a little cry of dismay.

'No bad news, eh, my dear?' said the Colonel anxiously. 'Your mamma has not telegraphed that she's coming down here!'

'Far, far worse than that, Uncle Charles. Sir Hugh Prndergast is coming down by the next train to propose to me, and mamma says that on no account must I refuse him.'

'But this is monstrous. You can't engage yourself to two men at one time. We'll soon send Sir Hugh packing again, never fear.'

'You don't know mamma as well as I do. Her orders must be obeyed. Oh, Uncle Charles, what shall I do?'

'Do! Why, dry those pretty eyes, and be off with your sweetheart, and enjoy yourselves while you can. Leave me to deal with the baronet and mamma. I'm not afraid of either of them, or

of both of them put together. So now run off—not another word.'

Nothing loath were the young folk to do as they were bidden. As soon as they were gone, Merrydew, who had been watching the scene from the balcony, stepped into the room. 'This comes of letting your sister in law know that you have made her daughter your heiress,' he said daily. 'That young spark is not good enough for a son-in-law now. Her daughter must wed a baronet. Evidently Miss Chester is a very clever woman.'

'Heaven preserve me from being clever in the same way!'

'What do you mean to do in the affair?'

'Seeing that Mr. Chester has favoured me with so many telegrams of love, I propose to favour her with one in return.'

At a side table were writing materials, and among other things some blank telegram forms. The Colonel seated himself at the table and proceeded to fill up one of the forms. When he had completed it, he read it aloud to his friend.

'From CHARLES CRAMPTON to MRS CHESTER.—Should any unnecessary obstacles be placed in the way of your daughter's marriage with Mr Gray, I shall at once after my will, and make Mr Gray my heir at law.'

'There! I think that will have the effect of putting matters to rights,' said the Colonel grimly, as he put the telegram into an envelope.

'By Jove, Crampton,' said the doctor admiringly, 'if you only acted in all the affairs of life with the decision and common sense you have brought to bear in this, you—'

'Gently, Tom—gently,' said the Colonel with a deprecatory lifting of one hand. 'We can generally see clearly enough how to act for others, while often missing the right road for ourselves.'

Juxon came in in answer to the bell, and his master handed him the telegram for immediate despatch. But at this instant there came an interruption in the form of a long drawn fashionable rat-tat at the front door.

The little doctor skipped lightly to the window and peeped out. 'Miss Latimer, as I live!' he exclaimed. 'I thought she would not be long before she hunted you up.'

The Colonel seemed to collapse in a moment. 'What shall I do?' he asked, in the tone of a frightened school girl.—'Say—say I'm ill—say I'm dying—say I'm dead!' Was this the man who had won the Victoria Cross at the bayonet point?

'No, no, that will never do,' answered Merrydew with a wrinkle in his eye. 'We had better fight it out once and for all. Go into your dressing room, and wait there till I fetch you, and leave me to meet the first charge of the enemy.'—Then to Juxon, 'Show the lady up.'

The Colonel needed no second intimation, and as he went out by one door, Juxon left the room by the other. The doctor remained buried in thought.

A minute later, Juxon flung open the door and announced, 'Mrs Latimer and Mr. Cramply.'

'Stand! In bayonets,' said the doctor to himself.

Miss Latimer advanced into the room with the

same mingling and affected gait that had characterized her when an over-conscious girl of eighteen. She was tall and thin—very thin, although art had done its best to transform certain angularities of figure into smoothly rounded outlines. She had sharply defined aquiline features, and light auburn hair, which she wore in a mass of short curls behind her ears. She was quite aware that curls are not generally worn nowadays, but as hers were all her own and curled naturally, she had never found in her heart to sacrifice them. Besides, who could be sure that next season curls might not be all the mode?—for so doth the whirlwind of time bring about its revenges. C. use quantity she lived in hope. She was not so blind to her own deficiencies as not to be aware that her eyes were somewhat lacking in brilliancy—that their normal expression was slightly lassy, not to say fishlike—but this defect she did her best to remedy by darkening both her eyebrows and eyelids. Her complexion, taking her years into account, looked remarkably fresh and well preserved. She had large white teeth, which she was very fond of displaying, and a slender shapely limb, of which she was still more vain.

She came forward with rustling skirts and a comprehensive smile, and put out her hand. 'Anywhere—anywhere, dear Charles, I should have known you to, in a moment,' she exclaimed with effusion. 'Luce has dealt kindly with you. You are scarcely a butchery.' 'I don't mind, ma'am, but the little doctor humbly, but you seem to be listening under a slight misapprehension. You are not addressing Colonel Crumpton, but his friend, Dr Merrydew.'

For a moment she was disconcerted, but only for a moment. Dangling in front of her was a well-rimmed double eye-glass. Thus she now lifted it up dutifully between her thumb and forefinger, and peered at on the thin ridge of her aquiline nose. 'Of course—of course I now see my error, she said as she stared the doctor calmly in the face. 'Put my eyes were suffused with tears, and my heart was humming with emotion, and at such times you know how easily one is misled.'

Miss Latimer had been followed into the room by an elderly gray-haired lady, somewhat eccentrically attired. This person now called attention to herself by a little cough. Miss Latimer turned. 'This is my aunt, Mrs Cundy, she said to Merrydew. 'A good creature, but as deaf as a post. It is not necessary to take any notice of her.'

Dr Merrydew bowed, Mrs Cundy bobbed a little courtesy, and then went and sat down near one of the windows, and producing some wool-work and ivory needles from her reticule, took no further notice of anything that was going on around her.

'I am afraid, Dr Merrydew, from your presence here, I must conclude that our dear Colonel is ill?'

'Very ill indeed, madam. He has come back to his native country a mere wreck.'

'Can it indeed be so? Then my presentiments have come true—they nearly always do. I said to myself, he is ill, perhaps dying. Considering the bond that unites us—the bond of an affection that has never been ruptured for twenty years—it is my duty to go to him, it is my place to nurse him. Let a censorious world say what it

will, the double call of duty and affection shall be obeyed. Behold me, then, Dr Merrydew, accompanied by my aunt.'

'Your feelings do you credit, I'm sure. Miss Latimer, said the doctor dryly. 'but the fact is, Colonel Crumpton has got his niece, Miss Chester, specially down here to attend to him and to look after his little comforts. He is well cared for, I can assure you.'

'Miss Chester indeed?' exclaimed the fair Lucilla with a snuff of scorn. 'I saw her out riding yesterday. What can an ignorant young thing like her know about nursing in invalids? No, I have had experience. I will be his nurse. What more holy duty could a woman wish for? Night and day I will watch by his side. Never will I desert him!'

Confound the woman! She will stick like a leech, muttered the doctor to himself. 'I must change my tactics.'

The woman was quietly tilting off her bonnet and saying Merrydew was with her with honey.

'I am dying to see my dear Charles. Will you not consent to take me to him? she asked.'

You shall see him almost at once, ma'am, but there must be no scene, no excitement, or I will answer for the consequence. Weak action of the heart and all that you know.'

'I will be very, very careful.' Then the doctor left her and went into the dressing room.

HOUSES FOR THE POOR

IN TWO PARTS—PART I

A SERIAL pamphlet recently published, entitled *The Bitter Cry of Outcast London* has served to draw public attention to the terrible sufferings endured by vast numbers of those who crowd our immemorial city. Once more we see illustration of the old truism, that one half of the world knows nothing of how the other half lives, yet that the luxurious will do half as by no means indifferent to the woes of the less favoured portion of its fellow citizens, is fully shown by the interest evoked whenever those woes are brought prominently forward, as in the present instance.

Many forms of suffering are dwelt upon in the *Bitter Cry*, but our intention is to deal with one only—the want of anything like proper provision for the poor, and it need hardly be said that the difficulties in the way of meeting this grave and pressing question are so great as to call for much more than a mere passing interest. Our subject, far from being simple and uninvolved, embraces so large a number of differing interests and considerations, that the starting point is anything but clear, nor do we believe that anything short of a radical change in most of our present ways and habits, can avail for a permanent solution of this knotty problem.

That the house accommodation for our poor is alike bad and inadequate, is admitted by all, and may be taken as an acknowledged fact. In a general way, this has for long been known, and for some time past, there has been a growing conviction in the public mind that a remedy must be sought and found, and we trust that future events will show that it only needed some such vigorous statement as the *Bitter Cry* to unite the



public to more active measures. With pity akin to contempt, many of us have spoken of the Irishman, content to go on living in his tumble-down smoky hut, without effort to better himself and his surroundings, and yet it is a very open question whether his condition may not be far superior to that of thousands of dwellers in our two capitals, London and Edinburgh, justly called, indeed, for trade, wealth, and beauty, and yet living such a dark life of oppression, cruelty, and suffering as may well make us pause and consider, before the evil disease shall have taken such hold as to be beyond cure.

In dealing with this subject, we purpose taking these two capitals, for convenience sake, and as exhibiting a fuller development of the evil, which in lesser degree are to be found in towns of smaller compass. The author of the *Bitter Cry* takes the worst parts of London for his theme, and it needs personal experience to fully understand the awfulness of the unexaggerated picture painted. Alas! it is by no means the worst districts only that have come to the present state of over-crowding. Take, for instance, a case well known to us, the scene of which lies in what is certainly not reckoned a bad quarter. The family, when first brought under our notice, consisted of father, mother, girl of sixteen, boy of fifteen, and five young children, in addition to two illegitimate, born on the premises and adopted into the family. In order to help towards fitting food for so many, two young men lodged within the room, and the whole lot occupied two rooms over a stall. Four of the children slept in a row, at the foot of the mother's bed, being dislodged for one night only, on the arrival of a tenth child. In another case, a father, mother, and eight children between the ages of three and sixteen, slept in a room so small that to walk round the bed was an impossibility. Yet here all the eight children had been born, and the family continued to herd together thus for many years, till, fortunately, the house was condemned as unfit for habitation, and then the one bed was seized by the landlord, in lieu of fifty-two weeks' rent!

Again, take an Edinburgh case, where a family of twelve were found huddled together in a small room with a tiny recess—in which one room they all ate, drank, cooked, washed, and slept.

Need it be said that, under such circumstances, decency becomes not only a forgotten fact, but often a forgotten word? The results of such a way of living are so shocking that to attempt description is neither possible nor permissible. Indeed, in writing on such a subject, it is but the outside, and consequently lesser evils that may be mentioned, the dark abyss beyond is so unspeakably dark, that no hand may venture to draw aside the veil that hides its existence from public view. Still, an effort of imagination may supply some striking ideas of the future of children brought up in such an atmosphere, who in their turn becoming fathers and mothers, pass on to the next generation exaggerated forms of their own evil up-bunging. Indeed, it is a mystery to us that any turn out well, and we venture to say that where this is the case, it is, as a rule, the result of external countervailing influences, religious or philanthropic. At the same time, amongst the class a grade above the

lowest, the brave efforts made by some parents to keep respectable, and to bring the boys and girls up to habits of decency and self-respect, are beyond all praise. A poor friend of ours is bringing up her family of nine children in very limited house accommodation, to ways as nice and particular as heart could desire. But to accomplish this within the narrow limits of a couple of small rooms, a large amount of care and watching is necessary, and this involves so much trouble and anxiety, that such cases are unhappily rare.

But it may be objected that over-crowding to the extent we have named must surely be exceptional. As a fact, such instances as we have named could be multiplied hundreds, even thousands of times in even the suburbs of London, and there is a lower depth still, compared with which the wretched rooms we have described are almost palatial in their accommodation. For those who descend to the common lodging houses, where fifty or sixty—or more—persons of all ages and both sexes find a roof over their heads, there is indeed such degradation and misery, that once more our pen refuses to print the terrible picture.

But not only are the houses of the poor thus over-crowded, as a rule, the state of repair, or rather non-repair, in which they are kept is such as to be equally incredible to those who have not had personal experience of how little it is possible to expend upon house property. We ourselves have seen many houses in different parts of London without the slightest trace of paper on the walls, when the plaster has dropped away from the woodwork, and where holes in the ceiling allow the rain to pour in unchecked. Windows with most brown paper or ragged glass are by no means exceptional, whilst smoky chimneys are quite the fashion. In many quarters, too, there is absolutely nothing in the way of proper arrangements for the removal of refuse, and consequently may be found under the bed or behind the door an accumulation of filth, sals, &c., causing an odour well nigh intolerable to the uninitiated. We believe that the case of an eighteen-year occupier of a room on which not a shilling had been spent during his tenancy, is anything but a solitary one, indeed, the sight of repairs or improvements is so rare, that we well remember pulling up in surprise, on entering a small house in a London suburb, at the astonishing revelation of a new paper on the walls.

'Yes,' said our hostess, 'I don't wonder you're surprised. Every one is, as comes to the house. You see, my husband's been brought up tidy, and he couldn't bear the dirt, so he bought some bits of paper cheap, and we hung them up between us.'

'And will your landlord allow you anything for it?'

'Not he, he'd only say "More fool you, for doing it".'

A few yards farther down the street, we came upon the case of a respectable old man lying dangerously ill with inflammation of the lungs. A staircase, steep as a ladder and guileless alike of punt or hand rail, led straight into a small garret-like room, bare of all furniture but a poor cot-like bed, on which lay our unfortunate

patient, gasping for breath, and shivering in the bitter cold of a sharp December frost.

Pointing to the fireplace, we inquired why it was empty.

'Oh,' answered the wife, in the most nonchalant matter of fact tone, 'it's no good lighting a fire when the wind sits thus way.'

'But why?'

'If you look up, you'll see.'

We did look up, and found a fine view of the open sky, the chimney not being a foot higher than the roof.

'But surely the chimney was not built so?' we remarked.

'Dear no, it wasn't to smoke, only a little, but they had a chimney on fire that door, and in putting it out, they broke ours like this.'

Again we were simple enough to suggest appeal to the landlord, but a scornful laugh was the response, accompanied by the significant remark 'All he says is "You can go, if you don't like it."

Significant, indeed, was the statement, for it is just the difficulty of going, and of getting other accommodation, that gives the poor man a landlord the power to refuse to listen to the most just complaints or demands, and if by chance the complaint is listened to, and the most necessary repairs set on foot, the unfortunate tenant is almost certain to be visited by an addition to his rent, on the ground of expense incurred. To show to what an extent this may be and is carried on, we cannot do better than quote a fine in the *Bitter Cry*. Touching this question of repairs the writer says 'If by any chance a reluctant landlord can be induced to execute or pay for some long needed repairs, they become the occasion for new exactions. Going through these rooms, we come to one in which a hole as big as a man's head has been roughly covered, and how? A piece of board from an old soap box has been fixed over the opening by one nail, and to the tenant has been given a yard and a half of paper with which to cover it, and for this expenditure—perhaps fourpence at the outside—the tenant a week has been put upon the rent! If this is enough to arouse our indignation, what must be thought of the following? Two old people have lived in one room for fourteen years, during which time it has only once been partially cleaned. The landlord has undertaken that it shall be done shortly, and for the past three months has been taking sixpence a week extra for rent for what he is thus going to do.'

And yet, so scanty is the poor man's accommodation, that he is obliged to put up with treatment such as this, if he would keep a roof over his head, and it is this, too, which enables a landlord to demand what may truly be called a 'fancy price.' Of the cases already mentioned, the rents varied from four shillings and sixpence to six shillings and sixpence per week for one or two rooms, whilst two cases under our present notice may serve to illustrate the position in this respect of the decent, hard working poor who have managed to keep above the lowest level. The first is the case of a family of six—father, mother, three grown up children, and a boy of fourteen. The only one in regular work earns ten shillings per week, finding himself in everything, but they consider themselves fortunate in getting a

damp underground kitchen—with a right of way through for other lodgers—a dining room on the first floor, and a tiny, sky lighted attic, for six shillings and sixpence per week, or sixteen pounds sixteen shillings per annum.

Another is the case of a laundress, who by reason of her work is obliged to indulge in four rooms, of which one only is large. For this, she pays thirteen shillings per week, and considers that she is standing at anything but a high rent, 'as times go, she adds with a sigh.

Now, in the face of such rents, is it wonderful that the poor submit and take in lodgings to the appalling extent they do? Of course, it is a great temptation to stay, a poor man out of work, paying four shillings and sixpence for a room, to let the privilege of sleeping under the bed for two shillings. And yet, anything more degrading and demoralising for all parties it would be hard to imagine. Nor is it to be wondered at that under such influences the rate of infant mortality amongst the poor is frightfully high, and though one is often thankful to see the tiny sufferers released, the amount of agony and we are enraptured by such helpless victims is enough to melt the sturdiest heart.

Again, as a result of over-crowding comes a vast amount of preventable disease and nature takes her revenge in outbreaks of cholera, small pox, or fever, which, beginning in the pestiferous dens of neglected outer poverty, soon finds its way upwards, and emphasis is the lesson we are so slow to learn—that the human family is so closely bound together, that not the humblest member may be neglected without a result of punishment for those who exclaim in angry remonstrance 'Am I my brother's keeper?'

For our own sake, then, as well as for our poor neighbours, it behooves us to see to it that such abominations as the over-crowding we have considered shall be swept off the face of the earth as speedily and thoroughly as possible.

## CHEER

To move through life with a cheerful bearing does not present itself to our minds sufficiently often and clearly in the light of a duty. At times of festivity, at the beginning of the New Year, at a wedding, at a birthday feast, it is true we feel it is our duty to take a happy face among our friends, or else to stay away, but when we fall back on the lower level of the ordinary week day and work day, we take no shame to ourselves for carrying about with us a brow of gloom or a countenance of discontent. We are too apt to ascribe to our innate temperaments the praise attaching to a blithe countenance, and the blame due to a sad demeanour. But indeed, save in the hour of bereavement or of humiliation, when aught but a sad aspect would appear to bepeak frivolity, we are all capable of so schooling ourselves that our presence shall be gladdening instead of saddening and our arrival shall bring with it a sense of comfort, and not of depression; and undoubtedly it is a part of our duty to our neighbours, and one that will react most favourably on our own happiness, so to bear ourselves. It is recorded of John Keats that his face was so radiant with brightness that it bore the expression of one who has just looked on some glorious sight;

and it is related of Henry Lord Holland that he came down to breakfast with the air of a man who has just met with some signal good fortune. Such men communicate happiness and rebuke dejection as a sunny spring morning does, and stand to us for an example of how to take life. For those who have eyes to see, there is always some glorious sight to look on, and to fill the gaze with radiance; for those who have the heart to feel it, every morning that brings with it the power to rise from sleep and descend to breakfast, brings a signal good fortune. To meet the morning with a dark face is an affront to the sun; and to mope for one's own sorrows in the presence of another's mirth is unquestionably as bad in taste as to give the rein to hilarity in the presence of another's grief; yet the latter sin against good manners is one we would not lightly allow ourselves to be charged with.

Cheer and mirth are by no means synonymous. They are as different as a smile and a laugh. The latter may often be ill timed; the former can hardly ever be so. We may bring a smile of comfort to the mourner by the bud of death, where a laugh would be sacrilege and decoration, for smiles and tears are no enemies, and no strangers. And so with cheer. Where mirth would be resented, cheer is welcomed. A man of an evil habit of life may be a loud and frequent laugh, but he will rarely bring with him an atmosphere of cheer. The stern Christian moralist, who was also the greatest poet of the middle ages, felt that to live unquenched in gloom of spirit was not only to make miserable this life, but to earn punishment in the next; for, when picturing the various sufferings imposed upon the lost souls for the various sins committed during life, he describes those 'who in the sweet air that is cheered by the sun had lived merrily,' as condemned to abide infixed in a pool of slime, accusing themselves, too late, of having always carried within their own hearts the sluggish smoke that darkened their days.

In homely language, 'to make the best of things,' or 'to look on the bright side,' is the habit of life that we approve in others, and the approval we give those who act in that temper implies our belief that the opposite mood is culpable. It has been said that the best of life is conversation; and to conversation, society is requisite. Certainly, therefore, it is much to our advantage to cultivate that side of our character which will make our company desirable; and we may rest assured that no brilliance of speech, no attractiveness of manner, no rare attainments or acquisitions that we may possess, will render our society so welcome and so beloved as a cheery temper. Pride itself might well come to our aid, and bid us keep a countenance of cheer; for what is a dejected bearing but a confession that we have not been able to hold our own in the battle of life—that we have been worsted, and that no efforts we can make are sufficient to restore to us that which we have lost, or can satisfy those desires which we have nourished? This is an avowal which we should be ashamed to make in words. Why, then, should we publish it in our demeanour? The self-reliant man, the man who is able to help himself and others, and is conscious of brave effort and high endeavour, will, despite reverses, have the spirit and the

fortitude to comport himself cheerily among his fellow men; and will find that this very cheer is a key to open to him men's hearts and homes at once—is a magic power that finds him a cheer at every table and a place by every hearthside. He will find this; and he will recognise that it is cheer that he himself seeks in the intimacy and converse of friends—cheer that he seeks in his favourite pleasures—cheer that is offered to him by the lessons of religion, that it is this that makes the live and rippling brook the darling of the glooming woodland—it is this that makes the glowworm the darling of the moonless August night—it is this that makes the robin the darling of the silent winter morning, when the trees are leafless, and the snow is abroad, and no other bird has heart to sing.

### SING, LITTLE BIRD.

#### A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Sing, little bird, on the shimmering loch,  
A grateful hymn to this dawn (I love!)  
The voice of discord is silenced now,  
And hosts of angels adore above,  
All earth rejoices this rapturous morn—  
O sing, little Robin, for Christ is born!

Sing, little bird, that immortal song  
The shepherds sang in the days of old,  
When watchful angels, a glittering throng  
The strain first wakened on lyres of gold!  
(Ah! feeble voices we dare to raise,  
So sing, little Robin, thy song of praise!)

Sing, little bird, of that Father dear,  
Whose loving eye 'marks the sparrow's fall,'  
The faintest whisper His heart can hear,  
His tender mercy enfoldeth all!  
We feel His presence this happy day,  
So sing, little Robin, thy sweetest lay!

Sing, little bird, of the wondrous bliss  
That thrilled through Mary, the Virgin mild,  
When her lips first printed a mother's kiss  
On the sacred brow of her heavenly child!  
While choirs of angels rejoice above,  
O sing, little bird, of that mother's love!

Sing, little bird, while their white wings shine,  
Of that burning rapture, that deep delight  
Which burst on her soul when His smile divine  
Flashed on the gloom like a meteor bright;  
And sing, little bird, of the trembling form  
Which the tender glow of her breast made warm.

Sing, little bird, of the dawning gray;  
Of that shout of triumph that rent the skies;  
Of the humble straw where the Saviour lay,  
With the light of heaven in His holy eyes;  
And sing, little bird, of the peace that stole,  
Like a seraph's breath, o'er the sinner's soul!

Sing, little bird, for He loves to hear  
The simple strain that the lowly sang—  
Such loving praise to His heart is dear,  
So shake the dust from thy dusky wing,  
Let rapture glow in thy crimson breast,  
For the songs of the humble He loves the best!

FANNY FORBES.

Printed and Published by W. & E. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 239 High Street, EDINBURGH.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OR

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fourth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

CONDUCTED BY R. CHAMBERS (SECONDOUS)

No 1044—Vol. XX

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1883

Price 1½d

## HOUSES FOR THE POOR

IN TWO PARTS—PART II

We have already drawn the attention of our readers to the sufferings of thousands of our fellow creatures, especially with reference to the over crowding so terribly prevalent in our cities and large towns, and we now propose discussing some remedies for this state of things, a state so deplorable as to demand the serious attention of all thoughtful minds.

There are indeed some writers and speakers who would have us believe that it is worse than hopeless to attempt reformation. Things are so bad, say they, that interference will only make them worse. If better houses are built, and any portion of the present disgraceful nests of infamy removed, it will only tend towards driving the poor into still closer quarters—the already crowded 'rookeries' will become still fuller, and so the evil will be increased rather than diminished. The fallacy of all such argument lies in the way in which the 'poor' are spoken of as a body, all grades classed together indiscriminately, and consequently treated without regard to the infinite variety of their characters and circumstances. There is no worse issue of the over crowding system than the inevitable close association it induces between the honest and dishonest, nor is it to be wondered at that so many fall from their good estate to low and evil habits, when we remember that, as regards children, a boy of ten may get several shillings weekly by stealing, as against the earnings to be obtained at such work as match box making, which is paid at the munificent rate of twopence furthering a gross!

In the face of such facts, it needs but little imagination to picture how great must be the temptation to the under paid worker to yield to the vices which procure comparative luxury, and especially in times of sickness and scarcity of employment must it need a mighty effort to accept semi starvation as the price of an honest life

But it is not our intention to touch the wages question, or to consider the many side issues of the subject in hand, our object is to advance certain plans, which, if properly carried out, would, we believe, do much towards providing such accommodation for the deserving poor as might give them a chance of holding on to respectability and decency.

As to the criminal class, and the large number of those who may be described as hangers on, of the good for nothing type, who have about equal objections to work honest and dishonest, we do hold it utopian in the extreme to plan conveniences and comforts for such, though at the same time, by beginning at the right end, we may hope in time to work downwards in such a way as to check the growth of evil, and even to diminish the amount of vice and degradation which already exists.

In setting to work to provide houses for the poor, two methods may be adopted—first, making use of present accommodation, and second, building new and more suitable habitations, and to carry out such schemes, public as well as private efforts are absolutely imperative.

We have already touched upon the present condition of the poor man's house or room, with its ill repair, want of ventilation, bad water supply, and lack of proper sanitary arrangements. Yet the owners of such property, as a rule, realize profits hard to obtain in other forms of investment, and in spite of the misery of their wretched tenants, are allowed to continue their extortionate unnoticed, or if noticed, unchecked. True, there is such an official as a sanitary inspector, but to judge by results, his existence is practically useless. At any rate, the difficulties in the way of getting redress are so great, that in the course of our experience amongst the poor, we have never met with a case of appeal being made for decision on a sanitary question. Yet, in hundreds of streets, courts, alleys, and wynds, houses after houses are so ill provided with air, light, and water, as to be positively unfit for human habitation. We remember meeting with an Edinburgh case

in which a basement hovel had evidently been intended for a stable, but not being sufficiently lighted and ventilated for the use of horses, it had been turned into a room, for the accommodation of a human family!

Now, in the face of such possibilities of per-  
 version, is it not preposterous to raise a cry  
 against inspection, on the ground of 'rights of  
 property'? Not, of course, that we advocate  
 state interference when the interests of the indi-  
 vidual do not affect the peace and well being of  
 society, but where private interests differ from  
 those of the community, a government can  
 hardly be deemed wise and just which makes no  
 effort to bring about mutual harmony. Surely if  
 the man who sells adulterated food, and the milk  
 seller who risks spreading typhoid fever amongst  
 his customers, are liable to penalty, that landlord  
 should be held still more responsible who, from  
 ignorance or greed, lets dwellings utterly unfit for  
 habitation. Certainly, as regards disease, we may  
 safely say that, over-crowded, ill-ventilated habita-  
 tions do far more towards the spread of pre-  
 ventable evils than in any amount of typhoid germs  
 in milk or water, of which we rightly hear so  
 much. Let there, then, be a sufficient staff of  
 officials of intelligence and sagacity appointed  
 by Government, and entirely independent of local  
 influence. Let their duties consist, solely, in  
 reporting fully on the sanitary condition of pro-  
 perty in their districts. Their visits of inspection  
 may be made either on demand, or, better still  
 at certain intervals, so arranged that landlord and  
 tenant shall be equally ignorant as to when a  
 visit may be expected. By such an arrangement,  
 the tenant would be freed from fear of the land-  
 lord's vengeance, should he venture to complain,  
 and though, at first, there would probably be  
 little use of the privilege, long years of neglect  
 having dulled the poor man's mind on sanitary  
 matters, yet as time goes on, the lesson of know-  
 ledge will spread, till there comes to be due  
 appreciation of freedom to make legitimate com-  
 plaint.

As a result of such inspection, we may fairly  
 expect to find suitable means adopted for ventila-  
 tion, drainage, and a proper supply of water, and  
 in addition, regulations as to the number of  
 inhabitants in each building should be established  
 and strictly enforced. Any building condemned  
 as unfit for habitation and incapable of permanent  
 improvement should be at once destroyed, a pro-  
 vision intelligible enough to those who have seen  
 the effects of ground damp, where bad foundations  
 give no possibility of avoiding wet and mildewed  
 walls. So much can only be properly carried out  
 under government direction.

We now turn to the consideration of private  
 schemes for helping the poor to help them-  
 selves, in a way which is impossible under  
 existing circumstances. An authority on the  
 subject, Miss Octavia Hill, has given her opinions  
 clearly and decidedly in a series of papers, col-  
 lected under the title of *Homes of the London Poor*,  
 a book which deserves universal consideration. In  
 it may be found the practical working of a private  
 scheme of benevolence infinitely higher than the

ordinary run of alms giving charity. Briefly  
 put, her plan of work is to buy up existing  
 buildings, and it need scarcely be said that, as a  
 first step, the houses have to be put into tenant  
 able repair, to replace a water butt, doing duty  
 sometimes for three or four houses, with a proper  
 water supply, to make glass take the place of  
 window ornamentation of the brown paper and  
 dirty rag order, and to provide each house with  
 its due complement of sanitary resources. These  
 are some of the absolutely necessary preliminaries  
 needful to the establishment of anything, like  
 proper relations between landlord and tenant.

Over-crowding and sub-letting must be entirely  
 abandoned, large families being urged to take  
 a reasonable number of rooms, which they are  
 allowed to have at lower rates. Passages and stair  
 cases are to be white washed and disinfected, and  
 with the yards, are placed under the landlady's  
 eye, to keep clean and in good repair. She is  
 also allowed to remonstrate with the lodgers,  
 should they keep their rooms habitually dirty.

As to repairs, an excellent plan is adopted,  
 when practicable. A yearly sum is allowed for  
 repairs for each house, and the surplus is devoted  
 to such additional comforts as the tenants may  
 desire. Economy and carefulness follow as natural  
 results, where habits of idleness, dirt, and waste-  
 fulness have not taken too strong a hold upon the  
 life and character. But even when such habits  
 have degraded a district to an extent incom-  
 patible with the proper use of improved sur-  
 roundings, patient continuance in right doing has  
 availed to bring the roughest into subjection to  
 the laws of cleanliness and health.

The class occupying the quarters which have  
 been thus treated is far below the mechanic,  
 and consists of those who in ordinary talk would  
 be reckoned amongst the very poor, yet we  
 learn that, in the course of four years, only those  
 unwilling to work have continued in really  
 distressed circumstances and it must not be for-  
 gotten, in talking of the poor, that amount of  
 income is but a slight test of happiness and real  
 comfort. A man earning, say, thirty shillings a  
 week may be far more comfortable than his  
 neighbour of education and refinement, whose  
 hundred and fifty a year will provide so few  
 of the things which his training and manner of  
 life have made into necessities. One of the  
 happiest men we ever knew was an omnibus  
 conductor, working thirteen hours seven days  
 a week, for twenty eight shillings, who, with  
 described him as 'So jolly, he has to sing out  
 when his bus is empty'. Not a few of Miss  
 Hill's tenants had, through misfortune, sunk  
 below their original grade, but simply by pro-  
 ving their character, have been able to regain  
 their former standing. Such cases are truly  
 delightful, and in refreshing contrast to the  
 enfeebling effects of indiscriminate temporary  
 relief.

But in order to carry out a scheme which will  
 include intimate knowledge of the history and  
 character of tenants, intelligent personal super-  
 vision is a necessity, and opens out a promising  
 field for lady workers. Calling for the rent each  
 week, by bringing into constant contact, gives  
 many opportunities for kindly remarks, which  
 often serve as the foundation for a very real  
 friendship, beyond comparison superior to the

ordinary run of district-visiting, which has such an unpleasant flavour of coal and soup tickets. Indeed, it is impossible to over estimate the good which may be wrought in the hearts of the poor by educated sympathy, given in the spirit of friendliness, not patronage. Nor will the good results be all on one side, for, in addition to the blessing of kindness done, there are lessons of patient endurance and of cheerful submission, which have a force powerful and peculiar when learned in the dwellings of the sons and daughters of affliction.

But, taken on a different ground, as a mere commercial speculation, we find that providing decent houses for the poor is anything but a bad investment. Mrs. Hill gives as the result of her first year and a half of work, a profit of five per cent on eight hundred and twenty £100, £100 pounds borrowed, in addition to forty eight pounds of capital repair! The block of buildings, accommodating about thirty families, was first put in a state of thorough repair, with a plentiful supply of water on each floor. The tenants agree to keep their rooms and their share of staircases and passages clean, while the landlord undertakes the repairs which properly devolve upon him. Rents are paid with the utmost regularity, whilst a vacancy insures twenty or thirty applications. No case could show more strikingly that judicious outlay upon dwellings for the poor insures respectable tenants, and good profits.

But whilst heartily advocating the adaptation of all such houses as can by proper attention be made fit for habitation, there still remains the question as to what may be the best future methods for providing decent, comfortable houses for the poor. Many houses and blocks of houses will, under sanitary inspection, be condemned to destruction, and to take their place, we know of no better plan than an extension of the system set on foot by our friend George Peabody. Sites for building purposes are so ruinously high in London, and there are so many thousands whose way of living compels them to remain as close as possible to its very heart, that it needs the gravest consideration to decide on the best way of making the most of every inch of ground. Perhaps no better idea can be given of the way in which this is being done, than by quoting a few sentences from the prospectus of an Industrial Building Company, which has just been handed to us: 'The buildings we intend, at present erected and in course of erection by this Company comprise upwards of two thousand five hundred distinct houses, containing every necessary convenience for separate use. Each group of dwellings comprises one or more blocks of buildings, of from five to seven stories, or flats, upon each of which are two, four, or six distinct tenements, of three, four, five, or six rooms, a kitchen or scullery being provided to each. All the rooms have fireplaces, and are light and well ventilated, the living room is provided with a kitchen range, having an oven and boiler. There are cupboards in each tenement, and the utensils are supplied with a separate water supply, milk, coal place—holding in most cases nearly half a ton of coal—copper, dust shoot, &c.'

Certain moderate conditions are affixed to tenancy in all such buildings as the one we take as a sample, including the right which the

Company reserves to enter by its agents or workmen, and inspect the state of repair of every dwelling at all reasonable hours of the day. But the most important regulation, to which we would draw special attention, is the following: 'The tenancy to be weekly, and rents are to be paid, and kept paid, a week in advance. Under no circumstances whatever will payment be allowed to fall into arrear.' It is just this one invariable rule which, to our thinking, is so invaluable to the poor man's welfare. It is this which enables the managers of 'buildings' to give their tenants far better accommodation than they can get elsewhere at the same terms. Knowing that the rent is sure, they can reckon on no loss, and not having any allowance to make on this score, are entitled to charge accordingly. Mrs. Hill has adopted the same line of action, and gives it as her experience that the truest kindness to the poor man is to prevent the possibility of his acquiring a heavy debt for rent. For this reason, yearly tenancy is, as a rule, a sure and delusive to the uneducated, and we have always found rates and taxes a mystery to such, too deep for solution. One such case under notice now is a melancholy instance of the evil. Far better would it have been for all parties if the rent had been so demanded each week, that it must have been forthcoming to save ejection. As it is, the misery is being protracted, and utter ruin can hardly fail to be the issue. Week by week the debt increases, and when a distress is put in by an indignant landlord, even the loss of all working implements will not make good the amount owing.

True, the forcing of payment sounds hard—to the unthinking, even cruel, but we fully endorse Mrs. Hill's experience, that the punctual payment of rent is a vital point, because it strikes a blow at the credit system, so harmful in its effects, and because the fact of a man being kept up to his duty, increases his self respect, and makes him able to grasp the hope of doing better for himself and his family. It is not the least sad effect of our present system that by it a sort of mental and moral paralysis is induced, and consequently the practical motto of the majority of our stunted over-crowded population is the old miserable standard of, 'Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die.'

From this it follows that anything which helps the poor man to independence of thought and action, and which plants within him the germ of hope and energy, is indeed a blessed stimulus in the right direction, which, allowed to take its own course, will generally tend to improve and elevate the working classes.

The remedies we propose, then, for our present wretched system of house accommodation for the poor, are (1) Government inspection, properly and efficiently carried out, and including registration of all lodging houses. (2) Private benevolence or speculation applied to the improvement of existing houses. (3) The building by individuals, Companies, or government, of large dwellings, constructed so as to provide the necessary comforts of civilized life. (4) The abolition of the present system of rent, and the substitution of an inviolable rule of ready money payment.

That some such measures will speedily be carried out, we have little doubt, and we hope

the day is not far distant when the working man, however poor, will be able to take such pride in house and home, as to be unwilling to do any thing by which he might risk their loss

### THE ROSERY FOLK

#### CHAPTER LXX—MARRYING AND GIVING IN MARRIAGE

'And would you say Yes, aunt dear, if he should ask me.'

'Before I answer that question, Naomi, my dear, let me ask you one—Is this little heart still sore about Arthur Playle?'

'Indeed, no, aunt,' cried the girl indignantly, 'pray, don't mention his name! I am angry with myself for ever thinking of him as I did!'

'Under those circumstances, my dear, it may be as well to ask you whether you would like to be married.'

'Like to be married, aunt?—I—I—I think I should!'

'When, then—when a man, who is perhaps rather too bluff and trade-man like in his ways, but who loves very dearly, and is a thoroughly true honest gentleman at heart, should ask me to be his wife, I think I should say Yes.'

She was a good obedient girl, this Naomi, and most ready to obey her aunt and take her advice so thoroughly did she act upon it, that the very next day, Saaby charged into the room where Aunt Sophia was writing a letter, caught her hands in his and kissed them, crying in the most exultant manner 'She said it—she said it!'

'What has she refused you, Saaby? said Aunt Sophia quietly.

'Refused me? No! Said Yes, my dear madam! Isn't it wonderful!'

'Well, I don't know,' replied Aunt Sophia 'Do you think so?'

'That I do,' said Saaby 'Oh, I am proud, Miss Raleigh, I am indeed, for though I am an awfully big man on 'Change—was from Capel Court and my office, no one knows better than I do what a humbug I am.'

'Don't be a goose, Saaby,' said Aunt Sophia severely 'There, you see you make use of such bad language that it is catching! Humbug, indeed! Look here, don't you say such nasty things again! If I had not known you to be a very good true gentleman at heart, do you think I should have encouraged your attentions as I have? Don't say any more! She's a good girl, Saaby, and I am very glad for both your sakes that it is to be a match!'

'Oh, thank you!' he exclaimed.

'But mind this, Saaby, if ever you neglect or ill use her—'

'If ever I neglect or ill use her!' cried Saaby.

'Well, well, I know you will not! And now, listen, Saaby! I mean to give Naomi for her dowry—'

'Nothing at all, my dear madam,' said the stockbroker, interrupting her 'I've plenty of money for both of us—beside, and as for yours, he contended, with a merry twinkle in his eye, 'keep it for making investments, so that we can have a few squabbles now and then about shares!'

'Now,' said Aunt Sophia, 'I daresay it is very

wicked, but if I could see my dear Doctor Scales made as happy as Saaby, I should like it very much indeed—What do you think, Kate! Can I do anything about him and Lady Martlett?'

'No, aunt, I think not,' replied Miss Scarlett 'And yet it seems to be a pity, for I am sure they are very fond of each other.'

'It is their nasty unpleasant pride keeps them apart,' said Aunt Sophia 'Anna Martlett is as proud as Lucifer, and Scales is as proud as—as—as the box! For Aunt Sophia was at a loss for a simile, and this was the only word that suggested itself.

'Let them alone,' returned Mrs Scarlett.

'Matters may come right after all.'

'But it's so stupid of him,' cried Aunt Sophia 'Hang the man! What does he want? She can't help having a title and being rich! Why, she's dying for him!'

'But she sets a barrier between them, every time they meet,' said Mrs Scarlett.

'Yes, they do both enter up with pride,' exclaimed Aunt Sophia 'Oh, if I were Scales, I'd give her such a dose!'

'Would you, aunt?'

'That I would! And if I were Anna Martlett, I'd box his ears till he went down on his knees and asked me to marry him!'

'Be going your pardon, ma'am, you haven't seen master about, have you?' inquired John Monnick.

'The doctor?'

'Ugh! the nasty creatures!' exclaimed Aunt Sophia with a shudder 'I hope they are not going fishing up by that weir.'

'They are, aunt dear—for the barbel!'

Put they were not, for a messenger was already at the gate.

Just then, James Scarlett and the doctor came along the path, laden with fishing tackle, on their way to the punt, but they were stopped by Fanny, who came up with a letter in her hand, the poor girl looking very subdued and pale, and a great deal changed in manner since the events of a certain night—events that had, by Scarlett's orders, been buried for ever.

'Lady Martlett's groom with the dogcart, and a letter for Doctor Scales, sir.'

'Ha ha ha!' cried the doctor, with a harsh scornful laugh, which told tales to the thoughtful, as Aunt Sophia and Mrs Scarlett came up 'Here, Miss Raleigh, you see how I am getting on in my profession! Lady Martlett's pet dog has a fit, and I am honoured by her instructions! Here read the note, Scarlett!'

'No, thanks, it is addressed to you!'

The doctor frowned, and opened the letter as he stood with his rod resting in the hollow of his arm, and his friends watched the change in his countenance 'Goodness gracious!' he exclaimed, with quite a groan 'Here, Miss Raleigh—read! He thrust the letter into her hand, dropped the rod, and sped swiftly to the house, taking off his white flannel jacket as he ran, and a minute later they saw him in more professional guise beside the groom, who was urging the horse into a brack center as they passed along the lane beyond the meadow.

Meanwhile, Aunt Sophia had read the letter. It was very brief, containing merely these words: 'I am very ill. I do not feel confidence in my medical man. Pray, come and see me.—ANNA MARLETT.'

'Had we not better go over at once?' said Mrs. Scarlett eagerly, and the tears rose in her eyes.—'You will come, aunt?'

'Yes, of course, if it is necessary,' returned Aunt Sophia. 'But had we not better wait till the doctor returns?'

Kate Scarlett looked up at her husband, who nodded. 'Yes,' he said, 'I think aunt is right.' So they waited.

## CHAPTER XXVI.—DITTO, AND.

'This doesn't look professional,' quoth the doctor to himself.—'Go a little more steadily, my man,' he said aloud to the groom, and consequently the horse was checked into a decent trot. For John Scales wanted to grow calm, and quiet down the feeling of agony that had come upon him.

'She may want all my help,' he thought. 'Poor girl! Pih! Rubbish! A widow of thirty! Well, I hope she a very bad it will be a lesson to her—bring her to her senses. What an idiot I am! Here my hand a trampling, and I'm all in a nervous fit. Just as if it was some one very dear to me, when all this time—When was your mistake taken ill, my man?'

'She's kep' her room the last fortnight, sir—not her bed, but she's seemed going off like for months and months. Hasn't been on a horse for a good half a year, sir, and hasn't been at all the lady she was.'

By the time they reached the lodge gates, which were thrown open by a woman on the watch for the returning vehicle, the doctor assured himself that he was perfectly calm and collected, but all the same there was a strange gnawing at his heart, and he turned pale at the sight of the promptitude with which the gates were opened. It seemed as if matters were known to be serious. This did not tend to make him cooler as they trotted along the beautiful avenue, and drew up at the great stone steps of the ancient ivy-grown manor, with its magnificent view over a glorious sweep of park land, neither did the sight of a quiet-looking butler and footman waiting to open the hall door lessen Scales' anxiety. His lips parted to question the butler, but by an effort he restrained himself, and followed him up to a room at the top of the broad old oaken staircase, before whose door a heavy curtain was drawn.

Doctor Scales, said the butler, in a low voice, and as the doctor advanced with the door closing behind him, it was to see that he was in a handsomely furnished boudoir, while rising from a couch placed near the open window was Lady Marlett, looking extremely agitated and pale. Her eyes seemed to have grown larger, and the roundness had begun to leave her cheeks, but there was no languor in her movement, no trace of weakness. Still she was sufficiently changed to break down the icy reserve with which the doctor had clothed himself ready for the interview.

'I will meet her with the most matter of fact professional politeness,' he had said as he ascended the stairs, 'do the best I can for her as far as my knowledge will let me, and she shall pay me some

thumping fees.—No, she shan't,' he added the next moment. 'she shall know what pride really is. I won't touch a penny of her wretched money. She shall have my services gratuitously, if she will, or go without.'

That is what John Scales, M.D., Esq., as he signed himself sometimes, determined upon before he saw Lady Marlett, but as soon as he was alone with her, and saw the wistful appealing look in her eyes as she turned towards him, away went the icy formality, and he half ran to her. 'My dear Lady Marlett!' he exclaimed, catching her hands in his.

For answer, she burst into an hysterical fit of sobbing, sank upon her knees, and hid her face upon his hands. 'I cannot bear it,' she moaned. 'You are breaking my heart!'

Janet, Thompson, Robert Barnes—the whole party of the grantees of the profession would have been utterly scandalized had they been witnesses of Doctor Scales' treatment of his patient, though they must have afterwards confessed that it was almost miraculous in its effects. For he bent down, raised her from her knees, said the one word, 'Anna!' and held her tightly to his breast. In fact so satisfactory was the treatment, that Lady Marlett's passionate sobs grew softer, till they almost ceased, and then she slowly raised her face to look into his eyes, saying softly, 'Thank you, I am humble now. Are you content?'

'Content!' he cried passionately, as he kissed her again and again. 'But you are ill, he added contentedly, 'and I am forgetting everything. Why did you send for me?'

'Is pride always to keep us apart?' she returned in a low tender whisper. 'Have I not humbled myself enough? Yes, I am ill. I have thought lately that I should die. Will you let me die like this?'

'Let you die?' he cried passionately. 'No, no! But think—what will the world say?'

'You are my world,' she said softly, as she nestled to him. 'My pride is all gone now. You may say what you will. It has been a struggle, and you have won.'

'No,' he responded a trifle, 'you have won.' He never boasted of the cure that he effected here. Wisely so. But certainly Lady Marlett was in an extremely low state—a state that necessitated change—such a complete change as would be given by a long continental tour, with a physician always at her side.

The world did talk, and said that Lady Marlett had thrown herself away.

'The stupid!' exclaimed Aunt Sophia. 'Just as if a woman could throw herself away, when it was into the arms of as good a husband as ever breathed.'

James Scarlett had one or two little relapses into his nervous state, and these were when family troubles had come upon him, but they soon passed away, and the little river-side home blushed more brightly than ever with flowers, the glass houses are filled with ripening fruit, and Aunt Sophia sits and bows her head solemnly over her work beneath some shady tree or another in the hot summer afternoons, the only solitary heart there.

Doctor Scales practices still, in his own way; and though he is somewhat at variance with the



profession, they all hold him in respect. 'As they must,' her Ladyship declares, 'for there is not a greater man among them all.'

Saxby bought the pretty villa across the river that you can see from Mrs Scullitt's drawing room. You can shoot in it now from one garden into the other, but Aunt Sophia, who lives at the Scarletts now, when she does not live with the Saxbys, always goes round by the bridge—five miles—never once venturing in the boat.

Arthur Prayle has been heard of as a Company promoter in Australia, where, as he does not deserve, he is doing well.

'A rascal!' Aunt Sophia says, 'and with the four hundred pounds he got out of me for that beauty. But never mind, it was on the strength of that money that he tried to delude that foolish girl, and so we found out what a bad fellow he was.'

That foolish girl, by the way, has married a farmer, a friend of Brother William, and Aunt Sophia hunts a great many little contrivances of wool for the results.

The last trouble that happened at the Rosery was when old John Monnick passed away.

'It's quite natural like, Master James,' he said, smiling. 'Seventy-seven, you see. There isn't the least of anything the matter with me, and I aren't in a bit o' pain. There's only one thing as troubles me, and that is bout the opening an' shutting o' them glass houses. I hope you won't be neglecting o' em when I'm gone.'

'Oh, but you'll be strong as soon, John, with the spring,—and come and look after them again.'

The old man smiled, and shook his head slowly from side to side. 'Tant in natur, mistress. I come up, and I growed up, and I blossomed, and the seed's dead ripe now, ready for being garnered, if the heavenly Master thinks it fit. I'm only a servant, Master James, and I've been a servant all my life, and now, as I lie here, it's to thank and hope that He will say "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

It was Kate Scarlett's lips that formed in an almost inaudible whisper the word 'Amen!' as the old gardener fell asleep.

## THE FASTEST TRAIN IN GREAT BRITAIN

THE trains of Great Britain run, in the opinion of the British public, far more swiftly than those of any other nation, but, at the same time, there is a general vagueness with regard to their actual rate of motion that has a great effect in exaggerating the reports of their speed. Every one naturally claims that the train by which he himself frequently travels is the first in point of speed. The tourist or the sportsman dashing down to Scotland believes in the 'Flying Scotsman,' the great ten o'clock morning train from King's Cross, which runs into Lincolnshire without a stoppage, and, after allowing thirty minutes at York for a hasty mid day meal, reaches Edinburgh at seven o'clock, in time for a substantial dinner in the northern capital. Another candidate for the

honours of speed is the 'Flying Dutchman,' of Bristol and Exeter celebrity. It is a broad gauge train, and there is a very prevalent idea that no matter how great the speed of other lines may be, the great width that Brunel introduced enables a higher velocity to be obtained on the Great Western than anywhere else. A third competitor, with many partisans, is the 'Wild Irishman,' carrying the Holyhead mail not only for Ireland but for America, and *via* San Francisco, for Australia and New Zealand.

The vaguest ideas, as already said, prevail as to the running speed of these trains. The speed of the Flying Scot man is generally assumed to be fifty miles an hour, the Wild Irishman is credited with the same rate, but the friends of the Flying Dutchman maintain that the run from London to Bristol averages sixty, and that it is far ahead of all its rivals in regard to speed. Among such diversities of opinion, it may be interesting to give a few particulars of these champion trains. It is beyond our province to enter into the question of the accommodation and facilities provided by the different railways for their passengers, or to discuss the relative merits of Pullman cars and sleeping carriages, these, together with the whole question of fares and varieties of class, are completely outside the present question, which is merely concerned with the running speed of the quickest train in the British Isles. It may be mentioned that Ireland cannot show a single train averaging forty miles an hour.

The partisans of the Wild Irishman will be disappointed when they hear that, whatever may be the result of the negotiations now pending, or that may have been completed, between the London and North western Company and the Great Western, the 'Irish mail' cannot even be named in the competition. The quickest of the four trains known by this name—and it may be noticed that it stops more frequently than its three namesakes—averages 40 miles an hour, so that though, by the help of the steamer, the route to Dublin is probably the quickest sea and land journey in the world, still, as a train, the Wild Irishman is inferior to other trains of the London and North western Company, which does not pretend to run the quickest train in England.

A few years ago the honour would have fallen to a Company comparatively little known, the London, Brighton, and South Coast, as it formerly ran a train from one place to the other, upwards of fifty miles, in sixty five minutes—a small decimal over forty six and a half miles an hour. This speed has, however, now been reduced, and five minutes more are allowed for the journey, so that the speed reaches only forty three miles an hour—a fine speed still, but a sufficient decrease to lower the train from its proud eminence of speed.

Bradshaw is so perplexing a study to many persons, that in order to save further trouble, it may be well to admit that the struggle for first place in speed lies between two well known trains, the Flying Dutchman of the Great Western, and the Flying Scotsman of the Great Northern, and the competition between them is extremely keen. The Flying Dutchman is a broad gauge train, leaving Paddington Station at a quarter to

twelve mid day, and it runs as far as Swindon without a stoppage. It is the custom for all Great Western trains to come to a halt at this station, and the Dutchman stops for ten minutes, devoted to refreshments, after which it resumes its course, and after a momentary stay at Bath, it reaches Bristol at twenty one minutes past two, after a run of one hundred and eighty and a quarter miles. Notwithstanding the importance of the city of the Avon, only five minutes for rest are allowed, and at twenty six minutes past two, the Dutchman has resumed his wild career, and is rushing at full speed for Taunton, where there is a pause, hardly a stoppage, and at four o'clock in the afternoon the train rolls into Exeter. Here the career of the Dutchman is considered to end, as its great speed is no longer continued. It runs on indeed to Plymouth, and even Penzance, but it takes a longer time to finish the one hundred and thirty two and a half miles between Exeter and the Land's End than the previous one hundred and ninety three and three quarter miles from London. It requires but little calculation to show that the speed from start to finish, including all stoppages, is 45.6 miles an hour—a fine speed certainly, but by no means the 'mile a minute' with which tradition invests it.

The other train whose claims have to be examined is the Flying Scotsman. This is a narrow gauge train leaving King's Cross, London, at ten A.M. en route for Scotland! Its first start is impressive, for it opens with the longest run without a pause in England, and probably in the world, in the shape of a run to Grantham in Lincolnshire, a distance of one hundred and five miles. Six minutes are graciously allowed for breathing time, and then the Scotsman takes wing for York. The speed is as high as ever, and at the end of one hundred and eighty nine miles—completed in five minutes less than four hours—the train enters the handsome station in England, that of the North Eastern Company at York. Most travellers believe that York station belongs to the Great Northern line, but, as a matter of fact, the Great Northern line ends at Doncaster, thirty four miles south of York, from which station the train runs over the North Eastern system to Berwick on Tweed. Even the Flying Scotsman must, like the Flying Dutchman, stop for refreshments, but as the distance covered is greater, the pause is longer. Half an hour is allowed the passengers at York, and at twenty five minutes past two the train once more makes a start. A respectable run of eighty four miles to Newcastle is followed by a stoppage there for five minutes, and another pause of the same duration at the old Border town of Berwick on Tweed forms the last halt before, at seven o'clock in the evening, the Scotsman runs into the Waverley Station, Edinburgh. The total distance is three hundred and ninety six and a quarter miles, covered in exactly nine hours, including all stoppages, and on applying the same calculation to the Scotsman as has been already applied to the Great Western train, it will be found that the northern train's average running speed is exactly forty four miles an hour.

It is, however, only fair to place the matter in every light, and accordingly, as the Dutchman's career is closed at Lutter after a run of one

hundred and ninety three and three quarter miles—the run to Penzance not being counted—so in the same manner the speed of the Flying Scotsman may be taken as far as York, the distance being practically the same—one hundred and eighty nine miles run in two hundred and thirty five minutes, showing a speed of 43.9 miles an hour against the Dutchman's 45.6, thus placing the railway journey from London to York, like Dick Turpin's ride between the same places, at the head of all English railway travelling, for speed.

It only remains for the writer to say, that the question of the quickest train is quite different from that of the highest speed attained by a train on certain parts of a line. He is, of course, aware that to obtain an average of forty eight miles an hour, the speed must frequently exceed even the traditional 'mile a minute.' He may mention that he has been in the habit for years of taking the speed of trains by the milestones he passed, till he has acquired a certain facility in guessing the speed of a train. With regard to the speed so noted, he has frequently been conveyed on a certain part of an Irish line at sixty miles an hour, but the quickest speed he ever noted was a journey from Bunnaham to London by the London and North Western Railway, when the train, for four or five miles on end, moved at the rate of seventy five miles an hour, or a mile in forty eight seconds.

## 'THE PRIVATEER'

### IN THREE CHAPTERS—CONCLUSION

MISS LATIMER'S first action, as soon as she was left alone with her aunt, was to take a careful survey of herself in the chimney glass, and to rearrange her raiment a little—those ringlets which had been such a distraction to the Colonel when a susceptible young subaltern of five and twenty.

'I don't like that niece being here,' she murmured to herself the while. 'Perhaps he has been weak enough to make his will in her favour. Only let me get my footing firmly fixed, and I shall know how to rid myself of a young man like her. We must be married by special license at the earliest possible moment, and as soon as the ceremony is over, I must get him away to one of the German watering places—Very ill, the doctor said. Well—well! I may perhaps be a widow by this time next year! I wonder what was the extent of the fortune left him by his brother! Something very handsome, I do not doubt. If I were in London, I would go to Doctors' Commons and get a sight of the will.'

At this juncture, Dr Murrydew, with the Colonel leaning on his arm, entered the room. The latter had now inducted himself into a furnished overcoat, which, in conjunction with the ample white silk muffler round his throat, only served to bring into more conspicuous relief his long thin visage and cadaverous complexion.

Miss Latimer came forward a step or two as he entered and gazed earnestly at him. 'A wretch indeed!' He can't last long,' she murmured under her breath. But for the moment Miss Latimer had forgotten the flight of time, and had omitted to take into account the effect which twenty years of hard work under an Indian sun

might naturally be expected to have on the appearance of any one. There dwelt in her mind's eye the image of a handsome, fresh coloured, brown haired youth, and the contrast between that picture and this was too great to be altogether realised by her in those first moments of their meeting.

'This is Miss Latimer, Colonel,' said the doctor. 'You wrote to her a little while ago, I believe. She has kindly called to inquire after your health.'

The Colonel went forward and extended a hand which trembled a little. 'This is kind of you, Lucilla—very kind,' he said.

'Charles—my dear Charles—we meet again at last! I have dreamed of this for years. I have longed for it night and day. How sweet—how!— But at this point her feelings overcame her, and she pressed her handkerchief to her eyes.

He gazed at her in silence for a moment or two, then he said gently 'You find me greatly changed?'

'A little, Charles—hardly as much as I expected.' Then, with a sigh 'We none of us grow younger.'

He motioned her to a chair, and sat down himself.

Dr Merrydew slipped quietly out of the room without a word.

'Once more we are alone, my dear Charles—all by our two selves, as they say in the children's story books. How vividly the vanished days of old live again in my memory! Ah me!'

'Why do you sigh, Lucilla?'

'For the past that can never return—for happy days that are fled for ever.'

'Is it not the truest philosophy to enjoy the present rather than to regret the past?'

'You are right, my dear Charles—as you always were. But when I think of that golden time, of our moonlight meetings, of our whispered vows, and then of the cruel, cruel way in which we were torn asunder, how can I help feeling sad?'

The Colonel coughed, but found nothing to say. Close to his chair was a hassock. Miss Latimer slipped gracefully down, and planted herself on this piece of boarding house furniture, and taking one of the Colonel's hands in hers, began to pat it fondly.

For a moment the veteran looked alarmed.

'But I will tune my heart to a more cheerful strain,' continued the fair spinster. 'We are together once more, and that is enough. Always in my heart, Charles, your image has been enshrined. For your sake, I have refused all other offers. And now you have come back, and your letter tells me that I am not forgotten—that I am still dear to you. O joy! O happiness! I will never leave you more!'

The Colonel gently withdrew his hand. 'But you engaged yourself to be married to rich Mr. Purkiss—and after your father's death too.'

Miss Latimer gave a little start and bit her lip. 'It was my father's last dying command that I should marry that man. He made me promise that I would do so. I could not disobey him, though my heart was breaking.'

'Of course not—of course not,' responded the

Colonel, as he laid a hand lightly on her hair—'Hem! But—but there was an action for breach of promise against another man—was there not?'

Lucilla's face darkened. 'I was in hopes he had not heard of that,' she whispered to herself. Then aloud 'Some one has been slandering me to you, Charles,' and again her handkerchief went up to her eyes.

'No—no, I assure you. But one can't help hearing these things.'

'That man was a villain. He swore to me that you had got married out in India. In my despair, I listened to him, and at last I promised to marry him, although my heart was racked with anguish. Then he jilted me, and when I found that you, dear Charles, were still single, I brought an action against the wretch out of pure revenge, knowing that the only way to touch his feelings was through the medium of his pocket. But every farthing of the amount awarded me I gave away in charity, I could not touch his filthy lucre.'

'Merrydew was wrong. She has been true to me, murmured the old soldier to himself.

'But all those troubles are past and gone now, dear Charles, and at last I am safe and happy in the haven of your love—Do you remember the song I sang to you the night before we parted?' she asked as she nestled a little closer to him.

'As if it were possible that I could forget it!'

'The moon was just rising above the trees in the valley.'

'The evening air was sweet with the breath of roses.'

'We two were all alone in the dusky drawing room.'

'Twas the hour of witchery.'

'And of love shall I sing you again to day the song I sang you then?'

Before the Colonel could answer the door was flung open and Dr Merrydew came in. His quick eye took in the situation at a glance. 'I'm not a minute too soon, was his unspoken thought.

Miss Latimer sprang to her feet and crossed to the window, flinging, the doctor a quick look of triumph as she did so.

The Colonel also arose, looking a little confused and sheepish. 'You were wrong, all that was wrong, Merrydew,' he said in a low voice. 'She has been true to me. She has never forgotten me, and—'

'You are going to ask her to become Mrs. Colonel Crampton. I congratulate you before hand, my dear friend.'

There was an unmistakable ring of irony in the little man's voice. The Colonel began to live an uneasy sense that perhaps he had been making an idiot of himself.

The situation was broken by the now familiar rattle of the telegraph messenger. For once the Colonel hailed it as a welcome sound. Presently Juxon came in with the message, which he handed to his master.

The Colonel opened the telegram, but as he read it, an air of much perplexity crept over his features. He read it a second time, and then he handed it to Merrydew, saying 'Hurry up, if I know what it means. Read it, and see what you can make of it.'

The doctor took the telegram and apparently oblivious for the moment of the presence of Miss Latimer, he proceeded to read it slowly aloud.

*'I from BRACKHETT and BLAUGHTER Solicitors, Bedford Row, London—Your brother's long lost son and heir has turned up. He has called upon us, and has furnished us with unequivocal proofs of his identity. Under his father's will, he claims the whole of the property left you by your brother. Send us instructions by first post.'*

Dr Merrydew gave vent to a low whistle as he re-folded the telegram. 'My poor friend, you are a ruined man!' he exclaimed in the tone of one who is stating a mournful but indisputable fact.

'But—but I don't understand,' persisted the other. 'I—'

'Hold your tongue, can't you?' whispered the doctor with a meaning gesture.

Not a word of the telegram had been lost on Miss Latimer. She turned quickly. 'Ruined—What is the meaning of all this? she demanded in a voice which sounded like that of some other woman.

The Colonel, speechless with amazement, had sunk back in his easy chair. In his expression she seemed to read a confirmation of her worst fears.

'Madam, I am sorry to say the meaning is but too plain,' answered Merrydew in his most impressive tones. 'The fortunes which came to Colonel Crampton at his brother's death was only to remain his in case a certain son, who had been lost sight of for many years, and was believed to be dead, should fail to turn up and claim his inheritance. Unfortunately—most unfortunately—it would appear that the long lost heir has turned up, and, as I said before, our poor friend is a ruined man.'

Miss Latimer's face had changed colour more than once while the doctor was speaking. She lit her lip, to keep down her emotion. 'This is terrible news!' was all that she could find to say.

'Terrible, indeed,' echoed Merrydew, with a mournful shake of the head.—Then turning to the Colonel, he said 'Bear up, old comrade—bear up. You will still have your half pay left, and friends who will never allow you to want.'

Miss Latimer shuddered. 'Half pay! Pshaw! in?' she muttered. 'From what an abyss have I been snatched! I must get away at once.'

The Colonel's face was a sight to see. Never in the whole course of his life had he been so mystified.

By this time Miss Latimer was putting on her bonnet and tying it with hurried fingers. 'So sorry, my dear Charles, to hear of your misfortune,' she said. 'But that you will bear it like a man—and a Christian, I cannot doubt.' 'Swear the oath of adversity,' says the poet, and I unfeignedly hope you will find them so in the present case. And your poor health! After Dr Merrydew's warning, I am afraid that I have stayed too long and chattered too much. But you must forgive me this once. It was so pleasant to meet you again, you know, and for a few moments we fancied ourselves Rosalind and Orlando—in for a little while we forgot the fit of time, and indulged in a few sentimental ruminations, there

was no harm done. Some one enters—we rub our eyes—we awake—and we call to mind that we are two elderly people who have long outlived the romance of their youth—I vow that is that dear Lady Dudgeon beckons, to me with all her might from the opposite side of the road.' 'What can she want?' And Miss Latimer, who, while she spoke, had been standing close to the open window, began to wave her handkerchief at some imaginary person in the street. Then crossing the room and holding out her hand, she said, 'You will excuse me, my dear Colonel, I'm sure, but Lady Dudgeon's ponies are so very restive. So delighted we have met again after all these years. We shall see each other another day—on the Steyne—or the park—or elsewhere.'

The Colonel had risen from his chair. A hectic spot burned in each of his cheeks. A light shone in his eyes which his men would have understood. 'I too am pleased that we have met, Lucilla,' he said gravely, as he took her hand for a moment and then dropped it.

Lucilla glanced from his face to that of the doctor. There was an expression in the latter that filled her with a terrible misgiving. But it was too late to retreat. She had 'burned her boats,' and must perforce go forward. She crossed to her aunt and touched that automaton on the shoulder. The latter at once hustled her wool work into her reticula, and next moment was ready to go.

The Colonel touched the bell. Juxon appeared. 'The door.'

Not another word was said. The fair Lucilla, whose face was very pale, swept the two gentleman in elaborate courtesy, Mrs Candy followed suit with a funny old-fashioned bob, and a moment later the door had closed behind them.

'So vain has the dream of a lifetime,' remarked the Colonel as he gazed sadly into the fire.

A very good thing for you, I think, that you did not succeed in turning it into a reality, responded the doctor grimly.

'But can you tell me the meaning of it all? I was never so mystified in my life.'

'The meaning is as plain as a pikestaff. I felt from the first that the "Privateer" carried too many guns for you—that you would strike your colours almost without a shot unless help were at hand. Nothing could save you but a *coup de main*. I took Juxon into my confidence, got from him the names of your lawyers, and concocted the bogus telegram which you received a few minutes ago. Mark the effect. The "Privateer," deceived by the message into hoisting her true colours, has shed off all I left you to your fate, no longer deeming you a fit captain, and only sorry that she wasted powder and shot on you at all.'

'You don't think she will come back, do you?' asked the Colonel nervously.

'No fear on that score. That she will go cruising elsewhere in the wake of some richer galleon than she believes you to be, I do not doubt, but she will never flaunt her flag in these waters again.'

'Tom, you are one of the biggest villains unthought of.'

'Ah—ha! I had to tell a whopper or two, and no mistake, but if the end is ever allowed to justify the means, then is this a case in which I may hope to be forgiven.'



Exhibition. These ploughs cost only sixteen shillings apiece; and as an experiment, they have been introduced into the presidency with the best results. We feel certain that if some of our manufacturers were to study the subject—and they might begin by referring to a list of implements found useful in India—a document which has lately been published by the Secretary of the Agricultural Department there—a large trade might be secured to them in supplying the ryot class with better apparatus for cultivating the soil.

The suggestion made by Dr Ginsburg, the well-known Hebrew scholar, that simultaneously with the celebration in Germany of the fourth centenary of the birth of Luther, an Exhibition of the various books and manuscripts relating to the great reformer should be exhibited in the British Museum, was an exceedingly happy one. The suggestion has been carried out in a very thorough manner, and several cases in the room known as the Grenville Library have been devoted to the purpose. The manuscripts are naturally of the greatest interest, and contain many documents which form landmarks in European history. The most important of these is a copy of the Indulgences issued by Pope Leo X. for the rebuilding of St Peter's at Rome. This indulgence, sold by a priest appointed for the purpose, called forth the indignation of Luther, who subsequently issued his famous ninety-five theses or propositions against the doctrine of indulgences. Another manuscript tells us how these doings of the reformer were regarded by those in authority here at home. It is an account of the expenses entailed by certain revels held at Greenwich, November 10, 1527, at which the king was present. A play was acted before His Majesty, and two of the characters are described thus: 'The errytyke Lewter, lyke a party freee, in russet damake and blake taffata,' and 'Lewter's wyf in red syllyke.'

In Professor John Collett's Geological Report of Indiana, he expresses the belief that the mastodon was alive in North America much more recently than naturalists commonly imagine. No fewer than thirty individual specimens of this enormous creature have been discovered in the marshes and mirey places of Indiana. In excavating the bed of a canal in Fountain County, a skeleton was discovered imbedded in wet peat. Another skeleton found six miles north-west of Hoopston, Iroquois County, Illinois, the Professor considers to practically settle the question, not only that the mastodon was a recent animal, but that it survived until the life and vegetation of to-day prevailed. The tusks of the huge creature here referred to were nine feet long, twenty-two inches in circumference at their base, and weighed—saturated with water as they were found—one hundred and seventy-five pounds. It is stated that the preservation of some of these remains is so complete, that the larger bones contain a quantity of marrow, which is used by the bog-cutters to grease their boots.

Since the discovery, a year or two ago, of a viking's ship buried beneath a mound on the shore of a Norwegian fiord, no archaeological find of anything like similar interest has come to light, until the recent examination of a somewhat similar though much smaller mound in the quiet churchyard of Taplow, near Maidenhead. This

tumulus, upon which many archaeologists have doubtless cast longing eyes, has been completely excavated, and has yielded some treasures, which we are glad to learn are to find their way to the national collection. First, at about twenty feet below the top of the mound was found a quantity of gold fringe, lying obliquely across what was originally a burial chamber. This fringe, once forming the trimming of a cloak or mantle, had been fastened at the shoulder by a large gold buckle of exquisite design and workmanship. A double-edged sword, or rather the remains of one—for it broke into pieces when handled—some spears, knives, and shields, completed the personal belongings of the dead man, whose body was represented by a few fragments of bone, pieces of vertebrae, much broken and decayed, lying parallel to the sword. Ornaments and other articles, too numerous to mention in detail, were also found in abundance, and the decoration of these admits of little doubt that they are of Scandinavian origin. This tomb is considered to be the most complete example of the method of interment adopted by the early invaders of Britain which has yet been found in the southern counties; and we shall look forward with great interest to the conclusions arrived at by experts, when this collection of relics of thirteen hundred years ago has been duly arranged and catalogued.

Appropos of the recent closing of the Fisheries Exhibition, a correspondent of the leading paper quotes the opening paragraph of an article in the *Times* for July 28, 1860, and suggests that the words are as applicable at the present time as they were when printed eighty-three years ago. Here they are: 'We are sorry to observe that no effectual steps appear likely to be taken either to inquire into or remedy the abuses of the fish-market. We believe this great commodity of human sustenance is in the hands of the strictest and most limited monopoly throughout the kingdom.' We are of opinion that the International Fisheries Exhibition has done much to break down this monopoly; but the good effects cannot be seen immediately. Certain it is that fish is far more abundant in our large towns than it was some months ago, for the recent interest excited in the subject has attracted many to the trade.

The statement by Sir Henry Thompson, that conger eel—although few people seem to be aware of it—is used for making the 'stock' of turtle-soup, has raised quite a storm, not only in aldermanic circles, but among the large body of purveyors who deal in that luxury. These gentlemen fairly contradict the soft impeachment; and although it is not possible to reproduce their arguments, one letter, written by 'Restaurant,' is worth quoting, because it points out a circumstance which is certainly a novel one to most people—namely, that turtle is not a dear food. He says: 'I cannot understand why people should go out of their way to make turtle-soup of conger-eel or beef, or anything but turtle meat, when turtles are cheaper than beef or mutton, as they have been for some months past.' Again he says: 'For some months past there has been no possible inducement to adulterate, as the genuine article has been about the cheapest that could be obtained.' Most people on reading these words will be prompted

to ask why, when real turtle soup does appear on the bill of fare at a restaurant, it is quoted at a prohibitive price.

A German medical paper gives an account of a series of observations carried out by Professor Gerhardt of Wurzburg on the liability of pheasants, pigeons, turkeys, domestic fowls, &c. to the attack of diphtheria, and the possibility of the communication of that disease by this means. As a case in point, it is related that in September 1881 some hundreds of fowls were sent from the neighbourhood of Vicenza to Nesselhansen in Baden, where there is a fowl rearing establishment. Some of these were affected with diphtheritis before they started on the journey, and in the end nearly half of them died. Five cats caught the malady, and a parrot was also invalided from the same cause. A diseased hen bit a man's wrist, and he presently became ill, and had a most tedious recovery. Many of the workmen at Nesselhansen caught the disease from the fowls, and in one case a man conveyed it to his children.

Of the many uses to which paper is now applied, perhaps the most remarkable is boat building. The Westinghouse Company in America has now for some time been producing small paper boats—indeed, the original patent specification was taken out so long ago as 1868—but now they are turning their attention to craft of larger size, and are constructing an experimental steam yacht or pleasure launch. The method of manufacture is briefly as follows: A full sized model is first of all constructed of wood and to this sheet after sheet of thin Manilla paper is successively attached, until the whole forms a compact cardboard like skin. This is afterwards detached from the mould, waterproofed, varnished, and finished for use. It is claimed for these boats that they are stronger, more durable, and stiffer than ordinary boats, that being without joint or seam, they are not subject to leakage by any sudden strain, that they have no strain to crack or split, and that they are not affected by extremes of heat and cold.

The paper industry in Germany has lately afforded an instance of one of those curious coincidences by which two different minds widely separated will work out and patent the same idea. For some years, a German Professor took out a patent for a process of transforming wood pulp into paper, and the process was so successful, that it was adopted by most of the German manufacturers, and brought in to its inventor some twenty five thousand pounds sterling annually in the shape of royalties. A few months back, a paper maker discovered that the process was really identical with one patented long ago by an American, and brought the matter under the notice of the Imperial Patent Office. The patent of the German Professor has been now declared to be null and void, so that his income suddenly comes to an end, and the German paper trade has received a very welcome impetus.

The curious tendency of different minds to adopt the same idea is seen in another phase in the various attempts that have been made to cross the English Channel by some other means than by an ordinary boat. Captain Boyton set the fashion with his swimming dress. Poor Captain Webb followed him. Then came nume-

rous attempts to cross the silver streak in balloons, and more lately an enthusiastic inventor has been twice nearly drowned in trying apparatus in which he alone had faith. Many of these attempts must be put down to that strange foolishness common to human nature, but in a different category must we place the successful voyage across the Channel from Dover to Calais of Mr. Copeman in his life saving raft. These rafts, already in use on the Peninsula and Oriental boats, form an admirable provision against the dangers of the ocean, and the recent experimental trip shows that they are seaworthy, and that in every way they answer their inventor's anticipations.

Mr. Gustav Thander and his brother have recently constructed and tried a balloon of a somewhat novel character. It is cigar shaped, about thirty yards long, and ten yards in diameter, filled with pure hydrogen, carefully dried, a great accession of power is obtained. The novel feature of the balloon is its electric motor, which by means of a battery carried in the car will set for three hours. The two men ascended from Antwerp in October last, and at a height of five hundred metres, met with a breeze travelling at the rate of three metres per second. The electric propeller allowed the balloonists to outstep this wind, and, after a manner, to steer their strange craft. But we need hardly say their course was with the wind, and not against it.

Mr. Walker Besant, the well known novelist, has pointed out a new employment for girls. Most of our readers know what a type writer is—a little machine with keys like a miniature piano, the pressure of which will produce letters printed characters. Now, several of the New York publishers are adopting the system of substituting girls of sheets to authors printed in this manner, so that they can be corrected, and handed to the press as fair copies. It is found cheaper to do this than to correct the work when actually set up in type. Young ladies are employed to work the type writers, and get good remuneration for their services. The work is far lighter than that of an ordinary sewing machine, and it is pleasant, in being far less of a mechanical nature. Busy writers, who torture compositors by compelling them to decipher a cramped handwriting, would do well to take a hint from this new employment of the type writer.

Last autumn business in regularly its lamentable crop of gunshot accidents, and one is often tempted to ask how it is that such carelessness can exist among persons used to handling deadly weapons. But a new theory has been started, which, if true, would account for some of these disasters. Mr. James Leonard believes that the individual shots in a charge travel from the gun barrel with different velocities, and that, therefore, they 'cannon' like billiard balls, against one another, and so take erratic courses. He quotes the case of an accident which, he says, could only be accounted for on this hypothesis. With a view to ascertaining the 'spread' of different charges at varying distances, Mr. Howard set up a target twenty feet square, and has published the results he obtained. We need only quote one measurement, which will show that the area of danger near a gun is far larger than people

commonly suppose. Firing at a distance of sixty yards from the target, the distance between the extreme shot-marks was no less than seventeen feet. These experiments, however, did not prove in any way that the 'announcing' theory is right. Indeed, it is difficult to see how any proof can be obtained in support of the statement that the shots of one charge travel at different speeds

## BOOK GOSSIP.

We have pleasure in drawing attention to four volumes of poetry, the respective authors of which have been all more or less contributors of verse to our own pages. One of these volumes is *Poems*, by J. B. Salkirk (London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.), and every page goes to prove that he is, what we know him to be, an author of considerable experience, with a terse, nervous, cultivated style, a deep feeling for nature in its tenderer moods, a force of spiritual insight that occasionally reminds one of Tennyson and Browning, and a command of free, fluent, picturesque English. J. B. Salkirk is also the author of a volume of poems that has long been out of print, but his *Bible Truths and Shakespearean Parallels*, a little work that is quite a mine of Shakespearean diamonds, has gone through many editions, and is likely long to maintain a place for itself in the little world of literature that has gathered round the Bard of Avon. He is likewise the author of a prose volume, *Fishes and Esthetics of Modern Poetry*—a book full of fine thoughts finely expressed, and which embodies the distilled essence of much thinking. The volume of *Poems* now issued gives permanent form to much which it would have been a source of regret to lose.

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Another of these volumes of verse is *Lay (Articles and other Poems)*, by F. Wyville Home (London: Pickering & Co.). Mr. Home, also, is not unknown, and does not appear for the first time in print, his former volume, *Songs of a Wayfarer*, having met with much labour in the critical world. He possesses a pure and classical style, has a fine ear for the beauties of rhyme and rhythm; and though his effects are not obtained by solitary expressions that strike upon the reader's mind with a kind of electrical discharge, as in Shelley and Keats, and some other poets of the same vein, yet he is in no way deficient in picturesque power, obtained by a certain warmth and rush of imagery, subdued and chastened by a fine artistic sense.

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The third volume that we notice is somewhat unique in its way, as being the production of an author who owes almost all her success as a versewriter to her own innate qualities of mind, and who is indebted for little or nothing of it to the culture of schools. We allude to the tastefully got up little volume entitled *The Tangled Web*, by Effie Williamson, Galashiels (Edinburgh: Robert Williamson). In a brief prefatory note, she speaks of herself as the Weaver, and this is literally true. Miss Williamson is a power-loom weaver, and daily goes the prosaic and formal round of factory life, composing many of her poems while attending to the 'swill-flying shuttle,'

and putting them upon paper when the day's work is done. Considering the sparseness of her opportunities for mental culture, and the monotonous taskwork of her occupation, it is equally a surprise and a pleasure to note the refinement of thought and feeling which is manifested in her poems, the sweet and tender music of her verse, and the command which she possesses of varied and poetic expression. We have only to refer to her 'Afterward,' in last month's issue of this *Journal*, and to other pieces of hers which have appeared in our pages, as a proof that we do not speak merely flattering words. Her example ought to act as an incentive and encouragement to her sister of the loom everywhere.

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The fourth volume comes to us from the far south. It is *Scottish Echoes from New Zealand*, by David Burns (Edinburgh: Andrew Elliot). Our author would seem, from his prefatory verses, to have spent a great portion of his life in that distant colony, but absence from the Old Land has not chilled his fervour nor deadened his feeling for the sights and sounds of his Scottish home. Neither, on the other hand, has this recollection of the place of his birth shut his eyes to the natural beauties of the Land of his adoption, for more than once he indulges in verse to the praise of the hills and woods and waters, the flocks and herds and smiling fields, that brighten his new home in the Matai Valley. He can write good pithy Scotch too, when he chooses, and in his poetical record of the Duke of Edinburgh's visit to New Zealand, he exhibits a fund of quiet, pearly humour which he must have taken with him from Scotland.

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A number of excellent books for the season have been issued by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. Among these is *Heroes of Literature: English Poets*, by John Dennis—a well-written book, from which young people may derive a good deal of knowledge regarding the most interesting personages in English literature. Mr. Dennis has the fashionable weakness of a small school which hopes some day to write down Byron, but the period of exhaustion in the case of Byron, as in that of coal, is so far off and so problematical, that the present generation may go on enjoying the blessings of both without any unecessarily disquieting anxiety for the future.—Among other books by the same publishers is *Hops and Hop-pickers*, by the Rev. J. Y. Stratton, rector of Ditton, Kent, a book which will be of much interest for southern English readers. There is also a fine series of tales and stories for young people, all beautifully printed and bound, and containing healthy and entertaining matter.

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To the notices of Scottish readers, who know and love the 'roaring game,' we would commend a pleasant series of books that is being published by Mr. Richard Cameron, Edinburgh, all bearing upon Curling. The three volumes named are—*The Game of Curling*, being a reprint of a volume issued in Edinburgh in 1828; *The Kilmarnock Treatise on Curling*, also a reprint of a work dated 1828; and *The Channel Stone, or Sweepings from*



the *Books*, being a collection, in a convenient and handy form, of fugitive literature relating to the game of Curling. A limited impression of these books is being issued, and to those who wish to possess the literature of the Curling stone, we may add that the volumes are printed and got up in a tasteful and suitable style.

## OCCASIONAL NOTES

### A RAIN-SUPPORTED SCHOOL OF MUSIC

WHAT may be considered an interesting and public spirited innovation under the Public Libraries Act is now in full operation at Watford, in Hertfordshire and was effected by the establishment of a school of music which will be supported out of the local rates. It is a feature of the different Libraries Acts for the three Kingdoms, that while no mention is made of music in the statutes applying to England and Scotland it is expressly mentioned in the Act for Ireland, in which provision is made for the management, regulation, and control of such schools. In these circumstances, the authorities and trustees of Watford have agreed, by a liberal interpretation of the term in the English Act, 'schools for science and art,' to include music within that term, and have accordingly established a school of music, which a very small assessment, along with a moderate fee paid by pupils, will be sufficient to support.

This moreover, is the first provincial school of music connected with the Royal College of Music of which the Prince of Wales is the President. The connecting link between the Watford school and the Royal College of Music is formed by the latter institution having, in compliance with a request from the managing committee at Watford, appointed one of its professors to act as examiner of the school at Watford. In this direction the Royal College of Music may beneficially extend its operations and increase the number of its allies. But this extension must depend more upon local efforts than upon any initiative to be taken by the Royal College, which may become the national centre whence instructors and examiners shall be derived. The example set by Watford seems to command itself for imitation by larger towns in this country.

The course of instruction at the Watford school is divided into three stages—elementary, intermediate, and advanced—and the examinations in each stage refer to both the theory and the practice of music. Besides instruction in piano forte and organ playing, there are classes for the violin, corset, &c., and an orchestral class is in course of formation. There are upwards of six scholarships and exhibitions, which are annually competed for by the students. In 1880 there were two hundred and forty-five students, and for the session 1882-83, lately concluded, there were four hundred and fifty-three students. Besides the 'term' concerts, popular concerts for the working classes were organised during the winter months by the energetic honorary secretary, Miss Alice Brooks, and the

attendance at these last named concerts was large, the demand for tickets being always in excess of the supply.

### THE LOST RIVERS OF IDAHO

One of the most singular features in the scenery of the Territory of Idaho, in the United States, is the occurrence of dark rocky chasms, into which large streams and creeks suddenly discharge themselves, disappear, and are never more seen. These features are old lava channels, produced by the outside of the molten mass cooling and forming a tube which, on the fiery stream becoming exhausted, has been left empty, while the roof of the lava duct having at some point fallen in, presents there the opening into which the river plunges and is lost. At one place on the precipitous banks of the Snake, one of these underground rivers comes gushing into light from a cleft high up in the basaltic walls, where it keeps in the form of a cataract into the torrent below. Where this stream has its origin, or at what point it is swallowed up is utterly unknown, though it is believed that its sources are a long way up in the north country. Besides becoming the channels of living streams, these lava conduits are frequently found impacted with ice masses, which never entirely melt.

### A MOTOR FOR THE SEWING MACHINE.

Mr. Watkins, a North London manufacturer, has recently completed an invention which promises to be of great use in the working of that almost indispensable requisite of a modern household, the sewing machine. The advantages which would be derived from having some mode of driving these machines independent of the worker, have long been obvious, and many contrivances, but all more or less faulty and insufficient, have been suggested for the purpose. Mr. Watkins's invention promises to meet this want, and can be applied equally well to every kind of machine. It is contained in a box of about fifteen inches cube, which supports the machine, and is itself supported by legs like those of the ordinary table. The box contains a length of steel tape, which is wound up to serve as a coiled spring for use, and is prevented from releasing itself by the usual ratchet and click arrangement of clocks. The chief merit of the invention is in a method of compensating the action of this tape in such a way as to make it drive the machine as fast and with as much power at the termination of the run as at the commencement. In most instruments driven by a spring, this compensation is with difficulty obtained. In Mr. Watkins's spring motor, however, this want is supplied by a contrivance which causes the tape as it is wound to form itself into what he calls a 'parabolic spiral,' an arrangement by which, as it unfolds, it compensates its own action and drives the machine steadily throughout its run. The box contains also a drum on which the chain is wound, a series of multiplying wheels, an instantaneous brake, which is worked from the immediate vicinity of the needle slot, a fly wheel, and the connection with the sewing machine.

In order to use the contrivance, the tape is first wound up by an ordinary wind handle, a few

turns of which will store up sufficient energy for an hour's work, or even more. The material being placed in position, the brake is released, and the machine commences action. In one or two seconds it is in full swing, the speed being regulated by a screw, the regulator, which when set determines the rate at which the machine shall run, and keeps it at this rate until it has either run down or is required to stop. It can be stopped instantaneously by the brake, or gradually by the regulator, and the action is so completely under control that, although when at full speed the needle attains a rate of between nine hundred and one thousand stitches a minute, it can be set to work so slowly that the machine scarcely moves. The power of the motor is such that the thickness of the material sewn is of little importance, for the speed of the needle is but slightly reduced by passing through ten or twelve layers of unbleached calico or two of leather. In order to meet exceptional resistances, the inventor supplies an auxiliary handle, by which, in case of need, additional force can be exerted. He claims that the apparatus can be applied to any existing machine at moderate cost, and that the working parts are calculated to last for years with reasonable treatment.

#### COMPARATIVE WEALTH OF GREAT BRITAIN AND THE UNITED STATES

Considering the extent of territory and the enormous resources for the production and distribution of wealth in this country and the United States, it might seem a most difficult matter to appraise with anything like accuracy the amount of wealth accumulated therein. Yet statisticians have not hesitated to face the problem, and the result of their calculations has been to pronounce the States to be not only potentially, but actually, richer than the United Kingdom. Counting the houses, furniture, manufactures, railways, shipping, bullion, lands, cattle, crops, investments, and roads, it is estimated that there is a grand total in the United States of something like ten thousand millions of pounds sterling. Great Britain is credited with about eight thousand millions, or about two thousand millions less than the United States. In Great Britain the wealth per inhabitant is estimated at £220, and in the United States at £190. So that if the community have the better of us in the States, the individual here has the advantage over his American compeer. With regard to the remuneration of labour, assuming the produce of labour to be 100, in Great Britain 56 parts go to the labourer, 21 to capital, and 23 to government. In France, 41 parts go to labour, 36 to capital, and 23 to government. In the United States, 72 parts go to labour, 23 to capital, and 5 to government.

#### FRUIT CULTURE IN THE UNITED STATES

At a time when the culture of fruit is being pressed more or less upon the attention of home agriculturists, it may not be without interest to quote some facts relating to it, as given in the American returns for 1879. For the convenience of the reader, we translate the values from their

American denominations into the nearest equivalent in English money. The total value of the fruit produced in the States in the above-mentioned year is given in round numbers at £10,175,000. Of this amount, New York supplied £1,700,000, or one sixth. The whole hop-crop of the United States in 1879 amounted to 25,546,378 pounds weight, and New York State grew of this no less than 21,628,931 pounds, or about 80 per cent of the whole. Assuming that that state had such a crop last year, it would yield her farmers half as much clear profit as all the wheat-crop. Yet, while the wheat fields cover 3,000,000 acres, the New York hop farms do not cover more than 15,000 acres; thus showing an enormous advantage in favour of hop planting. The small farms of New York produced, on less than 400,000 acres, 33,644,000 bushels of potatoes, valued at five millions sterling. The clear profit of each acre was equal to eight or nine acres of wheat in California and other large wheat producing states. Apple orchards are also more profitable in New York than in California, and so are the peach orchards of Delaware and New Jersey. But in nearly everything else California offers the greatest advantages to the small farmer. For example, in parts of San Bernardino, five acres of wine-grapes may be relied on for a clear profit of from £240 to £300. In Sacramento, Yolo, Solano, and Alameda counties, berries and sprouts often yield still more profit to the acre than raisin grapes in San Bernardino; and the walnut, almond, and orange orchards of Los Angeles and Santa Barbara do even better still.

#### AN FABLE WITH A HISTORY

A Berlin newspaper reports a striking combat between a dog and an eagle, in which the latter was victorious. At Furstenaalde, in the province of Brandenburg, a field labourer heard a dog howling in a most dismal manner. Running in the direction whence the sounds came, he saw a large bird perched on the back of the watchdog of a neighbouring farmer, and the two were struggling, half in the air, half on the ground. At last they passed into a copse. He ran and called the bailiff of the place where he was working. Returning to the spot, they saw the bird hopping a few paces, and moving with difficulty. He tried to fly, but was evidently disabled. A shot killed him. They found the dog dead, the flesh having been literally torn off his bones by his enemy. The bird was an eagle, of the species known as *Aquila imperialis*, and measured seven feet between the tips of his wings. The dark, almost black, plumage, with the snow white shoulders, gave a hint as to his age. On his left foot, just above the claws, was a ring made of a strong gold plate, on which were cut the letters, still quite visible, 'H K o l'; underneath which was the word 'Eperies,' and on the other side the date—'10 9. 1837'. Eperies is a town in Upper Hungary, not very far from the Northern Carpathians. It would be a matter of extreme interest to trace the history of this ferocious and gigantic bird. It may be assumed that the ring was placed upon his foot after he had been full-grown, or nearly so, in which case this king of birds must have lived, eagle and eagle, at least sixty years. What a tale of adventures and

rapine should we have, could any one recount to us the life of that eagle during the fifty six years in which he carried about with him that golden badge of his previous captivity!

## SINGING STONES

A correspondent writes in reference to a paragraph which appeared in No 1080 of *Chambers's Journal*, descriptive of a novel musical instrument, the invention of a Frenchman, which has drawn much attention at the Amsterdam Exhibition, it may be interesting to your readers to learn that an instrument of the same kind was made in this country some years back by a Mr Till of Keswick. It is constructed of sixty pieces of rock varying in length from six inches to four feet, and has a compass of five octaves. This is not a mere musical curiosity, as might be supposed, but an effective instrument, which draws a hall full of people whenever its inventor appears in public. Mr Till and family are ardent musicians, who are well known in their own neighbourhood as the 'Rock Band Concert Company'. They occasionally give concerts in the surrounding towns, and have done so for years past, although apparently M Baudin's fame has spread further already than the fame of his Cumberland rival, who was so long before him in the field.

Both instruments must have cost their makers a great deal of labour, for although Mr Till completed his in less time than the Frenchman, he spent eleven years on its construction.

## THE MESSAGE OF THE SNOW

ALL around me, through the forest  
As I go,  
Shining white in glittering radiance,  
Lies the snow,  
Through the silent motionless air,  
Near and distant—everywhere—  
Soft and silent, pure and fair—  
Tells the snow

All the summer bright lies buried  
Nestle the snow  
Rippling brooklets cease their murmur—  
Silent flow,  
And in Winter's icy chains  
While King Frost triumphant reigns,  
Silenced, too, the song birds sit unsung,  
By the snow

Tiny snowdrops peep already  
Through the snow,  
Flowers blanched with timid terror  
Of the snow,

Yet they nestle closely here,  
Whispering softly 'Spring is near,  
Soon will vanish Winter drear,  
And the snow'

Lone, I tread with haggard footsteps  
O'er the snow,  
While it casts a spell upon me,  
For the snow  
Calls to mind the vanished years,  
Severed ties and troubled fears,  
Hopes that melted into tears,  
With the snow

Yet I greet with loving welcome  
Virgin snow  
Type of heavenly purity,  
Sent below,  
Till unbidden thoughts arise—  
'These are tears from angelic eyes,  
Dropt in pity from the skies—  
Flakes of snow

When the toil of life is over  
Here below  
May we sink to peaceful slumber  
Nestle the snow,  
Promised Crowns each One make lighter,  
Till we reach a land that's brighter  
Rise to wear those garments 'whiter  
Than the snow

KATH E. SILLON

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